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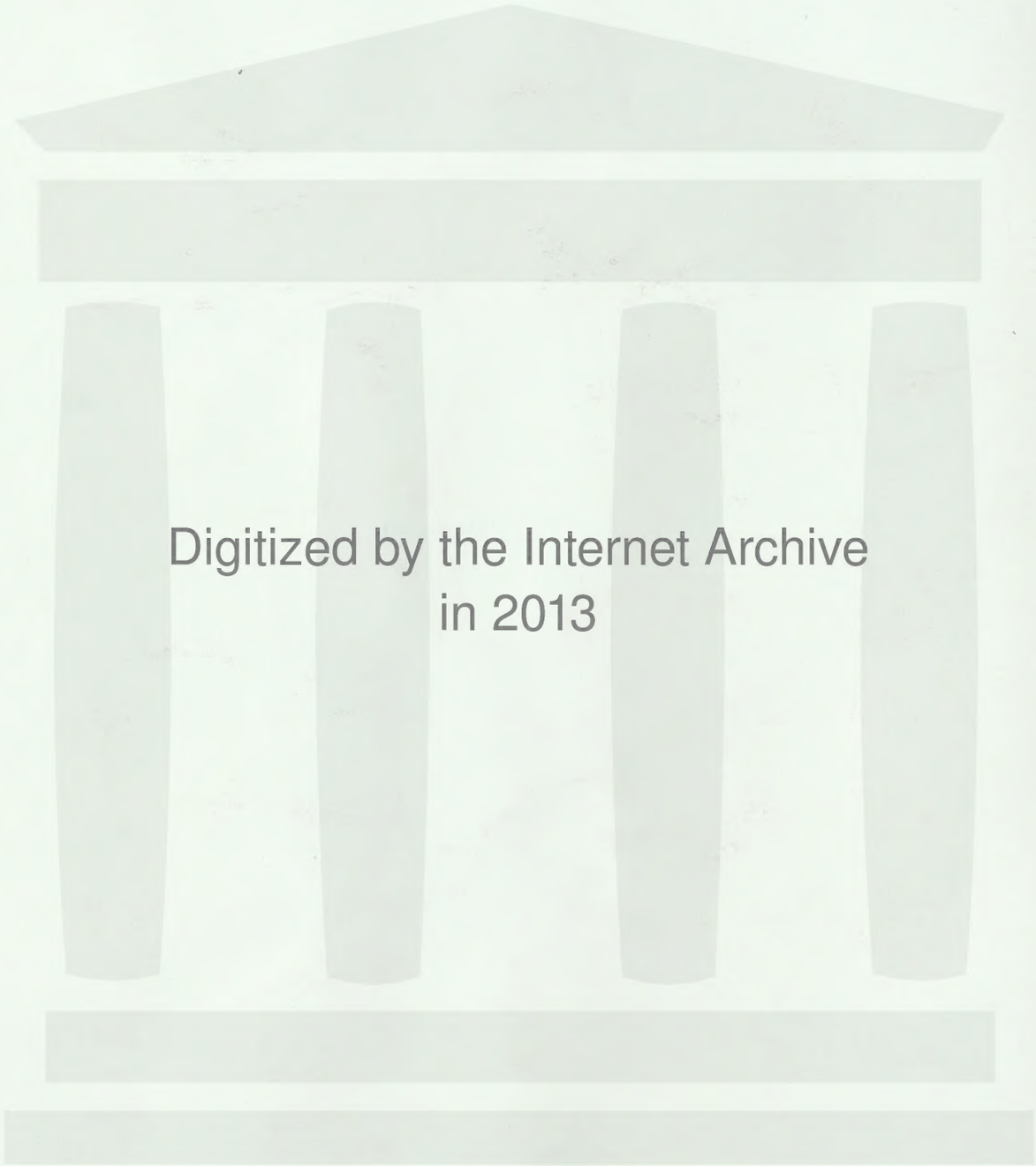
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Penal Code of California, 1915, Section 623.



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THE MAGAZINE WOMEN

JOURNAL

238169

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GAY PURSUIT · A COMPLETE NOVEL BY ELIZABETH CADELL

CONDENSED IN THIS ISSUE

SHORT STORIES BY GEORGE BRADSHAW · MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY · CHARLOTTE EDWARDS

Manufactured by
AYLORD BROS.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Stockton, Calif.

PRAGAN STUDIO



RICHARD ARVAY

When Vichy France handed over 100,000 Jews to the Germans for deportation to Poland, Richard Arvay escaped. After fantastic adventures he reached Rome and was one of 982 fortunate enough to be taken on a troopship to the United States (Fort Ontario.) One day Mrs. Roosevelt visited the refugees. He told her he was a writer, the author of many European plays and movies. "When you publish your first story in English," she told him, "send me a copy." Here it is: *A Story Without a Moral.*



MARIE HANSEN

Quote, the photographer who did the Italian family for *People are People:* "I've twisted about to take pictures before Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, Holland's Queen Wilhelmina, France's President Auriol and General de Gaulle, Spain's Dictator Franco, Italy's ex-King Alberto, Molotov, Picasso and Margaret O'Brien. U. N. Security Council Delegate Warren Austin commented: 'Watching you take pictures is like watching a beautiful woman play a harp.' What a wonderful man!"



CHARLOTTE EDWARDS

"As woman's editor of a newspaper I once dispensed knowledge of beauty, fashion, food and love, all of which were new to me then and the first two remain a puzzle. Following my marriage in 1934 I wrote radio continuity for six years. Millions of words, all gone, gone. Now at last I find myself free (when my young son, Tommy, is sleeping) to worry about such things as *Posies for Pamela*, while my husband goes about his baby-picture-taking business."

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Vol. LXV, No. 7

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Cover Design by Wilhela Cushman

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Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

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The names of characters in all stories are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.

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hair more beautiful

all 3 ways!



STARLET
Myra Matthews

currently seen in Robert S. Golden's production, "Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven", doubled her appeal after a Shasta Beauty Cream Shampoo.

Lovely Myra reports, "Even the camera 'sees' the difference Shasta makes in my hair. Lots more highlights than I ever knew I had. My hair's easier to fix, too, and so soft."

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out. Shasta is safe, kind to hair. Makes mountains of lather even in hardest water. Removes flaky, unlovely dandruff, too. And doesn't spill or run into eyes.

Hurry! For more beautiful hair *all three ways*—get Shasta. Convenient sizes. All toiletries counters.

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Shasta BEAUTY CREAM *Shampoo*

New! The Bronze Angel Look — a glowing, velvety summer tan. Never "cakey"... never shiny!

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e-up!

Angel

Face

-tan

softer
mask-y!

watery
Smooths
s!

spill over
make-up
tucks
bag.

e Angel.

plus tax.



Our Readers Write Us

Waited Fifty Years—Still Feels Same

West Palm Beach, Florida.

Dear Editor: More than fifty years ago, Mr. Bok sent me the kindest letter I have ever received. I was very young, and had asked if I could write a piece for his paper. He said, "Wait fifty years and let's you and I write on what we think of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL." It's been more than fifty years, and I say there is no other magazine that has ever given as much for the education and uplift of all the women of the world. Sincerely,

MRS. J. W. GILMORE.

Judgment: 1998

Urbana, Illinois.

Dear Goulds: Fifty Years Ago in the Journal is fun, but will you, who edit now, read as silly in fifty years? Your judgment seem as insipid? Your assurance as amusing and unjustified? The chance is yours for real greatness—or criminal failure.

Sincerely,

(Name withheld by request)

If anyone realized how silly he'd look in fifty years, he'd start blushing now. ED.

What About Us Capitalists?

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Dear Editors: I have yet to find a How America Lives article on a capitalist. You know, those people who own their own business. We are one of those. Lou, my husband, never washes a dish, hangs up his clothes or dumps the garbage. Yet in him I see America's opportunities at work. He owns a small sheet-metal shop where he develops and carries out a hundred ideas at once. He struggles with material shortages, union regulations and customers' impatience. And he enjoys every minute.

At home he fixes the radio or the plumbing. He is even building our house. What he doesn't know about mechanics, he learns. For me he is perfect. I wouldn't swap a mother's helper for a handy man any day.

Sincerely,

MILDRED LUCKHARDT.

You were foolish to give your right name, with a man like that. ED.

Best Part of the U. S.

Arkansas City, Kansas.

Dear Editors: One sentence in How America Lives made me stop and think: "To some people in small towns it may seem strange that the Sullivans have such a struggle on an income of $2800 a year." Suddenly it dawned on me what lucky people we are! We are making $2800 a year, more than ever before. But we have always owned our own home—even on $17.50 a week and one baby.

All our friends do as well, some a lot better. But we *do* live in the very best part of the U. S.; *and* we have a rich heritage of economy, thrift and "making do"! Of *course* we split our sheets, and make old towels into washcloths. *All* of us sew and patch. We were taught that a good housewife does that, no matter how much she could spend. Naturally there are things we want: new equipment, money for vacations, a safe margin for schooling for our youngsters. But we're not "lower middle class" because we don't have them!

Sincerely,

VIRGINIA SPRAY.

"Us Men" Like It Too

West Plains, Missouri.

Dear Sirs: You call yourselves "The Magazine *Women* Believe In." But what about us men? There were 72 articles in a recent issue that men could, should and do enjoy (76 7/18%) and only 17 articles which would appeal exclusively to women. How about "The Magazine *Folks* Believe In"?

Cordially and most sincerely yours,

CARL B. IKE.

We don't mind men reading over women's shoulders, but it's driving the editor of True nuts. ED.

First Haircut

Brookfield, Illinois.

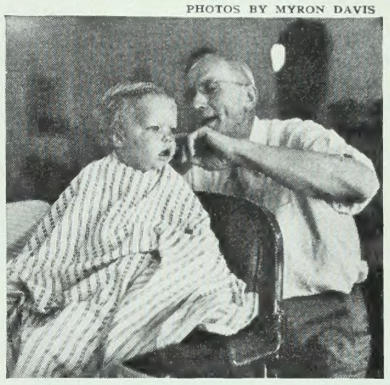
Dear Editors: This is how our son, Glenn, took his first haircut. He stood it better than we expected. He didn't mind the scissors or clippers, but near the end the barber's brush made him whimper.

Like many parents, we kept postponing the day. His father hated to see the curls sheared worse than I did and insisted on waiting until he could record the process with his camera.

Very truly yours,

CLEMENTINE D. DAVIS.

PHOTOS BY MYRON DAVIS



"Only so much do I know, As I have lived," . . .



. . . says Emerson. Losing your curls for the first . . .



. . . time can be harrowing as Glenn found once, but . . .



as with some things, the end more than justified the means.

(Continued on Page 6)

NEW!

Shasta beauty cream shampoo

leaves your hair more beautiful

all 3 ways!



STARLET

Myra Matthews

currently seen in Robert S. Golden's production, "Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven", doubled her appeal after a Shasta Beauty Cream Shampoo.

Lovely Myra reports, "Even the camera 'sees' the difference Shasta makes in my hair. Lots more highlights than I ever knew I had. My hair's easier to fix, too, and so soft."

NEW! Procter & Gamble's amazing Shasta—the *beauty* cream shampoo.

NEW! Fragrant, satiny Shasta *cream-cleanses* your hair . . . beautifies your hair *all 3 ways*—as no soap—bar or liquid—will! In one Shasta shampoo, your hair will have

- that *lustrous* "*alive*" look!
- that *sm-o-o-oth-as-satin* look!
- that *soft, caressable* look!

YES, ALL 3! Yet your hair has "body"—it's not limp, not dried out. Shasta is safe, kind to hair. Makes mountains of lather even in hardest water. Removes flaky, unlovely dandruff, too. And doesn't spill or run into eyes.

Hurry! For more beautiful hair *all three ways*—get Shasta. Convenient sizes. All toiletries counters.

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S Shasta BEAUTY CREAM Shampoo

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

magic sleep

the whole night through on a

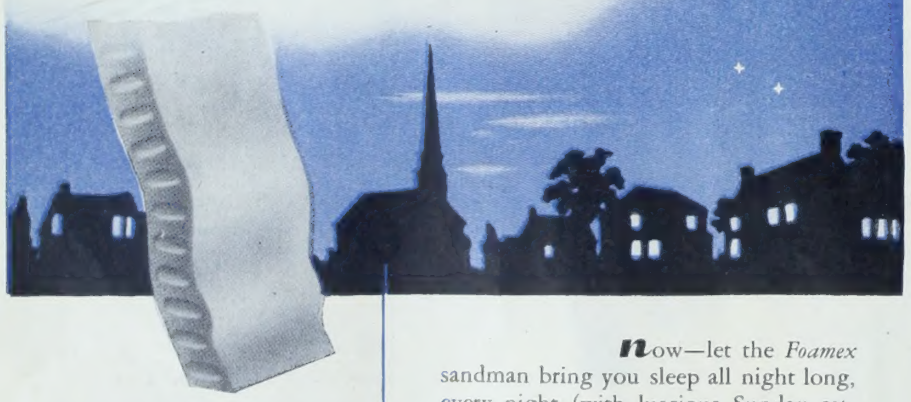
Firestone FOAMEX* mattress



☆ *Full-depth Foamex mattress*—Luxurious, air-cooled comfort tailor-made to cradle you with millions of buoyant air-and-latex cells.



☆ *Foamex-pad-over-springs mattress*—Offers the exquisite comfort of resilient *Foamex* at a truly moderate cost to you.





see what we mean!

FREE — a sample of this amazing new material—*Foamex*. Use it for a complexion sponge, make-up sponge. Caress your cheek with its softness and imagine what it's like to sleep on a whole mattress of *Foamex!* Go to the furniture department of your favorite store or write Firestone, Akron, for your free sponge.

*TRADE MARK © 1948, FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

Now—let the *Foamex* sandman bring you sleep all night long, every night (with luscious Sunday catnaps for good measure). ☆ ☆ Firestone *Foamex* mattresses are tailor-made to your slumber needs. Choose the one that suits you best—then enjoy such sleep-perfect nights, you'll wonder how you ever put up with old-fashioned complicated stuffings. ☆ ☆ Ask to be shown a *Foamex* mattress, and while you're in the furniture department, sink into the luxurious depths of a *Foamex*-cushioned easy chair.

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IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

BEST TODAY··· STILL BETTER TOMORROW

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Children's Journal

Mecca, California.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: Munro Leaf has done more, in a pleasant way, to eliminate Nibblers, Bed-Jumpers, Party-Spoilers and what-nots from this household than we could ever have managed alone. The JOURNAL is the only magazine our daughters, eight and six, either know or anticipate.

Sincerely,
R. P. WHITE.

In short, every month they turn over a new leaf. ED.

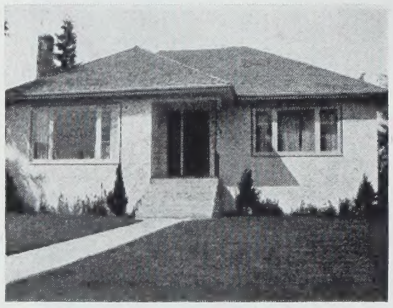
Housewife Builds a House

Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Dear Sirs: Discouraged of ever being able to have my dream house built by a contractor, I have just built it myself, or at least supervised the building of it.

It has six rooms, is all electric, is in the very best residential area. It was built in 5½ months (a far shorter time than a contractor would take), and will cost us only $21.98 per month for interest and amortization.

I didn't know a piece of 2" x 4" from a lath when I started, but I do now! The work was all done by the men. I did nothing but get materials when they needed them. If we had had a car, it would have been a lot easier.



"Stolen" from the Journal

My husband works in a bank and let me do all the planning and thus take all the responsibility of the house. We had each saved $1800 while he was with the Tactical Air Force overseas, so all we needed was a small mortgage.

The house was practically planned out of the pages of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. The carpenters were rather fed up with me showing them pictures from your magazine as to how I wanted the cupboards, fireplace, etc., built by the time we finished. But I don't mind telling anyone that my black-and-red-and-chromium kitchen and glassed-in dinette are straight steals from the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. I have kept a scrapbook of your homes for ten years and another scrapbook of food decorations and another for clothes.

There must be hundreds of American women who could do the same thing I did, and do a better job. When I hear women complaining about how terrible their living conditions are, and how their marriages are being broken up because of it, and see them spending their war savings foolishly, I wonder why they don't build a simple, well-constructed house themselves.

I found a broad-brimmed picture hat and high-heeled sandals a very successful working outfit! And my very washable summer dresses, by the grace of Wilhela Cushman, would start out in the morning visiting huge lumberyards and brick foundries and end up just as fresh while I cooked dinner for my family.

I had a lot of fun building it, and discovered that although my education was complete, even to a finishing school in England, it did not teach one how to get workmen to dig a six-foot sewer through hardpan on a hot day.

We saved $5000 by building without a contractor.

Sincerely yours,
(Name withheld by request)

"Just a Housewife"

Wrentham, Massachusetts.

Ladies: You might be interested in one sidelight on the apologetic "just a housewife" attitude forced on so many women.

When I ordered my JOURNAL through a readers' service, the man who confirmed the subscription asked the head of the household's profession. Yours truly said,

(Continued on Page 8)

magnificent new

Wincraft



A collector's treasure of forty-seven distinctive art pieces, each a separate and fascinating style . . . hand-painted under glaze in rare tints of Apricot, Chartreuse and Azure Blue. At gift shops and department stores.

"How to Decorate with Art Pottery."

send for this booklet

24 pages profusely illustrated with outstanding examples of tasteful art pottery settings. Send 10c for this valuable booklet.
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Roseville
decorative art pottery

The added note that makes Rooms Sing with Color



READY TO PUT ON
Roley Poley
CUSTOM FIT
SLIP COVERS

Tailored the exclusive Roley Poley way to fit and look like expensive custom-mades. But what a difference in the cost! Smartly styled with box pleats and cord-welt seams. Exciting new patterns. Finest, pre-shrunk, washable fabrics. Available for most styles of chairs, sofas, davenos, studio couches and ottomans.

Beautifully finished all around. Two-piece construction—fully adjustable to perfect custom-like fit. Patented anchored back insures smooth, sculptured, stay-put perfection.



FREE PAMPHLET
Write for interesting pamphlet on Roley Poleys and name of your nearest Roley Poley dealer.
Roley Poley Mfg. Co., 219 Institute Pl., Chicago 10
AT BETTER DEPARTMENT STORES

Nashua

the "magic" blanket

–guaranteed against moth damage for 5 years*!



Only $7.95

FOR 72" x 90" SIZE

ALL these advantages, too!

- *Money back if your Nashua Purrey blanket is damaged by moths within 5 years
- Warmer than many blankets costing nearly twice as much
- Deep, "frosted" nap—light as a cloud
- 9 gorgeous colors—and white that stays white
- Rich rayon satin binding
- Washable in mild suds



72 x 84—$6.95
72 x 90—$7.95
80 x 90—$8.95

HERE'S MODERN MAGIC...a warm, beautiful blanket that moths won't eat! Yes, you can store it without worry about moth damage.

A Nashua Purrey† blanket is different from any other blanket you've ever used. Its deep, fluffy nap is designed to give you warmth without weight, luxury without high cost. A patented blend** of scientifically processed rayon fibers and wool makes a Nashua Purrey blanket warmer than many costing much more.

Just feel its fleecy-soft surface—notice the rich, beautifully matched rayon satin bindings that say "quality" at a glance.

Leading stores all over the country feature these "magic" Nashua blankets. Ask to see them at your favorite store today.

**Patent 2,208,533 †Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NASHUA MILLS, DIVISION OF TEXTRON Inc.,
ALSO MAKES BLANKETS OF COTTON AND MIXED FIBERS • COMBED PERCALE AND MUSLIN SHEETS • INDIAN HEAD† COTTON • SHOWER CURTAINS • HOME FASHION FABRICS

NEW

Miracle deodorant ends your perspiration worries!



1. **ETIQUET** actually ends under-arm perspiration odor—*safely*—*surely!*

2. **ETIQUET**—made by specially patented formula—really checks under-arm perspiration!

3. **FLUFFY-LIGHT AND SOOTHING**—Etiquet goes on easily—disappears in a jiffy! No gritty particles!

4. **MORE ECONOMICAL TO BUY**—Etiquet won't dry out in the jar!

5. **NO DAMAGE TO CLOTHING** when you use Etiquet—famous cloth-test proves!

COPR. 1948 LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP

Etiquet

THE SAFE-AND-SURE DEODORANT



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

(Continued from Page 6)

"This is a co-operative marriage; there is no head of the household."

Whereupon he informed me that his firm does not consider housewifery a profession. So I said I was a chemist and my husband an engineer. He wrote down "chemical engineer." After which he disappeared, rapidly.

The episode was amusing, but more than a little discouraging. Housewives are slapped down by this attitude all the time. When I go out on household, my husband's or my own business, I am spoken to as though I were a young child or a candidate for the State School for the Feeble Minded. I mention that I'm a research chemist, and what a change! The business is transacted quickly and easily on an adult level. I'm treated as a person.

It is a little item, but a humiliating one.

Sincerely yours,
LORRAINE N. NICHOLSON.

No Small Family for Her

Evans Mills, New York.

Dear Editor: I am the mother of 11 children. The oldest is 15 years, the youngest 5 months. My fun is the JOURNAL and the radio.

We live in a Government-owned house of 10 rooms and there's never a dull moment. I do my own work, have 6 children in school, and my husband works on heavy road equipment. That makes 7 lunches to pack every morning. Every summer we can from 300 to 400 cans of vegetables and fruit.

Don't tell me anything about small families. I wouldn't trade my place with anyone in this world. I'm only 34 and expect to stay young with my family.

Sincerely,
MRS. A. PLUMADORE.

Gives Her a Lift

Benton City, Missouri.

Dear Editors: The JOURNAL has long been a fixture in our home as a month-to-month luxury which I always felt I couldn't afford, but which I never could resist. So you can imagine my joy when my husband (who has always been quite superior about women's magazines, until he discovered that there were vivid sermon illustrations to be gleaned from the JOURNAL's pages) presented me with an unexpected year's subscription.

Things contributing to my partiality to the JOURNAL are the food stories, the fashion pages, Doctor Adams' clinic, the excellent public-affairs department—but I believe what I like the best is that there is no objectionable advertising of any sort.

Most sincerely,
CATHERINE A. HILLS.

Thanks for Letters and Packages

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: The Utility life has its bright moments. A girl went to the sales and bought a really alluring white wedding dress cheaper than she had hoped. It was made of some sort of nylon, and she got bridesmaids' frocks of the same stuff. All went well till the wedding photographs were delivered. The material seemed transparent to the camera.

I have had so many parcels of clothing, etc., that I have earmarked the old playroom in the garden as a sorting house, and have two people in the village and three in other places helping me find the sort of families the senders want. It is not always easy to find a farmer's wife with three children, or someone who was a nurse before marriage, with one child. Or a lady lawyer (hips, bust and waist measurements given) to correspond with another lady lawyer. I don't believe I ever solved that one!

I now get at the rate of twenty letters a week. Very few of the people who write to me and send parcels are fabulously rich as Americans are commonly expected to be by so many of us, and I have done a broadcast pointing this out, and giving extracts from some of the letters I get.

Later. I expect you hear conflicting stories about the food situation over here, and here's why. There are really two food situations. Those who live in the country and can still stand on both feet and hold a spade don't do badly.

With love,
DOROTHY BLACK.

helena rubinstein says:



"over 30? you can look younger!

ESTROGENIC HORMONE CREAM"



"If you are over-30, there is one cream you should never be without—my ESTROGENIC HORMONE CREAM. Why?

"Because estrogenic hormones are one of the best substances yet known to science that can make your skin look *younger*...

"Because I experimented until I found the right formula that would bring you the *fullest benefits* of these amazing substances...

"Because thousands of women in their 30's, 40's, 50's, 60's already have found that *daily* use of this remarkable cream can truly smooth out fine lines and wrinkles.

"Use ESTROGENIC HORMONE CREAM faithfully for 30 consecutive days and see how quickly *your* skin responds to its dynamic action. See how much younger *your* skin can look!" 3.50

"PASTEURIZED" FACE CREAM SPECIAL—massage daily to texturize as you cleanse. Cream away flaky dryness. Soothe! Soften! Refresh! 1.00 *plus tax*

helena rubinstein
655 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22



Take it with you . . . *It's part of your passport to popularity!*

YOU'RE going somewhere this summer! A wonderful vacation! Swimming . . . gay music . . . dates and dancing. You've got pretty clothes and a dilly of a bathing suit. Yes, the stage is set for romance, and you have all the props . . .

. . . *But have you?*

Is your breath sweet and fresh? If it isn't, charm, good looks, pretty clothes may get you nowhere. So, if you want to play leading lady in the role of romance . . . do not fail to take this *extra-careful precaution* against non-systemic bad breath (halitosis).

Merely rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and before every date. Quick, quick, quick, it leaves your breath cleaner, fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend . . . keeps it that way, too . . . not for seconds, not for minutes, but usually for hours.

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to help you be at your best

Another Pal *on your vacation is the new Listerine Tooth Paste with the clean, minty flavor*

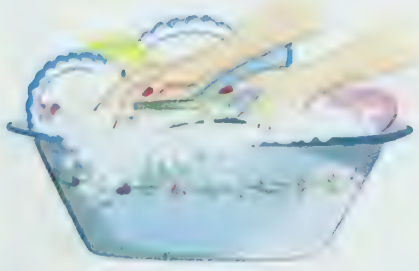


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IVORY SNOW KEEPS LOVELY LINGERIE LOVELY LONGER

Prove it!

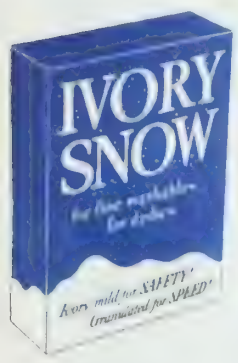
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No finer soap made! So mild! 99 44/100% pure! The *only* soap *both* Ivory-mild and in granulated "snowdrops" that burst into instant suds in safe lukewarm water—*even in cool water.*

To keep lovely things lovely longer—just follow directions on your package of *wonderful Ivory Snow!*



No other soap like it!
...for Lovely Lingerie



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—her frilly ballerina petticoat, her lacy camisole . . . Ultra-feminine furbelows that she'll keep lovely *longer* with wonderful Ivory Snow!

IVORY SNOW – The only granulated soap that's Ivory-mild

LADIES' HOME

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Rights and Responsibilities

ONE hundred years ago the first Women's Rights Convention was held at Seneca Falls, New York. In a general declaration of the rights of women, prepared by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott and several others, the right of women to vote was seriously proposed for the first time.

"All men *and* women are created equal" was their foremost and most radical assumption. In 1848 a single woman was a social nonentity. She possessed neither title nor dignity. But a married woman was only a living ghost. She had no control over her own property or even the guardianship of her own children. She was the chattel of her husband and no more obtrusive than any other furnishing in the home. The women of Seneca Falls could no longer tolerate being irresponsible persons, "civilly dead." They signed their "Declaration of Sentiments" and launched the movement to improve the status of women.

By 1920, when women were granted the right to vote, the chief aims of the early feminists had been attained, at least by statute. Today 27 per cent of all workers are women. Women are important and respected members of every profession. But no one is so deceived as to believe that women today enjoy complete equality with men in all fields of human enterprise. Due mostly to social forces of tradition and custom, they are still discriminated against because of sex only. The greatest attainment so far is the growing ability of women to look outward rather than inward, to know themselves as responsible participants in human affairs. That women should have no interests or responsibilities outside the home now seems a quaint idea. The extent to which women participate in the shaping of policies affecting public welfare depends not so much upon the rights they hold as upon the responsibilities they are willing to assume.

Ends, Means and Values

By Dorothy Thompson

IT seems to me that, fearing international war, we overlook a more likely catastrophe. In 1945, when I visited George Bernard Shaw in his country home in England, I asked him to predict the future. "Three hundred years of a new Dark Ages," he answered quite blithely. "But after that things will be better than now."

When one is childless and moving toward one's centenary, it is, perhaps, easy to contemplate a new Dark Ages. And Shaw's words must never be taken without several grains of salt; his is an impish mind. But others have feared the same, and more soberly, one of them being a man I greatly admire for his exceptional courage and character: the British publisher, of Jewish race and religion, and most Christian spirit—Victor Gollancz, who has recently published a timely little book, Our Threatened Values.*

It is not my purpose here to review that book, but only to recommend it to a wider circle of readers than it might normally find. It does not say a great many new things, but it does call attention, and by way of vivid illustration, to precious old things, illustrating how shockingly, in our times, these have been forgotten.

Among the values of our civilization he puts, first, respect for human personality, and recounts many of the frightful assaults upon it, first of all in Fascist standards and practices—and especially in Nazism, which was the most ultimate and revolutionary form of fascism—and also in the "new" democracies, whose essence is the ruthless subjection of the individual person to the conception of the "general welfare" as embodied in the totalitarian state. But neither does he exempt the free democracies.

Mr. Gollancz does not make the mistake of identifying fascism and communism, and neither should we. The former is a plain and simple justification of the will to power, by any and every means. Communism, on the contrary, has as its basic goal the establishment of a human society in which wealth and labor shall be used, not for the profit of relatively few people, but for the welfare of the whole. That is an intrinsically noble idea, and in basic harmony with the aim of our civilization, which is to establish justice and happiness.

No one honestly contemplating our civilization can assert that it satisfies our consciences. No one can really believe that the untrammeled competition of persons operating wholly in self-interest can work out for the best of all possible worlds. The casualties of the competitive capitalist system are enormous; the tendency toward centralization and monopoly is indubitable; the appeal which it makes to the baser nature is a fact. One needs only to compare the faces one sees—a mathematician testifying before a Congressional committee, his thin face marked with thought, humanity, self-discipline, and a "gray" marketeer called on the carpet—to realize how devotion to truth ennobles and competition in greed dehumanizes.

Why, then, one may ask, has communism, impelled originally by acute and justifiable criticism and intrinsic

*Published in 1947 by Henry Regnery Company, Hinsdale, Illinois

"Whenever there's a choice, I always buy foods packed in glass!"

says MRS. THOMAS R. PALMER
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"So convenient to store and heat baby's food, in the same glass jar"

"Glass jars save lots of bother. If there is any food left over, you simply put the jar back in the refrigerator."

"ALL foods deserve the same protection as baby foods"

"I feel what's better for baby is better for the whole family. I like *all* the foods I buy to have the advantages of glass protection."



WHEN YOU BUY IT IN

Duraglas JARS

YOU CAN SEE HOW GOOD IT IS!

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio

nobleness of objective, failed to establish human happiness, and become, instead, a movement of menace to mankind?

It has become so, first, because it denied *initially* the *fact* of individual human personality, and second, because it was willing to achieve its purposes by the most brutal means.

It denied human personality by denying the existence of God and insisting that a man (or woman) has no separate existence apart from his social class. This is so palpably untrue that it is belied by every great man who ever lived. It is impossible to explain any of them—Buddha, Confucius, Jesus, St. Thomas, Gandhi, Jefferson, Lincoln, Spinoza, Michelangelo, Einstein, Beethoven—in terms of social "class."

In pursuing its purposes, it was correctly aware of intransigent enemies. No one can even attempt to reform society of even the most obvious injustices without encountering powerful and ruthless enmity from those who profit by things as they are. This makes the course of social progress slow, and tends to harden basic injustices into revered institutions.

But the communists, in their drive for Utopia, decided to answer ruthlessness by even greater ruthlessness. It was not sufficient to suppress "reactionary" parties, but to suppress all who disagreed, not only regarding aim, but regarding means. It was not only considered necessary to dispossess the well-to-do of all their property, however acquired—and in every case lawfully—but to dispossess them without the slightest compensation, creating out of them a penniless pariah class.

It was considered not only necessary to break up the great landed estates, but to suppress the more successful farmers who emerged from the division of the land.

It was not only considered necessary to smash the existing economic order, but to suppress or subject all other institutions.

All these measures, engendering, as they did, most terrible human miseries, produced in turn, and by automatic reaction, the seeds of widespread revolt, which threatened the revolution and in turn called for even harsher countermeasures, which could be carried out only by the most ruthless men and the most bestial and servile underlings. So, gradually, it was men of such nature and character who rose to the top, too savage, even, for their very colleagues who started with them and taught them their methods, and who, in turn, had to be annihilated. To make a long story short, the end was overcome and obliterated by the means, and what has emerged is not a just, humane and "classless" society, but a despotism whose goal is to keep itself in power and extend its power over servile and terrorized societies.

There is a much more profound lesson to be learned from the development of communism than from Nazism. In Nazism ends and means were both evil and fitted to each other. In communism evil means have conquered an originally noble objective. In the end the two societies are hardly distinguishable from each other in their despotism, inhumanity and expansionism.

Both sacrificed the deepest values of civilization: respect for human personality and therefore for human variation, and freedom; truth—in both the lie became the chief instrument of subjection by persuasion; beauty—of life, manners, content and form, which always reflects the very essence of the society; and goodness. In Nazi and communist societies, goodness—sympathy, pity, righteous indignation, civil courage, generosity, tolerance and God-fearingness—simply dare not be cultivated lest they challenge the whole basis of the state.

But since these values are the very basis of human civilization and happiness, their slow corrosion or willful destruction brings exactly a new Dark Ages.

Therefore it becomes incumbent upon us to inquire concerning our leaders in every field of life, not only "*What* do they want to achieve?" but "*How* do they intend to achieve it?"

For *what* they actually *will* achieve will depend upon *how* they go about it. **THE END**

★ ★

The Magnificent Martha

By James M. Black, Jr.

(A CINEMATIC STUDY OF AMERICAN HISTORY)

I always failed in history;
So much I didn't know.
The past was such a mystery,
What happened long ago
Much to my shame was just a guess,
A guess not even good.
But knowledge came and I confess
My debt to Hollywood.

I lately learned that Washington (who looked somewhat like Gable)
Adored the Widow Custis (she was played by Betty Grable).
His friend, a General Arnold, she rejected as a suitor.
She liked him as a brother, but she thought that George was cuter.
Well, Arnold (Basil Rathbone) simply leered, "I'll see you later."
I discovered to my horror he was secretly a traitor.
He stalked out of her parlor in such haste he left his coat,
And Martha, going through it, found some letters that he wrote
That showed his true intentions, so she got her horse and went on
A ride right through the British lines to George attacking Trenton;
She swam across the Delaware, she braved its wintry waters,
Arriving in the nick of time at Washington's headquarters.
It saved the day. The Redcoats ran; the battle scene was great,
Especially the duel in which Arnold met his fate.
Then Jefferson, who through it all had been a strength and solace
(He looked like Don Ameche and behaved like Henry Wallace),
Said, "Martha, you have won the day. This victory celebration
Won't be complete till you have wed the Father of our Nation."
So this was done, they settled down to matrimonial bliss;
On the piazza of Mount Vernon was the final fade-out kiss.

So here's to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!
Hail to the Warner Brothers!
To RKO and Paramount
And likewise all the others.
In re-creating past events
They aren't bound by the actual.
May they consistently defend
The fancy from the factual.

Here's another wonderful NEW FRIGIDAIRE REFRIGERATOR made just for you!

Frigidaire gives you more of what you want in a refrigerator! People have always known that, they know it now. That's why more Frigidaire Refrigerators serve in more American homes than any other make.

More dependability, because only Frigidaire has the Meter-Miser — and the Meter-Miser is the simplest cold-making mechanism ever built!

More economy — the Meter-Miser uses only a trickle of current.

More features — exciting new advantages that you will see for yourself, when you visit your Frigidaire Dealer.

More models. Frigidaire makes a type and size of refrigerator—9 models in all —for *every* type and size of family.

More confidence. Everybody wants to be *sure* about an important purchase, and when it comes to a refrigerator—

You're twice as sure with two great names

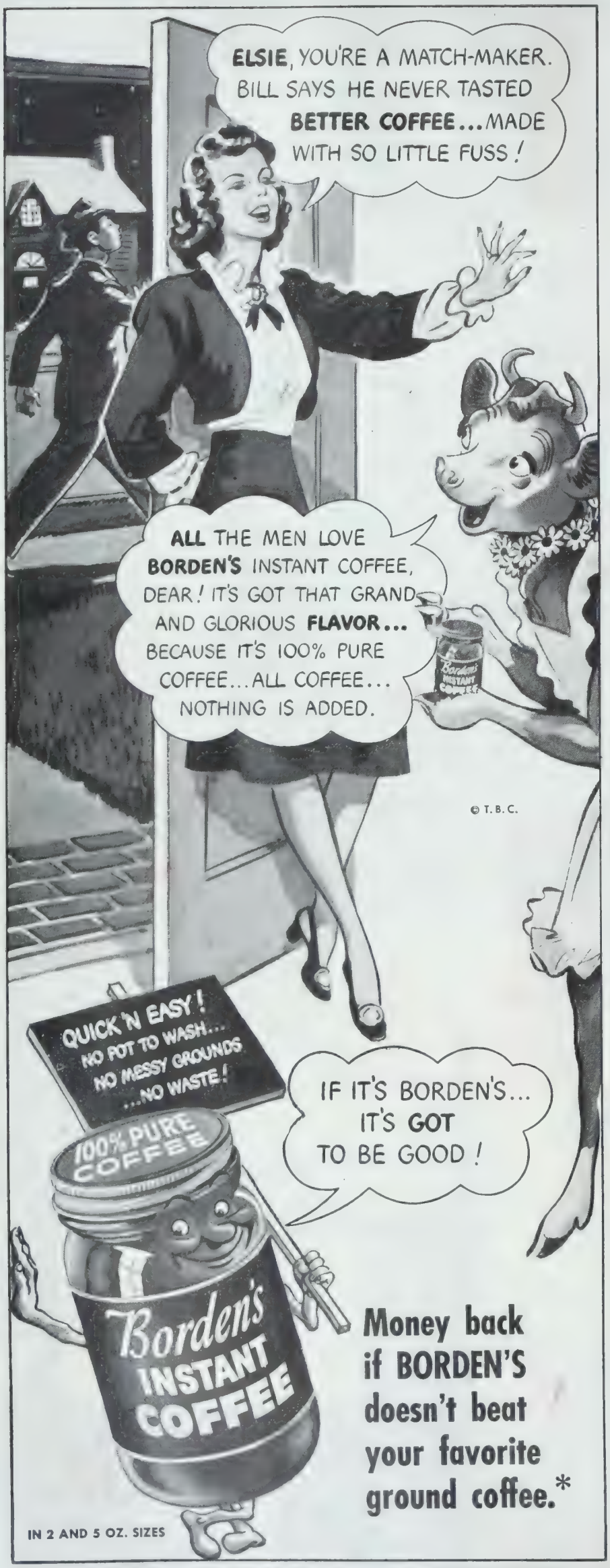
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* Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes better than any coffee you ever used, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

UNDER-COVER STUFF

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"And bacon too!" VIRGIL PARTCH

By Bernardine Kielty

ELEANOR LOTHROP, author of THROW ME A BONE, would argue with those persons who claim that honeymoons are overrated. Hers, she admits, wasn't all fun, but it wasn't dull and she never had time to be bored. She married an archaeologist, and not only was her honeymoon an archaeological trip, but it included her husband's boss. Whether or not the honeymoon has lasted till now she doesn't say, but for eighteen years she and her husband, Sam Lothrop, have continued to go on archaeological trips—to Chile, to Peru, to Guatemala, to Panama, to Costa Rica. The Lothrops left Costa Rica this spring on the last plane before the revolution.

THROW ME A BONE *is her hilarious record of how an archaeologist's wife reacts. It is an account of what you and I would do without running water or a bed with springs or a proper frying pan, and how we would combat insects, Chilean cattle, crocodiles, natives on all-night parties, and amorous English colonels. Eternally hopeful, she looked each time for glamour. She'd outfit herself at the smartest sports store with jodhpurs and shorts and topee, only to have Sam return the lot and reduce her eventual wardrobe to three pairs of men's duck pants, two pairs of old sneakers, some old tennis socks, an ancient straw hat and (the one store item kept) polo shirts. Eternally she hoped to find treasure. And once she did—a 1 x 1½" emerald weighing 189 carats.*

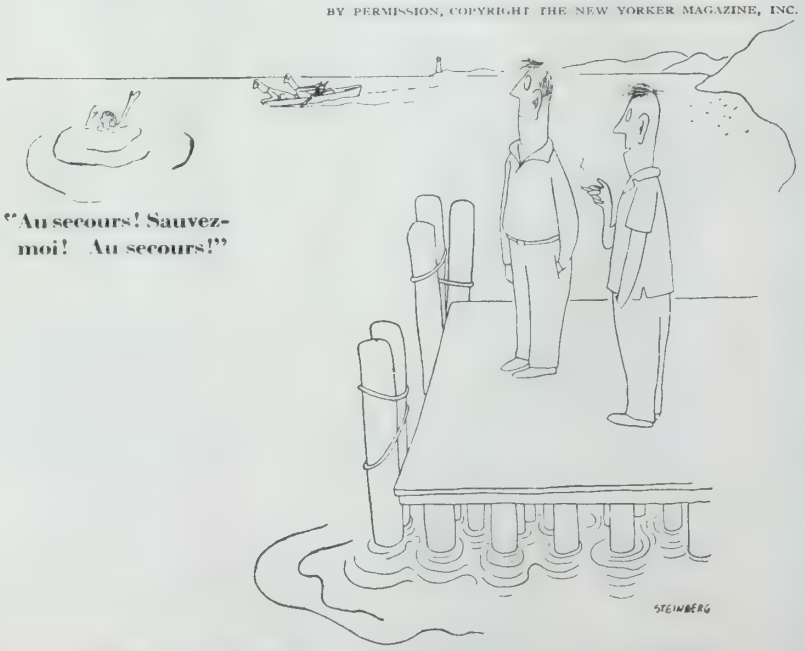
"Each time we wind up an archaeological trip I look forward to the same things. No scratching. Lying in bed late, soaking in a hot bath. Plumbing. Ice water and fresh milk. Raw celery and lettuce. Plumbing. Movies and the theater. Plumbing!" And then, after about a month, she looks at Sam in his comfortable chair in his comfortable bugless apartment. "This is the life!" she says. "It's wonderful; but *when*, oh, *when*, are we going *where?*"

• • •

If you are willing to be made appallingly self-conscious about your English

(Continued on Page 16)

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"Au secours! Sauvez-moi! Au secours!"

"If he's not a Frenchman he's certainly an awful snob."



PLATTER FOR PATRIOTS

Picture *this* on your holiday buffet. Extravagant? Not a bit! For think how many meals the ham will provide. (See Martha Logan's after-the-party ideas below.) No cooking either—this ham is *Ready-to-Eat* Swift's Premium. Yes, it comes *completely cooked*, yet with all the matchless flavor you expect of America's traditional favorite. You just score the fat and spread with marmalade! Salads are almost as easy: Mold well-seasoned tomato aspic in a flat pan which has been rinsed with cold water. Cut in shield shapes, using a paper pattern. Decorate with cream cheese, slightly thinned with milk. Here's bounty fit for the 4th! For Swift's Premium Ham—with its mellow Brown Sugar Cure—is, *for fact*, the best-liked ham of all!

HAM AND CELERY SANDWICH SPREAD: Mix ¼ c. prepared mustard, 2 tsp. sugar, ½ tsp. vinegar with 1 c. ground cooked ham and 1 c. finely chopped celery. Fills 4 sandwiches.

HAM CASSEROLE: Arrange 4 thinly-sliced apples and 1 to 2 c. leftover ham pieces in alternate layers in greased baking dish. Add 2 tbsp. brown sugar, ¼ c. orange juice. Top with sweet potatoes (No. 2½ can), mashed and seasoned. Bake about 40 min. in mod. oven (375° F.). Serves 4.

Holiday treat without heat...

America's traditional favorite

Swift's Premium Ham*

* READY-TO-EAT VERSION

Swift's Premium HAM
FULLY COOKED
SWIFT'S PREMIUM
Ready to Eat
FULLY COOKED
A SWIFT QUALITY FOOD

2 STYLES! The Red Label brings you ham that's fully cooked—ready to eat. For easy cooking at home, look for the Blue Label. Both kinds are Brown Sugar Cured and smoked Swift's special way over genuine hardwood fires.

How to be a
GREAT COOK
in 3 minutes!



Taste the
WONDERFUL
DIFFERENCE in
Heinz
57 Soups

(Continued from Page 14)

(temporarily only, one hopes), and at the same time enjoy yourself no end, try thumbing through one of the authoritative handbooks on English language usage. It is an engrossing pastime.

We got started by way of a new book, HOW TO SPEAK BETTER ENGLISH, by ***Norman Lewis.*** Mr. Lewis does not depend altogether upon his own judgment, but has appealed to such English users as Bennett Cerf, Walter Winchell, Leonard Lyons and Louis Bromfield, among others. He gives the pros and cons of these gentlemen on such sentences as these:

"Betty Grable is different than Zazu Pitts."
"If anyone is waiting, let them come in."
"The reason I love her is because she is so pretty."
"Can I have another piece of cake?"

It is a good book, but once a real problem comes up you turn to the older and more searching works. You pull out COMMON ERRORS IN ENGLISH AND HOW TO AVOID THEM, by ***Alexander M. Witherspoon;*** HOW TO SPEAK ENGLISH EFFECTIVELY, by ***Frank Vizetelly;*** and that most readable and most profound of them all, A DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH USAGE, by ***H. W. Fowler.***

When you start on Fowler, your morning is gone. Take *Hackneyed Phrases*, for instance. "The hackneyed phrases are counted by the hundred. . . . Each of them comes to each of us at some moment in life with the freshness of novelty upon it: but we forget that of any hundred persons for whom we attempt this good office, though there may be one to whom our phrase is new and bright, it is a stale offense to the ninety and nine." Out of his long list we have chosen at random:

"Sleep the sleep of the just."
"Conspicuous by his absence."
"A consummation devoutly to be wished."
"But it was not to be."
"More sinned against than sinning."

Of *French Words* he has this to say: "Display of superior knowledge is as great a vulgarity as display of superior wealth—greater, indeed, in as much as knowledge should tend more definitely than wealth towards discretion and good manners. . . . To use French words that your reader or hearer does not know or does not fully understand, to pronounce them as if you were one of the select few to whom French is second nature when he is not of those few (and it is ten thousand to one that neither you nor he will be so) is inconsiderate and rude." After which appropriate sermon Mr. Fowler gives pages of French words commonly used in English, with meanings and pronunciations. He does not, we are pointing out, avoid the issue.

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"The President must be right—he said just what John has been saying."

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman. Sixty years ago the only women allowed in the White House

(Continued on Page 18)

Perfect with KRAFT French Dressing



It's America's Favorite

Smartest of all is the "tossed" salad . . . *and most dependent on the dressing.* *Kraft* French Dressing has the perfect seasoning you are looking for. Made with really fine ingredients; Kitchen Fresh; America's most popular brand.

NOTE: *Kraft has another brand,* Miracle French, *for those who like just a tantalizing touch of onion and garlic.*

IF YOU LIVE IN AN ORANGE GROVE
you can make
ORANGEADE
like this



You'd pick only the select, tree ripe fruit, of course. Otherwise, you just order GREEN SPOT Orangeade—produced at the groves, delivered fresh bottled by your dairy to your home or store. A family favorite, try it!

Individual Bottle 5c
Family Bottle 15c
In most places

REAL ORANGEADE
Ask your Milkman or Grocer



Jellied Peaches

Here's an easy-to-fix dessert that's heavenly-delicious, as only genuine Jell-O can make it! (Jell-O's "locked-in" flavor is always rich and deep!)

- **1 package Orange Jell-O**
- **2½ cups hot liquid (peach juice and water, or all water)**
- **2 cups drained sweetened sliced peaches***
- **2 tablespoons lemon juice**

Dissolve Jell-O in hot liquid. Add peaches and lemon juice. Chill until thickened, stirring occasionally as Jell-O sets, to give soft—not firm—jelly. Serve in sherbet glasses. Garnish with whipped cream and mint leaves. Serves 6 to 8.

*Fresh, canned, or quick-frozen peaches may be used.

Neapolitan Vegetable Salad

Perfect for a party—this sparkling layered salad loaf! Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add vinegar and salt. Divide Jell-O into three parts and chill each part until slightly thickened. To first part, add carrots and turn into a 10 x 5 x 3-inch loaf pan; chill until firm. To second part, add cabbage and turn out over firm layer in pan; chill until firm. To third part, add onion and spinach and turn out over firm Jell-O in loaf pan; chill until firm. Unmold. Cut in slices and serve with mayonnaise. Makes 12 servings.

- **2 packages Lemon Jell-O**
- **4 cups hot water**
- **3 tablespoons vinegar**
- **3 teaspoons salt**
- **1½ cups finely chopped raw carrots**
- **1¾ cups finely chopped raw cabbage**
- **1 teaspoon minced onion**
- **1½ cups finely chopped raw spinach**



Company coming? Serve a special treat!





Orange and Pear Mold

You'll use this grand recipe often—to serve as salad *or dessert!* So colorful, with pears and orange sections set off by shimmering Lime Jell-O! So wonderfully good to eat!

- **1 package Lime Jell-O**
- **2 cups hot liquid (pear juice and water, or all water)**
- **¾ cup sliced drained canned pears**
- **¾ cup orange sections, free from membrane**

Dissolve Jell-O in hot liquid. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in fruit. Turn into a 1-quart mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

NOTE: For a large mold, double above recipe. Use only 3¾ cups liquid.

Pink Chiffon Jell-O Whip

An exciting new Jell-O idea—Jell-O squares and whipped Jell-O together in one glorious dish! Dissolve Jell-O in hot liquid. Add flavoring. Pour half of Jell-O into a small loaf pan. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in fruit. Chill until firm. Cut in 12 rectangles. Arrange 6 in a serving bowl.

Then chill remaining Jell-O until slightly thickened. Place in bowl of ice and water; whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in cream. Pile lightly on firm Jell-O. Arrange remaining Jell-O rectangles on top. Chill until firm. Makes 6 servings.

- **1 package Raspberry Jell-O**
- **2 cups hot liquid (fruit juice and water, or all water)**
- **⅛ teaspoon almond extract**
- **⅔ cup drained canned fruit cocktail, or mixed fresh fruit**
- **⅓ cup cream, whipped**



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In Glass or Tin



(Continued from Page 16)

offices were relatives of the staff, occasional sight-seers, and the cleaners. Now, according to *Merriman Smith,* in A PRESIDENT IS MANY MEN, it is like a harem, with women far outnumbering the men. Every President these days has a Girl Friday who knows more state secrets than his wife, knows the size of his bank balance, knows months ahead whether

REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"What this country needs, Armbruster, is somebody in the White House that absolutely *nobody* likes. Then we can *all* unite."

or not he is going "to run," and who will be the new ambassador to Great Britain.

Theodore Roosevelt's Josephine Strieker called herself "the safe-deposit vault of his thoughts." Miss LeHand, F.D.R.'s personal secretary, was said to have great influence. A politician who had "Missy" on his side, says Mr. S., was three bases on the way home to a run if she thought his recommendation was one deserving presidential attention. Her successor, Grace Tully, could play gin rummy most of the night with a reporter or an ambassador without letting slip a single bit of information on anything in the world—except the score of the game. President Truman's secretary is Rose Conway, known as "zipper lip." Her day begins at 6:30 A.M., when she makes her coffee, and gets under way when she reaches the White House at 8 and finds the President already hard at work. The President knocks off at about 4:30 or 5, but Rose still has two hours ahead of her.

When Mme. Chiang visited the White House, the Roosevelt housekeeper, Mrs. Nesbitt, was in a dither because the Chinese lady insisted on having the linen sheets of her bed changed several times a day. The sheets were large and the cost was $7.00 each to launder. But Mr. Smith unearthed what he believes to be the fact: that instead of having the sheets washed each time the madame took a brief rest, the maids merely took them to the basement, had them ironed out and put them back on.

• • •

Gladys Taber **fans will be glad to know that THE BOOK OF STILL-MEADOW is now out (Macrae Smith Co., 225 South 15th St., Philadelphia 2, Pa.). It is based on the Diary of Domesticity and is a month-by-month record of a happy, busy life.**

• • •

Just when we're in a mood to settle down to work in the garden, we read something like this: "A medium-range turbojet transport carrying 25 to 30 passengers and flying at a cruising speed of 500 to 525 miles per hour is an extremely likely development for use on the routes of the major airlines by the close of the year 1950." And somehow the delphinium seems trivial. . . . The prophecy is from **JET PROPULSION IN COMMERCIAL AIR TRANSPORTATION**, by ***Robert E. Hage.***

(Continued on Page 21)

MAN AMAZED



by that distinctive tangy flavor of **CHEEZ-IT** crackers!



America's largest selling cheese cracker!

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"Fresh up" with Seven-Up!





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On vacation trips to faraway places, you have to give a thought to the purity of what you drink! With 7-Up along, that's no problem . . . you're all set with a drink you like, *and one that likes you*—wholesome, fresh-flavored 7-Up!

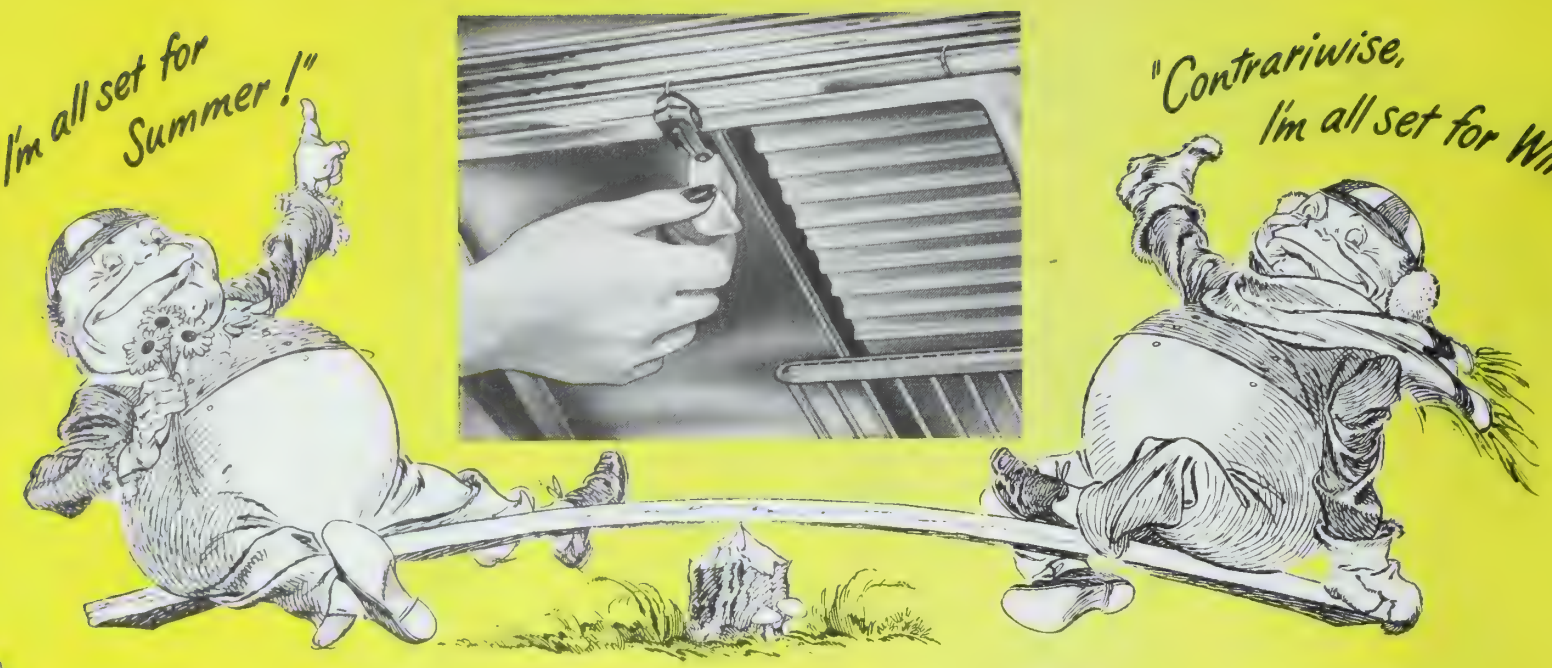
Clean, crystal-clear 7-Up is the *all-family* drink. You, and your youngsters, too, can enjoy the happy "fresh up" feeling it gives.

Be a "fresh up" family. Take along a case of 7-Up on your family jaunts or pick up a case along the way. You can get 7-Up wherever you see those bright 7-Up signs on display.



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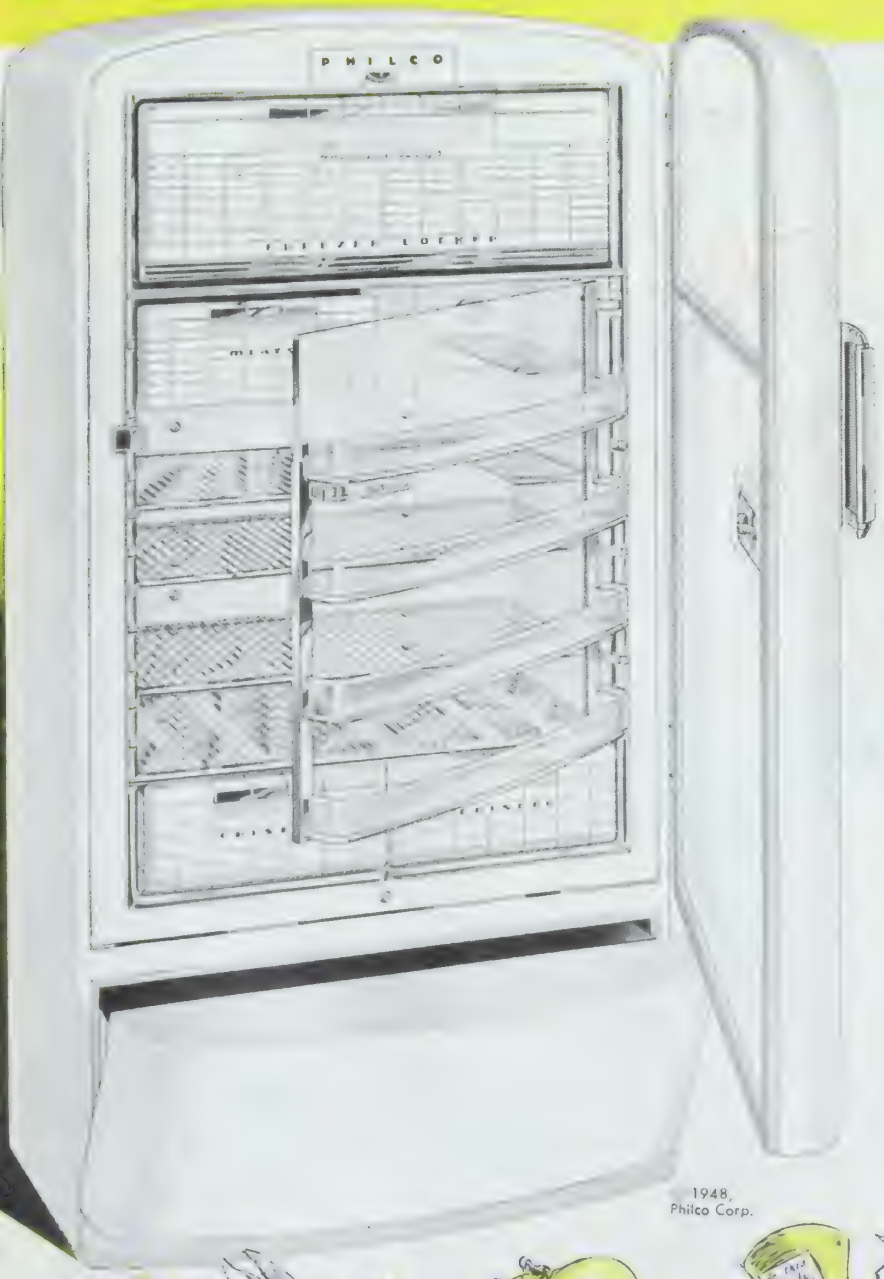
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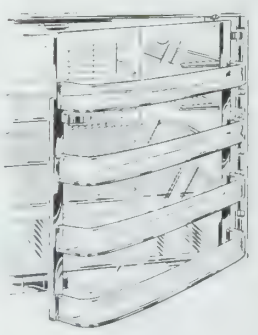


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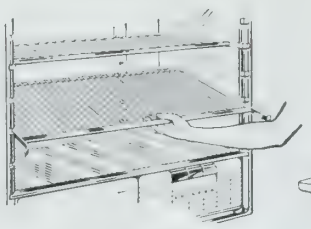


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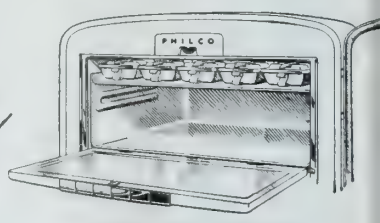
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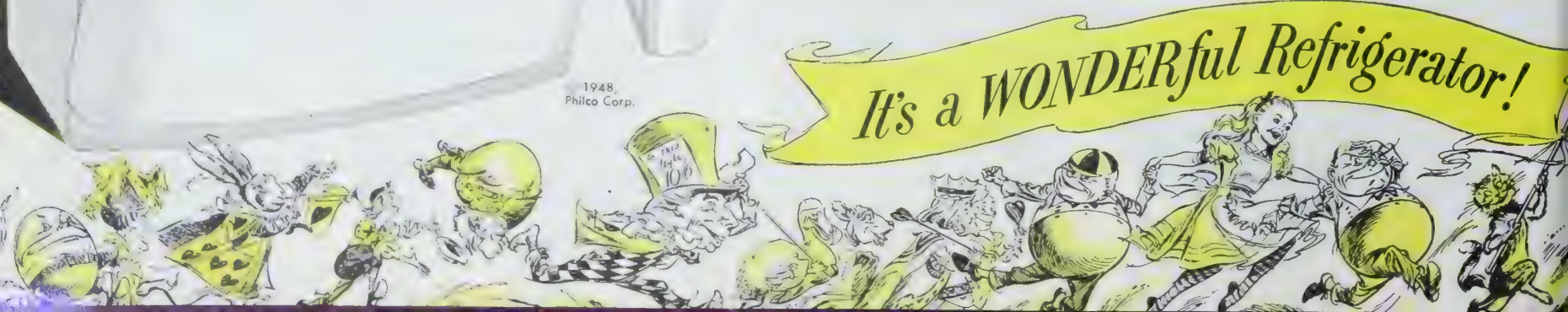
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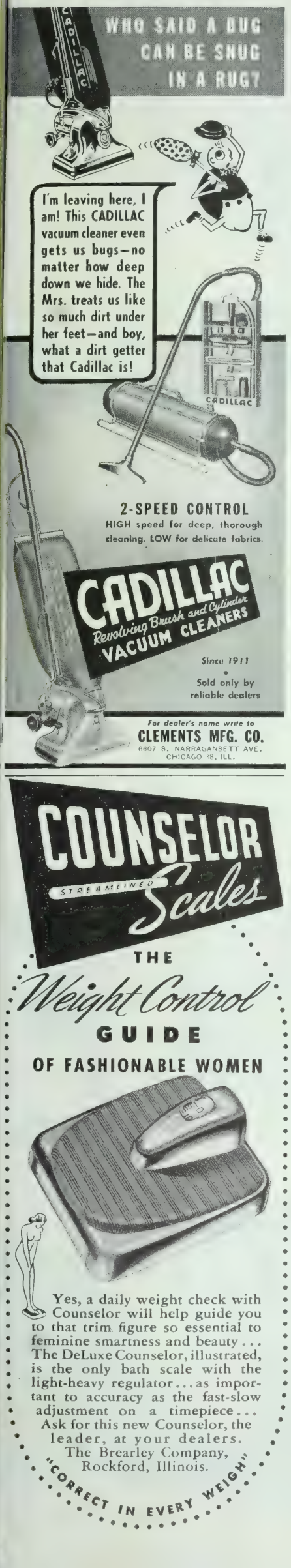
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The Brearley Company, Rockford, Illinois.
"CORRECT IN EVERY WEIGH"

(Continued from Page 18)

The National Boy of the Year, chosen this year by the Boys' Clubs of America, is ***Frank Harrison.*** He is fourteen, supports a family of six, gets a B-plus

INTERNATIONAL



National Boy of the Year.

average in school, and has time for football, basketball and baseball. He gets up at three-thirty every morning and covers a newspaper route before going to school.

• • •

You know how it is when you can't remember the name of one of your guests: you just slide over the introduction by mentioning only the other one's name, and then pass quickly on.

That's the way it was at the party given by the Greek princess in Athens, to which *Willie Snow Ethridge* was invited. The guests were seated informally around a table. The first introduction—to a man—was the one where the hostess slipped up, and unfortunately, when the round was completed, Mrs. Ethridge found herself back beside him. She herself is from Georgia and an easy talker, but she was at a loss now for a topic of conversation. The man spoke English and looked like a Britisher. "Are you staying long in Greece?" she asked him politely, feeling her way. "Or are you just here for a few months like the rest of us?" The man blinked. Then he told her that, yes, he did come and go. He stayed as long as the people would let him. He was, as a matter of fact, the King of Greece!

Willie Snow Ethridge is the wife of Mark Ethridge, chairman of the American delegation of the U. N. commission that studied the Greek border incidents. After he had gone over to Greece, Mr. Ethridge sent for his wife, and Willie, ebullient and more than willing, sold a cemetery lot for cash for her passage, and went off to join him. **IT'S GREEK TO ME** is her account of their experiences.

Some people will say that these Southern belles would do better to stay home, or at least not write a society column about a country like Greece. But the interesting point about this book—and this woman—is that underneath the good-natured foolery there is such a fund of information and what sounds from this distance like wise judgment. If Mrs. Ethridge can find a few laughs in poor tragic Greece, so much the better!

• • •

Observed at the Museum of Modern Art, where old movies are shown daily: *Marlene Dietrich* looking at *The Blue Angel*, in which she starred with *Emil Jannings* in 1930—with tears in her eyes.

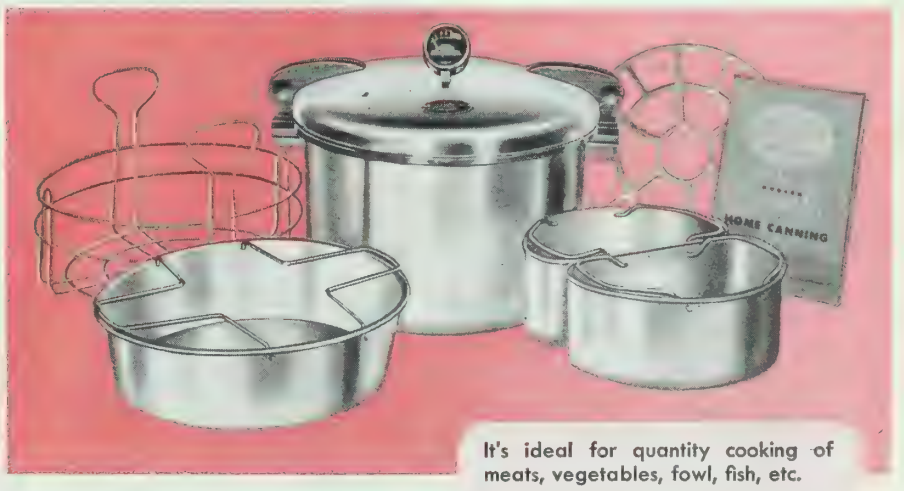


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It's ideal for quantity cooking of meats, vegetables, fowl, fish, etc.

It's most economical for canning meats, fish, fowl, vegetables, etc. It enables homemakers to can foods when they are plentiful and thus serve delicious meals at times when those foods are normally scarce.

It cooks large hams to delicious tenderness in only 6 minutes per pound, less expensive beef roasts in just 10 minutes per pound.

It prepares 2 gallons split pea soup in 15 minutes.

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The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture and leading food authorities say pressure cooking is the only safe way to process non-acid foods, including vegetables, meat, fish and fowl.

The No. 7 canner has a canning capacity of 7 quart jars or 9 pint jars, and a liquid capacity of 16 quarts.

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give you faster, richer suds...

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT

Edited by MARGARET HICKEY

HOMEMAKER SERVICE... In Hartford, Connecticut

SUBSTITUTING FOR MOTHERS

by MARGARET HICKEY

"BUT who will take care of my children if I go to the hospital?" asks a worried mother. "There's nobody I can ask to see after the babies when I go to work," is a fearful father's dilemma. "Mamma's sick—what's going to happen to us?" question the insecure children. Such crises constantly threaten to break up the homes of young children, temporarily or permanently. Placing the children in shelters or foster homes has been tried. Sometimes this is the only possible solution. But social agencies consider far more desirable the protection of the home. At the present time about sixty agencies are offering "Homemaker Service" that provides temporary mother substitutes to keep families with young children together.

The homemaker goes into a stricken home to do for the family until things are normal. She attempts to preserve the natural tempo of the home, never to change it radically unless there is something very wrong. She is not a maid, nor is she a nurse. Neither is she a trained social worker, although her duties are carefully outlined for her by the case-work agency that employs her.

The Junior League of New York City was a pioneer in the homemaker movement. Beginning in 1934, when it discontinued its Children's Shelter, it started what it called a "housekeeper service." Under this program, which was affiliated with the Children's Aid Society of New York, experienced housekeepers were sent to families where the mother of several children was ill or temporarily hospitalized. The League, after sponsoring and financing the program successfully for several years, turned it over entirely to the Children's Aid Society. Over the past thirteen years, this agency has a record of helping 2288 families and keeping 8999 children in their own homes. This has been accomplished at an average cost of only $1.99 per child per day.

Another program, called the "Mother's Aide Service," is directed by the Department of Welfare of New York City. The "mother's aides" are civil-service employees selected on the basis of personality, ability and interest in children. They are given a physical examination and literacy test before appointment. And before assignment to a home they are given an eight-day training course. They receive a starting salary of $1860 a year and an increase of $120 after each of the first two years of service.

The Boston Provident Association, which has had a homemaker service since 1940, carefully defines the homemaker's duties. She must dust and tidy up the home, plan nourishing meals, supervise the children, wash for the infant or preschool child. She does no family washing, no heavy cleaning, works an eight-hour day.

Like many other good things, the supply of homemakers does not measure up to the demand. The agencies undertaking this humanitarian service find themselves at a loss to secure enough competent women for the families needing them. One Chicago agency provides the service only for families on relief. In that city, the Salvation Army has set up a three-year demonstration project of the homemaker service with finances provided by the Community Fund. During April, 1947, four Chicago agencies employed 154 homemakers who served 183 families.

Community groups concerned with the needs of children will find homemaker service a highly important program they might well encourage. The Children's Bureau, in a very helpful new publication, Homemaker Service: A Method of Child Care, by Maud Morlock, cautions careful study before undertaking such a plan. The National Committee of Homemaker Service has the guidance and blessing of the Bureau, the Family Service Association of America and the Child Welfare League of America. **THE END**

MOST parents of young children can appreciate the helpless feeling which comes when the mother is unexpectedly taken away from home. Who can help? Who will keep the home going?

Such a crisis faced a young factory worker, the father of four children, in Hartford, Connecticut. John Danner (we will call him) tried to tell the visiting nurse of his worries. His wife had grown increasingly deaf, but the doctor held out hope for improved hearing following an operation. "The doctor says it's the chance of a lifetime for my wife. He thinks the odds are twenty to one that he can restore her hearing. But," he asked, looking ruefully about the room, "who's going to take care of the four kids?" Three of the young Danners were playing in the kitchen about their mother. "I don't want to put them in an institution, even for two weeks," Danner said. "But I can't afford to take time off from the shop."

"Don't worry," the nurse reassured Danner. "You go ahead with your plans. I think Homemaker Service can provide someone to care for the children."

Fortunately for Danner and many others like him, Hartford has such a service, directed by the Family Service Society. This agency talked the situation over with Danner. A few days later a pleasant-looking, plump, middle-aged woman in a blue-and-white-striped uniform arrived to take over for the time his wife had to be out of the home. For two weeks the homemaker kept the Danner household going. The shyness of the children disappeared in a few hours. They ate as well, were as cleanly dressed and in general were as well taken care of during the period of their mother's absence as under her own care. When Mrs. Danner came home, her hearing greatly improved, she was delighted with what she found. She told the homemaker with deep sincerity, "I'm not going to try to tell you how grateful I am. That would be impossible. But this is your home anytime you want to come here."

(Continued on Page 100)

MORRIS ENGEL



This little girl begins to learn from her substitute mother two valuable lessons: the performance of simple household tasks and the joy of helping.

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Babette—delicately petalled rosette points up this cuban heel style; in wine, royal blue, poppy red, blossom pink, heaven blue, black or white satin. **$6.50**

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MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

The secret of perpetual honeymoon is one everybody knows and few practice.

BY CLIFFORD R. ADAMS

Ph.D., The Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

AFTER THE HONEYMOON

DURING the honeymoon, a couple have their first opportunity to concentrate their whole attention on each other, undistracted by outside obligations or personalities. Often the romantic effect is heightened by a degree of luxury beyond their customary experience.

Thus the return from the honeymoon often highlights, by contrast, the problems of ordinary existence. The transition from spacious hotel to tiny apartment, or trailer, or rooms with in-laws, may be an unpleasant shock. Nor is it a welcome sensation for a bride to feel herself demoted from the central role in her husband's life to that of a supporting character. No wonder the phrase "the honeymoon is over" has come to symbolize the end of illusion.

The adjustment during the first few weeks or months after the honeymoon can direct a marriage toward success—or toward failure. And the greater responsibility for choosing the direction falls on the bride.

When she'd been home from the honeymoon a month, Emily was deeply discouraged. Though she loved Stan, she began to wonder if either of them were cut out for marriage.

An inept housekeeper and indifferent cook, she was apt to attempt too much in a single day; Stan often came home to an exhausted bride, a disordered house and no dinner. No matter how she tried, she couldn't seem to assemble a meal properly; she burned the toast while waiting for the coffee, or the entire dinner cooled while she made gravy.

Though Stan tried to be patient and good-natured, he couldn't conceal his annoyance when she forgot to restock such routine supplies as soap and tooth paste; and she found herself growing defensive and short-tempered.

Gone were the long carefree hours of companionship. Evenings, Stan's attention was no longer focused exclusively on Emily; he wanted to read the paper, or he brought work home, or attended to household chores. He seldom felt like going out during the week, and since they were strangers in the neighborhood, Emily lacked daytime diversion as well.

Emily recognized the problem as one she had to solve. To be a good wife, she realized that she must become a skilled homemaker.

- Her first step was to plan the week's work, with both routine and special duties for each day. But other tasks were planned around Stan's home-coming, with enough margin for error to make sure the house was in order and dinner under way when he returned.
- She mapped out—and followed—a systematic plan for improving her cooking, practicing and perfecting fundamentals before attempting complicated menus.
- No matter what his inclination, Stan obviously hadn't time to provide all the companionship she needed. So she made it her business to develop a social life in which he could share. She cultivated the neighbors, joined the church, and gradually made a place for herself in the community.
- Recognizing that if she wanted Stan's companionship she must earn it, she deliberately tried to interest herself in the subjects and activities that appealed to Stan, and to make her activities interesting to him.
- Most important of all, she accepted the fact that the honeymoon was over. She had married Stan, not for a holiday, but to share his life, and she set out to make the most of her opportunity.

Emily's problems, though common, are not the only ones which confront brides.

Money matters are often troublesome. Every young couple should have a definite financial plan; if one was not evolved during the engagement, right after the honeymoon is not too soon to start.

Household chores can be a source of friction. If your husband enjoys pottering about the house, you are lucky; if not, avoid nagging, and encourage him to learn. Even such humdrum tasks as taping an extension cord become less irksome if you both think of them as steps toward perfecting your home.

Accept your husband as he is. Don't expect him to give up little habits that annoy you; instead, train yourself to ignore them.

If a real issue arises, face it squarely and frankly, in a co-operative spirit; together, you're almost sure to find a solution.

This month nearly a quarter of a million brides will come back from wedding trips. Those who, like Emily, accept the problems as well as the privileges of marriage will not be dogged by the specter of divorce.

MAKING PEOPLE LIKE YOU

DIFFICULTY in getting along with people is responsible for a variety of troubles. At least two thirds of all job releases are due to personality flaws rather than to technical incompetence. Many a divorce grows out of the inability of a couple to develop a real friendship with each other. Other marriages, even though they don't end in divorce, lack real happiness because one or both partners don't know how to be friendly.

Though a capacity for friendship is no guaranty of happiness in marriage, it improves your chances. Friendships are rewarding in themselves; in addition, the qualities, attitudes and habits that make other people like you will also make you more attractive to your husband—or wife.

There is no short cut to friendship. To make people like you, you must make yourself likable. But by putting a little thought on the ways we meet and treat people, we can easily improve our relationships with them. Here are a few suggestions, equally effective in business or social life:

1. When you first meet someone, be sure to get his name right, and address him by name during your conversation.

2. Be a good listener. To do this, you must also be a good interrogator. By asking questions, get the other person to discuss his interests, tastes, hobbies, rather than doing the talking yourself. Then show your attention by making comments.

3. While encouraging the other person to talk about himself, avoid prying questions. People cherish their privacy, and resent a "nosy" attitude.

4. Give credit. If the other person has a quality you admire, say so. To admit his superiority to you in some respect will not lessen your apparent value; it will only enhance his own.

5. Asking another to do you a small favor is good psychology. A person who helps another feels his own importance increased.

6. Differences of opinion are inevitable; they need not cause trouble if tactfully handled. Perhaps the most valuable suggestions here are negative. *Don't* take minor disagreements too seriously; if the issue is unimportant, or if no decision is required, it may be better to keep your opinion to yourself. And *don't* take it for granted that you are right. You stand a better chance of persuading the other person if you sincerely give him a chance to persuade you.

7. Let other people outshine you some of the time. When we are too eager to win, whether it be in an argument or a bridge game, we don't make people like us.

8. Cultivate good manners. Such details as using the right fork are less important than fundamental courtesy, which is always based on consideration for others. Punctuality, for instance, shows respect, not for the clock, but for other people's convenience.

9. Last but not least, treat other people as you wish them to treat you. The basis of real friendship, as of all pleasant human relations, is the ability to put yourself in the other person's place—and act accordingly.

Ask Yourself

DO YOU FEEL INFERIOR?

A feeling of inferiority is a handicap in making people like you. Answer each question "yes" or "no" in terms of what is true most of the time.

1. **Do you mind people watching while you work?**
2. **Are your feelings easily hurt?**
3. **Do you get pretty discouraged at times?**
4. **Are you self-conscious at a social function?**
5. **Do you get "rattled" rather easily?**
6. **Are you often afraid others will not like you?**
7. **Do you hate to lose at cards or games?**
8. **Is it hard for you to make new friends?**
9. **Do others' opinions matter greatly to you?**
10. **Are you rather shy or bashful?**
11. **Do you blush—or get embarrassed—easily?**
12. **Are you ever lonesome even with other people?**
13. **Do you usually keep your feelings to yourself?**
14. **Are you easily upset by things people say?**
15. **Do you often feel lonely and neglected?**
16. **Are you optimistic about your future?**
17. **Do you find it easy to talk to strangers?**
18. **Are you usually in good spirits?**
19. **Is it easy for you to get rid of a salesman?**
20. **Are you a "good mixer" at parties?**

Add the number of *no* answers in the first 15 questions to the number of *yes* answers to the last 5 questions. If you had 15 or more correct answers, you do not feel inferior and you probably get along well with your many friends. A score of 11 or 12 is average. With a score of 8 or less, you are missing much of the fun in life. Join some clubs, do some entertaining, try to meet new people, and practice "making people like you."

DO YOU AGREE?

Is it true that worry can make a person either stout or thin?

Yes. Some people, when depressed or emotionally upset, have poor appetites or are too tense to eat; others turn to food for satisfaction, and overeat as a result. Your doctor can help you achieve your correct weight; discuss the whole situation with him, and follow his advice.

THE END

Open wide— and say "aaah!"



You've a front row seat on the scenery in this Observation Car! Touch a button — down goes the top. That's all there is to it! And just to make life easier when you take out the luggage — the top of Plymouth's trunk compartment lifts at a finger-touch, too. Stays put — tumble-proof — a Plymouth nicety!



You're ready for ANY road — even the washboard variety! To soften the bumps, each wheel's equipped with bigger, fatter Super-Cushion Tires and special shock absorbers like those on huge airliners. Blowout hazards are minimized because your wheels wear new, wider Safety Rims. Only Plymouth has 'em in the lowest-priced bracket!

Yes, it's the perfect companion for your play-hours— and a hundred things make it so! Smooth, easy Floating Power—more responsive Safe-Guard brakes on which you can rely. So — wherever you go, here's your best guide:

Plymouth

the low-priced car most like high-priced cars



Look who's Talking!

THE SUB-DEB ★ EDITED BY MAUREEN DALY

"WELL, shut me up and call me Garbo"—you haven't said a word all evening! Just what's your trouble? Does it mean that you're going to be shy and short of conversation *all* your life? Not at all. If you're an average teen-ager, you're just suffering from an average ailment—that old "but what shall I say now?" malady.

Generally speaking, fellows and girls will agree that it isn't so difficult to keep up a conversation—it's the getting started that stops them. And they want some helpful suggestions that are new, lively and *practical.* After all, when you're introduced to a new boy on the edge of the dance floor or are sitting next to a sharp character at a doggie roast, you can't start off a beautiful friendship by saying, "Read any good books lately?" What a gal needs to have on the tip of her tongue is something quick, casual and friendly.

So just to help you put in the good word (and the right one!) at the right time, here are some "tricks" to help you start a conversation going.

No. 1 trick is a variation of the "aren't you tall, dark and handsome" technique, but it's much more subtle. Suppose you've just been introduced and all you know about each other is first names and the fact that you're going to be alone together for at least the next few minutes. Lead off with, "I know your *real* name, but what's your nickname?" and whether he already has one or not, proceed to find him a new descriptive nickname. For instance, if he's a big fellow—the football-player type—you might dub him "Shoulders"; if he's one of the crew-cut boys, you can call him "Clipper-Top" or "Dutchy"; a partner with a bow tie can be "Frankie" or "The Necktie." The possibilities are endless—and you're talking!

For No. 2 trick you will need a bit of imagination! Allow about three minutes' talk time for you, and then joe boy takes the floor. "Do you know anything about dreams?" you ask solemnly. "I had the funniest dream last night and it's been on my mind all day. Maybe you can tell me what it means." (All right, so you didn't dream last night. You must have had a good dream *sometime.)* Add a few touches about long, mysterious winding stairways and Guy Madison stopping in for a pancake breakfast—and then listen to see what Doctor Freud, j.g., can make of that one!

Try this talk technique at a party, big or small, if you and a strange guy get stranded with nothing to say to each other. *You* suggest something to get on the move, suggest it quickly and suggest you do it *together*—and then follow up with a line of chatter about what you're doing! "I never learned how to *rumba*, but let's try this number anyway!" . . . "Bet I can beat you at ping-pong; come on, let's try." . . . "How about making me a ham sandwich while I get some punch?" Keep moving, keep talking and never let yourself get stuck sitting down with a silence!

Here's a natural to help make light chatter with any boy who's having financial troubles trying to buy orchids and dance bids on a movies-and-malted allowance. Put it to him this way: "Somebody asked me the other day what I'd do if I had a million dollars. I've been thinking about it—what do you think *you'd* do?" It should take some time for you both to go yacht shopping, buy up a couple of full-size swimming pools and personally look over a monogrammed Cub plane, and think of the fun you can have doing it together!

Remember the old saying: "Two heads are better than one"? Well, *four* heads can be better than *two* if you're caught in the middle of an awkward silence with a slow schmoe or a shy character who needs a little prodding. Come out with this bright suggestion: "Come on—I'd like you to meet my best girl friend!" Then trot across the room or the dance floor to where Sally is sitting with her date for the evening. Four people together can always make more noise than two!

This next trick will take all your best wide-eyed ingénue acting ability to put it across. Next time a new man comes into your life and you get him off by yourself, give him your biggest smile; then turn thoughtful, and say demurely, "You remind me of someone—did anyone ever tell you you looked like a movie star?" Deciding just "who" can take time (with plenty of room for flattery), for you can mull over the whole movieland glamour list.

And now, "the best for the last." Here's a talk technique that's fun and foolproof, whether you're Sub-Deb or sixty. Start things off with the leading question "Have *you* ever been psychoanalyzed?" Then begin the "treatment," using just six questions. Ask all the questions and then make your analysis (use a bit of colorful imagination here) from the explanations given below. Here's how:

1. What would you rather *do* than anything else? (If answered specifically—such as "play golf, write short stories"—this means a person who knows his own mind. If answered generally—"just relax, take a vacation"—he is apt to be an undecided, vague type.)

2. What would you rather *see* than anything else? (Specific places or things show the determined type. "To see magnificent scenery" or "foreign countries" indicates a wandering, amiable or romantic nature.)

3. What would you rather *feel* than anything else? (If you think of "feel" as an emotion you are far more emotional than those who think of "feel" as a sense of touch. For instance: if your answer is "happy," you are the conservative type; "rain"—natural, simplicity of character; "success"—driving force, ambition, and so on.)

4. What would you rather *eat* than anything else? (Raw foods, or those easily prepared, show a natural, unaffected, unselfish nature. Difficult dishes show a lazy nature. "Steak, beef"—common sense; "ice cream, candy"—the eternal child, and so on.)

5. If you had to turn into a *bird* what bird would you choose? (Caged birds show inferiority complex. Soaring birds show ambition and self-attainment. Colorful birds show love of color, a bit of a show-off.)

6. If you had to turn into an *animal*, which animal would you choose to be? (Domestic animals indicate home-loving type, sincere, even disposition. Wild animals show the love of conquest, ruthlessness.)

Even as the questioner, what would *your* "analysis" add up to on these questions? Just ask any boy—he'd say, "She's a smooth gal, amusing and smart enough to make bright conversation with anybody!"

AND NOW FOR THE 864 QUESTION

Do you have a date for Friday night? If the answer is "yes," you're a lucky gal, and have fun. If the answer is "no," you could use a hint or two on how to get date-happy. Get the Sub-Deb booklet, How About a Date? No. 2269, just 5c from the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

THE LAST LAUGH

By Louis Untermeyer

A FEW days ago I received a circular from a de luxe cemetery, urging me to make reservations early, as their plots were being snatched so rapidly I might be left out in the cold. Enclosed with this warning were views of their sumptuous burial grounds showing the choice spots, including southern exposure. They were all so formal and impersonal, I could not help contrasting them with the sprawling ruins of the cozy country cemetery.

Our ancestors accepted death with neighborly understanding. Epitaphs collected in the United States and Great Britain show the almost affable way the Grim Reaper was received.

Brevity is proverbially the soul of wit—especially on a marker. Probably the shortest epitaph is the one about a workhouse pauper. It contained just two grim syllables:

Thorpe's
Corpse.

Here in America the inscriptions are often irreverent. In the days of the California Gold Rush, an unfortunate and unknown gambler received this brusque adieu:

He called Ed Smith a liar.

Another shooting affair is commemorated in a sentence which, because of a misplaced phrase, twists a tribute into absurdity:

Here lies John Sargent
Accidentally shot
As a Mark of Affection by his Brother.

A tragic event is made ridiculous because the stonecutter took a phrase from the Bible—and took it too seriously in the wrong place:

Sacred to the memory of Major Bush,
Royal Artillery
Killed by the chance Discharge of a Pistol
By his Orderly
Well done, Good and Faithful Servant.

A classic example of perfect self-contradiction, a pure Irish bull, has been preserved in rhyme for posterity:

Under this sod lies Johnnie Round
Who was lost at sea and never found.

I particularly relish this pun to the memory of a Captain Underwood, who, like Johnnie Round, met his death by drowning:

Here lies free from blood and slaughter,
Once Underwood—now under water.

My collection of tombstone trivia includes more than a hundred punning epitaphs. Two of the choicest are:

Here lies a certain Elizabeth Mann
Who lived an old maid and died an old Mann.

Here under this sod and under these trees
Is buried the body of Solomon Pease.
But here in this hole lies only his pod;
His soul is shelled out and gone up to God.

Somewhat more technical is the one to a Mr. Partridge, for here it must be remembered that no true sportsman will hunt birds out of season:

What! kill a Partridge in the month of May!
Was that done by a sportsman? Eh, Death, eh?

Another pun on another bird, an architect named Nightingale, emphasizes its point by a reference to Sir Christopher Wren, architect of St. Paul's Cathedral:

As the birds were the first of the architect kind,
And are still better builders than men,
What wonders may spring from a Nightingale's mind,
When St. Paul's was produced by a Wren!

Ancient tombstones enshrined sentiments which were often more critical than complimentary. Unfortunately for romance, dispraise of married life is more in evidence than glorification of the connubial state. The first trenchant example was written almost three hundred years ago by the English poet, John Dryden; the second is by that much quoted authority, Anonymous:

Here lies my wife. Here let her lie.
Now she's at rest. And so am I.

Here lies my poor wife without bed or blanket.
But dead as a doornail. God be thankèd.

Nevertheless, there are also a few posthumous proofs of wedded fidelity. A succinct testimony of constancy stood for years in a Paris cemetery. On the wife's stone is engraved:

I am waiting for you. A. D. 1827.

while on the husband's is found:

Here I am. A. D. 1867.

Epitaph composers delighted in being specific as to the precise cause of the untimely passing, and their homely verses may have served as warnings to those left behind. For example:

Here I lie with my three daughters
All through drinking Seidlitz waters.
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We wouldn't be buried in these here vaults.

Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute;
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anno domini, eighteen-forty.

It cannot be established that the dentists' patients and the landlords' victims had anything to do with the following curt disposals, but there can be little doubt that they would have relished them:

ON A DENTIST

Stranger, approach this spot with gravity:
John Brown is filling his last cavity.

ON RICHARD DENT, LANDLORD

Here lies Richard Dent
In his cheapest tenement.

Browsing about moss-covered tombs and musty tomes has even started me on making a series of epitaphs, not for departed souls, but for still extant friends. I have not gone very far in my ghoulish project, but I have a formidable few up my sleeve. Here is one all ready to be cut into the headstone of a colleague who, although a charming companion, is an unconscionable liar:

Even my tombstone gives the truth away.
It says to all who face this little hill,
Hic jacet: Here I lie. *But it should say*
Here I lie—still.

Many twentieth-century authors have facetiously suggested their own epitaphs. Hilaire Belloc wanted it to be said that "though his sins were scarlet, his books were read." Dorothy Parker recommended this modest line for her remains: "Excuse my dust." Nobel-prize winner Pearl Buck might have over her verdant turf a line which incorporates the title of one of her most outstanding books: "Here lies Pearl Buck's Good Earth," while Ogden Nash could echo the monosyllabic rhyme with:

Nash's
Ashes.

For although the stony chuckle may be brief, it is always the last laugh that lasts.

THE END



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For apartment or house . . . for small or large room . . . the Lester Betsy Ross Spinet is the ideal piano because of its distinctive styling and compact size.

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Picture yourself with a Lovelier Skin with your First Cake of Camay!

MRS. LAWRENCE H. BURCHETTE
the former Barbara Alexandra Gunn of Yonkers, N. Y.
bridal portrait painted by *Schumm*





MEET MR. AND MRS. BURCHETTE!

True to her Scottish ancestry, Barbara dances the highland fling as well as the rumba and fox trot! She met Larry Burchette only four days before he went overseas—but both knew when he left it was the real thing!

A lovely skin is the beginning of charm! And you can win a smoother, softer skin with your *first cake* of Camay! Do this! Just give up careless cleansing . . . begin the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of women. In nearly every case, their complexions grew softer and smoother with *one cake* of Camay! If you'll follow the directions on the Camay wrapper, you too can win a lovelier skin!



Barbara's coloring is unusual. Dark brown hair. Grey eyes. A fair (and indescribably lovely) skin. Camay helped! "My *first cake* made my skin clearer and smoother," Barbara says.

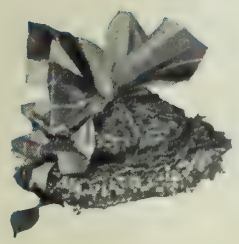


THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Both tall and active, the Burchettes are a tough team to beat at mixed doubles, and Barbara's expert at beauty as well as tennis. Heed her advice. "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a really lovelier skin!"

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal



IN July, 1898, when the temperature in Baltimore stood at 104 degrees, Teddy Roosevelt's Rough-riders were storming San Juan Hill. Bismarck died. 560 lives were lost when a British and a French steamer collided.

In an article about Pres. William McKinley in the July, 1898, issue, the JOURNAL notes his tender regard for his mother. "During her lifetime, no twenty-four hours were allowed to pass without some communication between her home in Canton, Ohio, and the governor's mansion or, later, the White House." The President, the JOURNAL also noted, was never seen without a pink carnation.

Writes correspondent Lilian Bell from Czar-ruled Russia: "You travel, rest, eat, sleep, wake or dream, tracked by the Russian police." On Russian women: "They seem to have no pride about the appearance of their feet, for they are now wearing the common gray felt boot of the peasants, the top reaching the knees. The most hideous and unshapely object the mind can conceive."

Ruth Ashmore, on Intense Friendships Between Girls, tells her readers: "You greet with a rapturous kiss and close embrace . . . exchange valuable gifts of jewelry with some loving quotation engraved upon them. Bad manners, girls, bad manners!"

Fashion note: "Ruffled skirts will undoubtedly be worn all summer. Those of black organdy over colored silk are extremely effective."

The home dressmaker: "Begin at 18 months to make your boy's dresses more boyish, but keep him in frocks until he is two, when the kilt skirt, short jacket and white blouse may be substituted."

Editor Bok on etiquette books: "To believe that a man must dress for dinner, that no calls are made after six o'clock except in full evening dress, is simplest bosh. Not one half of one per cent of American men dine in evening dress. It is a young man's heart that makes him a gentleman, not an etiquette book."



JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN



Corn is big business at Coney Island—half a million dollars last year.

YOU may get the impression that between the Yankees and the Dodgers and the Giants, more New Yorkers spend summer afternoons and evenings at the major-league ball parks here than at any other local place of outdoor diversion; but that would be way, way off. Close on to 6,000,000 fans a season go to the big games in town, whereas 40,000,000 people go to Coney Island, where the amount of money spent on food and refreshments is fabulous. And if you have the impression that the 285 stands selling hot dogs, hamburgers, popcorn, ice cream, frozen custard and *pizza* are the most popular, you should take a look at the half a dozen stands that sell fresh hot corn on the cob: 2,000,000 ears last season, at from 20 to 25 cents apiece. The man brushes each ear with butter, leaves on part of the husk and hands you a paper napkin to keep you from burning your fingers. You help yourself to salt and pepper. . . . *Pizza*, by the way, is an Italian cheese-and-tomato pie; and if you're interested, it's creeping up on the popularity of corn.

At a party recently, ***Frank Capra,*** who made that amazing picture, State of the Union, was telling ***Mary Bass*** how he happened to get into the movies—mostly because, just out of college, back in 1924 in San Francisco, he was absolutely broke. He'd lived in Los Angeles, right in the midst of the film industry, but had never set foot in a studio; which didn't, however, stop him



Frank Capra—of Hollywood, sir.

from answering an ad for a technical assistant in the making of a movie short—and got the job. "But how did you manage to get hired?" Mary asked him. "Well, I just announced myself as 'Frank Capra of Hollywood,' and the 'Hollywood' did the trick; the rest was bluff and luck." Mary asked him of which of his productions he was proudest. He pulled a little bottle from his pocket and showed her the label: Fallbrook Olive Oil; Produced by Frank Capra. "That's just a sample," he said. "Last year from my olive ranch we sent out seven thousand gallons."

Heaped around with all sorts of flowers and straws, it looked just like summer in the John Frederics workroom here when the fashion department was having the hat designed which ***Evelyn McBride* is wearing on this month's cover. But what the city looked like outside was something else again. Twenty-six inches of snow. The biggest blizzard since 1888.**

*A **Dr. Craig Earl** has just informed us that the pupils on radio quiz programs will generally top their teachers nine times out of ten; also that while housewives come in for considerable ribbing, they're the brightest people to interrogate on the air. And he ought to know. He's Professor Quizz himself.*

Lincoln, Illinois, is the only city named for ***Lincoln*** *before* he was President. He christened it himself in 1857 by breaking a watermelon over a pile of lumber. . . . A husband in Alabama was recently fined $27.50 for kissing his wife in public. . . . Women in the U. S. spend 5 hours, 41 minutes a week cleaning their homes; 53 per cent of this time with dust mop, dustcloth, brushes and brooms. An average of 9.78 ounces of dirt per home is removed per week. . . . ***Mary Lyon,*** who founded Mount Holyoke College in 1835, taught school for seventy-five cents a week, and raised her first $1000 from housewives in Ipswich.

We didn't know it until ***Nora O'Leary* told us, but we're in the midst of the biggest home-sewing boom in history: nearly one third of the home sewers being young women in their teens who've discovered how to make their own clothes from the more than 170,000,000 patterns turned out a year. "I knew there were more sewing machines than bathrooms in the country," said Nora, "but now I understand there are even more sewing machines than telephones."**

Dawn Crowell's been telling us about a new beauty service here with 35 operators who answer calls for treatments anywhere in the city—to actresses in their dressing rooms, to busy women at home or in their offices; among them ***Judith Anderson, Faye Emerson, Ethel Merman*** and ***Mrs. Winthrop Rockefeller.*** To men, too, for haircuts, shaves and manicures. One male client phoned in awhile back, a socialite who'd been picked up for drunken driving, and wanted a haircut and shave in his cell.

Band leaders couldn't be busier, just leading their bands, but somehow they manage to do a lot on the side, like ***Lombardo*** with his boat racing, ***Cugat*** with his caricatures and ***Heidt*** with

DI PIETRO



Waring—busiest of the bandsmen.

his hotel. The busiest of all, however, must certainly be ***Fred Waring,*** with whom ***Margaret Davidson*** had a visit the other day. For as millions of radio listeners know, he is one of the most active musicians on the air; and in addition, as Margaret knows, he's the developer of the famous blender that bears his name, and now of a new steam-dry iron as well. While whipping up a frosted beverage, he showed Margaret his collection of recipes for his mixing machine, many of them his own, and took down one of Margaret's—the smoothest and fluffiest mushroom soup you ever tasted.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.



Gay Pursuit



The time comes when the thing a girl wants most to lose is her independence.

The Journal's complete-in-one-issue novel by Elizabeth Cadell

MRS. WILLIAM ROME sat in a blue-plush alcove of London's famous Skylark Club and looked about her. It was a glittering scene. There were bright lights, gaily dressed women and a band dressed in coats of the club's predominating color—a bright blue.

The musicians were working very hard. Mrs. Rome thought that they looked thoroughly nice young men, and wondered how they could sit, night after night, blowing upon trumpets in a stuffy room, when there were so many healthy, outdoor professions they might have chosen—farming, for example, or the Navy.

At the thought of the Navy, Mrs. Rome's thoughts paused. The Navy had come into her life and changed it—it had changed her name, her circumstances, and tomorrow it was to change her address.

She was no longer Mrs. Natalie Forrester, a widow, with a grown-up daughter, Helen, living in a small flat near Sloane Square and shopping and cooking and washing up. She was Mrs. William Rome, wife of Capt. William Rome, of the British Navy, and tomorrow she was to leave London, to leave Helen, to leave the flat which, eight years ago, had seemed so unhomelike and which was now so familiar, and betake herself to Devonshire. It was a fearful prospect, and even more dreadful was the thought of going alone—to make a new life among strangers. At forty-two, Natalie Rome was still timid, retiring and utterly unable to shoulder a way through life. She was not weak; she could do whatever she considered right, but matters which the majority of women thought straightforward and commonplace became, for her, difficult and full of pitfalls.

Her present problem was simple: her daughter was twenty-two, competent and independent; her husband's people, he had told her, were affectionate, kind and eager to welcome her. But in spite of all these reassurances, Mrs. Rome felt nothing but apprehension.

She listened to the band's unmelodious sounds and wished herself at home, where she could be quiet—and weep. She wept a good deal; try as she would, nothing could check her tears when she was touched or distressed. They brimmed, they gushed, poured, cascaded in spite of all her efforts to stem them.

Mrs. Rome knew that it was to keep her from weeping that Helen had insisted upon their coming out on this, their last evening together. She acknowledged that Helen was always right—to stay at home would have been a strain on both of them. It was far better to be gay.

If the evening had not been exactly gay, it had at least been a change. Helen had chosen Maurice Hunter, one of the most pleasant of her many young men, to accompany them, and they had gone to a theater and seen a good play. Also, a fourth member was to be added to their party, a young man whom Mrs. Rome had never met but who had recently become engaged to her stepdaughter, Lucille Rome.

Mrs. Rome glanced at her watch and saw that he was late. A little disturbance beside her roused her with a start and she looked up to find a young man standing at the table and waiting, a little awkwardly, to attract her attention. "I think you must be Mrs. Rome," he said. "I'm sorry I'm late." *(Continued on Page 64)*

★ *Copyright, 1948, by Elizabeth Cadell. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by William Morrow & Co.* ★

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

Third of a JOURNAL Series

PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER



FRANCE: Julien Redouin took over a poor farm in the Loire Valley ten years ago, and has made an outstanding success of it despite the loss of last year's winter-wheat crop. The boy wearing the beret is 11-year-old Bertrand, who hopes to be a farmer like father.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA: In good times and bad, Mrs. Anna Balogh (left) lends a hand with the potato harvest. Her husband Joseph works barefoot. Working the row between them is their 14-year-old daughter Maria. Both mother and daughter wear gay peasant blouses.



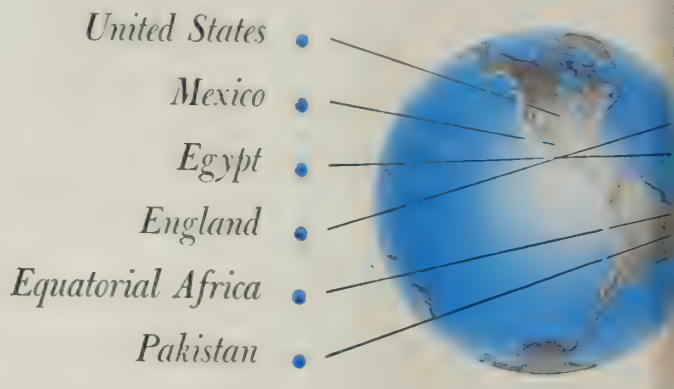
UNITED STATES: In the flat field out by the Northwestern tracks, Don Pratt harrows in preparation for planting. Farming is fun on a fine Iowa day, and the boys, Dick and Bruce, love to hitch a ride on the tractor, while Arleen rides bareback on her beloved "pony."



MEXICO: In a field bordered by cactus, Pablo Gonzalez turns a fresh furrow with his wooden plow with its iron share. Up till now he has depended on his team of oxen, but the government is bringing in tractors which the farmers can rent. His principal crop is corn, basic ingredient of the tortilla.



JAPAN: During the tea har
all the Okamotos work, even
Naoo (right). The women
their kimonos, and the big



THIS IS THE WA

IF the men on these pages were to meet in one of the world's wayside inns, they would find much to talk about, though they speak eleven different languages. For they are all patient farmers of the earth, and their common words concern the soil, and rain and drought, weeds and insect pests. They know the humbleness of sweat, and the heartbreak of losing a crop in a sudden storm.

There is a special hazard for every climate and season. In Mexico, Pablo Gonzalez complains that there is never enough rain—until the rainy season, when there is too much. At the Equator in Africa, Chief Zamba Aluma is deluged with so much rain that occasionally his entire village picks up and moves. In Egypt the fields of Hag Zaki el Gamel are irrigated by the Nile, but there are cotton worms to plague him. In Germany it is the potato beetle, and in China it is bandits. Mohamed Usman, of Pakistan, is apt to find the temperature 126° in the shade, while 4000 miles away in Slovakia the Baloghs are suffering early frosts.

Days are long in the growing season, and the sun keeps the clock. In Japan, Koichi Okamoto arises at 5:00 A.M., as have his ancestors for seven generations. He works among the tea plants till sundown, for this is the month of the second 1948 tea harvest.

CHINA: The tiled farmhouse of Ho Fu-yuan has stood for two centuries, and he faithfully follows the way of his ancestors. Here he is raking wheat to be threshed by hand. Ho has no machines save a wind-driven water wheel, no fertilizers save night soil and seaweed. He borrows a buffalo from his uncle.



ITALY: The Guercinis are ten
farmers of a huge estate in T
cany, and the men work c
munally—Armando with

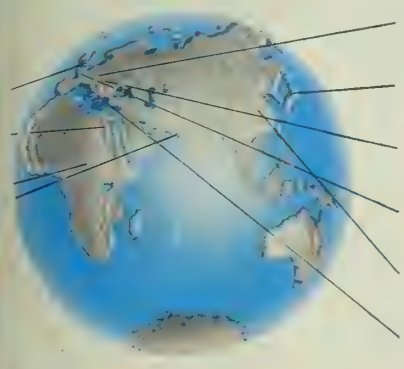




which have been worn since feudal times. The Okamotos also raise rice, wheat, sweet potatoes. They prize their Korean cow.



EGYPT: Feeding the animals gives Mustafa el Gamel, the eldest son, a welcome chance to get into the shade. The el Gamels also raise cows, donkeys and sheep, but no pigs, as the Moslem faith forbids eating pork. Crops are cotton, maize, wheat, beans, rice and tomatoes, and a few fruits such as melons.



- *Germany*
- *Japan*
- *Czechoslovakia*
- *France*
- *China*
- *Italy*

by *JOHN GODFREY MORRIS*

THE WORLD FARMS

In Iowa, Don Pratt is milking his Guernseys at 6:30 A.M., and blessing the milking machine that lets him sleep an extra half hour. In Egypt, Mr. el Gamel rides off to the fields on his donkey at 6:00 A.M., and returns for breakfast an hour later. In Italy, work sometimes continues until 10:00 P.M., but the Guercinis siesta during the midday heat. Their land is rocky, and the fields are cleared with dynamite.

The farmer must rely more on muscle than on money. The Chinese family, almost the poorest of all, was worth $20,000,000 (Chinese) at last reckoning. But with painful slowness, machines are beginning to relieve the farmer's drudgery. Pablo Gonzalez can now rent new American tractors through the Mexican government. In France, M. Redouin now shares a tractor with two other farmers, and has a new plow. In England, Thomas Hiatt has a tractor, but with it a new worry: spare parts. Where there are no machines there are children to help with the harvest.

With the world hungry for food, these twelve farmers bear more than family responsibility. But they find it often perplexing. There are landlords and taxes, crazy prices and sudden shortages. And since the war, a German official has paid a monthly visit to the barn of Heinrich Stieglitz at milking time, to set a quota for his cows.

PHOTOGRAPHS for the Journal by Horace Bristol (Japan and China), Larry Burrows (England), Robert Capa (United States and Czechoslovakia), Marie Hansen (Italy), George Rodger (Egypt, Pakistan and Equatorial Africa), Phil Schultz (Mexico), David Seymour (France and Germany)



ENGLAND: Thomas Hiatt farms 230 acres with the help of this tractor, two hired men and son Peter, who learned to drive the tractor at the age of five. When the harvest is in, Hiatt takes his gun and goes after rabbits. Last year he bagged 83 in a single afternoon.



PAKISTAN: Ankle-deep in water, Mohamed Usman and his eldest son Sumar work in their rice field, which requires constant irrigation from the River Indus. The working farmer's life in Pakistan is a grim struggle for existence against weeds, erosion, heat and landlords.



GERMANY: The white-faced team of Heinrich Stieglitz heads into the barn with a huge load of hay, while young Richard and his dog race alongside. The Stieglitzes farm 28 acres of fertile land close to the River Rhine, and grow potatoes, sugar beets and grain.

plow, Armido and a cousin from Florence breaking up the sod, Raffaello pruning the olive tree. Their grapes and wines are famous.



EQUATORIAL AFRICA: Zamba Aluma, a chief of the Kaliko tribe, hacks away at the elephant grass which constantly encroaches on his clearing in the bush. He grows maize, beans, simsim, cassava, bananas and peanuts. He is plagued by locusts in November, and by marauding elephants and buffaloes.





A little madness in the Spring



A little madness in the spring
Is wholesome even for the king,
But God be with the Clown,
Who ponders this tremendous scene—
This whole experiment in green,
As if it were his own!

—*Emily Dickinson*

By George Bradshaw

MISS WHARTON laughed. "The westering spirit. The pioneer still stirring in blood."

"No," John Stevenson said. "No pioneer would even admit acquaintance with my blood. Still ——"

"John, don't worry so. Use a little philosophy."

"I hardly think that's necessary."

"You forget," Miss Wharton said, "the business of philosophy is to justify our doing the things we want to do."

"Of course," John Stevenson said. "I had forgotten. How comforting."

They were walking home from the library, where both of them were employed, to Mrs. Burnett's house, where both of them lived. It was a night in spring and the air was lazy.

"And I beg your pardon," John Stevenson said, "for going on so about a mere holiday trip to California. It's not really such a problem as all that."

"No," Miss Wharton said, "it's not."

"I guess what actually bothers me is my cottage up at the lake. This is the first year it's really been furnished. I ought to enjoy it. Still ——"

"Still?"

"I am thirty-eight, Janet. I want to see the West while I can still think of myself as young and reckless."

"Young and reckless? Oh, John."

John Stevenson laughed. "I know. I'm neither, and I never have been."

They turned into the polite street on which sat Mrs. Burnett's polite house; the air was faint with the odor of young leaves.

"Still, one must begin sometime to be young and reckless," John said.

"Of course. You take your trip."

"And how would you like," John said, "to use the cottage for your vacation? It's small, but ——"

"John!" Janet said. "I would love it."

John Stevenson sat in the patio of his hotel having breakfast. The view was typical of Southern California: bright flowers and a swimming pool and, farther off, hazy mountains. John Stevenson drank his orange juice and pondered a double irony: what Janet Wharton didn't know, and what he did know. For certainly if she knew what he knew, she would consider him immensely young and reckless; yet he, knowing, felt neither young nor reckless.

A bellboy threaded his way through the palm trees and stopped at John's table. "The car will be here at eleven to take you to the studio," he said.

"Thank you," John said.

John Stevenson was exactly what he seemed to be: the librarian of a good library in a small city in Connecticut. He was, as he had said, thirty-eight; outwardly there was nothing very extraordinary about him; but what terrified John Stevenson was that he was obliged to admit that there was nothing very extraordinary about him inwardly.

It was not a recent fear. Two years before, on his thirty-sixth birthday—that most appalling of days, when forty seems over the nearest hill—the fear had become so acute that he had decided to do something about it. That decision was why, now, he was in California. John had written a book.

The fear of losing one's youth is, of course, epidemic. The symptoms vary with the temperament: face lifting, an interest in golf, a visit to the divorce courts; but all victims of the disease appear to have this in common, a desire to *retain* the feeling of youth.

John's case was different: he wished not to retain, but to *acquire* those feelings. His fear was that his life would have come and gone, and *(Continued on Page 138)*

John loved the picture. It was what his life should have been.

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

DO WE NEED ADULT EDUCATION?

Hanging on the wall of our minds is the wrong picture of the American family: adults now outnumber children two to one, have two thirds the education and carry all the responsibility. ★ *By Lyman Bryson*

IF WE POSE the question, "Who in this country needs education?" we find that there is only one answer: "Everybody." There are few among us who could say honestly that we have learned all we need to know—or even all we want to know. All of us have felt at some point that life is baffling. All of us have felt, at one time or another, the hope that there is somewhere in the world the information or skill or wisdom that will help.

Yet we Americans are so deeply interested in education and so proud of our real achievements that we often overestimate what we have really done. We think of ourselves as a nation of educated adults. As a matter of fact, we are far from it.

Planned adult education is necessary to bring us all to a level of effective citizenship and to make it possible for us to go on learning in order to keep up with the changing world.

For the great expansion in high-school enrollment in the United States has been quite recent. While eight of ten of our teen-agers are now in high school, the average number of years of schooling for an American adult is still only a fraction more than eight years, and about 20,000,000 men and women have had only six years of schooling, or less. We have an impressive number of college graduates—but we have more illiterates than bachelors of arts. We can begin to understand something of the job that needs to be done if we consider that the average American parent received four years' less education than his children are getting.

In a world like ours today, parents, instead of waiting for their children to learn what every adult knows, have to learn fast to keep up with their children. This applies to everybody, including college graduates and members of the professions.

Part of their need is made up by agencies like the newspapers, magazines, radio, movies, museums, libraries and clubs. But in this discussion we are concerned chiefly with our agencies of public education, including not only public schools but colleges, libraries, extension services, and the other institutions that are paid for with public money, and with what they are doing—and not doing—to bring education to our adult population.

Now, no program can succeed or should be introduced unless it can generate its own momentum, and no adult should be enticed or dragooned to enroll in adult education, nor bribed by the offer of any degree. Adult education should be self-education, sought only from an inner sense of need.

Most citizens will admit that education pursued in this spirit brings richer returns, not only to the students but to their communities. Before citizens can be expected to discuss plans or programs, however, the answer must be found to the basic question: How many adults are there who, after their day's work, are willing seriously to devote their free evenings to classes and study? The answer is that the number is much larger than ever before and is steadily increasing.

A GALLUP POLL was taken in 1944 to find out how many American adults wanted to enroll in some kind of study group when the war was over; 34 per cent said they would. In July, 1947, 41 per cent, or two out of every five adults of voting age, said they wanted to engage in some kind of study. That this was not mere wishful thinking has been proved by actual practice. Where the opportunity to study appropriate subjects has been offered, adults have responded eagerly and earnestly. Some of our communities have explored the deeper needs of adults today and are developing new agencies to meet them. There is, for example, the junior college or community college, where both young people and adults can enroll. The community college usually offers two years of college work and a wide variety of studies for special needs. President Conant, of Harvard, in a previous article has indicated how urgently this kind of school needs to be multiplied, and any American community now planning a two-year college should, of course, bear in mind that it can serve the needs of adults as well as of recent high-school graduates.

DURING the years 1937–41, there was a general increase in the number of colleges of this type, but the increase in adult students, where they were admitted, was disproportionately large. In Connecticut, for instance, there was an increase of 125 per cent in total enrollment, whereas the adult-education enrollment increased 225 per cent. In 1944–45 about two thirds of the total number enrolled in all our community colleges were special students seeking "adult education." One such college had a daytime student body of 3000, but an adult enrollment in the late afternoon and evening of 25,000. The state of California now serves a million persons a year in approximately 120 evening high schools and junior colleges set aside entirely for adults.

Private motives support the public need. Our society has now more adults than children, and as modern medicine lengthens the span of life we have a growing group on whom great decisions rest. But there is also a widespread sense of frustration, and many who feed the machines seek refreshment and access to the deeper human interests in adult education. There are new vocational opportunities. The shorter workday, pension systems, earlier retirement give us new leisure—and a new need for learning.

This overwhelming demand for more education is the greatest tribute ever paid to our educational system. During this century we have greatly extended educational opportunity to all our people. The appetite for learning grows by what it feeds on. It would appear as though we had started something—like a chain reaction: the principle is this: the more education you give *(Continued on Page 132)*



REPRODUCED COURTESY CHESTER DALE COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Venice, Palazzo da Mula, painted by Monet

CLAUDE MONET, 1840-1926. In Venice, substance often seems to dissolve into reflection while light appears as material and palpable as the object it falls on. Then churches, palaces and bridges are transmuted into curtains of colored light, wavering and trembling in their aqueous mirror; and Nature, transformed by this amphibious atmosphere, becomes the imitator of art, creating scenery as insubstantial and evanescent as the most Impressionistic painting. No wonder Claude Monet, when he finally reached Venice in 1908, exclaimed, "All this unusual light! It is so beautiful! I am spending wonderful moments here and can almost forget I am as old as I am."

But looking at *Venice, Palazzo da Mula*, the question arises: Has Monet gone too far in his interpretation of this light? At twilight did he actually see Venice as an architecture of amethysts, turquoises, emeralds and rubies? Or is such a vision of intense color only a poetic invention and the reality much less colorful, much closer to the gray and black the average person sees? The answer is complicated and goes to the heart of the problem of Impressionism. What we see in the field of vision are relationships of areas of color and of light and shadow. These relationships the Impressionist painter wished to express, but he was hampered by the limitations of pigment. In the present scene, for instance, no oil paint could give the luminosity of the darkening water or the blackness of the velvety shadows as they actually appeared. Therefore many of the Impressionists, and Monet especially, decided to compensate for the deficiencies of paint, its narrower range of contrasting values, by using contrasting colors of an intensity greater than those they observed in the scene they were painting. From this point of view the *Palazzo da Mula* is true to Nature's organization of tones; but it is a transposition into another key, one with a more limited scale of light and shadow but, as compensation, with a greater brilliance of color. Thus, though Monet never saw a building like this, a palace made of a rubble of precious stones, his canvas is still a close approximation to the relationship of light, shadow and color in Nature.

—JOHN WALKER, *Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art*

Posies for Pamela

LARRY THOUGHT HE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS—THEN THE RIGHT GIRL ASKED THE WRONG QUESTION ★ BY CHARLOTTE EDWARDS

ALL RIGHT, so maybe my shoulders aren't constructed like the span of the Memorial Bridge. There are other things in life. The fact that a man stands six-four, with snake-dancing muscles, doesn't prove much. In some fields, that is. As my war record will testify, much as my modesty deplores quoting past performances.

Of course, the minute a boy begins to attain man's estate and discovers that he's not going to have Atlas' stature, he prepares himself for self-defense. Not in a vulgar fashion always. Not with his fists. But he learns to have a quick tongue. He learns to stay away from the dangerous situation. And he learns to pour on charm with the ladies.

It leads straight to the ladies, of course. What doesn't?

My mother was a very quick and busy woman, and quite a beauty too. Somehow, loyalty to her own sex was left right out of her nature. Which was a good thing. Not only did my father worship her till the day she died, but she gave me some tips which have been very useful to me in my business.

"Women can't help it, Larry," she'd say. "When a great dark giant comes walking toward them with the Stone Age look in his eyes, they just wilt. But let them hook the giant for keeps and they fret all over the place. First off, they know other women wilt when he's around. Which does not make for peace of mind. Then, after a while, almost all women like to have a man they can talk to."

I learned to talk to women.

My mother also made the statement, "It may be trite to say that women love little courtesies and attentions and good manners. But like a great many trite things, it's also terribly true. Many a woman has stood by a scoundrel simply because he managed to make her feel like a queen."

I learned to make women feel special and precious.

My mother knew whereof she spoke. Even if she did draw her deductions as vicarious praise of my father, a small neat man, with beautiful manners and a real deference for womanhood.

It worked. It started working in high school. Girls who practically clawed one another to streamers for the privilege of being escorted to dances by the football players would spend the greatest part of the evening in my arms. I learned a few tricky steps that football players' big feet couldn't seem to navigate. I also learned a few tricky phrases that, whispered into a shell-pink ear, had nothing to do with signals or training or muscles.

All of which in turn has little or nothing to do with Pamela Crane and the love which opened like a water lily in my heart when she first walked into my shop.

I had the shop before I went away. I came back to it and civilization, filled with a zest which ignored rehabilitation. The minute I opened the door and smelled the sweet flood reaching out to me, I was at home. Maxie—she was my helper before the war, and she kept things going in fine shape while I was away—said that I turned white around the gills with pure sensuous pleasure, and maybe she was right.

Did I mention I own and operate just about the rosiest little flower business in Anchor City? No puns intended.

Anyhow, the first time I saw Pamela it was winter outside, spring inside, and peaceful as all get out. That is, until that moment when I stepped out of the back room where we do the fancy finger stuff, bows and blending and snipping, and looked up at her.

I am sorry to have to report that I looked up. It always seems a great disadvantage. Not to me, of course. But to the general public. Ludicrous. Mr. and Mrs. Henpeck. Be not fooled. Napoleon was no slouch, off as well as on the battlefield. But there I am, on the defensive again.

Anyway, the quiet peace went out of me like a snuffed candle. In its place came a blaze that I can only liken to a prairie fire on the rampage. For a moment, the heat and *(Continued on Page 103)*

"You can have every blasted flower in my shop," I thought. "It's worth that to look at you."



REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"You left at seven-forty-five. Kids stopped crying at seven-fifty-five. Henry wanted a glass of water, seconded by Alice and Stephen. Phone rang at seven-fifty-seven. Wrong number. Eight-oh-one: Alice wanted cookies, seconded by Henry and Stephen. Stephen fell out of bed. Henry escaped downstairs, Alice hid in the attic. Eight-oh-five . . ."

If You Ask Me

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

★ ***Like many women in their twenties, I am beginning to face and fear a future alone with no husband for love and companionship. What advice would you give those of us who do not marry, to permit us to lead full and happy lives, free of the fear of loneliness? Do you think overeducation which lifts a woman above the intellectual level of the people she meets is ill-advised?***

I should advise any young woman who does not marry to take a deep interest in young people, so that she will have the same satisfaction with other children that she might have had with her own. I should also advise her to build up very warm friendships and cultivate her interest in some kind of work which will tie her down to obligations, so that she will never find time hanging heavily on her hands and feel that her existence is profitless.

There is no such thing, from my point of view, as overeducation, nor being above any people because of formal education that you might have been fortunate enough to acquire. Anyone with character and the opportunity can acquire a formal education, and many people who have not had a chance for book learning are wiser than those who have had. If education hasn't given you enough understanding so that you can get on with people around you and appreciate their quality, and perhaps help them through your opportunities to more opportunities of their own, so that their interests may coincide with yours, then I am afraid your education has done you more harm than good.

★ ***During my husband's life I had plenty of this world's goods, including household help. After his death I had to be father and mother and, due to financial reverses, I had to go to work at office positions and sales. Now I am past sixty, and younger people are filling such positions. I am considered a good cook and have taken a position doing housework, just as I required it of those in my employ. It suddenly occurred to me that there is no security to work of this sort. Don't you think there should be Social Security for those who do housework?***

Yes, I have always felt there should be Social Security for those who do housework. It is rather complicated to work out because the collections come from so many people, but Great Britain has done it by a stamp system, and I think we will eventually work it out here. There is agitation every year to have household workers and farm labor included in Social Security, but so far the pressure hasn't been great enough on Congress to get them to do so.

★ ***I am 16 years old, and my problem is that my parents can't see the teen-age way on entertainment. I enjoy sports and traveling to neighboring cities for our school games. My parents absolutely can't see it. It seems they want me to stay home six days a week and like it. I go to church and a show on Sunday. I don't mind staying home, but even here my entertainment is fenced in; no murder-mystery books or radio—anyway, my father monopolizes the radio in the evening. What should I do? Just go against my mother's will? How can I show her I need and enjoy going places?***

No, I certainly would not go against my mother if I were you. I think probably if you introduced to her whoever is to be with you as a chaperon, when you go to neighboring cities for school games, she might be more willing to let you go. Perhaps in time your father and mother may give you a little radio which you can use in your own room, but they are right, I think, in not wanting you to waste your time on murder-mystery books or too much listening to the radio when you should be doing other things. At your age, there are many things which still are an obligation to do every day. You might plan with your parents for some free time when you could do as you wish, and that would allow you to listen to such radio programs as you wanted during that time. If you make sure that your parents know the people with whom you want to "go places," they probably will be more willing to have you go; and if you show them that your taste in people and in reading and in radio is good, that will probably make a difference in their allowing you more freedom of choice.

★ ***Please explain why it is that the nineteenth-century liberals fought for the liberation of the individual from the control of the state or government, while today's liberals seem to be always on the side of more government controls over the individual.***

Because in the nineteenth century the individual had comparatively few liberties. There was no recognition that the government owed an individual certain things as a right. There were charities, but at that time the government was not conceived as doing away with charity. Now it is accepted that the government has an obligation to guard the rights of an individual so carefully that he never reaches a point which needs charity.

Nowadays the government controls which are advocated by the liberals are all to safeguard, in a modern and very complicated world, some of the things which individuals have come to feel they have a right to achieve. For instance, we insist that the government must see that every man who wants to work is able to get work suitable to his ability and at a wage on which he and his family can live. The nineteenth-century liberals did not have to face that problem and therefore no regulation was needed. Regulations have come only as our complicated civilization has made them necessary.

★ ***More than a year ago I read your book, This is My Story, and I want to read more. Have you ever thought of writing a continuation?***

I am now busy writing the second volume of my autobiography and I hope to be through in the course of the next few months.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

THE ALCOHOLIC AND HIS WOMEN

BY HAROLD MAINE

The woman is waiting, and crying softly as she waits. He should have been home to supper three hours ago. She knows where he is; that's why she's crying. She doesn't know, of course, just which bar he's in at this moment. She is the wife of an alcoholic. We have all known her by some name. We have pitied her or we have been irritated by her or we have respected her superloyalty. We have had every reaction except to understand her. Which is not strange, since she herself—so much closer to the horror—probably does not understand either.

I have known these women—there were two of them in my own life as an alcoholic. And I have certainly known the alcoholic pattern itself.

Such a woman may well feel herself in a trap that she had no warning of. The change in the man she loves is insidious. The borderline between social drinking and pathological drinking is not always clearly marked, and its crossing may not be recognized until the disease has a firm grip on its victim. When it is noted, the woman may believe that it is due to some failure in herself, which is rarely if ever the truth. Bewildered, she looks back over their life together to spot her shortcomings.

If she does this, she is tightening the web around herself, and perhaps around her husband. For the alcoholic will take advantage of her attitude to excuse his drinking more freely. He welcomes this willingness of his wife to take upon herself some of the guilt. He can now cry into his bourbon as he tells his bar cronies how misunderstood he is at home. And resentment always demands more bourbon.

So the wife finds herself walking farther and farther into the trap. Already her friends have applauded her loyalty, and she feels that she must live up to it. She now has a public yardstick for a loyalty that is instinctively hers, even though it may have limits. When pushed beyond these limits, she becomes a martyr. Now she transfers the full guilt to her husband. And thus, feeling the full guilt, he is in a very bad spot as an alcoholic, for alcoholism feeds on guilt, real or imagined.

But I think the more common type of drunkard's wife we see is she who has married a man believing that love would cure him. She is sure that once she shares his life, there will be no need of drink. These women are the drunk's easiest victims.

And the bottle may fall right into the midst of the honeymoon. If it does, or if it appears later, is the bride going to admit she has made a mistake? Most often many bitter years will pass before she does.

While these years pass she will find, most likely, that she is undergoing the change, rather than the man she would have saved. All the responsibilities of marriage eventually fall on her shoulders. She earns the living, meets the creditors, protects a cowering man. Sober, her husband obeys her like a child; drunk, he depends on her like one.

I have seen such women become shrews. Those who do not become shrewish pay in a different way. They must live in a constant tension. Every time their husbands are missing they can envision them as being run over, committing crimes, contracting disease, running into debt. Once conditioned to this vigil, they must continue it even on the days of the husband's sobriety, never knowing until he comes home whether he is drunk or not. They have developed an anxiety they'll carry to the end of their lives, with or without an alcoholic husband. Often they develop an emotional block that prevents their ever again giving themselves fully to love.

From all this it might seem that I take a dim view of the power of love. I do when it is applied as a cure for alcoholism. The belief that love will conquer alcohol is based on ignorance of the disease, an ignorance growing out of the years when we considered drunkenness a moral problem. Once we considered other diseases immoral too. Such an attitude toward alcoholism is simply a hang-over from medieval thinking. Few of us would expect love to cure tuberculosis, cancer or diabetes. Yet some still expect it to cure alcoholism.

If not love, what then? Must the woman contemplating marriage with an alcoholic, or a suspected alcoholic, simply and realistically refuse to take the step? From my own experiences I would say yes. Especially should she do this if the man refuses to admit that it is a problem. Such refusal is an indication that the problem *is* there. If the man does admit the problem, she should insist that they consult a psychiatrist and then take practical steps toward solving the problem. And all this should take place *before* marriage.

What of the woman already in the trap, who has lost the chance to choose whether she will take the risk of marrying a drunkard? Is there any hope for her? Yes, a little. There is some hope for her if she will try to understand the real nature of her husband's disease, and if she will follow some suggestions that have proved valuable to alcoholics whose disease has been arrested.

To the wife who is in doubt I would put these questions: Does your husband drink secretly, especially secretly from you? Does he have a bottle in his desk drawer at the office, or in the garage, or in the basement, where he can get a drink when the furnace "needs coal"? Does he need a bracer to meet routine situations, situations that he was formerly able to meet without a drink? Do you notice that though formerly a controlled drinker, able to stop with the drink that seemed *to him* one too many, he now seems *to you* (not to himself) unable to do this? Does he need a drink any time before noon? Finally, if after you have seen some of these red flashes and have tried to discuss them with your husband, he refuses to admit that he *has* a problem, insists that he can stop any time, after giving evidence to the contrary—then you should know that the disease has a grip on him.

A wife must know that her alcoholic husband has an overabundance of sensitivity—a characteristic most attractive to many women. Even supercapability in trade or profession is a part of his disease. He well realizes that he must be more than other men to make up for his failures during the drunken episodes. As he moves toward success, time after time, he will resent plodders about him. And when he resents, he is actually on his way to the next drink.

The woman who nags him about his "vice," who engages in recriminating arguments with him, makes him build a thicker wall of alcohol. Rather, she must treat him like the sick person he certainly is. She must never be angry about his illness. She must never condemn him. The moment she does, she is bending his elbow for the next drink.

She must never tell him what he should do about his drinking. Resentment is sure to follow, and more alcohol to drown it. But she can discuss the problem with him co-operatively, *when he is sober*. She can try to interest him in alcoholism as a disease for which there are, if not cures, palliatives that will allow a life near enough to the normal to look like the real thing from the depths of alcoholism.

And what are these palliatives? Alcoholics Anonymous is one of them. It is a great organization that has done unmeasured good. If you are skeptical, talk to a few of its members. It has not, of course, lifted the problem of alcoholism from our shoulders, public misinformation to the contrary.

Let Alcoholics Anonymous speak from its own wide experience. Of the estimated three million current cases of alcoholism in the country, 20 per cent are mental defectives who are hopeless because they can never be responsible beings. Another 20 per cent are psychotics. In these, alcoholism is secondary, cannot be treated until the psychoses are removed, and so at present are beyond the help of Alcoholics Anonymous. The remaining 60 per cent can possibly be aided by this group.

There are still some limitations. The man who can be helped must recognize and *admit* that he is powerless against alcohol, that he cannot win his battle alone. He must admit that it is impossible for him ever to drink normally.

Here, then, is a function that the wife can really fill, and with some hope. If her husband is not psychotic, is not mentally defective, she can try to lead him to acceptance of this first essential. She may be successful only if she stands beside him, never over him; only if he has willed the admission, never if he thinks it forced upon him, however lovingly or tactfully.

This, then, is the hope that I can hold out to the woman who is trapped with an alcoholic husband. If it seems too slim, you are probably not the woman who can be of real help to him. The job calls for nearly superhuman strength, love and patience. And if this seems beyond your strength, or if after trying all that is possible you have failed, you should leave this alcoholic. It may be that he is not salvageable—not all alcoholics are. At least you are not capable of helping him. And your staying with him, eventually becoming as bitter as he, as psychologically scarred, will be helpful to no one.

Many of my alcoholic brethren will feel that I have betrayed them by writing this. But I think not. If I have helped one woman to deal realistically with her alcoholic husband or husband-to-be, then I have saved that man from the burden of guilt which makes it impossible for him to feel the weight that really oppresses him—a weight that must be lightened by himself and for himself alone. THE END

ALEXANDRIA

By Richard Pratt

Architectural Editor of the Journal

TWO hundred years ago this summer, on a pleasant piece of land sloping down to the Potomac, a young man of sixteen, lugging one end of a surveyor's chain, was helping to lay out the site of a town to be named after a John Alexander, who in 1670 had bought the 6000 acres for 600 pounds of tobacco. Fifty years later, a few miles up the river, Congress was naming the new Capital of the United States after the former surveyor's assistant, who in the meanwhile had become famous as the Father of his Country. By that time, Alexandria had grown to be one of the most beautiful of the early American cities, and so it remains. For there are sections, like the two whole blocks of Prince Street at the right, which are still intact, with even the cobblestones as they were when they were laid by the Hessians just after the Revolution; and almost everywhere you turn in the older parts of town there is some handsome architecture to be seen.



These two blocks of Colonial and Federal houses on Prince Street have no equ

EXTERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD PRATT-JOHNSON



HOLLAND HOUSE

BUILT by a British sea captain in 1751, the present particular pride of this mellow old home down near the river is the dining room. The extraordinary table, set here for formal luncheon, is composed of four Chippendale tilt-top pedestals; the chairs, Chippendale; the hunting board, Hepplewhite. The table lace is *point de Venise;* the china, Queen Victoria's favorite pattern; the rug, a handsome Chinese replica. The setting and flower arrangements are by the owner, Mrs. Berenice Fleming-Holland.





here for period completeness.



The drawing-room furniture is Sheraton; the chest and four-poster in the bedroom are American Chippendale.



DUANE HOUSE

INTERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY WESLEY BALZ JOYCE, INC.



This house was forty-one years old in 1824, when, on the occasion of a parade in his honor, the elderly but still debonair Marquis de Lafayette appeared at its doorway to address the throng and give a toast to the town. Within, as a labor of love, the richly carved interiors have been splendidly restored and preserved by its present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Joynt, and furnished to perfection with the finest pieces of the period, making the house one of the choice examples of early American elegance in the United States.

Mr. Crosby and the Fifth Freedom

IT'S REALLY NECESSARY — BUT HARD TO EXPLAIN TO A WIFE ★ BY MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

"BEIGE and rust, I think," said Mrs. Crosby dreamily.

"Bathe and rust?" Mr. Crosby was startled. Mrs. Crosby had just been advocating reducing exercises and his wits scrambled to know how he was to rust.

"Or henna," Mrs. Crosby murmured.

"Henna?" Mentally he changed trains. He said vigorously, "Now don't do anything to your hair! It's all right the way it is—that gray hardly shows."

"My hair? I'm talking about curtains for this room."

"Oh!" Mr. Crosby subsided into his book again. Then he said, "What's the matter with the ones we have? They look all right to me."

"Those old things?" said Mrs. Crosby, with gay scorn. "I only kept those up till I could get some decent fabrics again. And now they've got the very thing over in town. Sometimes these small towns have the very best selections. Of course the price is horrible."

Mr. Crosby opened his mouth, but on swift second thought closed it soundlessly. As long as Mrs. Crosby continued to be interested in renovating this cabin, so long would the Crosby family continue to enjoy the summers there. Mr. Crosby was a teacher of anthropology and a fisherman. This cedar cabin on a northern lake, fringed by hemlock and white birch, was to him the noblest place in the world. His father, an even more passionate angler, had built it when the lake was lonelier and so lovelier, when there were no new cottages tucked behind the point on the left or the Hutchinses' big place beyond

(Continued on Page 142)

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER



There was a sense of escapade in him, of buoyant escapade, only faintly tinged with uneasiness.

A STORY WITHOUT A MORAL

Any woman knows that it's better to love well—than too wisely. ● *By Richard Arvay*

AT a recent auction in one of the largest New York galleries an incident occurred which for many days remained the focus for amused conversation among art dealers and collectors. Not one among these daily visitors to the auction rooms, whose occupation or passionate activity is the never-ceasing chase after art treasures, could remember a similar episode.

On the day in question I myself had come with the intention of bidding for a Boldini. But as soon as I entered the overcrowded gallery I realized that this would be no day for bargains. The public was there—the outsiders who senselessly drove the prices high, for they bought pictures with no idea of their value, but merely because they appealed to them.

As I stood near the door, studying the crowd, my rambling glance became fixed on a man in one of the back rows. I knew that head, so much was certain, but when and where had I seen it before? I had always been proud of the fact that any face, seen even only once, was registered in my brain as if on a photographic plate, classified according to name and other data. Who was that man in the back row?

The auctioneer started proceedings at last with his customary monotonous drawl. Three clerks observed closely and reported the gestures and cries of the bidders. The day was, as I have said, taken over by the outsiders. Prices were called out by members of the audience, whereas in the usual gathering of dealers and collectors not a sound was heard. A head nodded gently, a hand moved—that was all. A lift of the eyebrow was sufficient. The clerks, familiar with the faces and habits of the bidders, were able to interpret the minutest muscular activity.

Surprisingly enough, the first pictures brought relatively low prices. A fairly good Courbet went for only $2100. A Casarelli, a fifteenth-century Italian master, was turned over to its new owner for the ridiculous sum of $600.

Perhaps I would have luck with my Boldini? Perhaps the prices would not go so high as I had feared? The atmosphere in the galleries was not the one that the outsiders usually brought with them. The tension, the excitement, the gambling-room fever, which was sometimes diffused through the room like a red mist, upsetting the most cool, calculating brain and seducing to bidding, was missing today.

The next picture presented for bidding did not really belong on the day's schedule. It was a copy.

"Number twenty-seven," announced the auctioneer." Copy of a painting by Alessandro Magnasco—The Temptations of Saint Anthony."

It seemed to me that despite the objectivity with which he made his announcement, an attentive listener could detect a certain contempt in his voice. Or perhaps it was only my imagination.

"May I open at fifty? Do we say fifty? Who will make it fifty? . . . Well, then, twenty-five?"

A hand was raised.

"We have twenty-five. . . . Thank you, sir. Is there any advance?"

"Thirty," corrected one of the clerks, who had somewhere detected the movement of an eyebrow or some other signal.

"Thirty is the bid. . . . Is there any advance? I have thirty. . . . May I say thirty-five?"

And then the fantastic happened.

The man in the next-to-the-last row, whose identity had so puzzled me, got to his feet and announced, "I bid ninety-four hundred and fifty-two dollars and forty-seven cents for this picture."

There was a moment of complete silence. Everyone turned toward the back of the room to stare at the bidder. Murmured conversation and laughter began here and there. People asked one another who the stranger was.

"No jokes, please," said the auctioneer. His tone was solemn, reproachful. And he repeated, "Number twenty-seven, copy of a painting by Alessandro Magnasco. Thirty dollars is the bid. . . . Is there any advance?"

"I bid ninety-four hundred and fifty-two dollars and forty-seven cents," repeated the man at the back. He raised his voice and was quite obviously annoyed that his bid had not been taken seriously.

There was another pause. The three clerks looked in bewilderment at the auctioneer, who was himself so dumfounded that he required time to recover his speech. The man was unquestionably insane.

"Thirty dollars is the bid."

"I bid ninety-four hundred and fifty-two dollars and forty-seven cents."

"Well, then, if you insist, ninety-four hundred and fifty-two dollars and forty-five cents."

"—— and forty-seven cents," the madman corrected.

"—— and forty-seven cents. Is there any advance? Last call? Sold at ninety-four hundred and fifty-two dollars and forty-seven cents."

At a signal from the auctioneer one of the clerks hurried over to the victorious client at the back and began to whisper with him. We understood, of course, what was happening. He was asking for a deposit as a guaranty that he would actually take the picture.

"A check!" we heard the madman scream. "Out of the question."

(Continued on Page 151)

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS



"I won her sympathy completely by telling the story of my unhappy love for Giselle."

THERE'S SOMETHING



beige tweed skirt, cashmere
ters and pearls, calf pumps.



Cool, dark and simple for trips to town: tie-silk suit, rough straw hat, straw bag.



Mrs. Clark had her favorite dinner dress made by a local seamstress. It is green shantung, simple, timeless. When her favorite camellias are out of season, she wears geraniums or carnations.



Fresh blue chambray for spring or summer morning, in Middleburg or Cooperstown.

ABOUT HER . . .

her easy way with clothes

She has a natural liking for simple, intrinsic fashions. She always has a seasonless gray or beige wool suit, a pastel summer linen dress, a collection of cashmere sweaters, silk shirts, cotton shirtwaist dresses, a basic dinner dress. She goes from tweeds or cottons to evening clothes, never worries about having "nothing to wear" because the clothes she likes have an invariable and a lovely fitness to the country life she lives. . . .

Mrs. Stephen Clark, Jr., has always lived in Virginia, in the sweet, rolling land that is the heart of the riding country. Her interests are genuine and uncomplicated: her husband, her two-year-old daughter Susan, their two homes—one in Middleburg, the other a farm near Cooperstown, New York. She entertains naturally and constantly—a few guests almost every night—often doing a quick (and delicious) casserole or soufflé and salad herself. She goes to Washington and New York for a week or two at a time. This summer she will take an active part in the International Girl Scout meeting in Cooperstown.

Mrs. Clark is likely to choose the same kind of clothes over and over, and the same colors. She loves green, yellow, blue. She wears yellow shirts with her gray tweeds, big natural straw hats with a linen dress or a tie-silk suit. Her favorite dinner dress is a basic green shantung which she wears with pearls, fresh camellias, geraniums or carnations. She likes her day skirts fairly short and easy to walk in, loves long full ones for evening. She needs and has lots of dinner and evening dresses, the kind that stay in fashion. She plays tennis and gardens in shorts, likes blue chambray for mornings on the farm. She loves cool simple jewelry—crystals, blue moonstones, cultured pearls—dislikes an armful of jangling bracelets. Her clothes are country America, today and tomorrow, at their simplest and best. ★ BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor of the Journal

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Mother in white organdy, with appliquéd black paillettes, ready for a party. Daughter in pink-flowered printed challis, ready for bed.



Summer linen, basque style, the color of her garden daffodils: the kind of summer evening dress Mrs. Clark adores.



PHOTO BY HAL REIFF



PHOTO BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

YOUR COLOR PERSONALITY

By Dawn Crowell Norman

Beauty Editor of the Journal

You are a brunette with fair skin. Your coloring gives you a look of delicacy with dash! Use a creamy or eggshell powder. If your skin has natural pink undertones, choose a powder with a hint of pink in it. Avoid the dark or yellow-tinted make-ups which may give you a sallow look. Use the palest rouge (if any) as a soft reflection of your lipstick shade. You can wear many lipstick colors—so let the color of your clothes help you decide. The pinky-rose colors look new with navy, gray, turquoise and all the pink-to-purple shades. True reds complement beige, yellow and all shades of green. If you wear red, use a harmonizing red on your lips. Brown eyes are lovely with a touch of violet eye shadow. Blue eyes respond to blue shadow or a soft chestnut brown. Keep your hair immaculate and glossy, and don't allow bunchy little hair "bouquets" or frivolous ornaments to detract from its dark beauty. IF YOUR SKIN IS OLIVE, try a powder base with a golden glow to bring it to life. Follow with an all-over fluff of clear beige powder. Watch out for the too light powders which will give you a mask look. The crimson and poppy-red lipstick colors are becoming to you. Avoid the purply tones. Try gray-green eye shadow for evening. Test the shades of summer white against your skin to see whether the creamy or blue-white tones are becoming. Then combine that white with clear vivid colors to add fresh clarity to your skin—vivaciousness to your over-all look!

You are a true redhead or "strawberry blonde." Your make-up and clothes colors can turn you into the outstanding person your hair intends you to be. Play up your milky-white skin by wearing a translucent powder with flesh-to-peach undertones. Your make-up should never be dark or opaque. If you are freckled, try a soft flesh shade of protective cream as a powder base and follow with a creamy powder. For evening, try a green or bronze eye shadow, dark brown mascara. Your orange lipsticks and nail polishes are put away in favor of the new reds flooded with gold. Protest the old pattern that redheads "look best in green" by avoiding the obvious. Summer beige, smoky gray, lemon yellow and pink in a pale and delicate shade are subtly flattering. For contrast, go in for the dramatic with brilliant turquoise or deep electric blue. IF YOUR HAIR IS AUBURN, you follow this formula with some variations. Your make-up is light, too, but with more beige tones. For a change in your lipstick try the light, bright pinks. Beige, gray and forest green will make your hair seem richer and your skin clearer—but be careful in choosing browns, which may look somber on you.

The most becoming shades of make-up

and the effective use of color in your clothes

can help bring out your best

personality — as well as your prettiest features.



PHOTO BY HAL REIFF

You are a brunette. Your eyes are somewhere between dark brown and bright blue. Your skin is medium. Your hair is neither blond nor brunet, but just plain brown! Janet Leigh, Hollywood starlet photographed on the right, illustrates the way you can dramatize and highlight your typical American coloring. Take advantage of your neutral background. Use bright accents in gay scarfs, ribbons, handkerchiefs or other accessories against monochromatic basic colors. You like variety. If your color accents are vivid reds or blues, yellows or greens, choose a vivid lipstick and nail polish (not harsh!) in geranium, crimson or coral red. Soft pastel accents in your accessories can be enriched with pink-to-ruby-red color in your lips. Shadow your eyes in relation to the colors you wear. A touch of green on your eyelids may be lovely when you wear gray, green or brown. If your skin is dull, animate it with a beige powder with a pink or peach undertone. Let the summer sun tint you a becoming golden color and then progress to a darker, richer make-up. Try to encourage a surprise of high lights in your hair through regular shampoos, lemon or camomile rinses. You may find hidden flecks of gold or copper or red!

Your hair is silver or ash blond. You have a feminine, flower-petal look. With the clever and *restrained* use of make-up you can enrich the uniform lightness of your skin and hair to give full bloom to your face. Use a flesh-toned powder base followed with the sheerest film of peachy-beige powder. (If you tan, try a bisque powder over a slightly darker base.) A violet or misty-blue eye shadow will add depth of color to your eyes. Accent your eyebrows and lashes with a fleeting brush of warm brown. Your lipsticks run from blush pinks to cherry reds (coral is pretty with a tan), but too-bright colors are a shock to your fair skin! In summer the pale beige and sandy colors are flattering neutral backgrounds for your most becoming accessory colors . . . emerald green, sapphire blue, tortoise, purples and mauves. When your skin is especially fresh and glowing, you are outstanding in black. YOUR HAIR IS GOLDEN OR HONEY BLOND, the color of sunlit wheat fields. Your skin has a healthy pinky-brown color in it. Try a golden-brown powder. If your eyebrows and lashes need "bringing out," try golden brown on your eyebrows, darker brown on lashes. The coral-red and red-gold lipsticks are flattering to you—but with pastel shades (especially pink) try the vibrant pinks and rosy reds.

PHOTO BY JOHN ENGSTEAD



Glamour bed jacket of white eyelet organdy, puff sleeves, satin ribbon.

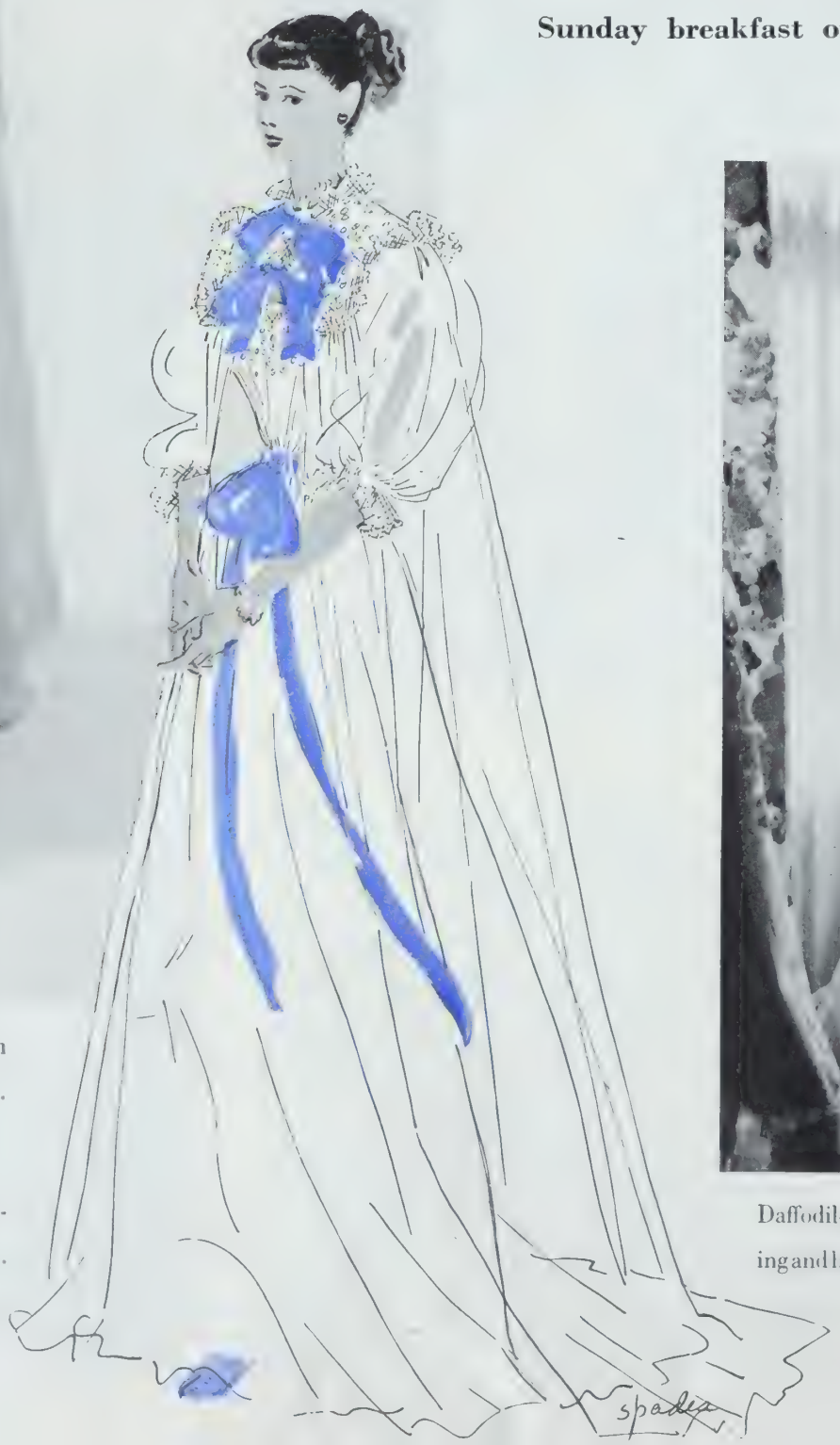




Cool and

The pretty fashion for frothy cottons, ruffles, ribbons, sashes and petticoats is at its prettiest in midsummer negligees. This is the summer to possess them, to allow yourself the luxury of looking and feeling utterly feminine. Some for brides and country vacation, others for any Sunday breakfast or quiet supper at home.

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD





Blue-and-white dotted swiss with Victorian push-up sleeves, washable, not expensive.

Sheer white batiste, lovely revival for nightgown and robe, with eyelet yoke, puff sleeves.

Daffodil-yellow organdy with old-fashioned bea ing and black velvet ribbon, worn over white musli

Beautiful



For summer evenings, white-ground print, ruffled and appealing. The long ribbon sash is of black velvet.

(Right) White crinkled organdy with cool, short sleeves with deep cuffs, black velvet ribbon sash knotted with a rose.



Mauve organdy, tied with matchi
sash, showing three pretty pet
coats, lilac-trimmed satin slippe

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FONSSAGRIVES



For Freedom's Birthday

By Inn Batcheldor

For that immortal masterpiece, the Declaration of Independence, we have a birthday celebration every year on the Fourth of July. It is one day on which it is well to think about what freedom means. Hunt up a copy of the Declaration of Independence and take time to read it through. Gather around the piano and sing The Battle Hymn of the Republic and My Country, 'Tis of Thee as they should be sung. From these great and beautiful words of the past renew the courage and the conviction that our forefathers had.

And for the menu of such a birthday dinner give a little thought to those days. Life wasn't just red-white-and-blue bunting and paper napkins then. There are a thousand books, I suppose, written and being written about our colonial beginnings. What they wore, what they ate, those aristocrats of our early days. And without waiting another minute I may tell you that they did themselves well. Such royal Dresden china, such superb linens, the magnificence of their mahogany and *(Continued on Page 130*

PHOTO BY STUART POWLER


★ ★ Menu ★ ★
Ham Whets
Boiled Salmon Sauce Verte
Pease
Watermelon Pickles
Pickled Walnuts Whigs
Geranium Jelly
Dressed Salad
Blancmange With Fruit
Poundcake Tea
(Serves 6–8)

Meals of frozen foods from the freezer across the room are cooked quickly. But any meal is conveniently prepared in the new U-shaped cooking center.

All this— AND A FREEZER TOO!

By Gladys Taber

MY friends call me the Freezer Fanatic, because I continually extol the fun of freezing. But Mrs. T. will be another now! In winter when she cannot pick her own crisp, fresh vegetables or use fresh fruits in season, she'll have last summer's, or Mr. T. can bring home frozen foods from town and tuck them away. Besides, when there is extra curried lamb or beef stew or mince pie or light rolls—into the freezer they go in a jiffy and more meals are ready for heating and serving. I make several pies and cakes at a time and put down part of them. Or freeze dough for cookies or rolls.

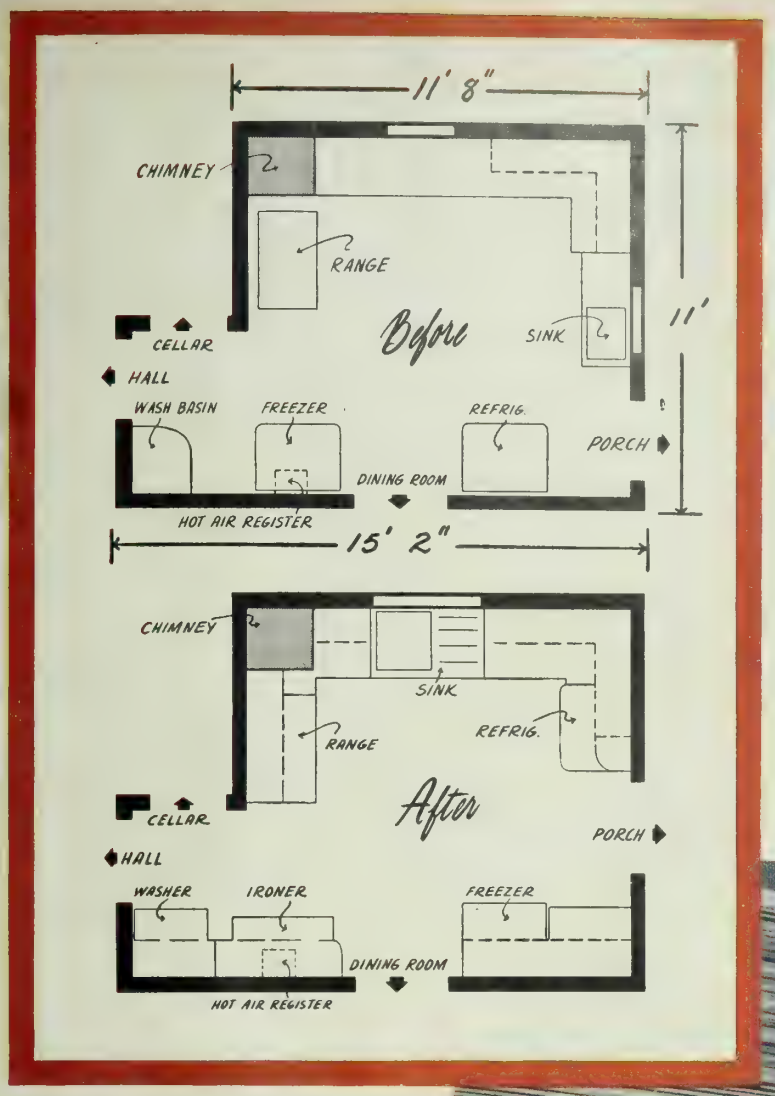
And *my* freezer is down in the cellar. In 1690, when they built my house, they didn't know about freezers and the only place for it was downstairs. So I knew exactly how the JOURNAL reader felt who wrote that she was at her wit's end.

"Our home was built in 1914," Mrs. T. wrote. "We have lived here for three years and love it—except the kitchen, which was built thirty years ago, thirty years too soon. It isn't geared to modern living . . . the purchase of a *(Continued on Page 114)*

PHOTOS BY STUART-STEPHENSON



Thirty years ago, kitchen was modern; now poor plan, low cabinets, small windows outdate it.





Laundry area is compact; automatic washer uses plumbing of former washstand.

Next to upright freezer are cabinets for freezer supplies. Counter is handy "landing deck."



FOR FREEZER USERS

■ ***Budget Freezer Space.*** *A freezer is a food checking account—not a deposit vault. Don't hoard quantities of the first foods available and have no space for favorites later.*

■ ***Chart the Contents.*** *Near the freezer keep an inventory of foods and their location for easy mealtime selections. Use oldest packages first. Plan to keep it nearly full all year.*

■ ***When You Freeze.*** *Use fresh foods, and package promptly. Freezing preserves, but does not improve quality. Proper packaging protects foods from drying in below-freezing air. Select cartons and wrappings designed for freezer use—ordinary refrigerator wrappings are unsuitable. Label and date each package.*

■ ***When You Buy Frozen Food.*** *Go to dealers who have special cabinets to keep foods solidly frozen. Look for timely sales and discounts for quantity orders.*

■ ***Plan for Variety.*** *Wide assortments of frozen foods add interest to meals—but it's wasteful to freeze many dabs. For quick meals, plan frozen foods for complete menus.*



LINE A DAY

1 Lolling under the cherry tree
Is a very good way to spend the hours
Of a July day—and smell the flowers,
And dream of those to be.

2 *Dream dish in two parts:* Prepare a package of macaroni or spaghetti by boiling, draining well and at once putting in a double boiler with a quart of rich cream sauce. Keep this hot. Heat and grease as many individual casseroles as you need. Use pretty deep dishes. Now put a layer of macaroni in the casseroles. Salt and pepper.

3 *This goes on:* A chopped sardine goes in each next, all very fine, then a slice or two of ripe tomato sprinkled with basil. One or two broiled mushrooms are cut up and added. Now very carefully break a fresh egg on top of the tomato; don't break the yolk. Cover them with cream sauce and finish your casseroles with macaroni and sauce, broiled bacon, cut crosswise, four pieces to a casserole. Cover with fine crumbs and Parmesan cheese and brown in the oven or under the broiler. Be sure they're bubbling hot and served with water cress and orange-and-onion salad. There's something here.

4 Now you can get a whole shore dinner, Maine style—and *that* means lobster and clams—all ready for your beach party or clambake. They come sea-fresh, right from Christmas Cove. And plenty for a crowd. Best eaten in the full of the moon.

5 What do you know? I *hear* that up in Vermont they aren't going to call it "sugar bush" any more. It's going to be "sugar vineyards." Wonderful people, those Vermonters.

6 One for that coming-up party—and you know they *will* be coming, nice weather, new car and everything. Make a really thin griddlecake mixture with cream added. About like heavy cream is the ticket. Bake it large—the size of your griddle or heavy iron pan. Bake on one side only.

7 *Second Stanza:* Lay each one aside. Prepare a very fine chopped-mushroom filling in brown sauce, quite thick. Spread it on a slab or platter to cool itself off to lukewarm. Spread the *browned* side of the cakes with this and roll up. Cut up in two-inch pieces, dip in beaten egg and very fine cracker crumbs and fry in deep fat. How well little things repay one.

8 Why not, for a change, serve with the soup course (hot or cold) little Parkerhouse rolls, homemade, I hope, about the size of a silver dollar? Have them hot and buttered.

9 Sandwiches you asked for, here are two. One sweet for the don't-cares, one the other way for the watch-it brigade. Maple sugar, butter and finely chopped walnuts made into a paste, spread on thin slices of whole-wheat bread, rolled up and cut into little rounds.

10 The turn-the-other-cheekers get this: Take thin slices of bread, brush one side with melted butter or margarine. On the other lay thin slices of ham, the same of sharp cheese. Roll up. Skewer with toothpicks. And *these*, my lambs, are put in the oven to get nice and brown and as crisp as ever was. Remember the buttered side is *outside*. Men may come along and eat them all, but what can you do? Nothing.

11 *Answer to query:* My dear Estella: *Petite marmite* is definitely not French for "little mamma." It's a soup—with carrots and things. A *vegetable* soup. Often served in little crocks. Now you go on calling mother *mother* and the *marmites* can take care of themselves.

12 But getting my mind on soup more or less, that elegant cream of mushroom soup makes a great sauce for spaghetti. Add a few fresh mushrooms, a small onion, a piece of garlic, all chopped fine and sautéed. Add the spaghetti, put in a casserole. Sprinkle with cheese, bake to a bubble. Bread? French loaf. Salad? Green.

13 We used to cool melons in the melon patch by covering them with leaves. We do better now, via refrigerators. Melons are wonderful all around the clock. For a dessert, cut melons in thick rings, fill with jellied fruit, add an umbrella of vanilla ice cream.

14 Blueberry muffins are the queen of muffins—if they *are* queens, I mean. Have plenty of berries in the batter—a cup to your muffin receipt is about right. Don't overlook blueberry pudding and blueberry griddlecakes either. They are among those summer dishes we can't do without.

15 Early apples are about, the little come-earlys. Make up a batch of fritters and serve them with hot raspberry sauce. And *this* sounds good enough to eat.

16 For the hors-d'oeuvre tray or whatever, stuff some of those big jumbo prunes with chutney, then wrap in thin bacon slices and broil until the bacon is crisp. Have to hook them up with toothpicks.

17 Got to have something extra for Sunday-morning breakfast. Broil some thick slices of ripe or green tomatoes, sprinkled with basil, and serve a poached egg tottering precariously on top. Have extra slices and plenty of bacon too. Or broiled ham.

18 *From an old cookbook:* "At our ladies' meeting one of our members reported that her husband had said that he and his friends called doughnuts sinkers. We had a good laugh and one lady asked 'But do they eat them?' 'I'm afraid so, but never in *my* house.' We all echoed her sentiments." There's *one* break the boys got themselves.

19 Cut Italian squash in thin slices and fry until tender. Peel and slice some mushrooms and sauté them too. Take them both out and put them together in layers in a casserole with Parmesan cheese between. Cover with buttered crumbs and cheese, add little pieces of butter or margarine and put in a hot oven to brown. This is delicious, and not a carrot in sight.

Travel Note

Travel north, travel south,
East or west,
And you will find home's best.

Take a little flier to the moon or Mars,
Visit the Pleiades, those seven sister stars.
You have my permission so far to roam
And you will find this star dust
right here at home.

20 One of my favorite favorites is coffee jelly. I like it strong and flavored with vanilla and not too stiff. Plain cream or whipped is all right with me. But—I got a surprise the other day. Had coffee jelly with pineapple sauce. And liked it.

21 You might try glazing fruit with maple sugar. Take apple rings, for instance. Cut them fairly thick. Leave the skin on. Cook the sugar and water down to a heavy sirup, then put in the apples. Turn occasionally. And with ham or bacon, what could be sweeter than they?

22 Serving a tomato aspic for luncheon? When you chop it, add a tablespoon or two of finely chopped, well-drained and chilled cucumber.

23 If by chance you should come by a real coconut, you'll get a lot of advice as to what to do. Don't do most of it. But for one thing, you might grate it, put the grated coconut (or the moist canned variety) in a big bowl, fill the bowl with vanilla ice cream and cover the whole thing with shaved chocolate.

24 Did I tell you of chicken rice pudding? If I did, in some far-off time, what of it? Twice-told tales are twice as good—maybe. So for this chicken-rice business, prepare a chicken, as for a chicken pie, with plenty of gravy.

25 Cook some rice and use it to line a greased glass baking dish generously. Fill it with the chicken and gravy, well seasoned, and set to bake in the oven until it bubbles and the sides and bottom get a little brown.

26 It's handy sometimes, like having a piece of string in the car (I do, always, just in case), to have a really keepable cheese spread in the refrigerator. Use it for canapés or sandwiches. Covered up tight, it will stay a spread for several days and not an old lump to be forever making trips to the double boiler.

27 *This is the way to make this spread:* In the double boiler put three quarters of a pound of sharp American cheese. Cook it till it's smooth with a little dry mustard, one half cup of milk, salt to taste, and an egg beaten so it can see daylight stirred in at the last.

28 Fruit cup for a hot day: Roll well-chilled, drained grapefruit segments in sugar, then in finely chopped mint. Serve in sherbet glasses very cold with sprig of fresh mint in the center.

29 Boil some of those tiny new and unworldly potatoes. They are about as desirable as things come. Carefully take off their jackets. Have some butter or margarine fairly hot in the pan. Put in the potatoes. Keep them moving until they're nice and brown all over. Serve with fish, meat or chicken.

30 *A reminder:* Always add the juice of a lemon when you make a jellied fruit salad with ginger ale. And it doesn't take all the Roquefort cheese there is to make a wonder-working Roquefort salad dressing. Just a little piece does it.

31 It's July and hot and I wish you could see my garden. Be that as it may, here's my garden note for the month. When you look at a leek you think you're looking at a leek. Well, you *are not*. You are looking at an *Allium porrum*. Try to remember, won't you? But perhaps you'd better not try it at your market.

BY ANN BATCHELDER



DRAWING BY R. C. ATHERTON



"—and Mmm—good!" say millions. **TRY IT!**

CAMPBELL'S CONSOMMÉ—Served Jellied



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Not long ago, jellied consommé was a specialty of fine restaurants, a rare and unusual treat known to a relative few. But more and more people tried it and liked it—until now jellied consommé is a favorite of millions, a regular summertime dish on family tables all across the country. And America's favorite consommé is Campbell's. Have *you* tried it—jellied to a cool, sparkling amber? You'll taste the deep flavor of beef. You'll notice how the flavor is pointed up by tomatoes, celery, carrots and parsley—all strained to a clear broth. It's no trouble to serve. Follow the directions on this page and on the label.

Campbell's **CONSOMMÉ**

SO EASY TO FIX



Place cans in refrigerator, immediately below the freezing compartment.



Any time after 4 hours, remove, open and heap the gleaming consommé in cups.



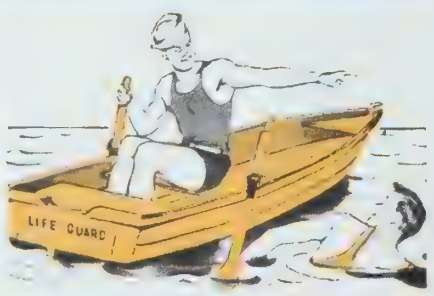
FOR A HAPPIER, HEALTHIER SUMMER



1. Choose the outdoor exercises that are best for you.

Summer weekends and vacations are ideal times to enjoy healthy outdoor exercise. You should, however, be careful not to *over-exercise.*

The businessman in the middle years of life who works in an office all week and over-exerts on weekends may do himself more harm than good. So choose activities that are suitable for your age. Better still, see your doctor for advice about the exercise *you* can enjoy safely this summer.



2. Follow common sense rules for safety in the water.

Swimming is excellent exercise, for you use nearly every muscle in your body—but every swimmer should remember a few precautions.

It's best to swim where there are lifeguards, as even the strongest swimmer may suffer a cramp and need help. After a full meal, it's wise to wait two hours or so before you go in the water; and prior to diving, find out if the water is deep enough for safety.



3. Be careful about getting your summer sun tan.

Sunburn can be painful and serious. For a safe tan, doctors usually recommend starting with a short period (about 10 minutes), and gradually lengthening the time of exposure.

While most sun tan oils or creams help you tan safely, you may still get a sunburn if you stay too long in direct sunlight. Over-exposure to the sun, especially when you are exercising strenuously, may also lead to sunstroke, or heat exhaustion.



4. Remember that many summer hazards can be avoided.

A bad case of poison ivy can spoil your vacation, so learn to recognize this plant, and stay away from it. If you give prompt attention to cuts and bruises, you can help prevent the start of infection.

In spite of all your precautions, accidents may still occur, so it's wise to have a well-equipped first aid kit available. In addition, following the rules of good health will also help you to a healthier summer.

To help you enjoy your summer, Metropolitan has prepared an envelope of summer health suggestions. It includes leaflets on First Aid and vacation hazards. Send today for your envelope of Metropolitan's "Summer Health Suggestions," 78-J.

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

GAY PURSUIT

(Continued from Page 35)

"Mr. Macdonald? I'm so glad," said Mrs. Rome. "Won't you sit down?"

Mr. Macdonald sat down and gave a glance round the club. It was obvious to Mrs. Rome that he disliked it all very much indeed. His eyes turned to her, and, with great relief, she saw their expression change. Timid as she was, she could not help feeling sure that Mr. Macdonald liked the look of her.

Mr. Macdonald did. She was the antithesis of what he had expected to find. Duncan Macdonald had found nothing exhilarating in the prospect of meeting his future stepmother-in-law. But this woman was no fat, flashing, bejeweled hag. She was slim, pretty and quiet and—yes, she was actually shy. Thank God, she was all right.

Mrs. Rome, less vehemently, reached exactly the same conclusion about Mr. Macdonald. He was a little gauche and looked as out-of-place as herself in these surroundings, but he was sturdy, with hair the shade of red she most liked, and his eyes were brown and steady.

"We were very glad you rang up," she said. "It's such a pity I'm going off tomorrow. You don't live in London, do you?"

Mr. Macdonald looked surprised and a little annoyed at this extraordinary suggestion. He had always lived, and would always live, in Scotland. In the Highlands of Scotland. He would not dream of living anywhere else. He worked in a firm of lawyers—of which his father was the head—at Fort William. He came to London seldom, reluctantly, and always on his father's business.

"And I'm always thankful to be back," he said.

The music stopped and Duncan turned and looked toward the dancers.

"Which one," he asked, "is your daughter?"

"There—with the tall, fair man," said Mrs. Rome. "The dark girl in white."

"I see. She's very pretty, isn't she?" said Duncan sincerely.

Mrs. Rome could only agree. It was stupid to deny that Helen was lovelier than any other girl in the room. She watched her as she drew near—cool, slender and graceful.

"Helen, this is Mr. Macdonald," she said as her daughter came up.

HELEN glanced at Duncan. Copper top; wide shoulders; on the clumsy side and probably heavy in hand. "How d'you do," she said.

Mr. Macdonald eyed her. He didn't like dark and assured beauties. He liked them tender and blue-eyed and ——

"Mr. Hunter—Mr. Macdonald."

Nothing much, thought Duncan. One of the usual about-towners. Looked quite at home on the blue plush.

The two returned to the dance floor, leaving Duncan to continue his conversation with Mrs. Rome.

"You haven't," he said, sincere pity sounding in his voice, "you haven't met Lucille?"

"No," said Mrs. Rome. "I shall see her tomorrow—she's going to meet me. And you," she added with a sympathy that equaled Duncan's, "have never met Lucille's father."

"No—pity," said Duncan. "But you see, the whole thing was—well, it was awfully sudden. I don't want to bore you, but ——"

"Please tell me," said Mrs. Rome.

Duncan, only too delighted, poured out his tale, and Mrs. Rome listened with absorbed interest.

He had set out, not long ago, on what he had regarded as a routine business trip. He was to inspect, for one of the Macdonald clients, a large studio in London which was being sold by an artist. The artist —— Duncan paused and put a question.

"You haven't met Lucille's brother?"

Mrs. Rome shook her head, regretting the timidity which had moved her to plead for the quietest of weddings, with only Helen present.

The artist, Duncan went on, had turned out to be a young man about his own age—twenty-four. He had bought the studio a short time before and, finding London uncongenial, had decided to sell it and return to his home in Devonshire.

The business had soon been concluded. The interview over, Mr. Rome invited Mr. Macdonald to stay to tea. The two gentlemen were joined by Mr. Rome's sister, Lucille, who was on a visit to the capital.

AT this point, Mr. Macdonald's narrative appeared to come to an end. He stared at Mrs. Rome absently, and for so long, that she was finally compelled to prompt him.

"Lucille came in ——" she said gently.

"Yes," said Duncan slowly. "She came in. I tried to get up, but I couldn't, and I just sat there and—well, I sort of stared at her. She looked like—like ——"

His voice died away and after a long pause, during which the band had time to play two encores, Mrs. Rome learned that—in the course of the next five days—the engagement of Lucille and Duncan had been "all fixed up." A small matter of Lucille's half-engagement to a young man living near her home had been dismissed by Mr. Macdonald as a "sort of boy-and-girl affair."

Mrs. Rome's blue eyes were wet as the story came to an end. She promised Duncan to convey his love to her stepdaughter. "But you'll soon be down yourself," she said.

"Yes," agreed Duncan. He paused and seemed to have a little difficulty in framing his next sentence. "I'm glad I met you," he said at last. "I mean, I'm glad you're—well, like this. Lucille's very gentle and I was a bit worried for fear—well, as a matter of fact, I wanted you to be just as you are."

One should never think of death, one should think of life. That is real piety.

—DISRAELI.

Mrs. Rome looked at him gratefully and felt that he had done much to bridge the gap which lay between her and her new relations. She was beginning to express something of this feeling, when the music stopped and the dance ended. Soon Helen was making preparations for departure.

As the two men rose, Natalie realized with a sick feeling that the last evening was over. Tomorrow—today—she was to go away and leave Helen behind.

Helen, watching her mother anxiously, saw with concern and a touch of impatience her fleeting look of panic and wished that the parting was over and done with.

It was, thought Helen, fantastic. For over ten years she had managed her mother, arranged her affairs, augmented her slender income, tried to turn her from a tweed-clad little mouse into a well-turned-out townswoman. She had never asked her mother's advice on any matter whatsoever, and had stood firmly on her own feet since her father's death. She was young, successful, sought after and utterly self-sufficient. And her mother still needed to be convinced that she was not doing wrong in going away and leaving her. Mothers, decided Helen, were impossible.

Six hours' sleep served to restore to Mrs. Rome some of the courage which had ebbed the night before. She lay for some time forming a determination to fix her mind upon practical matters. Her eyes went from the suitcases, packed and ready on the floor, to the clock on the wall, and her face whitened. She longed desperately for the quality of self-possession that all other women of her acquaintance seemed to possess, and wondered whether her parents had omitted, as Helen so often asserted, to pour enough stiffening mixture into her composition.

She had been born and brought up in a quiet, remote country rectory. An only child, and delicate, she had not been sent to school; her father gave her a sound education and

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her mother taught her that she must behave with gentle courtesy to all people at all times.

The country rectory, the gentle parents were replaced, almost insensibly, by an even more remote rectory in which there was a kind, gentle husband and, soon afterward, a delightful little daughter. For eleven years Natalie Forrester's life continued its smooth course. Her husband taught the little daughter—not only her lessons, but to ride, to hunt, to milk cows, judge cattle and even to bowl straight. Natalie was approaching the task of making her behave with gentle courtesy when, without warning, her world turned upside down. Her husband, after only two days' illness, died, and Natalie found herself with nothing in the world but a small daughter, a smaller income, good teeth, sound lungs and a shy, retiring manner.

For a few months life went on uneventfully and then Helen Forrester, who was just over twelve, informed her mother that this, in her opinion, was no way to live and that they must immediately live in some other way. Natalie, looking into her daughter's intelligent, calm brown eyes, invited Helen to make some suggestions as to the proposed changes. From that moment Helen, taking the reins of the modest family buggy into her small, capable hands, had driven it where she would.

THEY had moved almost at once into a pretty little house in the middle of a near-by town, the rent of which was covered by the acquisition of two mistresses from the school as paying guests. The next journey was of Helen herself to a boarding school, and three years later the pretty house was given up and Mrs. Forrester found herself in a small flat in London.

Natalie settled down and accustomed herself to the new life, while Helen presented herself at the firm of *Maybelle et Cie* and was given a post as junior saleswoman.

It was only, said Helen, a beginning—and so it had proved. At twenty-two, Helen Forrester was holding an important position in the firm and drawing a salary which her mother considered almost too much for a young woman. There was nothing of the country about Helen now except her clear skin and delicate color; in everything else—perfection of grooming, elegance and finish—she was a townswoman.

It was natural that she should be admired, and Natalie had more than once wept secretly at the despair of young men who loved without hope of return. But she had never seen any man who was, in her opinion, worthy of her daughter. Never, until ——

Until William Rome appeared.

Helen met him at a large party given by Mrs. Creech, the head of *Maybelle*, to celebrate her daughter's engagement. The bridegroom-elect was a cheerful young lieutenant in His Majesty's Navy and Captain Rome, in London on business, had agreed to look in for a moment to drink a toast to his lieutenant's bride. The toast drunk, William Rome threaded his way determinedly through the throng and to the exit, where he found an extremely pretty girl about to take possession of the only taxi in sight. He proposed dropping her at her destination and going on to his own, and Helen agreed, only stipulating that they should call for her mother at her dressmaker's on the way.

Natalie was called for and in the course of the next fortnight William Rome, his business forgotten, paid daily visits to the little flat. Natalie became miserable at the conviction that Helen was going to break the poor man's heart. The thought of William Rome wretched gave her a feeling of depression and she waited for the outcome of the affair, confused and bewildered at the realization that she would be equally miserable to learn that Helen was to marry a man twenty-five years older than herself—a widower, moreover, with a grown-up son and daughter—or that she was to refuse him and break so manly a heart.

At the end of the fortnight, Captain Rome, after a consultation with Helen, called at the flat, found Natalie alone, and asked her to become his wife.



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The effect of this proposal on the unprepared Natalie was so shattering that it took all Helen's and William's patience and affection to bring her to a point at which she would even consider the matter. She admitted to Helen—almost in parentheses—that yes, of course she loved William. But to leave Helen was unthinkable.

It had been difficult, but William had held on and in the end had his reward. They had married and William had gone on what he intended to be his final voyage. Natalie was to go to his home—Romescourt, near the village of Dummerton, in Devonshire—and choose one of the two available cottages which his father was holding for them.

It was, perhaps, neither William's pleading nor Helen's arguments which finally succeeded in overcoming Natalie's hesitation. William, in a moment of inspiration, had pointed out to her that he had a son—a son who was young, handsome and heart-whole. Jeremy was now living with his grandparents at Romescourt; and what, William asked craftily, could be more natural than Helen, on a visit, and meeting Jeremy—well, who knew?—probably ——

Who knew, indeed? Mrs. Rome, lying and staring at the ceiling on her last morning in London, recalled this heartening possibility and, strengthened, she rose and dressed.

Helen, hurrying in from her own room, peered into the mirror over her mother's shoulder and turned to flick a few imaginary specks from her skirt. Mrs. Rome looked at her with gentle approval.

"That's a lovely suit, Helen," she said. "You oughtn't to have put it on to come to a smoky station."

"I wouldn't, normally," said Helen. "I wanted you to take away a picture of me looking my most ravishing." She hurried on to safer topics. "Are you sure you've got everything, mother? That letter with the instructions about how to get there—where's that? If you haven't got it, you'll get lost."

Mrs. Rome groped inside her bag and produced a sheet of note paper. "It's here," she said.

The doorbell gave a shrill, sustained note which lasted until Helen had opened the front door. On the threshold stood the small, prematurely aged boy who answered to the name of Slippy and who combined the functions of lift boy, errand boy and general attendant to the occupants of the block of flats.

"Coo!" he ejaculated. "Crickey! Another of the noo season's bargins, combinin' the beauty o' the latest line with the elegance of the noo waistline and the flattering 'ip contours."

"The suitcases," Helen informed him coldly, "are over there."

SLIPPY eyed her suit critically. "In a suit of spring green, duchess, you'd look ——" He broke off to greet Mrs. Rome, and voiced his sentiments on her impending departure. "Place won't seem the same without you, Mrs. Rome," he informed her, "but I'll tell you something—you've made 'istory in the block."

"I have?" said Natalie, astonished.

"'Istory," repeated Slippy, ushering them into the lift and pressing the ground-floor button. "We've 'ad births and deaths and quite a lot of weddin's, but never"—he gave Natalie a look of gratitude—"never a mother gettin' 'erself 'ooked up before 'er daughter. An' such a daughter," he ended, rolling his eyes ecstatically at the taxi driver.

Helen ignored him, requested the driver to go to Paddington Station and seated herself beside her mother.

With Mrs. Rome settled comfortably in a carriage Helen felt that things had not gone too badly.

"God bless you, darling—take care of yourself."

Natalie, in spite of her resolve to part from Helen without tears, found them coursing down her face. She leaned out the window waving farewell as the train drew out of the station. Helen's face, young and lovel Helen's figure, slender and graceful, wer receding—were out of sight. She was gon but it was impossible not to hope—it w impossible not to feel that if Jeremy had an eyes in his head at all —— Surely, pray Natalie, the parting would not be for lon

The journey to Dummerton, though lon was not tedious. The green of the fiel seemed fresher every hour, and Natal realized that there was one advantage in h new life which she had entirely overlooke that of living once more in the peace an freedom of the countryside. It was a chee ing thought, and made her feel almost happ when finally the bus to which she ha changed stopped at a crossroad and th driver informed her that she was at h destination. He lifted her suitcases fro the luggage rack and carried them acro to a large shelter in which was a lo wooden bench.

NATALIE sat for some time upon the woode bench. She was not disturbed by the fac that nobody had come to meet her; th busses passed once every hour and no doub Lucille had understood that she would be o a later one.

She was roused by a curious sound an saw an extremely large black car—so larg that she mistook it, at first, for a hearse The driver was a girl, and, with a feeling o mingled panic and pleasure, Natalie recog nized her stepdaughter, Lucille Rome.

Lucille Rome was twenty and looked six teen. Her hair was straw-colored and he eyes deeply blue. Her skin was flawless. Bu Natalie saw only that the face before her wa as gentle, as sweet as an angel's. The voic which murmured "How nice to see you" wa low and soft, and Natalie who had been preparin to brush aside explana tions and apologies, foun Lucille's hand slippe lightly under her arm an felt herself guided gentl down the path in th direction of the car.

Consideration for woman is the measure of a nation's progress in social life.
—GREGOIRE.

There was silence for a moment and the Lucille spoke in her soft, slow voice. "Di you have a good journey?" she inquire She turned her head as she spoke and the ca moved slowly but steadily toward the middl of the road.

Natalie, clutching the side of her seat, gav a hasty nod and a "Yes, thank you," an Lucille, turning her eyes toward the roa once more, drove on in silence. A little late she turned with a further query.

"I hope Helen won't miss you too much?"

Natalie, watching the car heading towar the low stone coping beyond which was drop of fifty feet, squeezed her handbag int a knot and tried to return a truthful answe "Yes—no," she said. She resolved that whe Lucille looked at her again, she would kee her own eyes fixed determinedly on th road—perhaps that would indicate that sh thought drivers ought to look where the were going. Hearing Lucille ask whether sh would miss London, she stared straigh ahead and answered, "No, I don't thin so"—but she saw that the car had gone of its course for even longer than before.

Staring ahead, however, had brought som comfort to Natalie, for she noticed tha whatever they passed had drawn up as clos to the side of the road as possible. At on point, a party of children had clambere over the low wall and were looking over i with expressions of anxious foreboding. I was evident that Lucille was known on thi highway. Not for nothing did the engine giv its warning to all within hearing.

With relief flooding through her, Natali felt equal to making a few remarks of he own. "I met your fiancé," she said.

The brows went up and Lucille appeare to be wondering who her fiancé was. "M fiancé?" she said. "Oh! Oh, how nice."

Natalie waited for eager questions, an Lucille spoke.

"Granny gave me a message," she said "but I forgot. It must have been about he not being able to meet you. Don't you thin so?"



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Natalie felt a little confused. She tried to imagine Helen zigzagging along a road and forgetting messages. What, she wondered, would Helen think of Lucille? What would she think of a pair of battered jodhpurs, a yellow polo sweater which had been darned with brown wool, and a riding jacket which, though well tailored, was obviously outgrown? What would she say to Lucille's gloves, which did not match?

Lucille saw her stepmother's eyes on them and smiled. "I lost one of each," she explained. "I had a message from Jeremy, too," she went on. "He sent you his love and says he'll be back tonight. He has to go to a flying club once a week—three friends of his started it and Jeremy is one of the instructors." She turned the car, as she spoke, into an avenue lined with splendid beech trees.

Natalie saw an Elizabethan manor standing against a background of gently sloping hills. It made a perfect picture in the evening light, but the signs of neglect and desolation filled her mind to the exclusion of everything else. Overgrown terraces, straggling lawns and gardens, all told of the beginnings of decay. It was not difficult for Natalie to picture the house in its former state. She felt a wave of pity for the two old people in whose lifetime the melancholy change had taken place.

Lucille steered the car through the innumerable ruts and pits in the road and, coming out onto a smoother drive, drew up at last before the house.

"We'll find granny in the garden somewhere, probably," she said. "Round here."

She led Natalie to the other side of the house, through an opening in a thick hedge and into a large walled garden. At the far end, a woman's figure was bent over a newly dug bed. Lucille raised her voice in a high, childish call.

"Granny!"

Lady Rome straightened and turned. She was tall, broad and—even at seventy—an erect and unstooping figure. She wore a brown skirt, a knitted coat and a large pair of rubber boots which had been sawed off—very sensibly, Natalie thought—just above the ankles.

"How nice, how nice," shouted Lady Rome. "So nice to see you, so nice to have you with us, so very nice."

She threw her garden implement carelessly into a barrow by her side and held out welcoming hands to Natalie. Natalie noticed, without surprise, that the gloves did not match.

"Let me see you, let me see you," Lady Rome trumpeted. "William said we must look after you very well and take care of you because he said that you were shrinking—like clothes, don't you know—and not used to rough winds. Did Lucille tell you that Jeremy isn't here? And I don't know what's become of your father-in-law—he wasn't in to tea. Tea!" ejaculated Lady Rome in a deeper boom than ever. "Of course you must want some tea yourself, and we're standing chatting in this chilly air."

There was a pause long enough for Natalie to admit that she would very much like some tea.

"Of course," agreed Lady Rome. "Don't stand there, Lucille, my dear—if you look round you might see something of your grandfather."

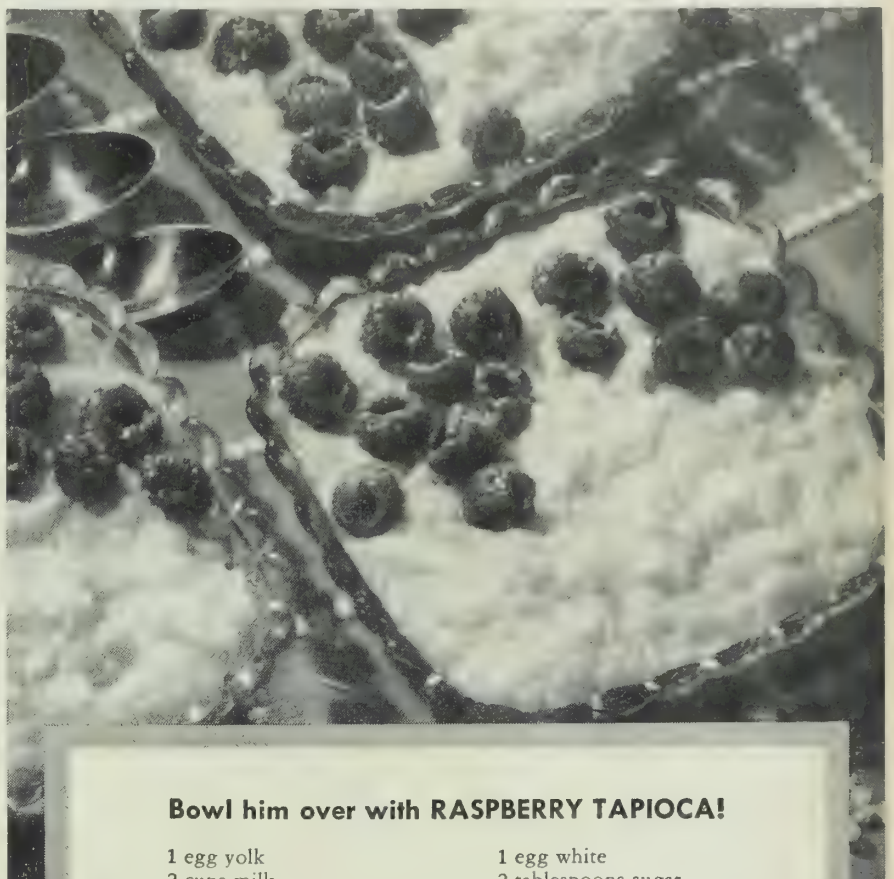
Lucille went away with her usual light, unhurried tread. Lady Rome waved a hand round the enclosing walls.

"There's a lot of work here," she said, "and of course I can't hope to do it all. Like a horse's teeth, I always say—you can tell my age by the patches under cultivation. Your father-in-law says that we should all grow food, and he's quite right, but he carried it to quite an alarming extent, and I had to have a little talk with him and tell him that we really couldn't have corn waving outside the drawing-room windows. But we mustn't stand in this cold wind; of course you'd like some tea—I ought to have asked you before. Won't you have a nice hot drink?"

Natalie said she would very much like a nice hot drink.

SHINE, LITTLE BRIDE! MINUTE TAPIOCA IS BACK!

(REAL PREWAR TAPIOCA—GENUINE MINUTE TAPIOCA)



Bowl him over with RASPBERRY TAPIOCA!

1 egg yolk
2 cups milk
3 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
1 egg white
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
Fresh or quick-frozen red raspberries

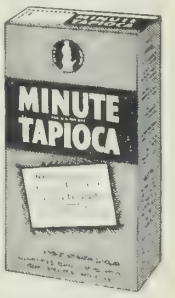
Mix egg yolk with a small amount of the milk in saucepan. Add remaining milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, salt, and Minute Tapioca. Place over medium heat. Cook until mixture comes to a full boil, stirring constantly—this takes 5 to 8 minutes. (Do not overcook . . . mixture thickens as it cools.) Remove from heat.

Beat egg white until foamy throughout; add 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, and continue beating with rotary egg beater until mixture will stand in soft peaks. Add hot tapioca mixture, stirring constantly. Add vanilla. Cool, stirring after 15 to 20 minutes. Chill. Garnish with raspberries. Makes 4 to 5 servings of delicate, luscious Minute Tapioca—guaranteed to make him, as well as your guests, beam!

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CUT YOUR COOKING TIME!



Dixie Salad Bowl

LESS THAN 22¢ A SERVING*

Small watermelon
½ lb. grapes — 1 lb. plums
4 Oranges — 1 Cantaloupe
Peach halves
Cream cheese — Lettuce
Sprigs of mint

Cut top from watermelon. Scoop out watermelon and cut into cubes and balls. Combine with fruits in watermelon "bowl." Arrange peach halves and cream cheese on lettuce. Serve with Ann Page Salad Dressing, Mayonnaise or French Dressing. Garnish with sprigs of mint. Serves 8.

1. Ann Page Salad Dressing . . . tart-sweet, creamy-smooth . . . made with generous amounts of egg yolks and oil.

2. Ann Page French Dressing . . . a masterful mixture of vinegar, oil and rich spices.

3. Ann Page Mayonnaise is like the real old-fashioned kind . . . flavor-rich with eggs and oil.

*Cost based on average prices of ingredients in A&P Super Markets at time of going to press.

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"Well, we'll go in, then," said Lady Rome. "Where did I put my trowel? Oh, in there in the barrow. We must find Jason—Lucille won't find him, of course, because she's such a silly little thing and forgets everything. I don't know what sort of wife she's going to make."

Natalie, whose head felt less clear than it had earlier in the afternoon, remembered something that had some connection with Lucille as a wife. "I met her fiancé," she told Lady Rome. "He seemed very nice."

"He's quite a nice young man," agreed Lady Rome, leading the way out of the garden. "Not too much character, perhaps, but then Lucille hasn't much either."

"But"—Natalie's confusion grew—"I thought he told me that—that he had never met you, any of you."

"Now that's a nonsensical statement," boomed Lady Rome, entering the house through a long window which led directly into a small sitting room. "If he'd never met any of us, he couldn't have got engaged to Lucille, could he? Sit there, Natalie, my dear, and take some things off and be comfortable. You'd like some tea, I'm sure, wouldn't you?"

Natalie, in whom hope had died, shook her head gently. She put tea out of her mind and frowned in an endeavor to clear up the problem of her acquaintance with Duncan Macdonald. "He said—at least, I was quite sure that he said he'd never met you," she said, taking the chair offered her.

"He must have been thinking of somebody else," said Lady Rome. "He does, sometimes. I've often noticed that he has a bewildered look when I'm talking to him. Philip's a good deal more sensible than his two dreadful sisters, but ——"

"But," put in Natalie desperately, "you said 'Philip.'"

Lady Rome sat in a chair close to Natalie's and looked at her daughter-in-law in surprise. "Of course I said 'Philip'. Aren't we talking about Philip?"

"Well—no," faltered Natalie. "At least—I was talking about Lucille's fiancé."

"That's all right," said Lady Rome. "I thought for a moment that we were at cross purposes."

"Perhaps Philip," suggested Natalie, "is one of his other names."

"Whose other names, my dear?" inquired Lady Rome kindly.

"I mean—it all seems rather confusing," faltered Natalie. "I met a very nice young man last night—his name was Duncan Macdonald and he ——"

"Oh, *now*, of course, we know where we are," shouted Lady Rome. "No, no, no—*he* doesn't live in London at all; he's up in, I can't remember whether it was Edinburgh or Glasgow."

"But isn't he," pursued Natalie, "Lucille's fiancé?"

"Oh dear me, no," said Lady Rome. "Goodness gracious me, no. All that's over and done with. And now, my dear Natalie"—Lady Rome rose and held out a hand—"come along and I'll find Lucille to take you to your room—that's if you feel you wouldn't rather have some tea before you go up?"

Natalie had only one desire: to find a place where she could be alone until she had recovered from the confusion of the past hour.

The door opened and Lucille's flutelike notes fell sweetly on her tormented ear. "I can't find grandfather," she announced, "but Jeremy telephoned to say he'll be back soon after dinner. He sends you his love," she added, turning to Natalie. "Did granny give you any tea?"

"I've been trying to persuade her," said Lady Rome, "but she refused."

Lucille gave a little murmur of regret. "You should have had some," she said, leading Natalie out. "It's two hours to dinner and dinner, you'll find, isn't very substantial."

Natalie followed her stepdaughter up one side of a double flight of stairs, along a wide gallery and through a heavy oak door. An opening in the corridor disclosed another flight of stairs carpeted in a beautiful shade of blue, and at the top of this Lucille stopped and opened a door.

"Daddy said we were to put you in here," she said. "It was his room and all his things are in it." She smiled at Natalie. "Now I'll leave you. There's a bathroom just next door. Can I do anything else?"

Natalie thanked her and shook her head. She was longing to question Lucille about her engagement. "Lucille"—she looked at her appealingly—"I'm so puzzled about your—your fiancé."

Lucille, for a moment, looked as puzzled as her stepmother. "Philip? Oh, you haven't met him. Well, yes," she added, "I think you said you had."

"I met—I met somebody called Duncan Macdonald," said Natalie, "and ——" She stopped. A delicate flush had overspread Lucille's features and there was a cloud in her eyes.

"Duncan?" she murmured. "Yes, we were engaged. When I went up and stayed with Jeremy, I—I don't know what happened, but ——" She paused for a moment and then continued, "I was half engaged to Philip

(Continued on Page 70)



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No two ways about it—cooking-for-two is twice as easy as it used to be! Armour Star Pantry-Shelf Meals make it so simple to plan a small-family meal—and to fix it, too! There's no waste of meat when you buy these delicious meals—no waste of your time, either. And they're so kind to a young-married budget. With a pantry shelf well-stocked, even a bride has right at hand a hundred different ways to vary her menu effortlessly—for breakfast, lunch or dinner.

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Set ham 'n' eggs before him differently tomorrow—serve deviled ham for a heavenly breakfast. Heap Armour Star Deviled Ham—it's all-ham and plenty nippy—around the edges of buttered or margarined bread and break a Cloverbloom egg in the center of the ham. Bake in shallow pan 15 minutes at 400° F. One tin serves two—deliciously.



Lunch—Frankfurter Toasties

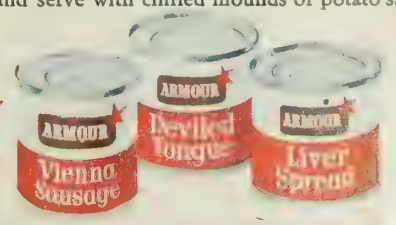
Yes, it's luscious as a "pin-up"—this lunch-for-two of plump, juicy Armour Star Frankfurters, the pantry-shelf kind! Spread bread with horseradish-mustard, wrap around frankfurters, pin corners with toothpicks, and bake in 400° F. oven until toasted. Top toothpicks with small white onions! M-m-m! Refrigerate the other frankfurters—serve 'em tomorrow with scalloped potatoes!

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No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

(Continued from Page 68)

before I went to London," she said, "so I shouldn't have got engaged to somebody else."

"But ——" began Natalie.

"When I came back and said I was engaged," went on Lucille, "everybody congratulated me, but they all thought it was Philip. Nobody seemed to believe that, just in a week, I'd met somebody else, and I can't go on disagreeing with people for very long—I mean I can't argue and quarrel—perhaps you don't understand ——"

"Yes, I understand," said Natalie.

"And so," ended Lucille, "I—well, Duncan and I aren't engaged any more."

"But," said Natalie, "he still thinks ——"

Lucille shook her head gently. "No—I wrote," she said. "I only wrote the other day and I addressed it to his home, but they'll send it on to him and he'll know by now."

Natalie's heart sank. She had liked Duncan—how much, she had scarcely realized until now. She looked at the girl standing in the doorway. Her eyes were dreamy, but she did not look seriously distressed. She looked, Natalie thought, like somebody who was wondering where she had left her keys.

Left alone, Natalie unpacked her suitcases. She found herself murmuring a prayer that Sir Jason would speak more quietly than his wife. If she had to sit through dinner with two people shouting at her ——

Her prayer was answered to the full. Not only did Sir Jason speak quietly; he scarcely spoke at all. His greeting, though kind, was conveyed in as few words as possible and no speaker and no subject could hold his attention after the first sentences.

Dinner was, as Lucille had predicted, unsubstantial. Natalie found herself looking sadly at a plate on which rested a small slice of chicken, some thinly cut, crisp potatoes and a spoonful of green vegetables. She would, she hoped, be able to appease her hunger on whatever followed. What followed was a small helping of trifle flanked by two squares of lemon jelly. There was nothing else except some excellent Madeira and, later in the large, chilly hall, some coffee.

She studied Sir Jason's thin, lined face with the long white mustache and faded blue eyes and found as little trace of William there as upon Lady Rome's large, flaccid countenance. She longed to see Jeremy, but the evening wore slowly on and he did not appear. Sir Jason, looking at her tired face, broke into his wife's description of the new houses which were to be built between Hunnytor and Dummerton West.

"Yes, yes, yes," he said. "Natalie ought to go up to bed."

"Of course she ought," agreed Lady Rome. "She looks completely worn out and she can see Jeremy in the morning. Lucille, take Natalie upstairs and see if they've done everything properly. Good night, my dear." She put her face close to Natalie's and closed her eyes, waiting for her daughter-in-law's kiss. "Sleep well and come down whenever you please and don't worry about breakfast. We never have a very substantial breakfast."

With this knowledge to cheer her, Natalie said good night and made her way to her room by means of certain landmarks which she had memorized. She closed her door and began her preparations for the night. She was to stay here—to sleep here, far away from Helen, far, far from William. She was cold and tired and she was also very hungry.

A knock sounded on her door and Natalie, pressing her hands together, struggled for self-control. The knock was repeated and, rising, she went to the door and opened it.

For a moment she stared stupidly at the young man on the threshold. William's head—she had loved to take it between her hands; William's eyes and nose and firm, kind mouth; William's . . . William's son.

Jeremy Rome saw his stepmother's eyes, blue and bewildered in the sweet face. The next moment they were drowned in a rush of tears.

"Oh," she gasped. "Oh, Jeremy."

Jeremy stepped into the room, closed the door, and took his stepmother into a firm embrace. He stood still and let her weep, his hand beating a soothing tattoo on her shoulder. "There, there," he murmured. "There, there, there. Welcome home."

Jeremy Rome was a young man to whom success had come early. A good artist, he had for some time been undecided as to how seriously he would devote himself to his art. While he was debating the matter, he went up to London, bought a secondhand car of doubtful merit and proceeded to drive it the two hundred miles separating him from his home. Less than fifty miles from London, the car broke down with a thoroughness which made its new owner fear that it was now only fit to be broken up.

He found a room at an inn called the Huntsman and discovered that its host was one of the companions of his earlier and wilder youth. There followed a night of cheerful revelry with the landlord, his charming young wife and several choice spirits hastily summoned from twenty or thirty miles round.

The pleasure of the evening was a little marred by the host's disclosure that he was losing money fast and found the competition with the large neighboring hotels ruinous and crippling.

This, Jeremy pointed out, waving a tankard of beer, was because nobody could be expected to know by instinct that behind the opulent hotels on the roadside, a humbler but infinitely finer sort of hospitality was to be found. Why, he inquired, didn't the host take down that silly little outdated board swinging outside and put up something that would tower against the sky line and bring to every passing traveler knowledge of the Huntsman's existence?

"I," said Jeremy, draining his tankard, "shall paint the largest huntsman in England—and his horse—and man and beast shall tower to the skies and draw the gaze of all travelers."

When the hunting season began, the Stettesbury Hounds met at the Huntsman Inn, and Jeremy, with a showman's instinct, decided to put up his Huntsman to coincide with the event.

The scenes which followed the appearance of the gigantic sign were recorded and pictured in every newspaper in the land. Extra police were drafted to the district to deal with the traffic as motorists, cyclists, mothers with perambulators and fathers with eager little boys came to see the towering figure on the magnificent hunter, to note with wonder that the horn was no mere painted one, but real. The horse's mane was real, too, and blowing in the wind.

The sign, the Huntsman Inn and Jeremy sprang into prominence together. Jeremy found that owners of inns and hotels throughout the land were anxious to commission him to put up better and brighter signs. He bought a studio in London, selected an inn which promised the most scope for his genius, and settled down to find out whether he would like to become a sign painter for life. He thought that he would.

His second sign was as successful as the first, and the only cloud in his sky was the deep distaste he felt for life in London. This developed into loathing and Jeremy sold the studio, turned his back on the capital and returned to make his home in Devonshire.

He was soon to leave Romescourt; his furniture and a large part of his effects were installed in his new home. His studio, however, was not yet ready. Two of the rooms of the farmhouse had been made into one, and new windows added. The work was done and now only the decorating remained.

It was as well for Natalie that Jeremy was at Romescourt during her first week. Jeremy took her under his wing with a thoroughness for which his father would have been grateful, and there sprang up between him and his stepmother a deep affection and respect.

Natalie soon learned the ways of the household. The work was done by an aged butler, his wife, Emmaline—who did the cooking—and two daughters so gaunt and bony that Jeremy christened them Emmaleaner and

Emmaleanest and referred to them as the skeleton staff.

Lady Rome scarcely ever left Romescourt. The old chauffeur, Shearer by name, had long since retired, and lived in a cottage in the grounds. His greatest use was in providing a convincing excuse for Lady Rome to stay at home. "Shearer isn't well enough to drive me" meant that Lady Rome, and not Shearer, was indisposed.

Natalie soon settled into a quiet, placid routine. Jeremy spent a good deal of time with her and she was grateful for this chance of cementing their friendship before they had to part—he to take up his residence at his farm and she to get a home ready for William.

Lady Rome had asked her several times if she would like to go and look at the cottages and Natalie had given an eager affirmative; but, as with all Lady Rome's proposals, there were kindness and warmth, repetition and even pressure, but no fulfillment. Jeremy brought the subject up during one of the long, lazy mornings he and Natalie spent together.

"When are you going down to see those places?" he asked. "There are three of them now. Grandfather's chucked some tenants out of a house in the village, and if I know him—and I do—he's going to offer the house to you. But if he does, tell him you won't have it."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Natalie.

"Nothing—inside," said Jeremy. "But outside, it's the most shocking bit of work you ever saw. It's an appalling yellow-painted affair right on the village street."

Natalie studied the long, lazy figure at her feet affectionately, but with a reluctant admission that there were one or two things about Jeremy which Helen might not like. Helen didn't, for example, like men to be flippant, and Jeremy was scarcely ever anything else.

Women are never stronger than when they arm themselves with their weakness.
—MME. DU DEFFAND.

"What's that you're doing?" Jeremy examined with interest the soft folds of the blouse she was sewing.

"It's for Helen," said Natalie. "She wears a lot of black and when the weather's warmer she likes to have these white things—they look dainty and they suit her."

"What's she like?" inquired Jeremy. "I wanted to come to the wedding and be your page and walk down the aisle with Helen, but you dished all that by shutting us out." He saw the color come into Natalie's cheeks, and smiled. "I believe you're sorry now," he went on. "Now that you've seen how nice we all are."

"Yes, I am," admitted Natalie.

"I thought so. But you needn't," said Jeremy, "reproach yourself. Grandfather regards every hour away from his crops as so much time thrown away, and granny—well, I think it was just about that time that Shearer had one of his worst goes. I'd have come, though—and Lucille."

AT this mention of her stepdaughter, Natalie wondered—not for the first time—whether she could bring up the subject of Duncan Macdonald. It was today that Duncan was to have come to Romescourt, and Natalie wondered what he had done on hearing the news. He would no doubt return to his home—not, this time, in joyful triumph, but sadly. There could be no harm in bringing up the subject with Jeremy. She was wondering how she could open the topic, when the door opened and Lucille entered. She smiled at her stepmother, stepped over her brother and curled herself on the end of Natalie's sofa.

"Granny sent me," she explained. "She says you haven't been out since you came, Natalie, and if you want to go, I'm to drive you."

Natalie thanked her and replied truthfully that she thought the day too cloudy for pleasant sight-seeing. Lucille agreed that it was, and got up to let in two dogs that were clamoring for admittance. Scarcely had she regained the sofa when the door opened once more and Natalie saw a tall, fair young man enter. His coming caused no stir. The dogs thumped their tails twice upon the floor, Jeremy pulled an imaginary forelock and Lucille gave him her gentle smile.

"Hello, Philip," she said.

"Come and meet my new stepmother," invited Jeremy. "She ill-uses me and she beats Lucille. . . . This is Philip Bellamy, Natalie."

Philip studied her briefly and spoke in a pleasant but formal tone. "We've all looked forward to your coming, Mrs. Rome," he said. "I hope you'll be very happy down here."

He listened to Natalie's hesitant thanks politely and with studied patience, and she found herself wishing that his manner was less polished. She was surprised to hear that Philip had come over to keep an appointment to ride with Lucille. Natalie wondered what would have happened if she had agreed to go for a drive, and decided that her stepdaughter would have taken her with the same readiness with which she rose at her fiancé's suggestion and prepared to accompany him.

LUCILLE turned and held out a hand to Natalie. "Come and see Flashlight," she invited. "I left him just near the drive."

Flashlight displayed equal affection for Lucille and Jeremy and nodded his head in a knowing way at Natalie.

The riders were about to mount when a loud shout rent the air. From far away, round the distant curve of the drive, came a horse and cart. Another loud hail followed the first, and the four on the drive strained their ears to distinguish the sounds.

"What's he shouting?" asked Jeremy.

Nobody knew. The cart came nearer, and it was seen that, besides driver and passenger, it contained cases of some kind.

"Can't make out a word," commented Philip. "Russian or Chinese, perhaps—or Gaelic."

The last word, carelessly spoken, had a curious effect on the three listeners. Jeremy's eyes narrowed slightly, and Natalie felt horror creeping into her heart.

Three more minutes and there could be no further doubt. Jeremy spoke evenly. "It's Duncan," he announced.

There was a slight pause, and Philip turned toward Lucille. "What," he inquired, "is the fellow doing down here?"

Lucille's blue eyes were wide. "I don't know," she said. "I did write to him, but perhaps he didn't get the letter. I gave it to Jeremy to post."

Three pairs of eyes turned upon Jeremy, and Jeremy, for the first time in Natalie's knowledge of him, looked at a loss. He turned to his sister.

"I'm sorry, Lu," he said. "I forgot every bit about it."

The cart lumbered up and the driver reined in his horse, but before it could stop, Duncan Macdonald had leaped lightly to the ground. He took four long, unhesitating strides toward Lucille, folded her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers.

"You didn't write," he said reproachfully. "I got worried." He released her and held out a hand to Natalie, who took it speechlessly. "'Lo, Mrs. Rome," he greeted her, and turned to address Jeremy. "Look, Jeremy, when I come and stay with people, they come and meet me. I stood on that exposed piece of ground for more than an hour. The cart," he ended simply, "will cost six and six. Pay it."

Jeremy, glad to have something to do, lifted out Duncan's suitcases and paid the driver. Duncan looked expectantly at Philip and waited for Lucille to effect an introduction, and Lucille gave a little sigh.

"I'm so sorry, Duncan, I'm so sorry. I did write to you, but the letter—well, it didn't get posted."

"It doesn't matter now," said Duncan simply. "I'm here."

"Yes," said Lucille. "Yes." She stopped and turned to Jeremy with a look of appeal. "You tell him, Jeremy."

Play safe with your play clothes!

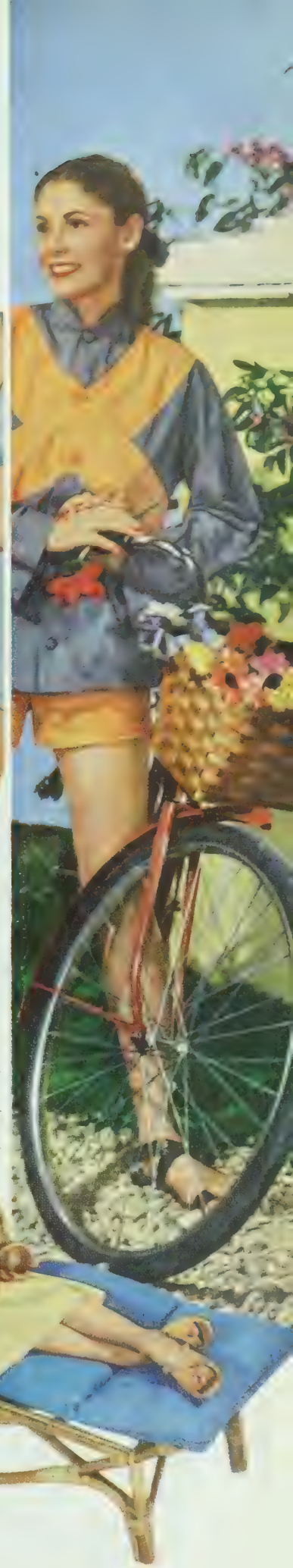
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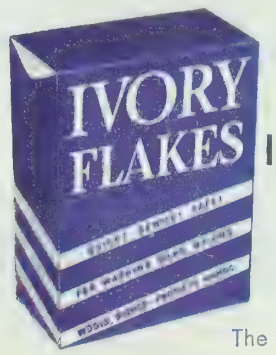


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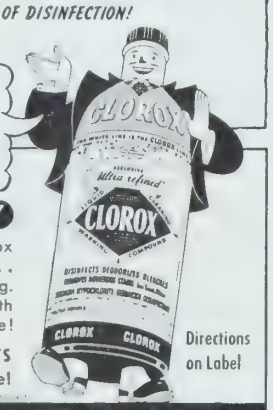
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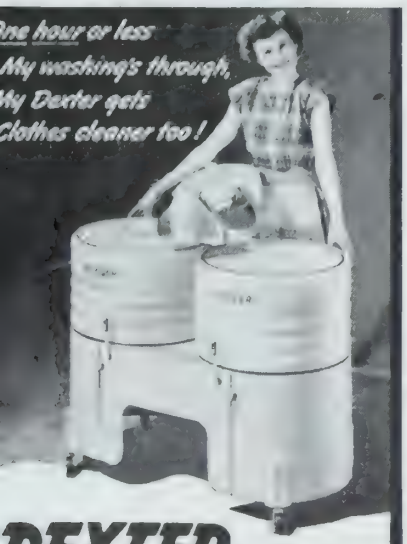
Because it's caustic-free, Clorox works faster in killing germs... does a better job of disinfecting. Give your family the extra health protection of a Clorox-clean home!



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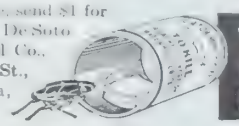
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GATOR ROACH HIVES

"The fact is, Duncan," said Jeremy, "that there's been a mix-up. When Lucille came to London she was more or less engaged to—to Phil Bellamy, who's standing beside you. She came back engaged to you, fixed things up again with Phil and wrote to tell you it was off."

"What was off?" asked Duncan calmly.

"The engagement." said Jeremy. "The one between you and Lucille, I mean. She wrote to tell you, but I've been carrying the letter about in my pocket and so all this mess is really my fault."

It was said. Natalie looked at Jeremy with pride and thought that nobody could have done it more quickly and more kindly. It was over and poor Duncan ——

Duncan turned and faced Philip Bellamy. His look was neither contemptuous nor belligerent; he was up against something and he was merely measuring the odds. When the brief scrutiny was over, it was clear to everybody present—and especially clear to Mr. Bellamy—that Duncan had seen nothing to disturb him.

"If you're ready, Lucille," said Philip, rallying, "I think we ought to go."

"You're not going anywhere," Duncan informed him, "and neither is Lucille. As her fiancé, I ——"

"I'm extremely sorry for you," broke in Philip abruptly, "but the only decent thing you can do is to leave."

Duncan eyed him calmly. "Lucille, as I understand it," he said, "knew you for a good many years and couldn't make up her mind that she wanted to marry you. She made up her mind about me in three days. I was her first fiancé and I'm going to be her last."

Philip's mouth closed in an ugly line and he took a step forward. He came to an abrupt halt. The fellow had enfolded Lucille in his arms once more and was rubbing his cheek gently against hers.

"You see that?" said Philip furiously. "If you don't want to kick him back to wherever he came from, let me do it."

"Yes, let him," said Duncan, tucking one of Lucille's curls neatly into place.

THERE was an interruption. The dogs sprang up and dashed eagerly toward Lady Rome, who had come round the house and was approaching the little group.

"Hello, hello, how nice, how nice to see you all just back," came the familiar bellow. "Natalie, my dear, you oughtn't to be out on a chilly day like this without some kind of covering on your head—you ought to see to it, Jeremy. . . . And how do you do, Philip? . . . I don't seem to know you," went on Lady Rome, looking at Duncan, "but ——"

"This is Mr. Macdonald, granny," murmured Lucille.

"How nice, how nice, how very nice," said Lady Rome. "Macdonald. That's an odd thing, because whenever I see that particular shade of red hair I tell myself that it's either Scotland or bad temper."

"In my case," said Duncan, "it's both."

"You're fortunate, very fortunate," said Lady Rome. "Everybody should have a bad temper. My grandfather had a very bad temper, and he told me that it had got him everything he wanted in life. I see you've got luggage—how very nice. Have you been in Devonshire before? . . . Philip, my dear boy, you must take Mr. Macdonald to see the country. . . . Mr. Bellamy's mother is Scottish, Mr. Macdonald, so you and Philip ought to have a lot in common. . . . Jeremy, where are you going to put your friend?"

"As a matter of fact, granny," said Jeremy, "Duncan came to see Lucille."

"Of course, of course," shouted Lady Rome. "I should have known—I should have known at once. That's why poor Mr. Macdonald is standing in this chilly air with nobody to see to anything. Lucille has simply forgotten again. I'm extremely sorry, Mr. Macdonald; she forgets everything—time, messages, engagements. They go right out of her head."

"They do," agreed Duncan.

"Well, you must go inside at once, Lucille," ordered Lady Rome, "and make them

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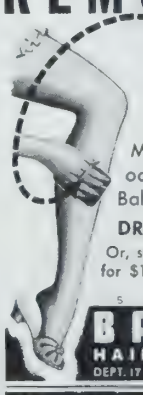
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... Mr. Macdonald into St. Francis of ...isi. . . . Philip, will you take the horses ...und, as you've finished your ride? . . . ...w come, Mr. Macdonald."

Duncan looked into Lady Rome's eyes ...th a steady and candid gaze. "There's ... one thing, Lady Rome," he said. "I'm ... fellow Lucille got engaged to in London, ...d when I came here I didn't know there'd ...n any—any misunderstanding. Lucille ...ote to me, but I didn't get the letter. So ...ou feel—if you'd like me to go away ——"

Lady Rome looked at him in surprise and ...cern. "My dear Mr. Macdonald," she ...d, "you can't possibly go away before ...'ve come, can you? This isn't the first ...e Lucille has forgotten to post her letters ...d I'm quite certain it won't be the last."

Duncan was immovable.

"Mr. Bellamy here"—he indicated Philip ... a nod of his head—"Mr. Bellamy thinks ...t he's still engaged to Lucille. He ——"

"Of course he does, ... course he does," ...eed Lady Rome. ...lasn't Lucille been ...ing him so? I al...ys find that if no...dy fusses, every...ng always gets ...raightened out ...ain. Don't you ...ee, Philip?"

"I'm afraid I ...n't," said Philip. ...'d like it to be ...arly understood ...at I—I am Lucille's ...ncé."

"Haven't I just ...d so, my dear ...y?" inquired Lady ...me. "Now run ...ng, and give my ...e to your moth... . . . Mr. Mac...nald. come inside. ...ve you been in ...gland very much?"

Mr. Macdonald ...d he had been ed...ated at an English ...ool.

"How nice, how ...y nice," said Lady ...me. "When I went ... to see Jeremy, I ...d to think that the ...ottish boys looked ...endid on Sundays ... their jolly kilts— ...y made the other ...ys look quite drab, ...n't you know." She ...nt toward the ...irs. "I shall see you at luncheon."

Natalie, left with the two young men, ...ked from one to the other a little help...sly. She found Duncan regarding her in...tly.

"Do you think I should stay here?" he ...ed.

Natalie scarcely hesitated. "Yes, I think ...lo," she said. "You couldn't go back to ...otland at ——"

"Nothing," Duncan told her gravely, ...ill take me back to Scotland or to any...ere else until Lucille comes with me. But ...you thought I ought to stay somewhere ...e—get rooms in the village ——"

"Oh, no," said Natalie. "I'm sure it's right ... you to be here, and"—she spoke more ...satingly—"I'm very glad to see you ...e."

JEREMY gave her an odd glance. "Taking ...es?" he asked.

"Yes. She's on mine," Duncan informed ...n. "What about you?"

Jeremy waited before replying. "I won't ...e sides, but I'd like to see you pull it ..."

"So—so would I," said Natalie.

Duncan Macdonald looked at his sup...rters. "I'll pull it off," he promised.

Natalie went down to breakfast the follow...g morning feeling uneasy. She had lain awake for some time during the night worrying over the uncomfortable position in which Duncan was placed and hoping that no violence would shatter the peaceful atmosphere of Romescourt.

THERE was no violence in the breakfast room. Lady Rome was alone at the table. Sir Jason had gone into Hunnytor on business; Jeremy had gone to his flying club, taking Duncan with him, and Lucille was riding with Philip. Sir Jason, it appeared, had wanted to know whether eleven o'clock would be too early for Mrs. Rome to accompany him.

"Will eleven be too early for you, my dear?" inquired Lady Rome. "I shouldn't think so, because the sun looks as though it might stay out and if you covered your head, don't you know, you wouldn't feel the wind."

Natalie indicated that she would be ready, trusting that before the hour she would have found out where her father-in-law was going. It was probable that he was taking her to see the cottages. She put a question to her mother-in-law.

"Are we going to see those two little cottages?" she asked.

"Three," said Lady Rome. "There's another one, but it's a dreadful-looking place."

Natalie was ready and waiting at eleven o'clock and Sir Jason, coming round for her in the little cart, looked pleased at her punctuality. There was unbroken silence for two miles and then Sir Jason told his daughter-in-law that they were approaching the village of Dummerton. Before the village was reached, however, he turned onto a narrower road and drove along a pretty little valley in which were a farmhouse or two and several little cottages. Toward one of these the trap was directed and soon Sir Jason pulled up at the gate of one of the larger dwellings. To Natalie's surprise, he sat still and seemed in no hurry to alight.

"This is one of 'em," he said. "The other's there"—he pointed to a cottage about a mile away. "You can choose whichever of 'em you like," he went on. "Told William I wouldn't influence you. But I shouldn't think"—he eyed the cottage sourly—"I shouldn't think you'd want to waste any time over this one."

Natalie looked at the pretty little place and saw nothing about it to account for the look of distaste on her father-in-law's face. "It looks charming," she said. "Could I—could we go inside?"

Sir Jason took out a key, and soon Natalie was standing in a little passage, from which rooms opened on both sides. At the end of the passage was a little stairway, and halfway up it a little window. Natalie gave a murmur of delight.

"It's pretty, isn't it?" she said.

"All these places are pretty," Sir Jason informed her. "If they weren't pretty, nobody'd ever live in 'em."

Natalie walked slowly from room to room. She thought that if she chose small furniture and had little of it ——

"Got to breathe," said Sir Jason. "William likes to breathe. Can't breathe in a box like this. And can't turn round. Try swinging a cat in here, and what?"

(Continued on Page 75)

Dry Season

BY KIT WRIGHT

Summer becomes too arid for the earth,
In thirst dissatisfied day after day;
All of the woodland buds were thin at birth,
The meadows dusty with unwatered hay.
Summer has let a cloudless sky betray
The marshy basins and the forest sods;
Dry, dry and blown; yes, almost blown away
Are cranberry leaves and little orchid pods.

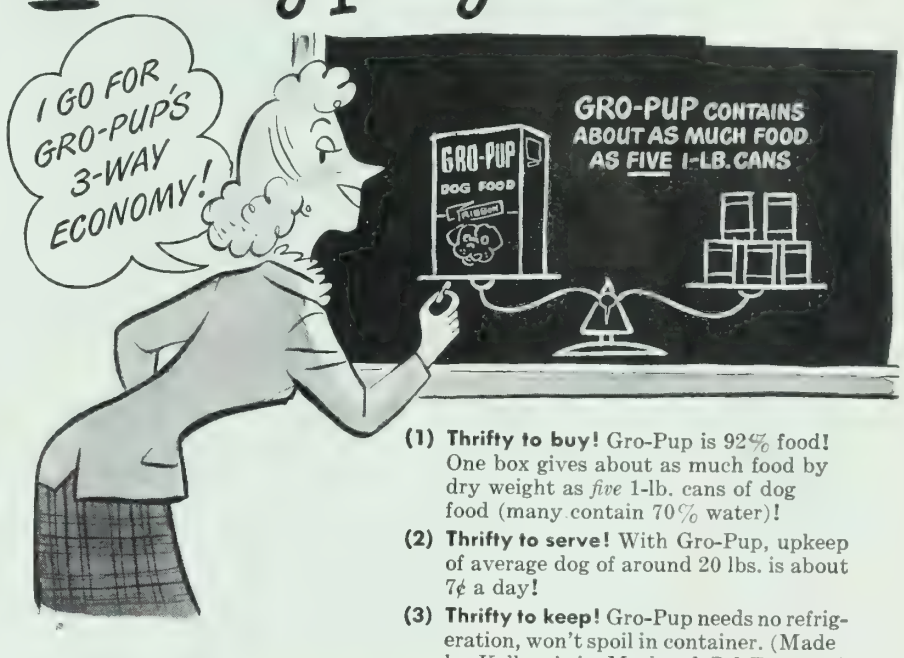
Things that remain too sugared and too fair
Are not for men or flowers, who live and die;
And living, need both confidence and pain
As a comparison to profit by.
Gray and tumultuous come tears and rain;
Thunder and passion and a fresher air.

"I'm sitting on top of the World"



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"I'm sitting pretty!"

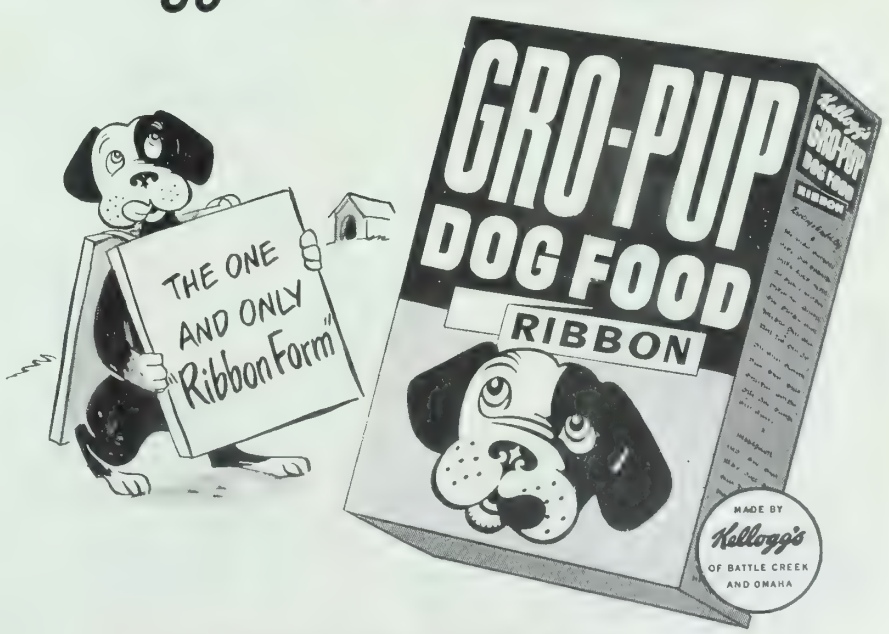


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(Continued from Page 73)

Natalie looked at him doubtfully. Perhaps this was hardly the place to appeal to William. "I like it," she said, "but perhaps the other one would ——"

"Yes, yes, yes," said Sir Jason. "Come along."

He hurried her out of the house and drove off rapidly, and soon the second cottage was reached. They entered and Natalie looked around hopefully.

"Do you like this one?" she asked.

"Nothing to do with me," replied Sir Jason. "Entirely your affair."

Natalie went upstairs and discovered a neat little bathroom, two good bedrooms and two smaller ones. She told her father-in-law that, as far as she could see, the house would do very well. Sir Jason's expression became gloomy.

"Big man, William," he pointed out. "All these beams."

"They're very—they're rather picturesque," faltered Natalie.

"Dark kitchen," said Sir Jason. "Want light and air in your kitchen. Healthy."

"But ——"

"Badly situated, the house," said Sir Jason. "Too low. Catch all the damp in winter."

"Is it—is it really damp?" faltered Natalie. "I ——"

"Silly little bedrooms," said Sir Jason. "Fellow needs space—especially sailors. Get used to it."

"But their cabins ——"

"Must make a fellow comfortable in his own home. I'll show you another one," said Sir Jason. "You come with me and I'll show you one that William'd settle into as snug as you please. Come along."

Sir Jason hurried his daughter-in-law out of the house and in the direction of Dummerton. He drove through the village street and drew up at a building which Natalie had no difficulty in recognizing. Jeremy had described the place with a fair degree of accuracy.

The house stood on the road, its front door three steps above the pavement. Ugly and shapeless, it was painted a particularly unpleasing shade of yellow, with windows outlined in an even less pleasant shade of green. Natalie sat in the trap, scarcely seeing Sir Jason's hand outstretched to help her to alight. She had no words in which to tell him that she had seen enough, and more than enough, of this horror. Sir Jason waved his hand irritably.

"No use sitting outside," he said. "People have to live inside. I'll take you in."

"It's ugly," said Natalie, "and ——"

"Yes, yes, yes," said Sir Jason. "But you must look at it. Your decision entirely. You see it and say yes or no. Come along."

Natalie went up the three steps and immediately was absorbed in trying to understand the plan of this remarkable house. She was in a wide entrance hall. To left and right, with windows overlooking the street, were the rooms which in more orthodox houses were placed at the back. On the other side of the hall the house widened considerably, every room looking onto a large expanse of garden which had been enlarged by the addition of the site on which a burned house had stood. Natalie walked through rooms opening into one another and saw that they were spacious, well decorated and sunny. She went upstairs and this time Sir Jason followed her, his hands held behind his back and his expression unreadable.

"Bathrooms," he said. "Two. Big and small. Linen cupboard. Dressing room for William. Space, lovely view. Street at back of you—can't see it. Good drains—William likes good drains. Air. Air and light. Good kitchen, built-in cupboards. Cloakroom downstairs—must have. Roomy house, not rambling. All suit you very well."

It was all true. If only the outside ——

"Paint the outside white," came Sir Jason's voice. "Can't alter shape, but won't look bad when it's white."

Natalie walked downstairs slowly and, having been through every room a great many more times, stood in the middle of the hall and looked at her father-in-law.

"I didn't expect to like it," she said slowly, "but I think it's—I don't think I ever saw a house that ——"

"Yes, yes, yes," said Sir Jason. "You like it?"

"I think it's lovely," said Natalie.

Sir Jason took out his watch and glanced at it. "Better go now," he said. "See old Mrs. Batch some other time. Son's a lord, but she says she'll give you a hand once or twice a week and her granddaughter'll come in daily. Good girl, she says, and splendid cook. Come along now. Very sensible choice. Tell William I said so. Don't worry about the garden—I'll see to that."

They went homeward, and both were well content.

Natalie half expected reproaches from Lady Rome and Jeremy on her choice of a home, but she found that they congratulated her on having got something so much to her taste and thought no more of the matter. She was becoming used to the family habit of complete and unshakable serenity. Natalie was grateful for this state of calm acceptance, but admitted that in a case like Duncan Macdonald's it might have great drawbacks.

Duncan was accepted as one of the family. His aim, however, was to subtract from the family total and not to add to it, and it proved an almost impossible task. Lucille slipped away from him with gentle regret and went riding with Philip. Sir Jason, to whom he applied for permission to woo his granddaughter, said "Yes, yes, yes" and begged Duncan to take the matter to Lady Rome. Lady Rome waved a trowel, told him that Lucille was a silly little thing.

Beware of the woman who kisses you on both cheeks; it is too much for friendship, too little for love.
—MAY SINCLAIR.

One evening, however, two changes took place which, though making no noticeable impression on the placid surface of the Romes' existence, had a far deeper effect on their two visitors.

It was cold and coffee was served in the small, comfortable room in which Natalie had sat on her arrival. She was in the same chair, leaning back and studying the pretty picture made by Lucille, who sat on a fender stool and stroked the ears of her favorite dog. Sir Jason was on the point of leaving the room to listen to a wireless talk on Nepal. Lady Rome addressed him without looking up from her game of patience.

"I expect," she said, "that Margaret will be listening to the lecture, too, because you know how she likes anything to do with Tibet."

"Nepal," corrected Jeremy.

"Yes, all those places," said Lady Rome. "I had a letter today," she added. "She says they can't come."

"Who can't come?" asked Sir Jason.

"She didn't say," said Lady Rome. "She just said 'we.'"

"She must have told you in her first letter," said Jeremy.

"Well, if she did, my dear boy," said his grandmother, "it isn't of much importance, because only Alexander is coming."

"Alexander, eh?" said Sir Jason, with a slight brightening of his countenance. "Good."

"Who else?" asked Jeremy.

"Nobody else," said Lady Rome.

"Darling granny," said Jeremy, "Alexander is only three years old. He can't come by himself,"

"You must read the letter for yourself," said Lady Rome. "Of course, the baby is coming too."

"Well, that's all right," said Jeremy. "Alexander can keep an eye on the baby on the journey."

"How," demanded Lady Rome, "can poor little Alexander, at three years old, take

(Continued on Page 77)

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- ☐ *How desperate can you get*

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the SWAN look is a young look!

(Continued from Page 75)

charge of an eight months old —— Dear me, little Margaret must be more than that—nearly ten months old."

"Perhaps," suggested Natalie, "they're coming with their nurse."

"Yes—such a wonderful woman," said Lady Rome. "She was with us for eighteen years—she had Lucille and Jeremy and then the poor thing was worn out ——"

"Thank you," said Jeremy.

"—— and she retired," went on Lady Rome, "and when Alexander and little Margaret were born and nobody could get anybody to come, dear old Nannie came out again and now she looks after them."

"When are they coming to Romescourt?" asked Jeremy.

"On Thursday," said Lady Rome, "and they're going to stay for a month. Alexander is a dear little fellow and so intelligent. Couldn't you find a little pony for him, Lucille? You must ask Philip."

Lucille turned from her contemplation of the fire and shook her head gently.

"I can't ask Philip," she said. "He's going away tomorrow."

Natalie and Duncan stared at her.

"You mean," said Duncan, when he could speak, "you mean he's going away? Where to—I mean, why—I mean ——"

Lucille looked faintly puzzled. "He had to arrange a lot of things," she said, "but he's coming back."

"When?" demanded Duncan.

"In a week, I think," said Lucille. "Or perhaps more than that."

Duncan sat still, his thoughts racing. He had fought with a feeling that he ought to leave Romescourt, and he had subdued it. There had been nothing to wait for, except brief and unsatisfactory talks with Lucille, but now Philip was going away. The business that was taking him must be urgent, thought Duncan. How he could leave Lucille—lovely Lucille, will-o'-the-wisp Lucille—and go ——

Three signs of an ill-bred person: staying too long on a visit, staring, asking too many questions.
—IRISH PROVERB.

"He wanted me to go, too," said Lucille to her grandmother, "but I didn't want to."

"Of course not, my dear," said Lady Rome. "You're a very silly little thing to forget that Mr. Macdonald is here; I don't see how Philip could have expected you to go away. Where did he want you to stay?"

"With his aunt in Sussex," said Lucille.

"That would be that dreadful Aunt Julia," said Lady Rome. "I remember her so well because she came once with red hair and the next time with a kind of pale-blue hair. She told me it was very expensive. If Philip doesn't want to ride any more, Lucille," she went on, "perhaps Mr. Macdonald would go out with you. Do you like riding, Mr. Macdonald?"

DUNCAN told her that, on the whole, he preferred to walk, and wished that he could have added a short account of his remarkable prowess in swimming, sailing, skating, climbing and even sword dancing. On a horse, however —— But he could walk with Lucille. He had a week. Seven days in which to search for the warmth and passion which had stirred so briefly at their meeting.

Natalie, watching the expression in the brown eyes, followed Duncan's thoughts and found herself sympathizing with him.

Her musing was interrupted by a call to the telephone, and she went out eagerly to Lady Rome's office, where the call awaited her. She lifted the receiver and in a few moments heard Helen's voice. With an expression of pleasure, Natalie drew forward a chair and prepared to enjoy a little chat with her daughter.

"How are you, darling?"

"I'm all right, mother," came Helen's voice. "I'm sorry I didn't write last week."

"It didn't matter at all—I mean, I realized you were busy," said Natalie. "Have you kept quite well?"

"Of course I have, mother," said Helen. "I've been—well, I've just been sort of going about, that's all."

A faint chill, without cause and without reason, crept slowly over Natalie. She strove to fix her mind on Helen's description of a successful display of export gowns at *Maybelle et Cie*, but found herself listening to something beyond Helen's words—an indefinable something that made her stiffen in her chair.

"Helen," she asked, "is there—is there anything wrong?"

THERE came a little laugh, and a moment later Helen's cool and amused voice. "No, mother, of course there isn't. But perhaps you've got a sixth sense. I've got some news for you." The voice was light and the tone almost one of banter. Yet Natalie knew that whatever news was coming was going to be bad news.

"Tell me, darling," she urged.

"Well, mummy"—she had not used the word since she was thirteen, and Natalie sat very still—"I've been going about with Maurice quite a lot lately and last night he—we—last night, mummy, we fixed it up. I mean, we got engaged."

Natalie stared at Lady Rome's silver-mounted calendar and, putting out a hand, screwed its little handle and sent the days flashing past in a dizzy procession.

"Did you hear, mummy?"

"Yes, Helen darling. Are you happy?"

"Yes, of course I'm happy," said Helen. "Maurice said I was to give you his love. Go on, mother—say you're glad."

"If you're happy, darling, then I'm very, very glad," said Natalie. "Can you—can't you get a few days off and come and stay? We could talk about it and ——"

"Yes, I'm coming," said Helen. "I spoke to Mrs. Creech about a holiday and she said yes, of course. Not this week, but early next week—would that be all right for William's mamma?"

"Yes, I'm sure it would," said Natalie.

"There're the pips, mother," broke in Helen. "Can't afford any more. Good-by."

"God bless you, darling," said Natalie. "Take care of yourself."

She replaced the receiver and sat quite still, feeling that she had never before experienced such desolation. She gave scarcely a thought to the loving plans she and William had made for the marriage of Helen and Jeremy. Helen had chosen for herself and she had chosen, Natalie admitted, very well. Maurice Hunter would make a very good husband. But Helen was not happy.

She felt something dropping onto her hands and looked down to find that her tears had been falling for some time and that a great deal of mopping up was required. She was in the process of drying her eyes when the door opened and Sir Jason stood before her.

"Something wrong," he said. "Bad news from your daughter, hey?"

"No—oh, no," said Natalie, drying the last tear hastily. "I'm so sorry to be so silly—you must think ——"

"What's wrong with her?" asked Sir Jason. "Sick?"

"Oh, no!" said Natalie. "She's very well—she's quite all right. She's"—she looked at him with her eyes filling—"she's engaged."

Sir Jason stood and thought the matter over. The coming of Natalie had brought him relief and reassurance and, later, a good deal of pleasure. He liked her, but he had never liked the sound of that daughter of hers. Dress shop and no outdoor exercise. And the moment her mother left her alone, she got herself entangled with the first bounder that made advances.

He walked over to Natalie and patted her awkwardly on the shoulder.

"Never mind," he consoled her. "All blow over. She'll get over the excitement and send the bounder off."

Natalie stared up at him in bewilderment. "Oh, but he isn't a—he's a very nice young man," she protested. "He's ——" The tears came to her eyes, and she stopped.

"I dress for starlight dining ...at 8 o'clock in the morning!"





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"Yes, yes, yes," said Sir Jason. "Bed's best place. You run up, m'dear. Nice sleep and wake up feeling better."

He led her to the stairs and watched her as she climbed them and went in the direction of her room. Sir Jason turned and went back to the other members of the party.

"Sent Natalie up to bed," he told them without preamble. "Upset—daughter got engaged to one of those bounders and poor Natalie worried."

"One of what bounders?" inquired Jeremy.

"One of those London bounders," said his grandfather. "Don't know him. Lucille, take your mother a hot drink."

Lady Rome, who had been making little sounds of regret and distress, thought this a very good suggestion. "Yes, Lucille. It's too bad of that girl to go and worry her mother. Jeremy, I think you ought to go up and see if you can do anything to comfort poor little Natalie. Take her a nice hot drink and tell her it'll all come to nothing."

Jeremy went to the tray of hot drinks, poured out a cupful for his stepmother, and made his way upstairs. He knocked his own special knock on Natalie's door and heard her answer.

"Hot drink," he said, entering and closing the door behind him. "You're to go instantly to bed."

Natalie took the drink gratefully, looking at her stepson with a shamefaced expression.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I do try so hard not to become tearful, but it's never any use. I hate to cry, but ——"

"—— but you have to cry," finished Jeremy gently. "Well, it's only a nice healthy way of letting off steam. I hope my wife cries—they tell me that if they don't cry, they throw china and get into shocking rages."

"I made your grandfather think that I was upset," said Natalie, "but it wasn't really that. I think it was a little sudden, though; she didn't tell me quite at once—only at the end."

"Well, don't think about it," said Jeremy. "Don't worry about it. We get Helen down here and she forgets all about the bounder in no time and ——"

"Oh no!" protested Natalie. "He isn't a—he's Maurice Hunter and I've met him and he's quite a nice man."

"Then why," inquired Jeremy, "were you crying? Was it with joy?"

"No—not exactly," said Natalie. "I ——"

"Nobody," stated Jeremy, "can be happy with a bounder. You give me that cup and pop off to bed and dream about father. If you like," he offered, "I'll go and get you that picture of him that's in my room. You know the one: in a sailor suit—not Roy Navy pattern—holding his nurse's hand

Natalie declined this favor and said go night without any further attempt at clea ing Maurice Hunter's reputation. She w tired and depressed and not feeling ve clear-headed. Helen was unhappy. It w all due to Maurice Hunter. Perhaps he w a bounder, after all.

Duncan Macdonald woke early the fo lowing morning and, with a realization th last night's news had changed his life, leape from his bed with a single bound, and bega to plan his day. He would take Lucille u that inviting-looking hill after breakfas Hand in hand, they would go to the top an look down—there was a thick mist now, bu that would clear—they would look dow upon the world far below. At this though Duncan beat a triumphant tattoo with ope hands upon his stomach and produced series of low nasal sounds reminiscent of th hum of bagpipes.

Lucille agreed to a walk, and soon aft breakfast Duncan buttoned her into he mackintosh and tied under her chin a blu scarf which matched her eyes and made he look almost Madonnalike. They went acros the park together and Natalie, watchin them go, turned to Jeremy with a puzzle expression.

"I can't understand," she said, "ho Philip could possibly—I mean, it seems t me that Duncan was just beginning to giv up the idea of ——"

"Whoa!" commanded Jeremy. "You' off the track. Canny's not giving anythin up. He's a bit slow in coming into actio but you've only got to look at his jaw to se that he doesn't know when he's licked."

"But," pointed out Natalie, "time's pass ing, and people are beginning to send wed ding presents and ——"

"Well, yes," conceded Jeremy. "But prob ably Duncan's working out one of thes snatching-from-the-altar acts that his fore bears were so famous for."

"I hope not," said Natalie, "but I d think that Philip is being very —— It's lik tempting Providence ——"

"He can't help himself," said Jeremy "This Julia is his great-aunt and godmothe and the idea is that when she dies he'll com in for a packet. Whenever she blows a sum mons on the golden horn, he has to obey i pronto."

"But his aunt's money—without Lu cille ——" began Natalie.

"That'd be tough. But auntie's money *with* Lucille would be nice to bring off. Lif is just a gamble—or do I mean love?"

(Continued on Page 80)



"What on earth are you doing, Milton?"

Once...her hair was her despair, now she's a "LUSTRE-CREME" Dream Girl



CINDERELLA had nothing on me in spending lonely man-less evenings. My hair was dull, rebellious. But my sister Mimi knew a special way to keep her locks gleaming, soft and glossy. So she won all the beaux, including my "one and only." Mr. Handsome.



DESPERATELY, I resolved to spy out her hair secret from her hairdresser. "It's the magic of Lustre-Creme Shampoo," he said. "Lustre-Creme is *not* a soap, *not* a liquid, but an amazing new, dainty *cream* shampoo created by Kay Daumit, cosmetic genius, to bring out hidden hair beauty." And golly, how lovely *my* hair looked after that Lustre-Creme shampoo!



"KEEP IT LOVELY" . . . urged the hairdresser, "by using Lustre-Creme Shampoo at home. Lustre-Creme gives this three-way loveliness: (1) Makes hair fragrantly clean . . . free of dust and loose dandruff; (2) highlights every hair strand with a lovely glistening sheen; (3) leaves your entire head of hair soft, pliable, easy to manage. Its instant billowy lather is a rare blend of secret ingredients . . . plus gentle lanolin, akin to the natural oils in a healthy scalp."



NEXT DAY . . . I ran into my long lost Mr. Handsome. "Say!" he exclaimed. "What's happened to your hair? It looks beautiful, and changes your entire appearance." That night we dined at a swank roof garden. On the moonlit terrace he again complimented my Lustre-Creme tresses . . . expressed his marvel at their new softness and sparkle. "I always thought of you as pretty," he said, "but that new hair look makes you a Dream Girl . . . the girl I've always dreamed of finding."



A FEW WEEKS LATER . . . He slipped a sparkler on my finger . . . while he tenderly touched my sparkling hair. I don't suppose it always works this way. But Lustre-Creme Shampoo, with its blend of secret ingredients *plus lanolin, did* bring out my hair's beauty, *did* attract my man. (Now *he* uses Lustre-Creme to keep *his* hair clean and glossy.)



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YOU, TOO . . . can have soft, glamorous Dream Girl hair with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Lathers lavishly in hard or soft water. (*No special rinse needed.*) A single Lustre-Creme shampoo will amaze you with its "three-way loveliness" results. Your hair is sweetly clean; gorgeous in its sheen; soft, easy to manage; lovely to caress. Try it! Now Lustre-Creme Shampoo comes in tubes as well as in jars . . . for home and travel use, convenient for all members of the family. 4-oz. jar, $1.00. Smaller sizes in jars or tubes . . . 49¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters.

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Summer Special The above items and a quality *atomizer* at no extra charge. For a limited time, at your favorite store 1.65

SHULTON
Rockefeller Center, New York

(Continued from Page 78)

The thought of love was in Duncan's mind as he walked happily by Lucille's side. They reached the foot of the hill and began the ascent and he was pleased to see that his companion walked steadily and well. At the top, they found a sheltered mound on which to rest. Duncan leaned against a damp slope and watched Lucille's face—fair, sweet and faintly flushed. There was silence for a time and then he spoke slowly.

"Lucille," he asked, "are you really going on with it?"

Lucille nodded her head slowly. "Well, yes, Duncan," she said. "I'm so sorry, but I—I don't know what happened to me in London. I ought to have told you at once about Philip, instead of not remembering until it was too late."

"It wouldn't have made any difference," said Duncan. "If you hadn't come back here you wouldn't ever have given him another thought."

"But I did come back," pointed out Lucille.

"And you let them talk you into an engagement."

"I've known Philip since I was four."

"Then you must be pretty sick of him."

"Hush," said Lucille.

"I won't hush," said Duncan. "I didn't worry you—much—when he was hanging about, but if he chooses to leave you and go off on some business which he obviously considers as important as looking after you, then ——"

"He had to go," said Lucille. "His aunt, Miss Campbell, sent for ——" She stopped. Duncan was staring at her openmouthed. In a few moments he found his voice.

"His aunt *what?*" he shouted.

"His aunt, Miss Campbell," Lucille repeated. "His Aunt Julia."

"Campbell! Campbell!" intoned Duncan hollowly. "Are you telling me that this Bellamy chap has a Campbell aunt?"

Lucille watched him with puzzled interest. "Do you know any Campbells?" she asked.

DUNCAN turned and stared at her. After attempting once or twice to frame a coherent sentence, he addressed her solemnly. "Do you not know," he inquired, "your Scottish history?"

"Well, yes," said Lucille. "You mean Dunbar and Flodden Field and ——"

"I do not," said Duncan. "Did you ever hear tell of Glencoe?"

"Oh," said Lucille. "Well, yes," she remembered, "there was the massacre. Oh!" She stopped and put a hand gently on Duncan's arm. "Oh—the Macdonalds were massacred, weren't they?"

"My ancestors," said Duncan. "The dirtiest deed in history. And the Campbells had a hand in it."

Lucille looked distressed. "But wasn't it the Macdonalds," she said, "who murdered ——"

"That," interrupted Duncan, "has nothing to do with what we're talking about. I knew, the moment I set eyes on that Bellamy, that there was fish about somewhere. I knew."

"But surely," protested Lucille gently, "all that's—well, it's over now."

"Over, is it?" inquired Duncan grimly. "Would you like to walk into Glencoe with a Campbell and see whether it's over?"

"But Philip," said Lucille, "is only half a Campbell."

"Well then," promised Duncan, "I'll spare the other half. I've got an idea."

Lucille waited. It was not, she hoped, a bloodthirsty idea.

"This Bellamy-Campbell," said Duncan. "He isn't going to marry you, but I don't think we'll have any trouble with him. We'll take his mind off you and get it fixed on something else. There's no reason why he shouldn't have a go at marrying that other girl."

"Other girl?" echoed Lucille.

"That one that's coming—your st mother's daughter."

"You mean Helen Forrester?"

"That's the one. He can have Hele

"But," protested Lucille, "Helen is gaged."

"That's all right," said Duncan. " were you."

Helen's rising on that morning was l joyous than Duncan's. She was, as mother had sensed, far from happy, but the sensation was new and strange, He failed to recognize it. She examined symptoms and came to the conclusion t she was, perhaps, suffering from a sense anticlimax after her engagement to Maur Hunter.

HELEN'S plan for accepting Maurice Hun had been made before her mother left L don. He was the kind of man she lik most—tall and well dressed, and a charmi escort. She decided that soon after mother's departure, she would tell Maur that she would marry him. She had told hi and Maurice had been very happy, but t odd feeling which had irritated Helen not go away.

She spent the first night of her enga ment tossing restlessly from one side of bed to the other, and rose the next morni with a severe headache. By eleven o'clo she had made up her mind that she need a brief change. She would ring her mother when she got home, tell her about her gagement and explain that she was comi down on a visit. It wo give her mother pleasure would be a change of and scene. More, and m important, it would get away from Maurice a she could examine at leisure the feeling of emp ness which came over when she thought of hi

The thing which in the subway is called congestion is highly esteemed in the night clubs as intimacy.

SIMEON STRUNSKY: No Mean City (E. P. DUTTON & Co.).

Her telephone call her mother over, s walked into her bedroom and looked i through her wardrobe. Helen held up or two suits critically and realized that th were more suited to a Hyde Park setti than to the open fields and country roa of Dummerton.

Well, she lived in town, and nobody co have two or three sets of clothes nowada If the Romes didn't like her Bond Str finish, that was too bad. Her mother h written that Lucille Rome wore very sim clothes. That meant nice sensible tweeds a beetle-crushers. Nobody was going to p suade Helen to clump about in half-in heels.

She put the things away and went early bed. She lay in the dark for some time, h mind on the Romescourt scene as she p tured it through her mother's letters. T Lucille seemed to lack organizing abili To have two fiancés on the scene at on showed a lack of direction. Her moth would, of course, side with the one who w getting the worse of it, but Helen inclined the tidiness of a boy-and-girl settlemen Duncan Macdonald, she thought sleepi was an interloper and he was obviously ma ing a great nuisance of himself. It would kind to detach him from the affair—and would be a great relief to Lucille. Anybo with a flair for organization could straight out the muddle in an instant.

Natalie's little house was to be ready f Helen's inspection on her arrival. It was st yellow outside, but it would be painted time for William's return.

Alexander was to arrive, with his sister a his nurse, on Thursday afternoon, and aft spending the early part of it sewing a planning, Natalie put her work aside to s if she could find the new little guests.

Baby Margaret was lying cooing softly a large perambulator outside the nurse which was on the ground floor because, La Rome explained, nobody could fall out. S gazed at Natalie with wide-eyed interest.

(Continued on Page 82)

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TUNE IN: "The Silver Summer Review," Friday, 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T., CBS.

em goes to a Porch Party

TEMPTING WAY TO MAKE LEFT-OVERS GO 'ROUND"

Martha Logan



t's say the day's warm . . . no time for hot okery . . . dabs of this and that in the re- gerator, too good to waste, but not enough everybody. Idea! Just open a can of Prem d prepare an abundance of cool, delectable odness like this. Prem, you know, adds more than one meat to the assortment. (Remember, Prem is different . . . it's the one with *tender beef* added.) It's *both* pork and beef happily blended Swift's special way, and ready-cooked for flavory eating, hot or cold. Try it and see how much better you like it.

Martha Logan's PREM PORCH-PARTY PLATE

—cool delights for every taste, made ample by Prem's delicious combination of pork and tender beef.

Arrange on chilled chop plate thinly sliced Prem with slices of leftover chicken or roast meat and macaroni or potato salad. Garnish with crisp greens, deviled eggs, olives. Serve with these Take-Your-Choice Snack Sauces.

Horseradish Sauce Whip ½ cup sweet or sour cream until stiff. Fold in ½ teaspoon salt, ree to four tablespoons grated horseradish, 1 teaspoon vinegar. Makes 1 cup.

Mustard Sauce Combine ½ cup mayonnaise and 1 tablespoon prepared mustard. Capers coarsely chopped cucumber pickles may be added. Makes ½ cup.

Ruby Sauce Using a fork, break 1 cup of currant or other tart red jelly into small pieces t do not beat. Add 1½ tablespoons coarsely grated orange rind. Chill at least an our. Makes 1 cup. All three add tempting relish to THAT DELICIOUS COMBINATION

F PORK AND TENDER BEEF . . .

Swift's Prem

(Continued from Page 80)

"How do you do, Margaret?" said Natalie softly. "One of these days you're going to look exactly like your second cousin Lucille—aren't you glad?"

Margaret appeared to be thinking this over, but her Nannie stepped outside and agreed wholeheartedly.

"The image," she said. "The living image." She looked at Natalie closely, her eyes expressing approval of the captain's new wife.

Natalie went to the walled garden. Lady Rome was working busily, but there was no sign of a small boy.

"I came to look for Alexander," she said.

"Alexander? Yes, he's here," shouted Lady Rome. "Don't you think he's a fine little —— Well, he seems to have gone away, but I thought he was looking remarkably well, and much taller too." Lady Rome added some daffodils to the large bunch in a basket on the ground beside her, and moved farther down the garden. "He always comes back if he wants to," she said. "He's a very sensible fellow."

"Doesn't he ever get lost?" inquired Natalie.

"Never," said Lady Rome. "He has a wonderful sense of direction. Children are always very sensible if one doesn't fuss. Alexander loves to be here with me and he's really very helpful, but if he gets bored and wants to go and see Jason, I really don't see why he shouldn't—after all, his great-grandfather is as much to him as I am. Oh, there he is! Alexander, come and meet Natalie."

Natalie turned. Alexander was advancing steadily and, reaching his great-grandmother, he opened his hands and disclosed four or five worms, all wriggling uneasily.

"Worms, eh?" said Lady Rome. "Interesting little creatures, aren't they? If I were you, I'd put them in that corner over there by the little heap of sticks, Alexander. . . . Do you see any likeness in him to anybody in particular, Natalie? We always think he has a look of William. . . . Alexander, your shoe's unlaced, you know—I'd do it up, if I were you, because it looks so untidy."

Alexander collapsed onto the ground, picked up one foot and examined the trailing lace with a speculative eye. Deciding that it was the kind of thing it didn't do to tamper with, he tucked the lace inside the shoe and got to his feet once more.

"I'll do it for you," offered Natalie.

"Oh, I shouldn't," advised Lady Rome. "If he really wanted one to do them up, he'd ask, I think. He'd probably be rather hurt if we appeared to think he'd scamped it, don't you feel?"

Unequal to expressing her feelings, Natalie suggested that it was time for tea and, Nannie appearing at the same time to claim Alexander, Lady Rome gathered up her flowers and accompanied Natalie to the house.

THE day of Helen's arrival came, and nothing remained to be done but the hanging of the green curtains in the hall. Sir Jason was insistent that he should superintend the work. It was arranged that he and Jeremy should go down after lunch and put up the curtains; Jeremy was then to go to Dummerton West to meet Helen. Lucille would drive Natalie to the house, leave her with Helen, and take Sir Jason home. It could be a quiet meeting between mother and daughter.

The afternoon was, unfortunately, cold and wet. Jeremy drove his grandfather a few yards with the hood of his car down, but Sir Jason was so incensed at this unnecessary exposure to the elements that Jeremy stopped and raised the little hood. The consequent cramping of the interior gave Sir Jason an uncomfortable feeling of claustrophobia, and the hanging of the curtains did not improve his temper.

The hanging process proved less simple than he had anticipated, and Jeremy watched with uneasiness his grandfather's increasing irritation. It was time for him to leave the house and meet Helen, but he waited almost until the bus was due in the hope that the task would be completed. At last, realizing that he was already late, he asked his grand father to rest for a while and await his r turn.

"Go on, go on, go on," urged Sir Jaso savagely. "Nobody wants to keep the gi waiting. Get off that stepladder and let m do the thing properly. And don't talk an twaddle to me about resting. Go on, go o go on and meet that bus."

Jeremy went out to his car, backed dow the narrow street, turned and headed in th direction of Dummerton West. He was lat he knew—but not very late. He hoped th girl wouldn't mind.

He saw, on bringing the car to an abru stop at the bus station and looking at th solitary occupant of the shelter, that the gi did mind. She minded very much.

"You're Helen, aren't you?" said Jeremy putting out a hand. "I'm frightfully sorr I'm late—you must have got cold sittin about."

Helen, who was very cold indeed, mad no answer and merely looked down at he suitcases. Jeremy took one in each hand an led the way toward the car, stopping moment later with an exclamation.

"What's the matter?" inquired Helen her voice a little cool.

"Car too small," said Jeremy. "I didn think about the suitcases."

"People do have luggage," said Hele calmly.

JEREMY glanced at her speculatively, sum ming up his impressions. There was one those dress magazines with thick, shin pages—this girl was straight out of it. He coat fitted like a skin—but it didn't loo warm enough. If the suitcases had to go i and the hood had to come down, she'd nee a mackintosh.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "The cases go in all right if I put the hood dow but ——"

"You can't do that," pointed out Helen "It's raining."

"Well—yes," Jeremy admitted uncom fortably. "I didn't bring a mac, but if yo could get yours out and put it on ——"

"I don't," Helen informed him, "posses a mackintosh."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Jeremy. "Doesn't rain in London?"

"If it does," said Helen, "I stay indoors— or I take a taxi."

Jeremy eyed her. No co-operation. Bu he had kept her waiting and she was entitle to a little comeback. "All right," he said "In they go and I'll put the hood down an I'll give you something—I think I've got sort of scarf shoved in that cubbyhole—yo can wrap that round your head and it' keep you dry."

Helen made no reply. Jeremy put th hood down and noticed that one small black shod foot was tapping an angry little tatto on the ground. He settled the suitcases a well as he could and put Helen into the ca

"Your mother's meeting you at th house," said Jeremy.

"I know—she wrote and said so," sai Helen.

"It looks rather nice," he went on. "' isn't quite finished, and the outside's got t be painted, but when that's done it'll be grand place."

He drove into Dummerton and drew u before the house, hoping that Natalie ha arrived.

"Here we are," he said.

Helen glanced round at the tiny cottage and the hideous yellow stretch of wal "We're where?" she asked.

"We've arrived," said Jeremy. "Don worry about the outside—it's ——"

Helen's brows came together in a frow and her eyes grew angry. "Do you mean t tell me," she asked, "that mother—that th is the —— It's the most hideous place I ev set eyes on."

"Well, I hope you won't tell your moth that," said Jeremy. "She's—she's sort keen on it, and if you say anything to spo her pleasure, you'll be a wet blanket."

It was an unfortunate simile. Helen, shal ing the drops from her hair, stepped out the car and, ignoring her companion, walke

up the steps. Jeremy put out a hand and opped her.

"I'm sorry I said that," he said, "but Natalie's been to a lot of trouble to fix the lace up so's you'd like it."

"Really?" drawled Helen.

"Really," said Jeremy furiously. "And ou're damn well going to like it too."

"Do you mind," asked Helen, "if we continue this conversation out of the rain?"

Jeremy went up the steps, opened the door nd ushered her in. The hall was, at the first lance, empty. The stepladder was overurned and the green curtain was on the loor, enveloping a heaving, writhing form. ir Jason was invisible, but from below the oncealing folds of the green curtain rose a tream of language so vividly blue that eremy felt his ears scorching. He had only ne thought. His grandfather could not be ubjected to the humiliation of emerging rom his prison and facing, with curses on is lips, a young and beautiful stranger.

Without hesitation, Jeremy took Helen y the arm and, swinging her round, put her utside and shut the door. A moment later, he door opened once more and two suitcases were placed beside her. The door closed. On he doorstep, in the pouring rain, stood Helen and her luggage.

Helen's visit improved little as the first evening wore on. After a hot bath at Romescourt before dinner, she changed into her simplest dress, repaired the damage which the rain had done to her hair and, glancing at herself in her mirror, found that her habitual coolness and poise were returning.

But dinner was not a success. Jeremy's remarks were addressed chiefly to Natalie; Sir Jason and Lucille offered nothing to the conversation; and Lady Rome was therefore able to flow on without halt or check.

"Did you like the house, Helen, my dear?" she inquired kindly. "Your mother did it all very cleverly—I haven't been down to see it yet because Shearer hasn't been well enough to drive me, but Jeremy tells me it's beautiful. . . . Jason, did you hear that Lord Batch was at his mother's cottage? I wish I'd known he was coming down—I could have asked him about the fete."

"What fete?" demanded Sir Jason.

"There's only one fete, of course," said Lady Rome.

"You mean the Hunnytor Orphanage one?" asked Jeremy.

"Of course, my dear boy."

"But," said Jeremy, his brow knitted, "you can't be running that—I mean, the thing's practically now, isn't it?"

"It isn't now at all, Jeremy," said his grandmother. "It isn't until Saturday."

"Isn't it a little early in the year for a fete?" asked Natalie.

"Oh, dear me, it isn't an outdoor affair," said Lady Rome. "It's to get money for the orphanage. I must take you over it, Natalie, my dear. Helen will want to come, too—you'll be charmed, Helen, my dear, because the poor little things aren't at all like the orphans one used to read about, don't you know. They live in this charming old house and they wear delightful clothes. You'll be interested in their clothes—your mother tells me you love pretty things. You must try to make Lucille do a little better—sometimes she doesn't bother."

At this point, Duncan raised his head and directed at Helen a look of intense scorn which she interpreted—correctly—as an indication that she didn't look a patch on Lucille.

"What happens at the fete?" asked Natalie.

"We sell things, of course," said Lady Rome. "I'm in charge and I say to this and that person, 'Will you sell this or that?' and they fill their stalls and make a lot of money."

"Have you—are all the stalls ready?" inquired Natalie.

"Well, people know it's coming, don't you know," said Lady Rome, "and I give Shearer a list and he goes round and sees that everybody is getting ready. . . . Jason, you're doing the vegetables, aren't you?"

"No time," said Sir Jason. "Should've told me before."

"Nobody should need reminding," said Lady Rome, "about so important a thing. The only person who ever forgets about it is Mrs. Bellamy, because she's away so much, but you must drive down and call on her tomorrow, Natalie, my dear, and Helen would like to go with you, and you could ask her if she'll do the needlework stall. I always do books. And Helen and Jeremy can do the bric-a-brac."

"I beg your pardon?" said Helen.

"Bric-a-brac," explained Jeremy politely. "You remember, surely? It's the sort of thing they always used to put on the walnut whatnot. It's ——"

"As I'm only here for so short a time," said Helen firmly, addressing her hostess, "I do hope you'll forgive me."

"Of course I will, my dear," said Lady Rome. "You must get Jeremy to do most of it. There are some little shops in the village full of horrid little pieces of china—you must buy some of those and you charge more for them, don't you know, and that's how you make money."

"Certainly," said Jeremy. "I'm very good," he told Helen, "at arranging bric-a-brac to the best advantage."

"That's capital," said Lady Rome. "Helen, you must come and have your coffee and then we shall send you up to bed in case you caught a little chill this afternoon."

"I never," said Helen, following her hostess to the drawing room, "go to bed early, thank you."

"No, of course not," agreed Lady Rome. "You must have such long hours in that nice place your mother often tells me about. Would you like a nice hot drink brought up to you later?"

Helen made no reply. Jeremy brought her a cup of coffee and she took it and walked over to sit beside Lucille.

"When," she asked, "is your fiancé coming back? I do hope I can see him before I leave."

"My fiancé? Oh—next week," said Lucille gently. "I'd like you to meet him."

"When," pursued Helen, "are you going to be married?"

"Oh, quite soon, I think," said Lucille. "Philip's—my fiancé's mother is arranging everything."

"And when," Helen asked Duncan, "do you go back to Scotland?"

"He isn't sure," said Jeremy, from across the room. "He's a fellow who takes a long time to make up his mind about what he's going to do—aren't you, Canny?"

"I am," said Duncan, looking at Helen. "I hope," he added in his clearest tones, "that you didn't catch a chill this afternoon?"

Lady Rome regarded Helen anxiously. "You must go to bed now," she said, "and get nice and warm. Would you like a nice hot drink to ——"

"You know," broke in Natalie timidly, "Helen doesn't really ever go to bed early."

"Of course not," agreed Lady Rome. "Only tonight. Off you go, Helen, my dear—would you like Lucille to take you up, or can you find your way by yourself?"

"I," offered Jeremy, "would love to show you the way. Can I ——"

Helen, with a murmur to her host and hostess and a glance of cold dislike that embraced the remainder of the party, walked slowly to the door.

Natalie was too uncomfortable to sit long after Helen's departure. After fidgeting uneasily for some time, she rose and said good night. Jeremy accompanied his stepmother to the foot of the stairs.

"Your family," he observed, "doesn't seem to be very good at arriving. D'you remember your first night here?"

Those who are the happiest are those who do the most for others.

—BOOKER T. WASHINGTON: Up from Slavery (Doubleday & Company, Inc.).

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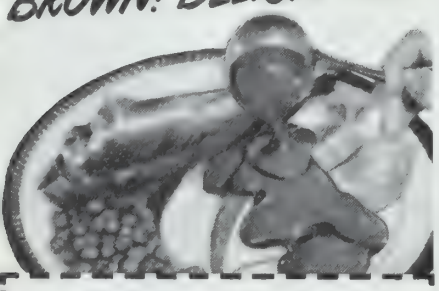
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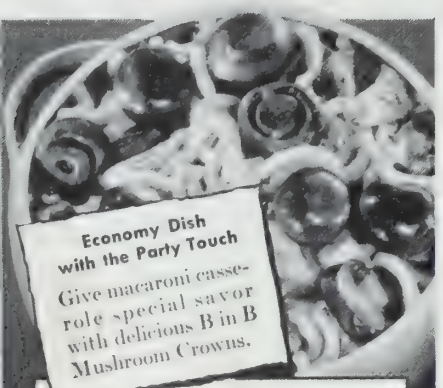


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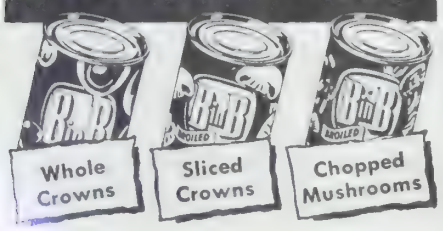


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Natalie smiled. "Yes, I do," she said. "But Helen isn't at all like—like this as a rule. I think she's tired and a little unsettled."

Jeremy, who thought that he could settle Miss Forrester very quickly, made no reply and patted Natalie's hand in a fatherly manner. "Pop along," he ordered. "Don't worry about—about anybody else. It does everybody good to have a nice long cry on the first night in any strange place. And this," he added, "is a very strange place."

Natalie went upstairs feeling grateful to him for his comfort. If only he and Helen had —— She put regrets aside, and knocking gently on her daughter's bedroom door, went inside. Helen was lying in bed reading and looking as Natalie loved her best—relaxed and childish and not at all cool or efficient.

"Hello, mother," she said. "Did the old girl send you up to bed too?"

"Well, no," said Natalie, sitting on the bed. "I—I just came." She waited a moment and then added, "They're all really very nice, Helen."

"I'm sure they are," said Helen coolly. "I'm glad—for your sake—that you can stand them. Personally, I think they're all more than slightly mad."

"Oh, no," protested Natalie. "At first——"

"Well, at first they appear so," said Helen. "I don't hold it against them—if I lived in this prehistoric atmosphere I'd go completely homicidal."

There was silence for a long time. If it had been possible to admit such a thing, Natalie would have said that she was feeling very angry with Helen.

"I think," she said slowly at last, "that perhaps living too long in London isn't a very good thing to do."

"It isn't," agreed Helen. "It makes you civilized, for one thing, and disinclined to go native. It gives you the ridiculous idea that a house should be compact and easy to run."

"I like Lady Rome," said Natalie, "very much indeed."

"I'm glad," said Helen.

"And Lucille too," proceeded Natalie.

"How long did it take you," asked Helen, "to discover that she was really alive? Personally, I think she's more than slightly Madame Tussaud's."

"And Jeremy ——"

"Yes, I know, mother—he looks after you. He's too, too sweet and you couldn't have found nicer in-laws, but you mustn't expect me to get as enthusiastic about them as you've done."

Natalie felt that this must do. If Helen went on talking in that way about Romescourt, she might begin to cry. "How is Maurice?" she asked after a time.

"He's all right—I gave you his love, didn't I?" said Helen.

"When you telephoned," went on Natalie slowly, "I didn't think you sounded very happy, somehow."

Helen laughed softly. "I know," she said. "I could hear you worrying—all about nothing, as usual. But you oughtn't to have worried—you know Maurice. He'll make a nice sensible husband and there's nothing in the world—nothing to worry about. What about this Duncan Macdonald?" she went on. "Why doesn't somebody throw him out?"

"He—I think he feels he has a sort of prior right," said Natalie. "Lucille wasn't definitely engaged to Philip before she met Duncan."

"How does Lucille introduce them?" asked Helen. "'This is my fiancé—and this is the first reserve?'"

"I like Duncan very much," said Natalie. "He's a nice boy."

"No, he isn't, mother," said Helen. "He must have a skin like a rhinoceros not to see how disgusting it is to stay on here in the middle of the actual wedding preparations. If he had any feelings, they'd get hurt, wouldn't they?"

"They are hurt," said Natalie, "but at times it doesn't matter what you're feeling if you're doing what you feel is right. If he feels that he's doing ——"

"My sweet," said Helen, "you're getting more than slightly mixed." She raised her voice to a roar. "Now off you go, my dear, and would you like a nice hot drink?"

"Hush—oh hush," implored Natalie. "If anybody passed ——"

"Let them pass," invited Helen, in her normal tones. "Good night, mother."

"God bless you, darling," said Natalie, stooping to kiss her. "If you want me in the night, just come and call me."

She went to her room and undressed slowly, feeling disappointed and ill-at-ease. Whatever the reason, Helen had not been at her best, and Natalie was surprised to find how much the thought hurt her. She realized how proudly she had looked forward to showing the Romes her lovely daughter. Only—there had been nothing to be proud of.

It was useless for Helen, who liked clear thinking, to hide from herself that her plans for organizing the household and getting its affairs on a more sound and businesslike basis, which had seemed feasible in London, now proved fantastic.

Having acknowledged this setback, she found more difficulty in swallowing the distasteful realization that she could disappear completely from Romescourt without her absence being noticed by anybody except her mother. Certainly Sir Jason would not know she was gone. Lady Rome recited a list of diversions to be had at Hunnytor and Dummerton, and turned her mind to other matters. Lucille, after a shy offer of a mount, which Helen refused, walked over the hills with Duncan. There was only Jeremy ——

Here Helen paused. He disliked her. And though she returned the dislike, she found it, nevertheless, a rude jolt after her smooth progress over young men's susceptibilities. He invited her to his flying club, to his farm and for drives round the countryside, and she gave polite refusals, conscious as she did so of his carefully concealed relief.

As far as the fete went, she had informed Jeremy that she had no intention of browsing in the china department of the Dummerton general stores searching for collectors' pieces, and he had begged her—a little too politely—to leave the matter entirely to him.

The day of the fete was the first hot day of the year. The weather, skipping an entire season, came out in summer panoply, and busy fete workers, hurrying in from the beautiful sunshine, found their spirits lowered by the chill and gloom of the castle hall's gloomy interior, which even the brightness of Lucille's masses of spring flowers could not dispel.

Helen was the last to leave Romescourt. She watched the large car, laden with passengers and parcels, leave for Hunnytor and turned to Jeremy, with whom she was to follow later.

"Why," she inquired, "don't they just take round those envelopes—heaps of charities do it—and then everybody can write down what he wants to give and save all this silly fuss?"

"I see your point," said Jeremy gravely. "But they've got awfully attached to their orphans round here and there's quite a personal touch about the whole thing. Perhaps all the stall holders feel that they've worked so hard beforehand that they've really earned all the money they drag out of people."

"I don't know," said Helen indifferently. "I haven't seen you doing much toward it, but I did tell you, didn't I, that I wasn't going to collect china for this whatever-it-is stall?"

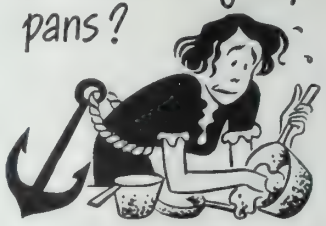
"Oh yes, you told me," Jeremy assured her. "I don't know whether I got enough to make a good show, but I did my best. Just . . . bric-a-brac, as you might say. Ash trays and pincushions and penwipers and all that kind of thing."

"Where?" asked Helen.

"I put it all in a cupboard along here," said Jeremy. "We'll get it out and load it into the car."

Helen followed him to the cupboard and gazed at its contents with mixed feelings, in

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which anger was uppermost. Most of the things were almost obsolete and all were ugly, but it was astounding to see how much Jeremy had assembled.

"It's a wonderful collection," said Helen coolly. "Let's carry it out."

It made an imposing array, and Lady Rome paused before the stall and congratulated Helen warmly.

"How nice, how very nice," she said. "You must charge a good deal for them, my dear Helen—they're all quite dreadful, but nobody will mind about that. And this"—she handed across a large box in which lay a handsome Teddy bear—"is to be raffled; will you see to it all, Jeremy? Everybody must buy tickets. There's the label—Edward the Bear—isn't he charming? Now isn't that odd, Helen—you see that Cupid holding the little heart for all the postage stamps to fit inside? Your grandfather's sister, Jeremy, sent me one exactly like it once. I put it away in a cupboard."

"Quite right," said Jeremy. "Awful little thing. What d'you think we ought to charge for the pair of ash trays with the Crystal Palace on them?"

"How much would you say, Helen—about half a crown apiece?" asked Lady Rome. "You might get more. Old Mrs. Batch used to sell them—they didn't all have the Crystal Palace on them, of course; some of them had the Eiffel Tower and other places of that sort."

She moved away and Helen looked down at the ash trays, on one of which the Eiffel Tower was clearly depicted. A suspicion, dark and horrible, began to form in her mind. She turned to Jeremy, who was moving articles into more advantageous positions and stepping back to admire the effect from a distance.

"You—you didn't buy any of this," she said in a low, furious tone.

Jeremy glanced at her absently, picked up a china dog and moved it half an inch to the right. "H'm?" he asked.

"You're a liar," said Helen. "You didn't buy a thing. You—you merely ——"

"WHO," asked Jeremy in surprise, "said I bought them? I said I got them, that's all. Why on earth, my dear Helen, should I buy junk when people have been pressing it on us for years?"

"If somebody," choked Helen, "comes to buy something and finds it's something they—they gave ——"

"People forget, don't you find?" said Jeremy reassuringly.

"You—you ——" Helen tried to go on and choked.

Sales went well. Old Mrs. Codrington, pouncing with delight upon a hair tidy, said that she had not seen one like it since she had given one to Lady Rome many, many Christmases ago. Her daughter looked earnestly at two velvet apples stuffed with pins and Helen waited fearfully.

"Such pretty ones—I used to make them," said the prospective buyer. "I always used to embroider my initials on the bottom."

There was a dreadful little pause. Helen found herself unable to move, but Jeremy picked up an apple and held it out. Both stall holders saw the initials neatly worked upon the bottom. Helen put out a hand and snatched the exhibit.

"I'm—I'm so sorry," she said. "That's sold—both of them. I oughtn't to have left them out." She put them underneath the stall and looked at the two ladies. "These ash trays," she said, "are very nice."

OLD Mr. Ledgard, head of the orphanage's board of governors, gave a little more trouble. He liked the Burmese lacquer box—he'd brought several home with him twenty years ago from Burma, and given them all away. Useful things—more than one tray inside. Sometimes they had a name on them—his had been U Ba Pe. If he could have a look underneath this one, he could see.

"Too bad," said Jeremy, giving a swift look at the box. "It isn't a U What'sit one—this is a Maung Ba type—and it's sold. How long were you in the East?" he inquired without pause. "Long, sir?"

While Mr. Ledgard was telling him, Helen dealt with Mrs. Cram, who had seen the Toby jug before somewhere, and Miss Webb, who remembered working Lady Rome's initials into a tea cozy of exactly that pattern, many years ago. She sold Lord Batch a large black vase and was handing the money to Jeremy when she looked round and gave a cry of dismay.

"What's up?" asked Jeremy.

Helen pointed speechlessly. On a small stool behind the stall, Alexander was seated, and on his knee, face downward, lay a limp Edward the Bear. His stuffing lay in a heap at Alexander's feet.

Jeremy examined the damage calmly. "Total loss," he announced, adding in admiring tones: "Very thorough bit of work for a little chap that size. Wonder how he got the stitching undone?"

"What does that matter?" demanded Helen. "You'll have to give everybody their half crowns back again."

"Back again?" echoed Jeremy. "This is a charity—we're collecting half crowns, not giving them away."

"But they paid for a raffle," said Helen, "and there's nothing to raffle."

"The trouble with you," said Jeremy, "is that you fuss too much." He gave a short whistle and beckoned to Duncan. Duncan came across obediently and Jeremy addressed him in a low voice. "You've got the raffle numbers?"

Duncan nodded.

"What number did old Batch choose?" asked Jeremy. "Can you remember?"

"Yes, I can," said Duncan. "His mother's age—seventy-four—but I can check it; I've got the counterfoils."

"Well, check it," ordered Jeremy, "and then do me a favor, will you? Chuck all the numbers out of the hat and write a collection of seventy-fours. Got that?"

Duncan pondered for a few moments. "Sharp practice," he decided after a time.

The drawing of the raffle was a pretty affair and brought tears to the eyes of the more sentimental among the watchers. Old Mrs. Batch dipped into the deep vase in which the numbers had been placed. A dip into the vase, a piece of paper, and the

The Sky Walker

By Cosette Middleton

The wind sky-walked the elm tree over us,
And jeweled insects buzzed and ticked and whirred;
And chimney-low the moon grew nebulous,
Cocooned in morning mist, and gossamered.
A crow shook out his rumpled wings and spoke
Three somber notes; our sleepy moon had slid
Down from the chimney top, curled up in smoke,
And rolled along a roof's dark pyramid.
And where the wind leaf-shuffled we could see
A star wink out, but half the sky line glowed
With dawn, and half with moonset. Suddenly
A cricket soloed and a rooster crowed.
The arch of dark above our elm tree thinned
And we could see blue footprints of the wind.

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winning number was read out. Number seventy-four—Lord Batch.

There were laughter and applause, together with good-natured shouts to the effect that mother and son were in league. Lord Batch, amid more laughter, received from Lady Rome's hands the large box in which lay Edward the Bear, face upward and looking remarkably stout. The winner regarded his prize with a whimsical expression, and at the same time Jeremy moved Alexander forward imperceptibly. Alexander, looking up at his property, held out arms to claim it. In a moment Lord Batch had stooped, amid great applause, and placed the box in the little boy's arms.

"Pretty, don't you think?" said Jeremy.

"It was dishonest and low-down," said Helen, "but I don't suppose that would worry you."

The drive home was pleasant. The fields and hedges looked fresh and green and the sun's rays shone on the house as they drew up before it. Jeremy opened the door for Helen and led her into the little sitting room.

"Sit down. You must be tired," he said in concern, "after standing all the afternoon in those shoes—they don't look very comfortable."

"All my shoes," said Helen, "are extremely comfortable."

"Well, they don't look it," said Jeremy. "I used to wonder how those girls used to hop on and off busses when I was in London."

"Where did you live, exactly?" asked Helen.

"I don't know—it all looked alike to me," said Jeremy. "Streets and shops and shops and streets. The whole place was pretty awful, I thought. It's a funny thing," he went on thoughtfully. "Looking at you, I'd have said you were an open-air type. My own impression is that you got on well in London—in your job, I mean—and got too absorbed to see how cramped you really were. I wouldn't be surprised if you were denying yourself your longing for country living and stifling your natural instinct for wide spaces and ——"

"Just because you can't live in London," said Helen, "is no reason ——"

"I know—live and let live," said Jeremy. "Well, I'll take you out to my farm tomorrow and you can apply your let-live theory there. But not in those shoes."

"I'll come in these shoes," stated Helen, "or not at all."

"Your show," said Jeremy indifferently. "You'll look silly picking your way through the cow muck, but I don't mind. I'd like to show you some real animals before you go back to town."

"The trouble with you," said Helen, losing her temper, "is that ——"

"The trouble with you," said Jeremy, "is that you're not in the least like your mother. Why you kept her cooped up in London all those years when she ought to have been breathing nice open air, I don't know."

HELEN'S face was white. "I didn't," she said slowly, "keep my mother anywhere. Any day, at any time, she could have gone wherever she pleased. You don't know the first thing about me or about my mother. If I hadn't worked like a horse to make her marry your father, she'd never have done it, and come down to this—this ——"

"Go on," invited Jeremy, his face now as white as hers.

Helen was already going on. "You don't like me," she said, "because nobody in this place likes anybody to run things in a sane, organized way."

"I don't like you," said Jeremy, "for the simple reason that you don't care a bit about your mother, and your mother's first-class. She'd just got nicely settled and happy here when you rang up to say you'd hitched yourself to some bounder or other and ——"

"I'm engaged," said Helen, her voice rising, "to a man my mother knows well and likes a lot. I'm ——"

"Then why," asked Jeremy, "did she cry?"

"I don't know," said Helen. "Because she cried when she married William and when she came down here and when—whenever anything happens. That's how she's made, that's all. She cries all the time."

"So would I, if I lived with you," said Jeremy. "You're a bossy little thing and I can't stand bossy women."

"I—am—not ——"

"You came down here," said Jeremy, "to pull us together. Well, we like ourselves the way we are. I'm tired of seeing you raise your eyebrows when my grandmother monopolizes the conversation. I'm tired of seeing you look down your nose at Lucille because she doesn't come down to dinner draped in an eighty-guinea gown. And I'm tired of ——"

"If you ——"

"I'm tired of you altogether," said Jeremy. "Your mother's ashamed of the bossy way you behave, and I don't blame her. When you go back to London you can boss that bounder of yours all you please, but we—here—don't like to be bossed. We only like ——"

He stopped. Helen had gone out of the room and banged the door behind her. She had gone. But it was a long way to the door and, before she reached it, she had heard a good deal. She had got, Jeremy considered, quite an earful.

THE weather on the following day settled into a perfect early-spring morning, and everyone showed a strong desire to be outside to enjoy it.

Lucille and Duncan were to go walking, and were on the point of starting off when Lady Rome passed them. By her side was Alexander.

"How nice, how nice," she exclaimed. "You're going off on this beautiful morning—that's quite right. You must take Alexander—he hasn't had a walk for some time."

Duncan appealed to Lucille. "Hasn't he got a nurse or something?" he asked. "We won't get more than a couple of hundred yards with him in tow."

"Alexander?" said Lucille, in surprise. "Oh no, he walks quite a long way sometimes—we can go up that nearest hill. We couldn't leave him behind."

"Spose not," agreed Duncan, in a resigned tone. "Well, come on, let's go."

The trio set off and soon afterward Jeremy brought his car round to the front of the house and went inside to fetch Helen. Earlier that morning, he had made what he considered generous apologies for his share of the last evening's argument, and the two had agreed, for Natalie's sake, to declare a truce till the visit's end. After a glance at the barometer, he decided to prolong his outing, and, telephoning to his housekeeper, asked her to prepare a light lunch.

Helen came out to the car in a warm dress and loose coat, hatless and wearing a brightly colored scarf at her throat. She was a sight to rival the freshness of the morning, but Jeremy's eyes went to her thin, unsuitable shoes.

"For heaven's sake," he entreated, "go and put something farmlike on your feet. Those shoes ——"

"I swear," said Helen seriously, "that they're the best I've got."

"Well, have it your own way," said Jeremy, "but by the end of the day you'll feel like the fellow who had to walk to wherever it was with peas in his boots."

"End of what day?" asked Helen. "We're coming home to lunch, aren't we?"

"No," said Jeremy. "I've rung up to say we'll have some food there. I've got a loaf and some butter in the car, and a couple of bottles of cider. Well, pop in and tie that scarf round your head. Then your hair won't blow all over my face. And don't kick the cider," he warned, "it's fragile. Now we're off."

They were soon rounding the first bend of the road. Coming toward the car they could see two figures which they recognized

(Continued on Page 88)

How few of his friends' houses would a man choose to be at, when he is sick!
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FASTER-EASIER CLEANING

than any other cleanser you've ever used!



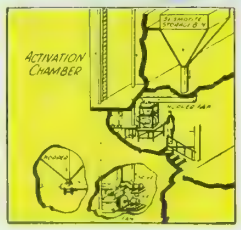
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• THE CUDAHY PACKING CO. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS •



(Continued from Page 86)

as Duncan and Lucille. Jeremy drew up as he reached them.

"Hello," he said. "Thought you were bound in the opposite direction."

"We're just strolling," said Duncan. "Here and there. Sort of round and round."

"It's lovely, isn't it?" said Lucille to Helen. "We climbed a little, but it's almost too warm to climb. We let Alexander throw some stones and now we're going toward the wood."

Jeremy drove on, and Helen leaned back comfortably once more. Presently, however, she sat up and gave a little exclamation.

"Shoe pinching already?" asked Jeremy.

"Wait," said Helen. "Stop a minute." Jeremy drew up once more and she looked at him with a frown. "Alexander," she said.

Jeremy waited. "Well?" he inquired after a time. "What about Alexander? I'm not going to take him with us, if that's what you want."

"No," said Helen. "But—where was he? They'd forgotten him—you could see they were going along in a dream. They've lost him!"

Jeremy put his elbows on the steering wheel, rested his chin on his hands, stared into space with an expression of despair and then addressed his companion.

"Nobody," he said slowly and emphatically, "can lose Alexander. He isn't a losable quantity."

"But you can't just go on and—and ——"

"If you think," said Jeremy, starting the car once more, "that I came out this morning to tour the countryside looking for Alexander, then you're ——"

"But you've got to see where he is!" cried Helen.

"Why?" asked Jeremy reasonably. "Those two will get home eventually and they'll have to go back for him—that's all. You're not in London now, and nobody here picks up little boys that don't belong to them."

Helen, dissatisfied, but feeling strangely helpless against a hard undertone in Jeremy's voice, sat back and tried to forget her anxiety. In a moment, however, she sat bolt upright and pointed with a cry.

"Look!" she said.

Jeremy brought the car to so abrupt a halt that Helen bounced in her seat. "What now?"

"Alexander—up there—sitting on that hill," said Helen. "On the wet grass. Now," she said, "you'll have to go and get him."

"Are you sure you're entirely sane?" asked the exasperated Jeremy. "First you yell because you've lost Alexander. Then you yell because you've found Alexander. Why don't you mind your own business and let Alexander mind his?"

"You've got to drive him back."

Jeremy turned in his seat and looked at her. "I've what?" he asked.

"You've got to drive him back," said Helen, in her most decided tones. "I don't know what your family does, but I don't leave three-year-olds stuck up on lonely hillsides with nobody to look after them. If you won't take him back, then I will."

"Well, I," said Jeremy, "certainly won't." He leaned across and opened Helen's door. "Exit on your left."

Helen stared at him. "You mean—you—you'd let me ——" she stammered.

Jeremy leaned back in his seat. "Nothing," he said smoothly, "can happen to Alexander. We've all wandered at will ever since we could walk alone. If you want to take Alexander back, there's nothing to stop you—the door's wide open. But I, personally, am going on to my farm."

There was a pause, and Jeremy, looking at her face, saw that Helen's eyes, which had blazed a moment earlier, were soft and troubled and her lips looked tremulous.

"Look, Jeremy," she said, "you win. I mean, I know he's all right and it isn't necessary, and I'd go on and leave him, but—but if I do, it's no use; I simply won't enjoy the day. I'll keep thinking about him and ——"

"I tell you," said Jeremy, "that ——"

"I know—I promise I know," said Helen. "But don't you see, I'm used to seeing babies in perambulators and always in charge of somebody and —— Please," she pleaded, "let's take him back; it won't take a minute and then it'll be over and we can have a—a wonderful day."

(Continued on Page 90)

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

SURPRISING bit of information from a student's autobiography: "If you are a girl it will show up in some way."

Most mothers are created equal to . . . most anything.

A. E. Housman wrote a beautiful poem about the routine of day-to-day existence, while an old colored man said it in four words: "Life is so daily."

Some women do not consider a husband civilized until he will eat out of a wife's hand.

The perfect guest is one who tells her hostess, "If I've left anything, burn it."

"Getting a man" when he is in his twenties is as easy as lassoing a giraffe—but in his thirties it's like ringing a duck on the wing.

Daughter, home from boarding school: "Why, mother, it really doesn't matter if we borrow and lend clothes; they all get worn just the same amount."

Marriage: An institution which makes it possible for a woman to accept the last piece of cake on the plate.

When she knew a secret it no longer was.

Given her first corporal punishment, a little girl looked at her mother and said, "I hope I never see you act that way again."

The lines "The long, long road with sunshine spread, Thick as country butter on country bread" would perhaps never have been written if James Whitcomb Riley had lived in times like these.

His father and I were somewhat perturbed over a book our son brought home from the library. The title was Convicting the Innocent.

Always assume to your child that he is going to like two things: his playmates and his food.

One wife will turn all ironing, even her own silk underthings, over to a laundress, but *not* her husband's handkerchiefs. She says an exquisitely ironed handkerchief in a man's pocket is a greater token of love than a flower in his lapel.

Each mother should deal with her young according to her nature; to expect otherwise is like asking a cow to scratch up food for her calf.

Sometimes parents are through disciplining without realizing it. It's like walking up a stairs in the dark and expecting a step that isn't there.

No man need worry too much about what's ahead of him if he has a good woman behind him.

Our children have always had strong opinions: they've always known their necks were clean when they weren't.

One young girl stopped going with a certain man when he broke a stick of gum in two, gave half to a child and kept the other half.

It seems that life without children would be a lot like eating food you didn't particularly enjoy: you might get filled up, but you wouldn't feel satisfied.

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Fruit Parfait

¾ cup sugar
½ cup water
2 eggs, separated
⅓ cup maraschino cherries, chopped
¼ cup maraschino cherry juice
2 cups cream, whipped

il sugar and water until it spins a thread 30° F.). Add slowly to beaten egg yolks. at until cooled. Stir in fruit and juice. Fold beaten egg whites and cream. Turn into re- gerator tray. When frozen, reset cold con- l; allow to mellow several hours. Yield: ervings. NOTE: Other fruits and juices y be substituted for the cherries.

or *Refrigerator Recipe Book,* write
nternational Harvester Company
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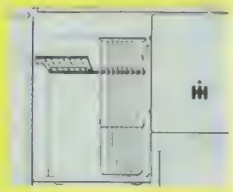
Stop sighing! Start smiling! Here's wonderful news for you! A great, new refrigerator by International Harvester now brings you the important *extra* storage space you need! This Super De Luxe actually has 16.3 square feet of shelf area that you can load with food. Yet it's so streamlined, it takes up no extra room. It's big . . . roomy . . . Super De Luxe in every way!

With all the special features shown at right, *plus* these: 2 Crispers store 3 pecks of food; 4 ice trays make 7.1 pounds of ice; "Tight-Wad" sealed unit for silent, low-cost operation—with 5-year warranty.

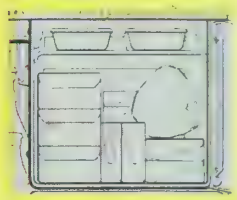
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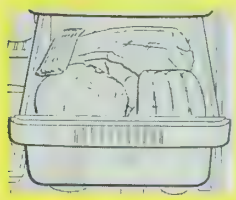
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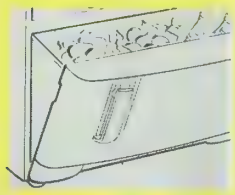
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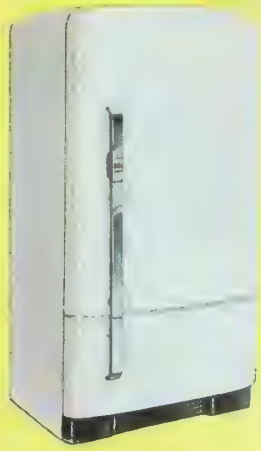
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WRITES MRS. JAMES PIEKUNKA, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

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Satina is a wonderful ironing aid you add to boiled or unboiled starch. It dissolves easily in boiling water or the boiling starch solution.

Satina not only makes ironing *loads* easier, it makes clothes *smell fresher*, *look newer*, *stay clean longer*, too!

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A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

Women say: "Put SATINA in your starch! It makes starched ironing 3 times easier."

(Continued from Page 88)

Jeremy studied her face wonderingly. "You know what?" he said at last. "I never noticed before—you're quite a pretty girl. When you stop snarling and get unwound."

"Please, Jeremy," said Helen, "will you take Alexander back?"

"I don't know," said Jeremy. "I don't think so—once I've done it, you'll get back that now-now-girls-no-talking look and I'll never see you looking like this again."

"I promise," said Helen, "to look like this all day."

"Not enough," said Jeremy. "Promise until you go back to London."

"All right—I promise," said Helen, and felt her face being drawn slowly but steadily forward.

"No!" she exclaimed.

"No what?" asked Jeremy. "I was only going to kiss you."

"I know," said Helen. "But my fiancé wouldn't like it."

"Bosh!" said Jeremy. "He won't know. Besides, you're my sister." He leaned forward and laid his lips lightly against hers.

"Alexander," said Helen.

"Well, yes," said Jeremy, releasing her and leaning back. "There's still Alexander. I'll sit here," he offered, "while you pop over and get him."

"You can honk on the horn," said Helen.

"So I can," said Jeremy, putting his finger on the button.

There was an instant response. Alexander looked about him at the sound of the horn and, espying Jeremy's car below, began a leisurely descent.

"Come on," called Jeremy, as he came into earshot. "I'm giving you a lift back. Round the other side . . . that's it, no, not on Helen's knee—your pants are damp. Now we're off."

THEY had not driven far when the figures of Lucille and Duncan were seen once more. Jeremy drove up beside them and halted.

"Hello," said Lucille gently.

"You left something," said Jeremy.

"Hello, Alexander," said Lucille.

Duncan, with no sign of welcome, watched Jeremy lift Alexander out and deposit him on the roadway. This done, Jeremy turned the car once more and drove swiftly away.

"Now," he said, "we're off at last." He increased speed and broke into a loud, melodious whistling. "Spring fever I've got—or something," he said. "Lovely day. Tell me about your fiancé."

"No," said Helen. "Let's talk about your farm."

"Well, that would be more interesting, certainly," said Jeremy. "Let me see. It's eleven miles away; it's called Ragged Edge because its land goes practically into the sea at one point and ends in a very ragged edge indeed. It has ten cows, four calves, two pigs, eighty acres and my furniture and effects."

"Why did you buy it?" asked Helen.

"Why? Oh, because I had to live somewhere," said Jeremy.

"Couldn't you have lived at Romescourt?" said Helen.

"I'll be there one day," pointed out Jeremy. "At the moment I'd rather be on my own—like my father and Natalie. . . . Now tell me about you. Don't you ever get tired of looking at those pasty city faces?"

"No," said Helen. "I like faces—I've got used to them. And I like noise and wireless and music with—with punch in it. I like things to go—I thought you put it a bit brutally yesterday, but then, look what happens when nobody does make things go the proper way."

"Well, what happens?" asked Jeremy.

"That's it—nothing does," said Helen. "Take Lucille. She's going to be married soon and her fiancé's miles away, and she's walking in the woods with a man she's obviously in love with and who's obviously in love with her—and nobody does anything."

"Well, what do you suggest?" asked Jeremy.

"Nothing," said Helen. "When I go back to London I'll think of heaps of good plans,



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...f down here—well, it doesn't seem to lend ...elf to planning of any kind."

"We haven't got your drive and decisive-...ss."

"When you throw things in people's ...h," said Helen, "you ought to be pre-...ed to justify your accusations. You said I ...sed everybody. Well, I say that you sit ... do nothing while your own sister wrecks ... life. I think that's worse than bossing."

"Nothing," stated Jeremy, "is worse than ...sing. And you've shifted your ground. ...en you came here you tried to shove ...ncan around. Now you're on his side."

"I didn't know that Lucille was in love ...h him," said Helen.

"Well, all you've got to do now is go to ...k shoving Philip."

"Why," inquired Helen, "don't you do ... shoving?"

"Because," said Jeremy, "I believe that ...ple manage their own affairs best by ...mselves. Lucille's grown up and she can't ...e me running round after her, straighten-... out all the tangles she gets into in life."

"So you won't do anything?" asked ...en.

"How quickly you grasp things."

"And your grandmother won't and your ...ndfather won't and of course mother ...n't and so nobody will," said Helen. "...ell, I don't understand it. How do peo-... get like that?"

"Something in the air, I suppose," said ...emy. "In London you breathe an air that ...kes you chase your own tail and tread on ...er people's. I began to choke after a ...e. I can breathe this air all my life. . . . ...ok," he went on, pointing. "You can see ...gged Edge. You see how ...e and sheltered it is on ... right side of the hill."

Helen saw green fields ...d red Devon soil stretch-... far away and, beyond, ... blue of the sea. A few ...tages nestled in a hol-...; the road they had just ... wound on and pointed to the roofs and ...vers of a little town a few miles away.

"Like it?" asked Jeremy.

Helen nodded, her eyes taking in the de-...s of the lovely scene.

"If you were staying longer," observed ...emy, "it would be interesting to scratch ...vn and see how far your City layer went. ...et if one got far enough, they'd find some ...d, honest mud."

"In a few hours," said Helen, "I've no ...ubt I shall be good honest mud all over."

Jeremy laughed and, after a moment, ...len joined in. Jeremy glanced at her with ... odd expression.

"That's a pleasant sound," he said. "You ...n't make it often enough. . . . Here we ...," he said, driving into the yard and ...nging the car to a stop.

HELEN looked round and saw some pleas-... sights. A friendly gray had his head out ...a stall and was regarding the newcomers ...h interest. Three dogs leaped round Jer-...y and small fat puppies hurried along to ...n in the welcome.

"Out you get," ordered Jeremy. "Early ...ch, I think, and miles and miles of in-...ction afterward. Come and meet the ... caretaker first."

Helen met the old man, two younger men, ... pleasant woman who acted as Jeremy's ...sekeeper and a bewildering number of ...mals. She sat down to a lunch of fried ...s and potatoes which were followed by ...h scones and Jeremy's proudly presented ...vonshire butter and cider. She climbed ...r stiles, was lifted over ditches and stood ...h her hair blowing wildly in a breeze ...ight from the sea. Her cheeks became ..., her eyes sparkled and her laughter ...ngled with Jeremy's throughout the ...iftly passing hours.

"If only," Jeremy grumbled, "you didn't ...k so wrong. Look"—he lifted a foot and ...icated his stout, workmanlike shoe—...at's the sort of thing my wife's going to ...ar. They're called Stormers, and they ...p everything out, and they make 'em for ...s, too—Lucille's got some. That's what you want, and a nice sensible country coat and a mackintosh—a real one that keeps out real rain. I'd like to see you," he ended, "in an outfit like that—you'd look pretty good."

"It would look wonderful in Bond Street," commented Helen.

He led her on a last tour of the farmyard and through a lane which led to the house. On a grassy bank, high on one side, Helen saw a tiny tortoise-shell kitten and gave an exclamation of delight.

"Oh, it's sweet," she cried. "I must pick him up."

"No—I will," said Jeremy. "You keep down here—it's slippery and those shoes'll turn you over. I'll ——"

Helen, however, was already up and reaching eagerly for the little animal. The kitten jumped aside and Helen, stepping forward too hastily, put her foot into a grass-covered opening and fell. She was up again in an instant but, feeling a sharp stab of pain in her ankle, sank back onto the grass with a little gasp. Jeremy, in two bounds, was beside her and stooping to investigate the damage. Helen, her face white and her lips twisted with pain, looked at him.

"It's my—it's my ankle," she said.

JEREMY stared at her for a moment, his brows together in a fierce frown. Then he put his arms under her and lifted her, carrying her to the car without a word and putting her into it gently.

"Can you stick it," he asked, "until I get you back to Romescourt?"

Helen nodded and Jeremy, running swiftly to the house, came back with her coat and scarf. He got in beside her and settled her into a position that would afford the greatest comfort to her swelling ankle.

"All right?" he asked.

Helen nodded, adding a moment later, "I'm sorry, Jeremy."

Jeremy's expression, half anger, half worry, did not change. "That's all right," he said. "I told you so."

Helen was installed in a pretty sitting room overlooking the gardens. She lay on a sofa, her foot comfortably bandaged, and the doctor pronounced that she must keep it up for two weeks, walk on it during the third week and go back to her normal occupations at the end of the fourth.

This being settled, the matter of a visit from her fiancé came up for discussion.

"If he isn't coming," said Jeremy, "you and I can become such friends. We were getting on so nicely before you fell into that hole. It's going to be wonderful now—we can grow closer and closer together and ——"

The door opened and a moment later Lady Rome's voice was booming through the room. Jeremy rose to his feet and made his grandmother comfortable in the chair he had vacated, seating himself in a cross-legged position at her feet.

"I think you're looking better, Helen, my dear," said Lady Rome. "You were very pale yesterday. How is the ankle?"

"It's feeling very nice, thank you," said Helen. "I'm sorry I'm being such a nuisance."

"You know very well," said Lady Rome, "that you're not being anything of the sort. When your young man comes along ——"

"No—please," broke in Helen. "My fiancé isn't coming. I told him that it wasn't worth coming for so—I mean, I shall be back in London quite soon."

"Yes, I see," said Lady Rome, "but young men don't always do what one tells them to."

"I'm sure," said Helen, "that he won't come."

"Well, that's a ——" began Lady Rome, and paused on the brink of saying that it was a great relief. "I wish," she went on, "that you could talk to Lucille and make her manage her young men better. Don't you see, Jeremy, how much better Helen is at it?"

"Indeed I do," said Jeremy earnestly. "I've been admiring her strength of mind—her capacity for organizing—her ——"

He who lives without committing any folly is not so wise as he thinks.

—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.



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"But you must talk to poor little Lucille," went on Lady Rome, "because now that Philip is coming back, she must ——"

"Who said —— I mean, when's he coming?" asked Jeremy.

"At the end of this week," said Lady Rome. "His mother has just been talking to me on the telephone. She actually went into details about the allowance which his aunt is going to make Philip."

"He's got the money, has he?" said Jeremy.

"I suppose so," said his grandmother. "That's what he went for, of course, but I think it was a very awkward time to choose, with Mr. Macdonald on our hands like this."

"Helen thinks," said Jeremy, "that I ought to throw Canny out."

"Mr. Macdonald? Oh, my dear Helen, why?" asked Lady Rome in distress. "The poor fellow couldn't be blamed for coming down here—if Jeremy won't post letters, then nobody can get them, can they? And it must have been quite a shock to the poor man to find somebody else down here pretending to be Lucille's fiancé too. The whole thing could have been quite a fuss, don't you know—only one can't allow that sort of thing. And we needn't fuss about Lucille. The sensible thing is to let her make up her mind once and for all."

"But she won't," said Helen, "make it up."

"No. It's odd, isn't it," said Lady Rome, "how some people can and some people can't? However, she must do one thing or the other now, because Mrs. Bellamy's giving a party for Lucille and Philip on the day he comes back and we're all to go—except Mr. Macdonald, of course—and the thing will be quite an engagement party, so Lucille must make up her mind which engagement is which. Don't you agree, Helen, my dear?"

Helen could only nod her head. Jeremy watched her with a bland expression and Helen wished it were possible to do something violent to wipe it off.

"Well," said Lady Rome, rising, "we shall all have to go to this party, I suppose. I told Lucille and Mr. Macdonald about it on my way to see you, and they both looked quite glum. I suppose Mr. Macdonald really feels quite worried about it."

THIS was something of an understatement. Duncan was at that moment seated in the sewing room, looking at Natalie with a desperate appeal in his eyes.

"She won't," he said. "It's no use, Mrs. Rome. I've done all I can, and she won't—she won't say anything, she won't do anything, she won't ——" He stopped, and Natalie stared at him in misery equal to his own.

"I know, Duncan," she said. "I feel so very sorry for you, but you mustn't blame her ——"

"Blame her?" Astonishment lifted Duncan out of his despondency. "Blame her! I don't blame her! I love her for being what she is. I love her because she's sweet and soft and—sort of tender. If she could get up and tell that Bellamy to go to hell, she'd be some other kind of girl, bossing people and pushing them round like—like ——"

He pulled himself up with a jerk, but it was impossible for Natalie to look at his crimson countenance without knowing that he had been about to say "like Helen."

"I'm afraid," said Natalie, "that Lucille won't do anything, and Jeremy doesn't feel ——"

"That it's his show. Well," agreed Duncan, "it isn't. It's Lucille's and mine."

"The only thing I can tell you—that will help you, I mean," said Natalie, "is this: Lucille's wedding isn't to take place until her father comes home, and I promise you that he won't let her marry Philip if she—if she doesn't love him."

"She doesn't," Duncan assured her. "She loves me. And that Bellamy can stage as many parties as he likes—he won't get rid of me. I'll do something."

"It'll be rather difficult," said Natalie.

"It'll be impossible," said Duncan. "But I'll do it."

On the day before Philip Bellamy's return Jeremy, looking from the fitful brightness o the day to the settled gloom on Duncan' countenance, suggested a day in the open They were to go in the big car, which was s roomy that, even if the weather forced th party to seek shelter, nobody could fee cooped up. Helen's ankle could be supporte with maximum comfort; and the run woul be beneficial, moreover, to the car's battery which needed charging. Finally, Lady Rom remembered that five people fewer to lunc would be a nice rest for cook.

"Four," said Jeremy.

"My dear Jeremy," said his grandmother "you've left out poor little Alexander."

"Darling granny," said Jeremy, "this i strictly *à quatre* and Alexander would b frightfully *de trop*."

Lady Rome, finding it impossible to be lieve that Alexander would not be welcom in any language, smiled kindly at what sh termed Jeremy's little jokes and went t order five packed lunches.

HELEN was glad to be going out. She wa tired of her sofa, and—most of all—tired o thinking. She had never thought very deeply. There had never been a time in he life when deep thought seemed called for Problems arose, were sifted, decisions were arrived at and the problems then vanished. I Helen had ever carried a banner, she felt sur that "Cool Efficiency" would have bee embroidered upon it. It was a proud stand ard, and she had endeavored to unfurl it a Romescourt—and she realized that it ha fluttered very briefly and now looked very limp and neglected.

It had been humiliating, but she had bee upheld by the thought of returning, soon to the places where efficiency still meant s much. But she could not disguise from her self the fact that the curious feeling—hal discomfort, half fear—still gripped her when ever she thought of returning to London. I came upon her unexpectedly. She would fee it in the middle of a conversation with he mother about the little house, or when Lad Rome was discussing the lateness of th spring blossom. Without warning it woul creep over her slowly and pass, leaving he palms damp and her knees curiously weak

Not until the first severe pain in her ankl left her and she found herself installed on th sofa was Helen able to examine her feelings She found that she was deeply relieved at th prospect of staying at Romescourt, and hap pier than she had been for many weeks.

"—— so you must take some warm wraps," Lady Rome was saying, "and I'v told Jeremy he must take plenty of cush ions."

It was a comfortable journey. Helen leaned back comfortably, feeling restful an secure. She was beginning to sense some thing about the companionship of Lucill and Jeremy that had a pleasant and unaccus tomed family flavor. She had not expecte to feel any kinship toward her mother's ne relations, but this morning she felt ver much one of them. Lucille was a sister, quie and charming, and Jeremy—Jeremy was peculiarly maddening brother.

They found a clearing and parked the car o a sunny patch near the stream. After lunch Duncan took Lucille for a walk and Alex ander followed slowly along the bank of th stream pulling a toy boat behind him.

Jeremy gave a sigh of contentment. "Nice isn't it?" he observed. "I mean, just yo and me. Ours," he pointed out, "is a nic sort of relationship—especially for me."

"I don't see how," said Helen.

"Well, I like being your brother, for on thing," said Jeremy. "And I like the feelin of having you all to myself. We can get muc more friendly than we could if your fianc were here—don't you agree?"

"No, I don't," said Helen. "I don't thin his not being here makes the slightest differ ence."

"That's an unloverlike statement," sai Jeremy, "but I suppose you mean that oughtn't to make any difference to my b havior. Well, it's extraordinary how differe one feels if a girl's fiancé isn't by. I can sa things to you—pleasant, harmless thing

which I couldn't say if some fellow were looking on. I couldn't tell you how lovely you look now, for example; and what would whatever-his-name-is say, f'rinstance, if I took your hand—like this—and said that I thought that engagement ring looked awfully out of place? He'd think I was making love to you—and of course I am—but he wouldn't know how safe it was."

"What's safe about it?" inquired Helen.

"You," said Jeremy. "That's what I like about you. There are some girls I wouldn't like to—shall we say practice on. Girls like Lucille, for example—look at what happened when Duncan came along and refused to count poor old Philip in. She simply fell in love and landed herself in a hole. But you——" He paused.

"I?"

"You," said Jeremy. "Nothing like that could ever happen to you. You're so—so strong and so sure. You wouldn't get yourself into any holes, and if you did ——"

"Well?" said Helen.

"If you did," said Jeremy, "you'd talk the thing over to yourself quietly and—click!"—Jeremy snapped his fingers—"a decision, just like that. It's wonderful. That's the sort of girl to make love to. A girl with a strong head."

"Do you usually," asked Helen, "make love to girls when they're engaged?"

"Never," said Jeremy. "I'm just telling you how risky it is, in the ordinary way. Tell me," he invited, "about this fiancé of yours."

"I won't," said Helen.

"There isn't much to tell," said Jeremy. "I mean, I know most of it already. He's content with very little. He stays where you tell him to and he writes to you every day and you hardly write to him at all. He ——"

"How ——" began Helen.

"You forget—I clear the post box in the hall every night," said Jeremy.

"I'd like," said Helen, "to talk about something else."

"I can't help seeing things that are under my nose," said Jeremy. "I wish Lucille had a tenth of your poise."

"Mother says," said Helen, "that Duncan's going to do something."

"He's a nice chap, and I wish him luck," said Jeremy, "but I can't quite see what he can do."

"Wouldn't you try to do something," asked Helen, "if your—if the girl you loved got into a—a jam?"

"Me?" said Jeremy in surprise. "My gosh, no. In the first place, my girl wouldn't get herself into a jam, and if she did ——"

"If she did?" Helen asked. "What would you do?"

"Do? Nothing," said Jeremy. "Nothing at all."

There was a long silence. Helen played with her handkerchief and Jeremy watched her. After a while, she raised her head and met the familiar cool, baffling look in his eyes.

"Do you really mean," she said slowly, "that if ever I—if ever I got into a—a—a jam ——"

Jeremy's laugh—low, attractive, amused and mocking—reached her ears. "Darling Helen," he said, "the idea's absurd. We weren't talking about anybody who organized everything as wonderfully as you do. How could you ever get into a jam?"

There was no further conversation. Jeremy shut his eyes and appeared to be asleep and Helen, from her nest of cushions, watched him and wished that she could get behind his calm, almost bland front.

They had brought no tea with them. The time passed and soon Lucille and Duncan returned, their manner quiet and absent. All four, indeed, seemed to be deep in thought—even Jeremy appeared to be pondering some problem of his own. He tucked Helen into her place silently and started the engine.

"We'll go back the sea way," he said. "It's longer, but you'll get some new views."

He turned the car and drove slowly through the woodland track. As he approached the main road, there was a little cry of distress from Lucille and a yelp from Duncan.

Alexander was not in the car. After a moment's consideration, it was decided that he must still be in the wood.

"Well, it's your turn to go back," said Jeremy to Duncan. "I fetched him for you the other day—now it's your go."

"We don't have to go back," pointed out Duncan. "This is the same stream, isn't it?"

"What stream? Oh you mean the one he was following?" said Jeremy. "Well, yes, that's quite sound—if he keeps on he'll be bound to hit this spot."

He switched off the engine and the party settled down to await Alexander's coming. After some time Jeremy turned and looked at Helen.

"I can't make out," he said, "why you weren't yelping about Alexander today. You just sit there. It's interesting. Either you agree with what I said about letting him roam—which I'm sure you don't—or you've come to the conclusion that it isn't your business. And that doesn't sound like you, somehow. The conclusion I'm led to is that you just plumb forgot the poor little fellow. Did you?"

"Does it matter?" asked Helen.

"Yes, it matters," said Jeremy. "It matters a whole lot. Aren't you going to organize a search or something?"

"He's teasing you, Helen," said Lucille gently. "He's always teasing people."

"I was just wondering," said Duncan, "which way Alexander was heading when he went off with his boat. We might be sitting waiting at the wrong end of the wood."

"He came this way," said Lucille. "Don't you remember passing him near that fallen tree?"

"No," said Duncan, "I don't." He was not, indeed, in a mood to notice very much. His thoughts were gloomy and despairing, and it was with relief that he heard Jeremy's call to the approaching Alexander.

"Hey there! Here we are, Alexander. You're late, you know—scramble in and we'll all go home to tea."

Alexander scrambled in.

Lucille sat back in her corner and stared out the window, her cheeks pale. Duncan, after a glance at her, took one of her hands in his. It was clear that neither of them had any desire whatsoever to go home.

The day of the party dawned and Duncan had done nothing. After a night spent, for the

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For Robert, Going Places

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

Where is Robert going
With his steady crawl,
Clear across the nursery,
Out into the hall?
It would take a year to Rio
If you went by knee and hand,
And there's no way to Trinidad
That's all by land. . . .
Oh, it couldn't be Caracas,
And it couldn't be Kildare,
And it wouldn't be to Mexico.
(Too many tourists there!)
But whatever destination,
And wherever Robert goes,
From his look of plan and purpose
It's a cinch *he* knows;
And who am I to question
In such an uppish way,
When after all it's doubtful
If anyone can say
Just where *she*'s going,
Or where *he*'s going,
Or where *anybody's* going
On this bright spring day!

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THE FAMOUS DRY MUSTARD USED BY FINE COOKS EVERYWHERE

most part, in pacing about his room, he faced the morning bleakly. Philip Bellamy was back; he would arrive this morning and claim Lucille, and Duncan could see no way whatsoever of preventing him.

He dressed quickly and left the house before any of the others were down. He walked fast and aimlessly, oblivious alike to the beauty of the scene and the light rain falling steadily on his face. He was trying to bring himself to admit that he might lose Lucille.

It was fantastic, but it was true. All that held them apart was the mere thread of Lucille's engagement to another man. Threads like that, thought Duncan miserably, were snapped every day. Girls got engaged to one fellow after another and found the thread breaking at a touch whenever they wanted it to.

Well, that was all right for other girls. Lucille was different—and he was glad that she was. But where did that bring him? Nowhere. He could go away and write letters to Lucille's father, telling him the truth and asking him to forbid Lucille's marriage. But it was a poor way for a man to win his bride.

The other way was to eliminate Philip Bellamy. And a century ago, thought Duncan bitterly, the thing would have been easy. He would have met him in a wood at dawn and shot daylight through him—or pushed a sword into him and out the other side. How magnificently, remembered Duncan, his ancestors would have managed this thing! Where, oh where, were the glories of the Macdonalds? Who could hear the cries of the kilted hordes as they swung into battle, the shouts of the victorious clan? The sound of the war pipes was stilled; the clan was scattered and the proud standards lowered.

But—but ——

"But, all the same," said Duncan Macdonald aloud, "it's funny—I could have sworn ——"

It was absurd, and he must pull himself together. But, dreams or no dreams, there it was again. He could hear the sound clearly. It was eerie—so eerie that Duncan felt his scalp pricking. He could hear the sound of bagpipes.

> **To those who would give advice, the best advice that I know is: If you can't be kind, be quiet.**
>
> —M. D'ALROY: More D'Alroy Diary (Hutchinson & Co., Ltd.).

WITHOUT further delay, Duncan set off down the hill. As he drew nearer to Hunnytor the sound of bagpipes became ever more distinct, and soon he saw that he was not suffering from hallucinations. Others besides himself were hurrying to get a sight of those who were shattering the peace of the countryside. Duncan went up a little street, came out into the central square of the town and stopped in amazement.

There were four pipers—gallant figures in full dress, kilts swinging and ribbons blowing gaily in the breeze. They stood at the four corners of the square and between them were a dozen or more kilted figures standing round a young man who wore a sports jacket and flannel trousers.

Duncan frowned in bewilderment. That face—he knew that fellow. By Jehoshaphat! He knew him, all right. He ——

His face clearing, he gave a yell that almost drowned the sound of the bagpipes, and advanced toward the group. The young man in the center, with a shout almost as loud as Duncan's, moved to meet him.

"In the name of all that's holy," said Duncan, wringing his hand, "what brought you here?"

The newcomer grinned. "I'm no stranger here," he said. "But what are you —— Oh! I remember," he went on, slapping Duncan resoundingly on the shoulder. "You've got a beautiful fiancée in these parts, haven't you?"

"I don't know," said Duncan. "I was standing on a hill and wishing the Macdonalds of old could show up and then—out of the blue—the pipes tuned up and I came down here to run into a Macdonald. Strange, isn't it? And a cousin, at that. What're you doing here, Alastair? Highland games or something?"

"Rugger," said his cousin. "We're playing a local team tomorrow."

"But why here, of all places?" asked Duncan in bewilderment.

"Because I used to be the games master of that prep school a mile out of here," said Alastair. "When I went away I promised I'd bring a team down and show 'em how rugger ought to be played. Come and meet 'em," he invited. "They're a good lot."

For answer, Duncan reached out and took his cousin's arm in a fierce and painful grip. "Look," he said, his gaze deep and intent. "I've got an idea."

"ALL right, all right," said Alastair, trying to wriggle free of the clamping fingers. "Let me go, will you, and then have as many ideas as you like."

"I've got an idea," repeated Duncan. "And you've got to help me."

"Help you? How?" inquired Alastair.

In a torrent of words, Duncan told him, and his cousin stared at him blankly.

"You're mad," he said briefly, as Duncan came to an end. "You're stark, staring mad."

"I'm not mad, and you've got to do it," said Duncan. "All I want is the—the team."

"Well, you can't have it," said Alastair. "Maybe the idea was good in fourteen sixty-six or thereabouts, but it's out of date. You can't ——"

Duncan looked at him with contempt. "You—you call yourself a Macdonald," he said bitterly.

"I do. But that doesn't mean," pointed out Alastair, "that I have to take a girl off some fellow I've never heard of and — — "

"But the fellow, you fool," cried Duncan desperately, "is a Campbell!"

"Is a what?"

"A Campbell! A Campbell!"

"That isn't what you called him before," said Alastair. "You said his name was — — "

"Bellamy," said Duncan. "But his mother was a Campbell, and his aunt is a Campbell. He's crawling with Campbells. Alastair, you've got to—you've just got to help me!"

Alastair eyed him. "You swear," he said, "that there'll be no police in it?"

"I swear," said Duncan. "Will you do it?"

"One thing more," said Alastair, backing away as Duncan attempted to grip his arm again. "You've got to get rid of that Campbell beforehand. He mustn't be there."

"Not be there!" echoed Duncan. "But I'm going to ——"

"That's what I mean," said his cousin. "You get him away."

"But he's half a Campbell," pleaded Duncan, "and ——"

"That's just it," said Alastair. "We'll all get excited and forget which half it is and then there'll be blood spilled."

"All right," said Duncan, after a while. "I'll draw him off. Then—will you do it?"

Alastair's eye lit with the light of battle. "Do it?" he said. "You bet I'll do it."

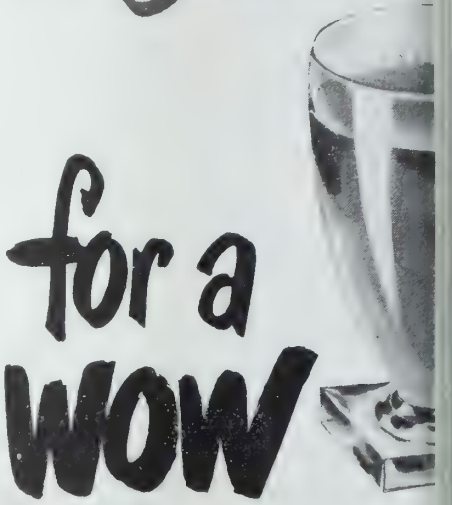
Helen was unable to attend Mrs. Bellamy's little party, and she so disliked the little she had seen of Philip's mother that she was grateful to her sprained ankle for affording her an excuse to avoid further meetings. She felt drowsy and happy, and had a curious sensation of being not in a room in a large house but on a ship far away in mid-ocean. She had boarded Romescourt and had been carried almost imperceptibly out on calm, peaceful waters.

Her eyes closed. There was scarcely a sound to be heard—there were no rush and scurry of footsteps, no throb of busses, no roar and tremor of trains rumbling deep underground. There were no plans and there was no hurry.

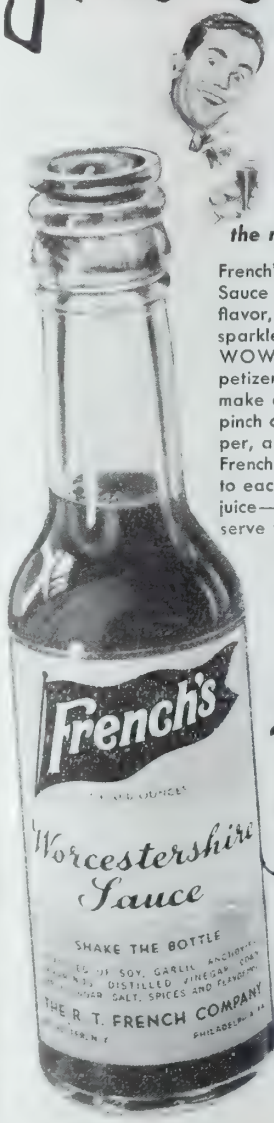
Helen's thoughts came to Jeremy and paused. She was unable to think clearly about Jeremy. He could talk gently or brutally—he could be frank or teasing—but

(Continued on Page 96)

French's Worcestershire Sauce



for a WOW of a tomato juice cocktail



It's a WOW—this tomato juice cocktail the menfolks go for!

French's Worcestershire Sauce gives it rich new flavor, adds the zip and sparkle that make the WOW the perfect appetizer. Here's how to make a WOW: Add a pinch of salt and pepper, a teaspoonful of French's Worcestershire to each glass of tomato juice—mix well, and serve very cold.

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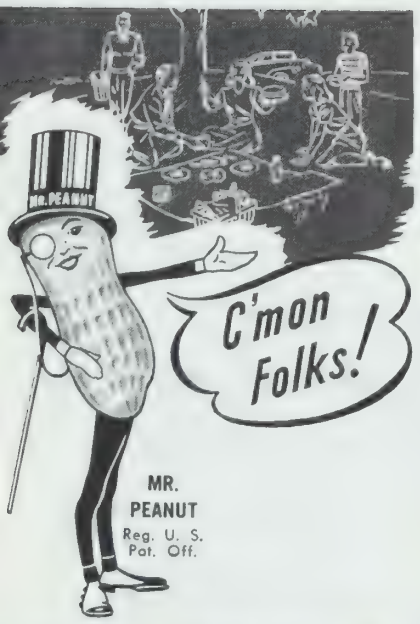
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PLANTERS is the word for PEANUTS

(Continued from Page 94)

it was impossible to get behind his guard. He was a brother, a lover . . . an enemy. He kissed her and called her bossy. He took her face gently in his hands, looked at it tenderly and told her she had an expression like granite. He called her beautiful and jeered at her clothes. Helen was convinced, alternately, that he loved her—and detested her.

That was Jeremy, and it was difficult to think about him. It was better to stop thinking and to rest peacefully, to enjoy this feeling of calm relaxation. . . .

When she opened her eyes, Jeremy was sitting in a chair near by, his arms dangling over the sides and his eyes on her. Helen blinked, shook away sleep and looked at him in surprise.

"Is it over?" she asked.

"All over—while you slept," said Jeremy. "You looked sweet. I kissed you just once and you didn't stir. I wasn't sure whether that was because you hadn't been asleep the full hundred years or whether I was the wrong prince."

"What," asked Helen, "happened at the party?"

"Everything," said Jeremy. "Natalie'll be in to tell you about it, but she's busy downstairs at the moment, trying to explain to granny exactly what happened."

"Something happened?"

"I told you—everything," said Jeremy. "All in the space of twenty minutes. Then I drove the family home and ——"

"But Lucille was driving them," said Helen. "You went in your own car, didn't you?"

"I did, but it wasn't there to come back in," said Jeremy, "and Lucille wasn't there to drive them back."

"But—but where's Lucille?" asked Helen.

"Gone," said Jeremy.

There was silence. Helen stared at him with her mouth open, and Jeremy studied her admiringly.

"Most people," he said, "look a bit on the goopy side when they've got their mouths open like that, but you ——"

"Where," said Helen, "is Lucille?"

"How on earth do I know?" asked Jeremy in surprise. "She just went. I suppose I could have asked where, but I said to myself 'Now, if I know, I shall have to tell Philip, so it's far better for me not to know.'"

"Will you please," asked Helen, "go and call my mother?"

"What for?" inquired Jeremy.

"Because," said Helen, "if you sit there much longer throwing silly little bits of information at me, I shall go mad."

"Is that an order?" asked Jeremy.

"Yes."

"I thought so," said Jeremy. "It sounded just like one—sort of peremptory."

"Are you going?"

"No," said Jeremy.

HELEN opened her mouth to speak and closed it again. Fighting for self-control, she waited for a few minutes and then addressed him.

"Jeremy!"

"You sound," said Jeremy, "like doves cooing. Do that again."

"Jeremy—please."

"You mustn't ever," he said in warning tones, "speak to a man in that sort of voice. It's—it's very upsetting."

"Please—please, Jeremy," said Helen, "will you tell me what happened to Lucille?"

"I might," said Jeremy, "but ——"

"I'm sorry," said Helen, "that I spoke to you peremptorily just now."

"And you won't do it again?"

Helen's hands closed into two hard, tight fists, but her voice was gentle. "I'll try," she said.

"I love you," said Jeremy, "so of course I'll tell you anything you want to know. You see," he began, "the party was awfully dreary. I don't know whether you ever had any of Mrs. Bellamy's sherry, but grandfather took one sip and then looked round for a palm pot, but there wasn't one—so I took his glass and swapped it for my empty one. What with the party already being a frost, and people having to drink that stuff, things broke up pretty early. Then Philip got a telephone message telling him to go and collect a parcel from Hunnytor station—I think he thought it was a specially valuable kind of wedding present—so he pushed off, the poor fool."

"You mean . . . it wasn't a proper message?" Helen asked.

"It was what the melodramas term a decoy," said Jeremy. "And he seized the bait and then Mrs. Bellamy said wouldn't we look at the garden before we left. We'd hardly got there when we heard the most weird kind of yowling noises—like ten thousand cats all being tortured, and all mewing to the tune of The Road to the Isles."

"Bagpipes!" said Helen.

"Don't interrupt. Four of 'em, at the top of the slope," said Jeremy. "And a fine lot they looked too. The swing of kilts and the swirl of pipes or vice versa, coming through the trees at the top there, and behind, a horde of kilted savages, coming—I mean surging forward and yelling at the ——"

"But who," asked Helen, "were they?"

"The clan," said Jeremy. "I never met a girl with so little imagination. The Clan Macdonald; all clad in nothing but vests and kilts—and rugger boots. Down they came and in the middle of them their young chieftain."

"Duncan?"

"I don't suppose he's the—the *The* Macdonald, as you might say," said Jeremy, "but he was at the head of them today. It was an inspiring moment. Mrs. Bellamy gave a sort of leap into the air and then turned round and went streaking off to find grandfather. Out he came, obviously on the point of shouting 'What, sirs, is the meaning of this?' when he saw no less than four pairs of stout rugger boots backing into the wallflower bed. That was an inspiring sight, too, and when he recovered, he took Mrs. Bellamy indoors to steady her down."

"Where was mother?"

"Natalie? In the middle of the lawn—quite still, and just sort of gazing."

"Was she frightened?"

"Nobody," said Jeremy, "was at all frightened—except me. Lucille was near Natalie, and presently the clan made a move toward her."

"You mean that Lucille was ——"

"—— the aim, the object, the target, the sole purpose of the foray or raid," said Jeremy. "The Macdonalds had come for their bride."

"But where—where did Lucille go?"

"I don't know where," said Jeremy. "I only know how—in fine style. Duncan lifted Lucille into his arms and they started up the slope, all falling in behind Duncan, bagpipes and all."

"And he really carried Lucille off?" said Helen.

"Yes, he did. Natalie's trying to explain a little to granny—granny's rather puzzled about it all, because she thinks that the whole thing was a mistake and that they were really looking for some people called Campbell. It's rather muddling for her."

"Where will Lucille go?" asked Helen.

"SCOTLAND," said Jeremy. "They'll pick up a train sometime tonight for the north. She'll be all right."

"And will Philip," asked Helen, "will he ——"

"Howl? I suppose so," said Jeremy. "But we can say with truth that we didn't know the first thing about it. And there you've got," he summed up, "an example of love—the hard way."

"I don't see what was hard about it for Lucille," said Helen. "All she did was agree with everybody and wait for Duncan to straighten everything out. I'd call that the easy way."

"Perhaps you're right," agreed Jeremy. "But it would have been awkward, wouldn't it, if Lucille had picked anybody but Canny?"

"You mean that nobody else would have gone to . . . those lengths?" said Helen.

"I can't imagine it," said Jeremy. "Can you see me, for example, sallying forth with bagpipes and so on?"

"You mean you wouldn't do anything?" asked Helen.

"I wouldn't have to," said Jeremy. "I told you that I'm going to pick a girl who—having fallen hopelessly in love with me—will shake off all her previous fiancés without any help from me whatsoever."

Helen looked at him for a long time. "I believe," she said slowly at last, "I really believe you mean that."

(Continued on Page 98)

JENNIFER



"Gosh, mommy—I wouldn't be a girl if I was practical all the time!"

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• • •

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FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF Sunshine Biscuits, INC. © 1948

(Continued from Page 96)

Jeremy's gaze was expressionless. "You bet I do," he said.

Shortly after Lucille's spectacular departure, Helen faced the fact that she must return to London. Jeremy described himself as desolated, and helped her to pack. He told her that his life would henceforward be empty, and looked up her train times. Finally, he begged her to keep a place for him in her heart, and carried her suitcases down to his car.

Natalie's farewell was gentle and affectionate, Lady Rome's booming but equally sincere. Sir Jason shook her hand and muttered a cryptic sentence.

"Shouldn't be surprised," he said, "if we saw you again."

They were gone. The house, the gardens, the drive, the last gate were behind them. Jeremy turned into the road leading to Hunnytor station.

"When," he asked, "are you going to be married?"

"I'll write," said Helen, "and let you know."

"Do," said Jeremy. "It's a shame you can't stay here. Remember when you arrived, all in the wet, and we had to put this hood down and you drummed impatiently on the floor with your silly little shoes—remember?"

"Yes," said Helen, "I remember."

Jeremy drew the car to the side of the wooded road. He switched off the engine and turned to face her. "Keep on remembering," he said. "I'll remember too. We've had such a lot of fun—and we could have had a lot more, too, only you will insist on rushing back to this bounder of yours. I wonder," he went on reflectively, "how bounders make love? They've had a lot of practice, presumably, but there are fellows who can do quite as well with no practice whatsoever—or at any rate, very little. Take me, for example. If you'd been in love with me—as I am with you—I could have put in some really serious wooing and swept you off your feet. And saying good-by would have been—well, there would have been more scope. If you'd belonged to me, saying good-by—just for a short time—would have been a different business altogether. I'd have put one arm round you—like that—and put your hair carefully away because I don't like eating hair . . . and then I would have been able to put your head into the best possible position and kiss you . . . just as much . . . as I . . . wanted . . . to."

THERE was silence. Jeremy's lips were firmly on Helen's, and his arms were round her. Soon her hands crept onto his shoulders, and from there stole round his neck. He released her and looked for a moment deep into her eyes. Helen, dizzy, helpless, felt herself pressed gently back into her seat. Jeremy put out his hand and switched on the engine.

"Jeremy ——" she said.

"You see," said Jeremy, "how wonderful it would have been. If only you hadn't been a girl who knew her own mind."

"But, Jeremy," began Helen.

"Well, what?" said Jeremy gently.

Helen stared at him. The car moved forward slowly and gathered speed. Hunnytor station was not so far away.

"Look, Jeremy ——" said Helen again. "I ——" She stopped. There was nothing to say. Her throat felt tight and painful and her mouth dry.

"You were going to say?" prompted Jeremy, guiding the car through the outskirts of Hunnytor.

"I—no, nothing," said Helen.

The car stopped at the station and Jeremy lifted out the cases. The train was coming in; she was on the platform and Jeremy was opening a carriage door.

"In here," he said, and put her cases on the rack. He stepped down onto the platform and took her arm as she was getting into the carriage, holding her for a moment. "Take care of yourself," he said, "and don't forget."

"Forget what?" said Helen.

Jeremy bent and put his lips on hers. "Don't forget I love you," he said. "Good-by."

Natalie's home was ready. Every cup, every plate, every chair, table and rug was in place, ready for William. He was to come on the following day, and the news of his coming had spread through the village. Everybody was in the highest spirits.

But Jeremy, walking into the little house, found Natalie seated by the window in the beautiful drawing room, staring out at the garden and weeping bitterly. For a few moments Jeremy stared at her incredulously and then went over and stood beside her.

"My, my, my, my, my," he intoned. "This is what excitement does to some women. Tell me, Natalie," he went on. "Is this how William's going to find you?"

Natalie, unable to speak, shook her head. In a little while Jeremy understood that it was not William for whom she wept.

"If it isn't father," said Jeremy, "then it's Helen." He took out a clean handkerchief and wiped Natalie's tears. "Now tell me."

"There's—there's nothing to tell," said Natalie shakily. "It's just her—her letter."

Jeremy took the letter from his stepmother's hand and read quickly through it. "I don't see anything in it to worry about," he said. "It's just a—well, it's just an ordinary letter, isn't it?"

NATALIE shook her head. "No, it isn't," she said. "You ought to know that it isn't. Is that the letter a girl would write when she's—when she's happy and engaged to a man she l-loves and is going to m-marry?"

"It's not a bad letter," he said. "I mean, Helen wouldn't write a lyrical sort of letter telling you what she was thinking."

"Yes, she would," said Natalie. "That's just where everybody is wrong about Helen. They all think she's cold and domineering and—even you think she's domineering, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," said Jeremy.

"Well, she isn't," cried Natalie, in the fiercest tones Jeremy had ever heard her use. "She isn't—she isn't! I know Helen and I know she's—she's good and only a little domineering and ——"

"Look, darling," said Jeremy, taking her hands. "If you think she's not in love with that fellow, you needn't worry, because if Helen wants to chuck him, she'll chuck him with the greatest ease in the world."

"How do you know?" asked Natalie. "She's all alone, and men aren't so easy to shake off."

"There's only one thing," said Jeremy, "that'll stop Helen from shaking him off, and that's her pride. She planned every detail of her engagement—you told me she did. She worked out when she'd fall in love, how much she'd fall in love and when she'd tell him. She fixed it all, and she could unfix it with the same ease."

"But—but we've got to do something," protested Natalie.

"Nothing but wait," said Jeremy. "We've got to wait and see how she works it out. If she can bring herself to admit that she can be just as big a fool as everybody else, she'll call it off and—well, then she'll be happy."

"How do you know?" asked Natalie.

"I know," said Jeremy, "because I love her."

Natalie stared at him for a long time, quite unable to speak. At last she managed a few words. "You—you said you love her?"

"Yes," said Jeremy.

"But—but," faltered Natalie, "did you—did you tell her?"

"Yes," said Jeremy.

"But," said the bewildered Natalie, "if you love her, and if you'd told her to—to break off her engagement ——"

"She knows that I love her. If she wants to marry me, she knows what to do."

"But—but girls can't marry people unless people ask them to."

"That's true," said Jeremy. "But men can't ask girls to marry them when the girls are engaged to somebody else."

"Then you mean," said Natalie slowly, "that you're not going to do anything?"

"Nothing at all," said Jeremy.

"Oh, but Jeremy ——" Natalie put out a hand and Jeremy, taking it in his, spoke gently but firmly.

"Look, Natalie," he said, "you must leave this to me. I know you'd like me to go up there and bring Helen home here to marry me. But if I do that, then as long as I live I shall be a bossed man. And I can't live with a wife who wants to boss me. Helen," he ended, "has got to do her own climbing down."

There was nothing more to say. Jeremy's tone was so final that Natalie knew he had spoken after long and bitter thinking.

When he rose to go, she stopped him for a moment. "Jeremy," she said, "I don't know why I do, but I do think you're right. But please—will you do something?"

"Let's hear it," said Jeremy

"Your father," said Natalie, "will be here tomorrow. Couldn't you—please—go up to London; go up to meet your father—it wouldn't really be that, but Helen would think it was—and just call on her for—for just a short while? All I'm asking you to do is see her and tell me that she's all right."

Jeremy looked at her. To go to London to give his father a preliminary greeting was a natural and sensible object.

"Even if you don't want to," urged Natalie, "will you please do it, Jeremy, for me?"

Jeremy spoke slowly. "I'll look in for ten minutes," he said, "and I'll telephone you and tell you how she's looking. Will that be all right?"

"Thank you," said Natalie. "I'm—I'm very grateful."

To say "Everyone is talking about him" is a eulogy; but to say "Everyone is talking about her" is an elegy.

—ANON.

Jeremy made his way into the entrance hall of the block of flats and ran his eyes down the list of residents, stopping at Miss Forrester, No. 18. He stepped into the lift and the small, thin attendant looked at him inquiringly.

"Number eighteen," said Jeremy.

"Number eighteen's out," the boy said. "You'll 'ave to wait in the 'all. Just after five it is, she comes in, 'srule,"

Jeremy hesitated. He did not intend to sit on the uncomfortable-looking hall chair for half an hour. "Is your name Slippy?"

"That's what they all call me."

"Well, I was asked to give you a message," said Jeremy. "From Mrs. Rome—Miss Forrester's mother. She said she hoped you were getting on all right."

SLIPPY'S face was irradiated by a glow of gratitude. "She sent me a message—Mrs. Rome did?" he asked in delight. He looked at Jeremy keenly. "Then you—you must be a sort o' relation," he said.

"Well, my name's Rome, too," said Jeremy. "I'll be back in half an hour."

"'Ey—wait a minute, wait a minute," called Slippy. "Look—you should 'a' said you was a relation; I thought you was just one o' them fellows after Miss Forrester. Come and I'll take you up and you can wait in the flat."

"Well—thanks," said Jeremy, stepping into the lift once more.

"They don't come round now, most of them," went on Slippy confidentially. "Not since Miss Forrester got engaged to Mr. 'Unter. Did you ever know 'im?"

"No, I didn't," said Jeremy.

"Well, no, you wouldn't," said Slippy. "You live down there in the country, don't you? This way," he said, going to No. 18 and inserting a key in the door.

"Thanks," said Jeremy.

"I could 'a' told you all," said Slippy. "I saw it coming. When I brought 'em up in the lift the first night after she come back, I took a look at 'er and I says to myself, 'That girl's going to give that poor fellow 'is ——' "

"I think it's awfully dangerous," said Jeremy, "to leave the lift open like that. It ——"

"'—— his conjee,'" went on Slippy. "And I was right, but she 'ad more trouble than she looked for—'e used to stand out 'ere and argue, poor chap."

He stopped. Jeremy was staring at him with an expression on his face which Slippy interpreted as reproach.

"A guy can't 'elp it," he said, half apologetically. "I knew the other night that the 'ole thing 'ad done a bust. And the next day, she wasn't wearing her ring."

Jeremy was still staring, and Slippy began to feel that his attention was elsewhere.

"She won't be long," he said. "She ——"

"Look, Slippy," said Jeremy. "I know that two quid doesn't buy more than half a dozen cigarettes these days, but ——"

"That's all right," said Slippy, pocketing the notes. "I don't smoke. Thanks very much, chum."

"Don't," said Jeremy, "let her know I'm here, will you?"

IT was Slippy's turn to stare. "Coo!" he ejaculated. "You too?"

Jeremy walked into the flat and closed the door behind him. He stood in the middle of the small drawing room and looked about him. She wore no ring. There had been arguments, it had been difficult, and now —— The other night . . . and the next day, she wore no ring.

A disturbance behind him made him turn. The draft from the window had blown open the bedroom door and knocked over a small bedroom chair. After a moment's hesitation, Jeremy walked into the room and, stooping, picked up the chair and placed it in its proper position.

He moved into the drawing room once more, but, on the threshold, came to a dead stop as the realization of what he had just seen reached him. It was probably, he told himself, something that he had dreamed—something ——

He turned swiftly and re-entered the bedroom. One hand gripping the wooden rail of the bed, he stared about him at the articles lying neatly placed about the room. On the floor was a suitcase, open and half packed. Beside it lay a pair of shoes—Jeremy walked over and picked them up. Leather. Small, brown, neat. . . . Stormers. Laid on the bed was a coat—impossible to describe as anything but a sensible country coat. Beside the suitcase was a mackintosh of the type that would, without doubt, keep out real rain.

Jeremy went out quietly and closed the door. He walked across to the telephone and, picking up the receiver, put a call through to his stepmother. Soon there came the regular double buzz of Natalie's telephone, and at the same moment Jeremy heard the sound of a key being inserted in the door of the flat. His back was to the door and he stood without moving. He heard his stepmother's voice and spoke into the receiver.

"Is that you, Natalie? . . . This is Jeremy."

"Where are you?" asked Natalie.

"I'm in the flat," said Jeremy. "Yes, Helen's here. She's just come in."

"How does she look?"

"She looks," said Jeremy, without turning, "wonderful. She looks very happy—and beautiful—and she says she loves me."

"Oh, Jeremy ——" said Natalie.

"I'm bringing her home," said Jeremy. "We'll get married and come down to the farm and it'll quite eclipse William's homecoming."

"Oh, Jeremy ——" began Natalie once more.

Jeremy put his free hand behind him and, groping, found a coat sleeve. From this he got a grip on a slender arm and pulled Helen round gently to his side. He looked at her for a few moments and then addressed her mother once more.

"You sound awfully far away," he said. "And sort of shaky. Mrs. Rome, are you crying again?"

"O-only a little," said Natalie.

"I see. Well, d'you know what?"

"No. W-what?" asked his stepmother.

"Helen's crying, too," said Jeremy, and put down the receiver.

THE END

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HOMEMAKER SERVICE

(Continued from Page 23)

Homemakers are accustomed to grateful families. Each of the nine homemakers on the staff services an average of fifteen families a year. These are for the most part those in which the mother's illness or absence would make it necessary to place the children outside their own homes. Many families are saved from temporary or permanent disintegration through this simple, practical plan.

The Homemaker Service in Hartford traces its official beginnings to the Community Chest's Advisory Committee. From the Hartford Foundation for Public Giving, the committee received $1800, just enough to make plans. When the grant ran out, the Community Chest stepped in with financial aid. The effect of the war upon the labor market made early days difficult, but by January, 1946, the Family Service Society was able to put the service on a permanent basis. As supervisor for the new department it engaged Miss Bertha Vandries, who had a background of twelve years in child placing and a master's degree in social work from Columbia University. She had learned from her day-to-day experience that the placing of children outside their own homes sometimes is seriously damaging to a child's personality. She was anxious to work out the new system of keeping the child at home, with "mother substitutes."

"The most difficult part of our service is securing the right sort of women to be homemakers," Miss Vandries points out. Working with an advisory committee of five women from the agency's board, she has developed very definite standards for the candidates for training. "I interview many women who are expert cooks and scrupulously clean housekeepers. But if a woman doesn't understand the empty feeling a child has when his mother is away, or how to settle the inevitable childish squabbles, she won't make good. You must have a sincere and abiding interest in children to succeed in this work."

Homemakers generally start out with the practical knowledge acquired from rearing their own families. This is supplemented by monthly training meetings. These women, often widows freed of the responsibility of their grown-up families, are by no means "textbook" mothers. Still, the agency goes on the theory that there is always room to learn something else. From time to time it gives practical lessons in the planning of nourishing but low-cost meals for children, how best to mend a small boy's pants, or select the most effective cleaning fluids and disinfectants. It also holds discussions on bed wetting, temper tantrums and similar manifestations, and gives suggestions for dealing with these problems.

In one Hartford home, a homemaker was called in to relieve a mother suffering from a nervous breakdown. Doctors believed she would improve if she had a good rest away from her family. The homemaker walked into a household very much down at the heel. It had been neglected for a long time because of the mother's illness. There were four children, the oldest of whom was twelve. They were undisciplined and untidy. The father, greatly discouraged over his wife's illness, was drinking heavily. Nobody had any interest in the appearance of the house.

The homemaker began by helping the children care for their own clothes. "I'll be glad to do your laundry for a short time," she told them. "But you mustn't throw your clothes on the floor. Pick them up and put them in the laundry basket." To the oldest boy, she explained, "There's no reason why you must wear the same shirt for a week, if you'll cooperate." She taught the ten-year-old girl to do simple mending. She assigned each child certain chores to be done before and after school. After she had been in the home a few days, she dropped the hint, "If the woodwork in the kitchen were painted, I'd be glad to wash and iron the curtains."

The suggestions caught on. The father painted the woodwork. New shades were purchased. Things started to improve. The children began doing better in school and took pride in their clean clothes. The father even visited the corner tavern less frequently and showed that he was sincerely anxious to keep his family together.

When the mother returned from the hospital, she found a spotless house. The children were beginning to respect order and discipline. Her husband was less anxious about his family's future. The homemaker had pointed the way to real family co-operation where each member bore a part of the load.

"Homemakers are not servants," Miss Vandries is quick to tell you. "Their service is far more comprehensive. When a mother is ill and the children are frightened and bewildered, both need something more personal than ministrations only to their physical needs. The homemaker must sense their feeling and respond to it. The agency prepares the way for her to enter a new home, and directs her throughout her stay there."

Beginners in Hartford receive a salary of $30 per week plus carfare, and are employed on a year-round basis. Subject to constant call, they are allowed $1 each week for telephones. They work a five-day, forty-hour week, with sick benefits, vacation and overtime pay. Yet they are not clock watchers and their common motivation is the love of children.

"Not all families can secure homemakers, of course. The selection is based primarily upon the necessities of the family situation and the unavailability of other arrangements," Miss Vandries explains. "The father's responsibility under the plan is heavy, for he must take over when the homemaker leaves—generally around five or six o'clock. So you can see a father must be sincerely anxious to keep his children at home for the homemaker plan to be successful."

On the arrival of the prince consort in England, Queen Victoria gave him a bouquet of flowers. The prince, noted for his charming little courtesies, took a penknife from his pocket, cut a hole in the lapel of his coat and inserted a flower in it. This was the first lapel buttonhole, and tailors were quick to adopt the idea for all suits. —BRUXER.

Families who can pay partial or full cost of the homemaker's wages do so. In 1947, $5235.89 was received from such payments and reimbursements from social agencies. The balance of the cost of the program, $10,446.81, was met by the Community Chest.

During 1947 in Hartford the service was used in 64 confinement cases, 53 illnesses or operations (of the mother), one accident, two mental cases, one during shock-therapy treatment, one death, where the homemaker stayed until permanent plans could be made.

Homemakers must pass physical examinations; X rays, blood and other tests are taken. Then each woman is accepted on trial to see whether or not she is temperamentally suited for the work.

A veteran homemaker can move into a strange kitchen and find her way about easily. Long experience has taught her that individual housewives have their idiosyncrasies in the matter of storing pots, pans and other utensils. But a homemaker somehow knows how to find the elusive paring knife or the indispensable Dutch oven. Yet they do not "overhaul" the household. Their job is to carry on without upsetting the routine of the family life more than absolutely necessary. They don't pamper the children to win their affection, nor do they introduce stern, new discipline. Their job is primarily to carry on "status quo."

Kindliness and ingenuity the homemaker must have. Maude Reeves, one of the Hartford staff, laughs when she recalls how she finally persuaded a stubborn two-year-old to eat the nourishing food she prepared for him. "Do you like the song, Open the Door, Richard?" she asked. The youngster nodded his head. So Mrs. Reeves sang, in her rich, contralto voice. Each time she sang, "Open the door," the rule was that the boy opened his mouth for food. It wasn't long before Mrs. Reeves had him eating three hearty meals a day and without benefit of music.

Homemakers share common interests and common experiences, but they are individualists. Dora von Essen, for example, is a sixty-seven-year-old grandmother, with four grown children, seven grandchildren. When her husband died she taught embroidery for a time, but found that her life lacked familiar activity. She applied for homemaker service and was accepted.

The first morning, it was snowing hard. "I had to shovel my way out of my house to report for work," she recalls. She found a distraught father with two small children. His wife had been rushed to the hospital several weeks before her confinement was expected. "Boy, am I glad to see you," the father said heartily. The work was hard, but Mrs. von Essen says, "It was worth it to see how happy that family was when the mother came home, strong again, with a pretty new baby."

Alice Weghorst, in her early forties, was formerly a dental nurse. For a time she sold dresses in a women's clothing store. "I didn't like it. I have always loved children and I felt lost when my own daughter grew up." The agency was reluctant to employ Mrs. Weghorst because of her youthful appearance. But today she is among the most effective of homemakers and enjoys her work. "I feel sorry for the women who have to go into shops and factories to earn a living," she says.

Hearty Camille Williams, who looks as if she had never known a sick day, tells you frankly, "I used to think I was in poor health. All my children were grown up and I didn't know it was just because I didn't have enough to do." She specializes in peach pie. "It's fun to see the faces of the children when I say, 'Guess I'll make a peach pie today.'"

"It's nice work," Mary Murphy points out, "because you are paid regularly and you don't have to find your own job. Even better is the fact that you work with the backing of a social agency." She adds, "I only wish that I were twenty years younger. But I hope I shall never be too old to help people who need it."

Homemaker Service is limited not only by funds available, but by two other factors: the supply of potential homemakers with the requisite character and personality, and limitations within the home itself. It can be successful only when there is a will to keep the family together.

Although the homemaker service is set up chiefly for "interim" care, it is occasionally used as a stopgap until a permanent plan can be made. For example, when Mrs. Y. was killed suddenly in an automobile accident, leaving four small children, the father went to pieces. He asked that his children be placed in an orphanage. Hoping to get him to see differently, the Family Service Agency sent a homemaker to the home. After a few weeks, the father was calm enough to discuss the problem reasonably.

One homemaker was recently asked by an interviewer, "Do you really like your work?" She held out a painfully written letter, on cheap paper, in pencil. "Please read this if you'd like to know," she told the reporter. The letter said, in part, "I thought the world was coming to an end for me and my family. Then you walked in and asked what the children liked to eat; what time the baby had his nap. The last thing I saw as they carried me out on the stretcher to go to the hospital was you, standing there in the kitchen, hanging up my daughter's clean dresses. I want you to know that anything we have is yours, any time you want it. We can never repay you."

There are many other examples like this one. It probably explains why homemakers are one of the most satisfied groups of workers you could find. They like their work because, fundamentally, they are just being good neighbors. THE END

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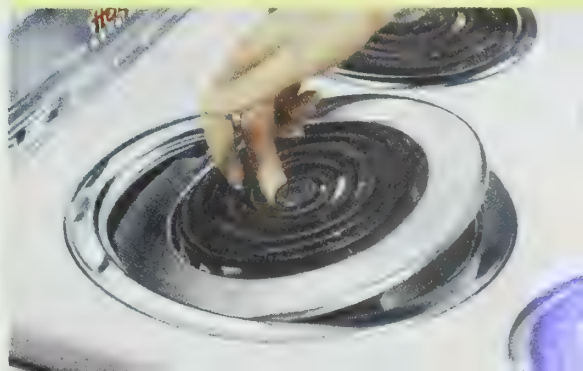
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POSIES FOR PAMELA

(Continued from Page 42)

ity and sweep of it smothered me. So ll I could do was try to breathe. And at her.

was something to stare at. She wore ht red fuzzy coat. Her head was bare. nd slowly melting flakes of snow starred ondness. In an age when girls swung hair about their shoulders, Pamela ed hers to a golden shine and knotted kly and neatly in the back.

as waiting for her voice to knock me When it came, it very nearly did. Soft, womanly, almost shy. Ah!

d like to order some funeral flowers," aid.

e words wafted around my head. neral flowers," I beamed. Then I drew outh serious and let the horror get into yes. "No one close to you, I hope," I ed.

uite close," she answered calmly.

'm so sorry," I murmured. An under- couldn't have said it with more unc- Only he wouldn't have been as sincere was.

e really looked at me. "You don't have to pieces," she remarked. "It's my e Horace. He turned eighty-six last ember seventeenth. He had a right to

Of course he did. Of course," I hurried. all have a right to die sometime."

little puzzle carved itself between her dark brows.

decided to change the subject. "Lilies the usual thing," I said. "Or perhaps 'd like a floral . Carnations are lar. But for an e of yours ——" I sed. I was once e lost and smoth-

For an uncle of e," she prompted.

gasped and went nspired. "It must omething different, , expressive. It t be brilliant pur- and a touch of white—with gray and n interwoven——" I could see it. Small ers, old-fashioned, suitable for eighty-six -lived years.

amela frowned again. "I don't know," said. "I never did this sort of thing be- But mother has the flu. It can't cost e than six dollars. Can we get anything nt for six dollars?"

ou can get my shop, my heart screamed. *can have every blasted orchid in it, yes, the gardenias, too, and that precious little t that Maxie and I have been nursing g for the past eighteen months. You can me and my two-year-old car, and my three suits, and the recording of the Messiah Fats Waller. And you can keep the six es, beautiful.*

lips had more sense. "Oh, yes," I as- d her. I sounded quiet and unlike a ho for the first time since I'd seen her. see that you get something very nice."

watched her hands count out the six one- ar bills, glad that they were singles so I could watch longer. It would have nice if those red-tipped fingers counted the dimes of a piggy bank. That would e taken quite a time. Quite a time.

watched her pivot and move toward the r. I saw the white snow waiting to make background for her. I noticed, not very ually, that her legs tapered from a slim ndness down to a slimmer neatness. h her hand on the knob she swung tuptly to face me. I pulled my eyes kly upward. The prairie fire engulfed my eks.

You'll want to know where to send it," remarked.

Where to send it," I repeated dully. "Oh, . Yes, of course. Your Uncle Horace."

Her lips twitched. "Well, not my Uncle race, exactly," she said. "But just see they get to Henders' Funeral Home by tomorrow afternoon."

I pulled a pad toward me. I wrote the words down, the day. Then another thought hit me. "Your name?" I asked importunately. "What is your name?"

She looked surprised. "If it's not a charge ——" she began. Then she shrugged, apparently outwitted with the futility of me. "Pamela Crane," she revealed. "One-nineteen Lantern Street."

I didn't need to write that down. It pushed, like a sharp pencil with soft lead, firmly into my mind. I was so relieved I almost missed the way she pulled the door gracefully open, shut it quietly, stood for an instant in the doorway, then stepped briskly out as only long-legged girls can, into the storm.

I STOOD very still, the worn bills in my hand. After a while Maxie popped into the room.

"What's the matter with you, Squirt?" she asked. "You look all goose flesh. Been in a draft?"

Considering that Maxie is one of the few girls who underinch me to the measurement of three, that "Squirt" has never irritated me. Until that moment, I mean.

"There is nothing the matter with me," I replied with dignity. "And please don't call me Squirt."

Maxie smiled, that lopsided business that always seems to take the world in with her on a good joke. "Okay, Squirt," she agreed.

"Your hair's a mess," I said. "And why have I never seen Pamela Crane before?"

Maybe it was her instinctive gesture to her rumpled black hair that emptied her face of its grin. Because it was back again in a moment, as pert as her words.

"Aha, so that's it." She ticked off on her fingers. "One, Pam came to Anchor City when you were in the Battle of the Bulge. Two, you haven't seen her around because you've buried yourself under floral constructions ever since you got back. Three, she lives alone with her mother and her just-deceased Uncle Horace. Four, she's a tearing beauty who has all the boys on edge. And five, she's too tall for you."

I digested four and ignored five. I wondered. "How do you happen to know so much about her?"

Maxie smiled. This time I didn't like it. "Because for almost a year now Joe has done nothing but sigh and pant for her. It's like living with an asthmatic bear."

My heart took an elevator plunge. Joe was Maxie's brother. Joe was two years younger than I and a good eight inches taller. Joe was as dark and curlyheaded as Maxie, and much more serious about the eyes. Joe was the heart's delight of half the feminine population of Anchor City. And had been from the day before he put on long pants.

I went into the back room and robbed the till for little purple flowers and fine green ferns and soft white rosebuds. My fingers worked the way I like them to. But my mind was busy with a campaign.

I'd done it before. I could do it again, now, this time, when it really counted. I pulled out every word of wisdom my mother had given me, and stacked it against Joe's magnificent physique, his slow happy smile, the way he bent his head, down, down toward the ladies.

Maxie came out. "Migosh," she yelped. "There's twenty-two dollars and ninety-eight cents' worth of tribute in that masterpiece if there's one thin dime."

"So what?" I countered, looping and doubling intensely.

"So I put the six dollars in the cash register," she said quietly. And walked out.

After Maxie left that night I stayed behind. I didn't want her around for what I was

Any power must be the enemy of mankind which enslaves the individual by terror and force, whether it arises under a Fascist or Communist flag. All that is valuable in human society depends upon the opportunity for development accorded to the individual.

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going to do. It took me till midnight. But it was worth it.

The snow had stopped and a white hush was over the world. I drove slowly, down Main, over Atherton, and turned right into Lantern. One-nineteen was an old brown house, looking for all the world like a fat rusty hen squatting in a nest of cotton. The windows were all dark.

I passed the house, pulled up to the curb and turned the engine off. I got out like a thief in the night. The snow helped to muffle my tiptoed steps. The porch was a mile wide. I opened the storm door, holding my breath, and put the little package, newspaper wrapped against its cellophane, in what looked like the warmest corner. Then I went home and slept as if I'd been thirty-six hours in combat. I didn't even dream. The campaign had begun.

The package? A tiny nosegay, no bigger than a bracelet, of the smallest, most exquisite flowers I could manage. The card said, "If you lived in the age of your beauty, this nosegay would declare itself yours." I didn't sign it.

The first thing I thought of in the morning was *Uncle Horace gets himself buried today.* I looked anxiously out the window. It was a good day for it. Suddenly mild and very clear. His soul would have a straight open space with no heavy clouds, from here to heaven.

I put on my most somber suit, a dark tie and a solemn expression. I was very fond of Uncle Horace. He was close to Pamela. Maybe he'd even helped to bring her up. I was grateful to him for the job he'd done.

Maxie looked me over sharply. It's a way she has. I noticed it particularly.

"You look better today," she said at last. "More like you were pulling yourself to yourself, if you know what I mean. Yesterday everything about you was flying like parts of an explosion."

That's Maxie. Crazy. But you get what she means. I pretended not to.

"A man who has been forty-two months in service deserves some moments when he is not entirely integrated," I replied with great dignity.

"Holy potatoes," Maxie answered inelegantly. "You've been out of service since two weeks after V-J Day—which wasn't yesterday, brother."

"No. Not yesterday," I murmured. I slid off into yesterday, seeing the door open again, the sleekness of her hair ——

"Joe and I are going to pop corn tonight," Maxie interrupted my thoughts. "How's about bringing your records? Cozy evening. Open fire. No talk. Maybe doughnuts?"

I guess the silence must have run pretty thin, because she pinched my ear suddenly. It hurt. I did a double take on her words. "No, thank you," I said at last.

Maxie's red mouth slipped a notch. It was exactly the sort of evening she knew I liked best. But my mind was busy with a camellia, a blush-pink one, set in a ruching of stiff lace. I was already figuring the words to go with it. I managed to see Maxie's eyes pretty clearly though.

"I—I have made other plans for the evening, Maxie," I said. "Some other time, huh?"

"Some other time," she agreed. Then added, surprisingly, "And I hope you won't regret it."

THE camellia came out very well. Even my mother would have admitted that the card was courtly: "The glorious flush of your cheeks, cooled by the snow, warmed by your loveliness—that is this flower."

I locked up the store shortly after ten. There were lights downstairs in Pam's house. I drove on by.

Presently I found myself in front of Maxie's house. There was only one dim lamp, and the uneven warmth of firelight touched against the windows. Impulsively I stopped. I was always welcome at Maxie's and I had a couple of hours to kill.

Before I put my finger on the buzzer I could hear the closing foolishness of a Hoosier Hot Shot number. Maxie came to the door just as the record hooted to a stop.

"Well now, well now," she cried. "Minds changed every hour on the hour greased, lubricated, good as new."

She looked very well for a brunette F a little girl. She'd brushed her hair fooonc and her dress was sort of like the firelight. Subdued heat in a quietly crimson wa

I told her so. Habit of years.

Her cheeks seemed rosier with the compliment. Or maybe it was that she was leading me into the lamplight and it lit her up

I blinked a little in the dimness. Then I made out two pairs of shoulders bending over the records. One was tall and ver broad and masculine. Joe, of course. The other—oh, my beating heart—the othe was Pamela. Even before they swung around even before I saw anything but their backs I thought what a swell-looking pair they were. A fatal thought for a hopeful sh or.

"YOU know Pamela," Maxie introduced. "At least in a business way. She always gives you her funerals."

Pamela looked a little hurt.

Joe frowned. "That's no way to talk, Maxie," he reproved. "After Pamela just buried her Uncle Horace this very afternoon." Joe, I might say, is a gentle soul. Very different from his sister.

"Quite a job," Maxie said. Then she looked abashed. For her. "I'm sorry, I'm. My rivulet tongue, you know."

Pamela nodded gravely. She took two steps forward and stood looking at me. "The flowers were very beautiful," she said.

For one wild moment I thought she was on to me already, remembering my guilty nosegay. That would have spoiled everything.

"The loveliest ones of all," she went on in that way of hers. "Mother was terribly pleased."

"I'm glad you liked them," I said. "You made me see Uncle Horace so clearly. It was almost as if I'd known him. A shrunken little man, with snow-white hair and a word for every occasion."

Maxie and Joe hooted in unison. I only smiled. I swallowed.

"Round as a barrel," Joe explained. "Red as a coot. Voice like a foghorn."

I grinned with them. Then I went over to the records and looked for Maxie's Harold Bauer numbers. I was so conscious of Pamela standing by the fire that prickles ran up the back of my fresh haircut.

Before I could spike the records Joe came over and slapped on Night and Day. He turned around. I had to watch it. I had to see the way he walked slowly toward Pamela, his great long arms reaching out, and how she slid into them. They were something blown by the wind or the music. I did not like the way it made me feel. Joe did not have football player's feet. He could dance and so could she.

Maxie went out into the kitchen. I decided it was better not to torture myself. I went along too.

I leaned against the sink, watching her make coffee as I had half a hundred times before. "So that's what you meant by hoping I wouldn't regret not coming," I said at last.

Her head was bent over the plastic tablespoon. Her mouth moved as she counted. Her hair swooped down against her cheek and hid her expression. "More or less," she said. "More or less."

But I couldn't stay put. In a minute I wandered back into the living room. The record stopped. I put on the Harold Bauer. I sat down on the floor with my back propped against a chair. I watched the firelight reach out to glow Pamela, also on the floor, her long legs tucked neatly, her eyes dark and mysterious.

Maxie called, "Come get this tray, will you, Joe?"

It should have been me. I always helped Maxie at shindigs. But I was glad it wasn't.

When we were alone I said, "Pamela, tell me about yourself. All the things I ought to know."

She turned, a little surprised. "You ought to know? What do you mean?"

I laughed; I heard it, so I guess it sounded easy. I kept my voice low and persona

"Were you a shy sweet child? Do you like to walk in the rain? What do you think of Charles Boyer? And why haven't I seen you before?"

She smiled. "You're a very unusual person, Larry. Joe said you were. Maxie said you were. They've done a great deal of talking about you. Now I know they were right."

I didn't want to talk about myself. "Everybody's unusual, one way or another," I said. "Take Joe now ——"

Maybe it was my imagination, but I thought her face softened. "Joe," she echoed. I shivered.

Then they were back. The coffee was hot and fragrant, as Maxie's coffee always was. Pretty soon it was after midnight and Pamela was being tucked into the red fuzzy coat by Joe and the door was opening and Maxie was talking a mile a minute.

"Ah," she sighed deeply. "Blondes. Acquired by two men, while the dark woman left to watch the dying embers. Larry, you'd better stay and have a last cup of coffee. Joe will see Pam home."

"Thanks, no, Maxie," I said, as lightly as I could. Maxie and I had finished off so much coffee and so many fires. "But I have the car. I'll run Pamela over." I looked up at Joe. "Save your strength, fellow," I insisted. "No use your going out in this cold too."

Joe looked at Pam. She looked back. For a minute I felt like the ham between two slices of bread, or a splinter in a finger. She nodded.

"Don't bother, Joe," she said. "Larry will be going right past my house."

Joe closed the closet door. He looked grumpy. Like a bear, as Maxie had suggested. "Okay, okay," he mumbled.

Pamela put her hand on his sleeve. "And thank you, Joe," she said softly. "Thank you very much."

"For what?" Joe asked. But you could see him thaw.

I drove slowly, but you can make three blocks last just so long. Pamela didn't say much. She seemed dreamy. So I let the understanding silence pile up until we were before her door.

"I'll see you again, Pamela?" I asked. "Soon? Tomorrow? Saturday? Maybe Sunday too?"

I'd surprised her again. I loved the way the dreamy look snapped away and she became clearly conscious of me. "All or one?" she asked, laughing a little.

"All if possible. One at least."

She pushed a mittened hand against her hair. "But more than one, of course," she said quietly.

The snow melted for me, right that moment, as she slipped through the door and left her promise behind. I rode around in the light grown suddenly spring, until the fourth time around the block I saw her light go out.

Then I picked up the camellia tenderly, as if it were her hand, and put it in the same corner of the storm door.

I lay awake a long time. I wished with an old and quiet desperation that she hadn't had to look down to me when she said good night.

The rest of the winter went by like snow against the windows. We had a lot of fun. Dancing at different places around town. Evenings at Maxie's. Movies and even one concert. Despite my best efforts, it was always the four of us. Also, somehow Joe and Pamela seemed to stride ahead of Maxie and me. But I bided my time.

I knew a thing or two. I knew that those hours spent in the back room making Pamela's bouquets as varied, as amusing, as romantic as I could, would pay dividends. I knew that the words written on those small secret cards would speak well for me, when I revealed myself.

In the meantime, I waited and watched her with my posies on her shoulder, in her hair, at her wrist. It was as if I'd set a seal on her, a fragrant stamp, that proclaimed her mine.

She was very curious about the flowers, and delighted. I learned that in practically no time at all.

"It makes me feel so—so like somebody in a book," she said, the night Maxie asked her, with a touch of malice in her voice and a leer at me, where they came from. "Every morning when I wake up," Pamela explained in her soft voice, "I rush downstairs to see if there's another one. Mother brings them in and puts them beside my plate."

I could see her, golden hair loosened and flying, something rosy and satin trilling behind her, her slim feet in feathered slippers, the kind where the heels don't hitch. I avoided seeing her at the table, reading my careful notes to her mother. I'd met her mother. Fat and white like mashed potatoes, somehow. But maybe Pamela hid the notes.

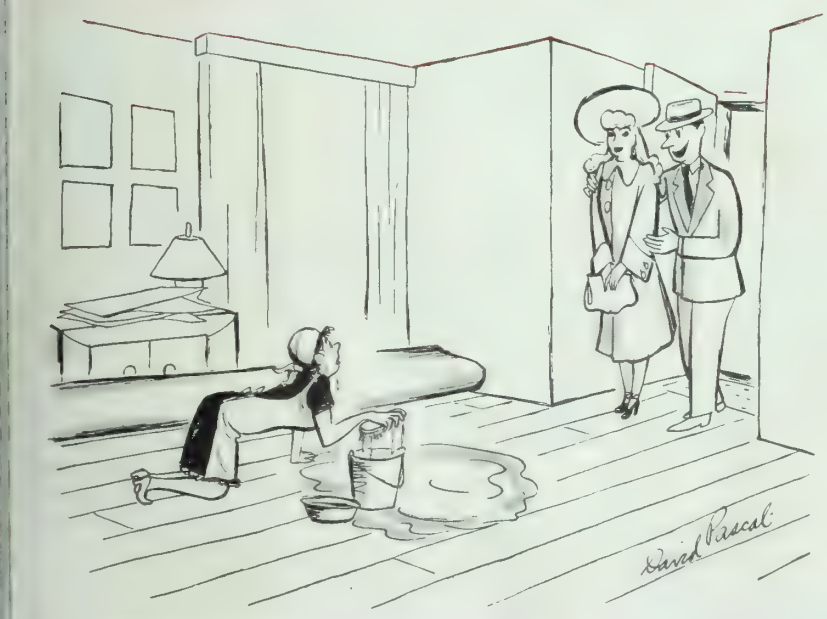
Maxie's voice was creamy. "It's like something from another age. You know, Knighthood in Flower—and lace on the cuffs." She murmured reflectively, "Nobody ever sends me flowers. Whoever is he, do you suppose?"

I knew the needles were for me. I never felt their nicking. Because Pamela was looking up, the lovely lines of her face drawn taut, her eyes wise and sweet.

"I think I know," she murmured softly. "I think I know."

She was looking up, I said. Which meant she was focusing all that tenderness on friend Joe. Well, he had the grace to look red and foolish, although he didn't deny it. Maxie's eyes, when she looked at me, had the grace to go a little ashamed.

So I knew I had to get hot. No use letting all that gratitude take root in the wrong place. I set a time in my mind.



"Darling, remember I told you that Helen Simpson—the girl I was going to marry before I met you—was in town. . . ."



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SWANS DOWN LEMON BLOSSOM CAKE

Mix Happy Day Cake as directed on the Swans Down package, adding ¾ cup chopped Baker's Shredded Coconut to the batter. Bake cake in two 9-inch layer pans as directed. Spread Pale Lemon Frosting (recipe below) between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle with 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind.

PALE LEMON FROSTING

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1½ cups sugar
3 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
Yellow coloring

Combine egg whites, sugar, water, and lemon juice in top of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater or electric beater about 1 minute, or until thoroughly mixed. Cook over rapidly boiling water, beating constantly with rotary egg beater (or at high speed of electric mixer) 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand up in stiff peaks. (Stir frosting up from bottom and sides of pan occasionally with rubber scraper, spatula, or spoon.) Remove from boiling water. Add lemon rind and yellow coloring to give desired shade. Beat 1 minute, or until thick enough to spread.

Note: For a smoother frosting, wash down sides of pan with a fork wrapped in a damp cloth before and during cooking and beating, to prevent crystallization.

(All measurements are level)

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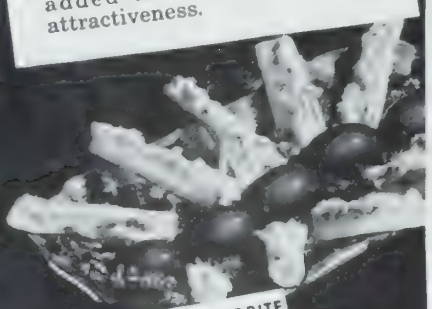
The ORIGINAL

What flavor!

RECIPE FOR

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That plant now, the one Maxie and I had nourished and yearned over for eighteen months. We called it Oscar, because its real name was as long as antidisestablishmentarianism. Anyhow, it was in bud, one perfect deep-red aromatic bud, that promised to open within a week.

Friday, I figured it. Friday, February fourteenth, which was also Valentine's Day. Which was also the Valentine Dance at the club. A perfect setup.

I started building up to it. Tuesday's gardenias said, "The time grows shorter, Loveliness. On the day of Saint Valentine I shall reveal myself to you."

Wednesday I wrote merely, "To worship at a distance is not enough."

Thursday night I dropped off a dash of mignonette and white violets. "Tomorrow" was all the card said.

I went home and counted all the things I knew about Pamela. It took quite a while. She was beautiful. She liked me. I puzzled her. She was beautiful. We danced very well indeed together. She was beautiful. She liked to talk to me. Occasionally she even made an opportunity, a quiet little island for two, which shut out Maxie and Joe, when she listened quietly, her perfect chin in her lovely hand. She was beautiful. And she was romantic. She was waiting impatiently for the flowers, the messages, the lover.

I smiled, thinking of Joe. He'd stopped even the little talking he used to do. For the past month Joe had sat, glumness a mask on his face, wherever we were. Those flowers had him plenty worried. They made him clumsy, and guilty, and unsure of himself.

Friday morning I rushed to the shop. I took Oscar carefully from the hand-built corner where we kept him. Sure enough, there he was. More perfect than even Maxie and I had dreamed.

I got out the silver-satin ribbon, the heavy tin foil, the corsage pins, the silver-fluted paper. I sorted the greens and picked out the laciest ones. When everything was neatly around me, I picked up the small shears and poised them for a breathless moment over the newly opened bud.

I began to dive down carefully, just the right length, just the right slant, when, like a breath on my neck, I became conscious of someone behind me. I whirled, as guilty as a boy caught with a hand in the cooky jar. Maxie stood in the doorway, her hands on her small hips. Her eyes blazed fire. Her nostrils fluttered.

"What," she said, quietly for her, "in the name of places good and bad, do you think you're doing?"

My grin didn't fit my face. Too big and too loose. "I'm cutting Oscar."

She was beside me in a flash. Her hand whipped the shears from mine. "Oh no, you're not," she said. This time she wasn't quiet. "Oh no, you're not." She threw the shears with all her strength clear across the room. I knew a moment's amazement when they landed, as in mumblety-peg, by their points, and shivered back and forth in the dim light.

"Now listen," I began.

"You listen," she cried. "I've watched you rob yourself—rob us—of every decent flower in the place for weeks. I've sat evening after evening while you drooled like a teething baby, or gaped like a hooked fish, at that blond string of macaroni. I've watched your sense of humor deflate into bubble gum. I've even seen some of the mush you've put on those despicable cards." She paused for breath, then went on. "Do you know what she does with those cards? She puts them around her bedroom mirror. Like—like snapshots or dance programs."

THAT rocked me. I could see Pamela's friends, going up to powder their little noses or comb their little heads, bending to read my carefully printed words.

"What of it?" I managed to ask.

"What of it?" Maxie was really rolling now. "What of it? If that doesn't show you, what will? If that doesn't prove ——" Suddenly everything broke. Her eyes. Her tense mouth. Her little tight fists. The tears started to pour down, pushing on one another till they had no separateness. "Go ahead," she said at last, very softly. "Go ahead. Cut Oscar. He's yours, of course. I'm sorry. And I'm quitting."

Before I could move, she was out of the back room. Her heels made a machine-gun sound across the shop. Then the front door opened and closed. I raced after her when I got my bearings. But I couldn't see her anywhere. I went slowly back into the store.

I stood for a long time looking at Oscar. Then I put him back in his warm corner. After all, Maxie had taken the bulb I brought back from the florists' convention, the bulb which had very few mates in the country, the bulb they said would never grow in our climate. She'd planted it and talked to it and put a lot more than fertilizer into it. In a way it was Maxie's flower too. I really didn't have any right.

I STARTED to assemble what I could find. My stomach felt the way it does when I eat too much hot apple pie. I told myself that I was disappointed, that's all. Oscar was my climax. It depressed me to give him up.

I also remembered that mirror with my cards around it. And I had never seen Maxie cry before. Not when I went away. Not even when I came back. She must be very fond of Oscar.

When I finished the corsage it was all right. It was very good, really. Tiny sweetheart roses, shading from white to pale pink to bright crimson, shaped like a heart, ruffled like a valentine and backed with a gay red-satin bow.

Just before noon Joe called. His voice was gruff and embarrassed. "I want to send Pam some flowers," he said.

"Any special kind?" I kept my tone very businesslike.

"Yeah." The pause was so long I knew he was thinking of the flowers Pam had been getting. "Something that suits her."

I tried not to laugh. Joe, getting ideas.

"Sweet peas," he said suddenly. "That's it. A nice big corsage of sweet peas. The pink ones."

"Sweet peas," I said solemnly. *You goon,* I thought. Insipid flower if ever there was one. Even smelled insipid. *So that's what you think suits Pam.* "What do you want on the card?"

He hesitated again. "No card," he said at last.

"No card," I echoed.

"You fix them up, eh?" he asked.

"Sure," I said. "Sure. Say, Joe, you seen Maxie today?"

He sounded puzzled. "Maxie? No. I'm at work. Why? Is she sick?"

"No," I said hurriedly. "She—she just left early. Shopping or something. I just wondered. I'll pick you up about nine." I put the receiver back before he could object.

I fixed the sweet peas up nice and pretty. Joe's box and mine both went out on the afternoon delivery.

I was at Pam's house at eight-thirty. Her mother opened the door and gave me the slab of her hand to touch for a moment. I'd have to learn to like Pam's mother.

In a little while Pamela came down the stairs. The white jersey rippled around her gold slippers. She wore a hooded cape so I didn't get to see my flowers. She was beautiful.

I said, on impulse, "Something in my eye. Mind if I go upstairs and wash it out?" I raced upward before they could speak.

I set the water running in the washbowl. Then I peeked in the three bedrooms until I located Pam's—pale blue and white and very virginal. I switched on the light hurriedly. Sure enough, my cards were all around the mirror. They looked like a lot, on display that way.

But when Pam's arm was in mine, when she was beside me in the little world of the car, I forgot them. I said, fast and low, "You are beautiful. You're one of a kind. You're the dream valentine come to life."

She looked at me, pleased. "Larry," she
d, "you certainly have a way with you.
ou say the nicest things. Different
ngs ——"

When I had to stop the car in the middle
f her sentence, I silently reviewed some of
/ Army vocabulary. I didn't even get out.
ushed the horn. Let Joe come out himself.
for Maxie, I couldn't believe she would
e with us, furious as she was. But out
e came. In black, too, and looking a little
ler than usual. Which might have been
e way she held her chin.

At the club the music was reaching sweet
d hot. Joe and I parked our coats and
ited for the girls. In a little while Maxie
lked toward us alone. Her cheeks were
ry red, her eyes looked layer-on-layer with
tle lights. She was still mad at me.

I went up to her, leaving Joe behind.
Come on, kid," I pleaded gently. "Let's
k arms and let go and forget we're Oscar's
rents. This is the feast of St. Valentine."

She didn't say anything. But she let me
t my arms around her and we were off,
ooth as silk and intricate as a maze, the
y we'd always danced.

It was good, if silent, fun. We stayed
gether for two dances and an encore, then
et a stag cut in and went to find Pamela.

It was some time before I discovered her.
e was coming in the door from the porch
th Joe. The first thing I thought, numbly,
s that she had the look of a girl who has
st been thoroughly and satisfactorily
ssed.

The second thing stopped me dead in my
acks. As in a nightmare I watched the
autiful tall figure waft
acefully toward me.
y horrified eyes held
her shoulder. It got
ger and more lifelike
it drew closer. When
ey stood before me I
lt as if my eyes were
ucers and my mouth
soup plate.

Fastened to the slim
rap of Pamela's white
ess was my heart-
aped corsage, bow
d all. But it had been
nned, none too precisely, smack dab in the
iddle of a bouncing corsage of pink sweet
as.

Some things make you ill. Each person
ts ill from a different cause. I thought for
moment I was going to disgrace myself in
ont of everybody. But I guess I didn't
ow it.

Because Pamela said, "I didn't know
hich to wear, Larry." She looked proud.
ctually proud. "I really couldn't decide
d I didn't want to hurt your feelings. So—
just put them together." She lifted her
ce to Joe's. The just-kissed look came
ck. She touched the sweetheart roses
nderly.

I opened my mouth. Then I was aware of
axie's hand, pinching my ear, playfully
t intensely, as it had so many times before.

Let's dance, Squirt," she said lightly.

"I—I ——"

"Right now," she commanded in a terse
hisper. "This very minute, before you start
lling, or get any greener."

I let her push me away a foot or so. Pam-
a's voice stopped me again.

"I do want to thank you, Larry," she said.
Your sweet peas are just too pretty for
ords."

LOOKED at Pamela, tall and cool and
vely. I looked up at Joe, red-faced and
most pleading. I didn't look at Maxie.
t a little pulsating something went out
m me to her. I took a deep breath and
allowed.

"I'm glad you like them, Pam," I managed
say casually. "They—they sort of re-
inded me of you."

Joe's eyes loosened with relief. *Pal*, they
anked.

You can do a lot of thinking while your
et move skillfully and automatically in
me to music. I thought. "They sort of
minded me of you," I'd said. Insipid.
Sweet peas. Mashed potatoes. Macaroni.
No sense of humor. Cards on a mirror.

I looked at Maxie's head which reached so blessedly just to my mouth. I felt how comfortable my arm was around her waist. I saw her hand on my shoulder, with little red spots where it had caught on thorns. I thought of the months I was away, and business kept up fine, and Maxie laughing at me, and taking care of Oscar.

I pulled her closer. She lifted her head. There was a sort of sleepy look in her eyes. There was a very slight, carefully covered redness around them. As if her crying of the morning had gone on for a long time.

"It's just that . . . she isn't a florist, Larry. She didn't know how it would look to you. She thinks Joe ——"

"Hush," I said. "Put your head back. Finish this dance without a word." I put my cheek against her hair. Maybe it looked wild sometimes. But it felt very soft. A dark sweet soft.

WHEN three uplifted notes signaled intermission, I took Maxie to a chair. I sat her there.

"Stay right here," I ordered. "Don't move. Don't dance with anybody else. Stay right in this spot until I get back. I'll be back in exactly one half hour."

She nodded. It wasn't until I was racing the car down Main Street that I realized how meek and feminine and inefficient her nod had been. It made me feel swell.

At first my fingers were all thumbs, working against time that way. But in a few minutes they snapped out of it and sort of turned inspired. I was through with eight minutes left to get back to the club.

Maxie sat there, her hands folded in her lap like a good little girl. The sophisticated black dress didn't make any difference. She was a good little girl.

I stood in front of her. I took her hand with my free one. I led her to the glassed-in porch. It was sprayed with bands of light and dark from the windows of the dance room. I pushed her to a dark band.

"You said," I said, and my throat was raw as with tonsillitis, and Pam had never set my heart to pumping as it was, "you said nobody ever sends you flowers."

I could feel her, so still. For Maxie, so very still and waiting. I pulled her over into a band of light. I took my hand from behind me. I held it out, like a stick of candy.

Her breath sucked in harshly. Tears sprang into her eyes and sparkled there.

"Oh, Squirt," she whispered. "Oh, Squirt. It's Oscar."

"He's for you," I said softly. "He's always been for you. You made him grow. He was sort of stubborn about it, but he had sense enough at last ——" I stopped, praying she would understand.

"Oh, Squirt," she said again. She understood, all right.

"And don't call me Squirt," I commanded absent-mindedly. I bent to kiss her. I leaned down to kiss Maxie.

After a long time she pulled me into the dark band of the porch again. "Oh, Squirt," she insisted.

I could barely hear her. But then, she didn't have a chance to repeat it anyhow.

Maxie and I have been a pair of beavers these past three days. Pam and Joe are getting married and it's a big showy all-out affair. Pam asked me to do the flowers.

I sputtered about it. "A lot of wasted effort," I complained. "No matter how I knock myself out, the dame won't appreciate it. She has no taste."

Maxie came over and kissed me, a habit of newlyweds even during business hours. "She has no taste," she agreed. And she looked right at me when she said it.

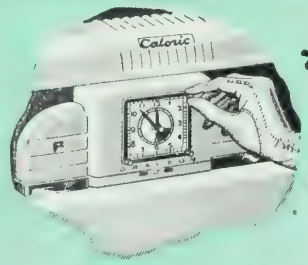
THE END

There's always a risk in loving. One may give love freely, with abandon, to a person who will value it lightly. A loved one may betray. A lover may experience heartbreak, sleepless nights, a hunger that for a time knows no satisfaction. But no matter what happens, the lover wins. It is the giving that counts.

—THOMAS DREIER.

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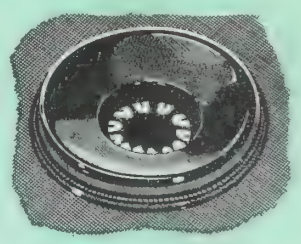


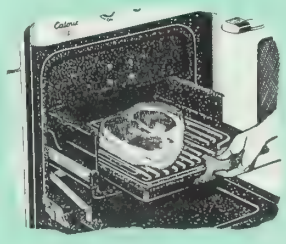
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JULY's unpredictable weather may call for a little menu sleight of hand. The weather report may mislead you into planning a warm meal for a day when the thermometer hits 100°. Of course you can't pull a full-fledged meal out of a hat, but with parallel menus (particularly an entree that is equally desirable hot or cold) you'll have a trick to match the whimsical midsummer weather.

Some Like it Hot	***Some Like it Cold***
HOT-CHICKEN-MOUSSE MENU	COLD-CHICKEN-MOUSSE MENU
Assorted Cold Hors d'Oeuvres	Mushroom-Tomato Bisque
Hot Chicken Mousse	Cold Chicken Mousse
Peas	Vegetable-Salad Cups
With Water Chestnuts	Corn Sticks
Corn Sticks	Peach-and-Nut Conserve
Peach-and-Nut Conserve	Poires aux Fraises
Poires aux Fraises	

Conversation Piece

BY RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

THE dinner this month will be a double-header, because the entree, chicken mousse, can be served hot or cold, depending on your mood, the weather, expediency or what-have-you. Obviously the temperature of the mousse will influence what goes before and with it, so—except for the dessert, which will be the same for both—we'll work out two menus. And so far as my taste is concerned, it's a toss-up between them.

HOT-CHICKEN-MOUSSE MENU Assorted cold hors d'oeuvres will be the dramatic prelude to the hot chicken mousse—not just a tray of delicious little titbits to be eaten with the fingers. *(Continued on Page 110)*

PHOTOS BY STUART



Prelude to a hot summer meal: hors d'oeuvres in delicate counterpoi



Chicken mousse—crisply chilled pièce de résistance.



Fresh strawberries and pears served with a light rich sauce of strawberry foam.



Chicken mousse blanketed in a sauce of peas and water chestnut

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RICH PEACH ICE CREAM

easy as magic to make!



FRESH PEACH ICE CREAM

(Automatic Refrigerator Method)

2⅔ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
⅓ cup water
1 cup crushed fresh peaches*
¼ cup powdered sugar
1 cup heavy cream

Set refrigerator control at coldest point. Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and water. Sweeten peaches with sugar. Add to milk mixture. Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency. Pour into chilled mixture. Pour into freezing tray. Cover with waxed paper. Freeze to a firm mush (about 1 hour). Turn into chilled bowl. Break up with fork, then beat with egg beater until fluffy but not melted. Quickly return to tray, cover with waxed paper. Return to freezing unit. Freeze until firm. Result: Extra-rich, extra-smooth, extra-*wonderful* peach ice cream! 5 servings.

*If frozen peaches are used, omit sugar.



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(Continued from Page 108)

but a real first course. There is no end of variety to choose from—sea-food salads, cooked and raw vegetables, eggs, smoked fish, and so on—but I've limited us to eight this time. I'm always flabbergasted at the hors d'oeuvres carts that are wheeled up to one's place in a restaurant. The choice is too difficult. I want a little of everything, which is beyond even my quite healthy appetite; and besides, one plate wouldn't hold it. The eight I've chosen will provide a nice contrast of taste and texture, and our guests will be able to sample each one. With the hors d'oeuvres there should be very thin sandwiches of dark bread and butter.

After this highly seasoned first course the main dishes should be hot, bland and not too hearty, so I've chosen peas and water chestnuts, cooked Chinese style in chicken broth thickened with cornstarch, to provide both vegetables and sauce for the hot mousse. The mousse can be poached in individual molds or in a large ring mold, and the peas and water chestnuts served on the same platter. To complete the main course there will be corn sticks and peach-and-nut conserve.

For dessert we'll have *poires aux fraises*, a beautiful platter of stewed pears, fresh strawberries and strawberry foam. The pears are bland and delicately flavored, the strawberries tart and highly flavored, and the sauce is both sweet and rich enough to bridge the gap between them.

COLD-MOUSSE MENU

Now we'll start at the beginning again and plan our menu around cold chicken mousse. First there should be a hearty hot soup, and for this menu mushroom-tomato bisque will be perfect. *There's* a soup with real body, and the taste is terrific—especially when it's made with a strong homemade chicken-stock base, as ours will be. Crisp buttered Melba toast or wafers should be served with the soup.

The chicken mousse can be cooked in any shape mold you like, but I think that for the cold mousse it should be a large one, not individual molds. It will occupy the center of a big platter, and around it there will be mounds of golden chicken aspic, a variety of salad vegetables and small lettuce cups filled with hollandaise. Everything will be ice-cold except the hollandaise, which should be about room temperature. The vegetables are so colorful that they can't help but look pretty, and the mousse will need some decoration to live up to its position as center of attraction. A thin layer of aspic spotted with rounds of truffles, stuffed green olives or ripe olives will make an attractive top—I'll tell you how to do that later, it's quite easy—and slivers of pistachio nuts can be stuck in the sides in a porcupine effect.

The corn sticks, conserve and *poires aux fraises* will complete the menu; and now I'd better get on with the recipes if I'm ever to finish. We'll plan for six or eight, and we'll do the mousse first and fuss with the rest later.

CHICKEN MOUSSE

The recipe is the same whether the mousse is to be served hot or cold, and will fill a 2-quart mold or 10 average-size custard cups. Cut a 4½-to-5-pound stewing chicken into pieces; put them in a pot with a veal bone that has about a pound of meat on it and add 2 celery sticks and 2 carrots. Pour in 7 cups boiling water, cover and cook over high heat until boiling point is reached, then lower heat to simmer. When chicken has cooked an hour add 2 good teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon whole pepper and continue cooking until meat is very tender. Remove chicken and veal from bones. Return bones and all fat and gristle to pot, add 1 cup water, cover and cook over high heat for ½ hour. Strain broth and cool as quickly as possible so that grease can be skimmed off.

Grind meat through finest blade of meat chopper 3 times. There should be 5½ to 6 cups of ground meat.

Make a cream sauce with 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, 7 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups chicken broth and 1½ cups milk. Add hot cream sauce to chicken, stand bowl in cold water and beat with a wooden spoon until mixture blends into a smooth paste. Remove crusts from 5 slices white

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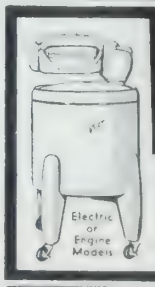
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cover bread with cold milk, and when ghly saturated squeeze out most of add bread to chicken and beat again. 's a lot of talk about beating here— —and I'm not through yet, but you have to knock yourself out and the the job is easy.

n mixture is really cold, put bowl in of ice water, add 4 egg yolks and beat, add 1 cup slightly whipped heavy , a little at a time, beating con- y. Beat 4 egg whites until stiff, fold in until thoroughly blended, and

not suggesting any other season- an salt and white pepper because t this to taste like real chicken, and a delicate flavor. However, a tea- or two of any good Chinese season- owder, gourmet or chicken bouillon er may be added because they will make the chicken taste more eny.

ase large or individual molds well butter or margarine and spoon in the se. As you proceed with this job tap olds occasionally on the table to re- the air bubbles, and when you are ed insert a silver knife over and over to get out more bubbles. This is very rtant, so give it the works, because ubbles are there whether or not you ee them. Fill molds almost to the top. nousse will expand during poaching, ettles down as it cools. Cover molds greased paper—I use typewriter paper ed with salad oil—put them in a pan rm water and set 300° F. oven to h.

Cooking time will nd on size and e of molds. In- ual custard-cup s will need about inutes; a ring , 35 to 40 min- but a deep mold, as the one I used he cold mousse, 55 minutes to an . Anyhow, when nousse is done it be puffed up and to the touch. w to the unmold- and I'll assume the mousse has been ed the day before or the morning of the y.

the mousse is to be served hot it ld be left in the mold in the refrigera- hen reheated in a water bath and un- ded shortly before serving. Run a la around the edge, turn upside down platter, then tip mold slightly to let n.

the mousse is to be served cold, remove m oven and let it stand 10 minutes re you invert it. It needn't be un- ded onto the platter on which it is to rved because, once cold, it is easy to le; but if it is to be moved, the sur- on which it is turned out should be ed with salad oil to prevent sticking. t stand, inverted, for 5 minutes before remove mold; cover at once with wax r to prevent drying and as soon as it is , store in refrigerator.

SSORTED HORS D'OEUVRES

s Avocados. With a spoon remove the of 1 small, ripe avocado and sprinkle 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Add a few s garlic juice, 1 scant teaspoon salt, aspoon white pepper, 1 teaspoon pre- d mustard and 1 tablespoon melted er or margarine. Press yolks of 5 or 6 d-cooked eggs through a sieve and add t half of this to the mixture. Mash wire potato masher, and when thor- ly blended press through a sieve. e for seasoning and add more if led. If the color is not a good green, a drop or two of blue vegetable coloring ompensate for the yellow of the egg . Mix rest of egg yolk with 1 table- n melted butter or margarine, 1 table- n vinegar, and sugar, salt and pepper aste. Fill the egg whites with avocado ture and decorate with a little of the yolk purée, using a pastry tube or a e.

s-and-Shrimp Vinaigrettes. Mix ½ nd cooked fresh or frozen shrimp with p cooked peas, and combine with sauce le of 5 tablespoons salad oil, 2 table- ns vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ tea- n sugar, ⅛ teaspoon paprika and 1 poon each of chopped parsley, green per, onion and chives.

Limed Fish. Fresh or frozen fillets of haddock, tuna, flounder or sole are good for this dish, and 1 large or 2 small fillets will be plenty. Cut the fish into bite-size pieces, sprinkle with salt and cover with ice cubes and a little water. Let stand 1 hour, wash in cold water and cover with lime juice. Lemon juice will do if you can't get limes. The fish will become firm and white under this cold cooking, or pickling, process. Let stand ½ hour and again wash with cold water. Peel a firm, ripe tomato, remove watery pulp and seeds, cut into cubes and add to fish. I'm torn between two sauces for limed fish, coconut cream and soya sauce with horse-radish. I gave you the recipe for coconut cream last November, but I'll skip lightly over it again. Grind the peeled meat of a coconut several times. Measure coconut and pour over it from ½ to ¾ its quantity of hot milk. Let stand 20 minutes and squeeze through a firm cloth to extract every bit of flavor from the coconut. Don't expect the cream to be thick—it will be about the consistency of milk. Store in refrigerator, and before serving beat a little and strain through a sieve to eliminate a creamy scum that forms on the top. If we could get fresh ripe coconuts here we wouldn't need to add milk, but the ones we get are apt to be dry. Pour the cream over the fish and add some freshly ground black pepper. If you want a more tangy sauce, mix horse-radish with Chinese soya sauce (soy sauce) until it's as hot as you can take it and pour this over the fish. Honestly, I can't say which sauce I like better, but you can't go wrong whichever you choose.

> If we were all given by magic the power to read each other's thoughts, I suppose the first effect would be to dissolve all friendships. The second effect, however, might be excellent, for the world without friends would be intolerable, and we should learn to like each other without needing a veil of illusion to conceal from ourselves that we did not think our friends absolutely perfect.
>
> —BERTRAND RUSSELL.

Okra with Sauce Piquant. Select evenly sized spears of young okra, boil in salted water until tender, drain and put in refrigerator. Make a sauce of ½ cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons chili sauce, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce and a dash or two of Tabasco. To serve, put the sauce in one side of the dish and the okra in the other. I love to pick up the okra with my fingers, dip it into the sauce and bite it off, but that's a little messy for this occasion and it can be eaten with a fork.

Beets and Onion Rings. Slice small cooked beets and let them stand in their juice to which salt, sugar, pepper and vinegar have been added to taste. To serve, drain, sprinkle with salad oil and cover with rings of fairly small sliced onions.

Julienne of Veal or Pork Salad. If you have a little leftover veal or pork on hand, that's fine. If not, buy 1 good-sized chop of pork or veal and sauté until tender. The meat should be cut into thin, slender strips. To 1 cup julienne of meat add 1¾ cups finely shredded lettuce and ¼ cup minced celery and toss with mayonnaise.

Raw Vegetables. Arrange an attractive dish of radish roses, carrot strips, small flowerets of cauliflower and green-pepper strips. All or two of these would be fine, but there should be some raw vegetables to dunk in the mayonnaise or sauces.

Veal en Gelée. This recipe will make more than enough for one party, but don't worry. Veal *en gelée* is a delicious hors d'oeuvre and it will keep quite a long time under refrigeration. Get a calf's foot and tongue, wash thoroughly and barely cover with cold water and ½ cup vinegar. Add ½ teaspoon whole pepper, 2 cloves, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 bay leaf, 1 clove garlic, 1 medium onion and 1 stick celery. Bring to a rolling boil, lower heat and skim carefully. Cover and simmer gently. When tongue is tender, remove it and let the calf's foot continue to cook, uncovered, until it is tender. Plunge tongue into cold water, peel off skin and allow to cool. Cut tongue into neat little squares about ¼ inch in size and chop 3 canned pimientos into small pieces. When calf's foot is tender, take it out of pot and strain broth, which will be considerably reduced in bulk. We'll want approximately ¼ broth to ¾ meat by cup measurement. Cut meat from calf's foot into cubes and put this, with the tongue and pimiento, into square refrigerator dishes. Taste broth, add seasoning if needed and pour it, hot, over the meat in the proportions indicated. Store

(Continued on Page 113)

Here's How

Clever Mrs. Frank D. Holmes makes delicious

Cherry-Peach Jam

in fifteen minutes after fruit is prepared

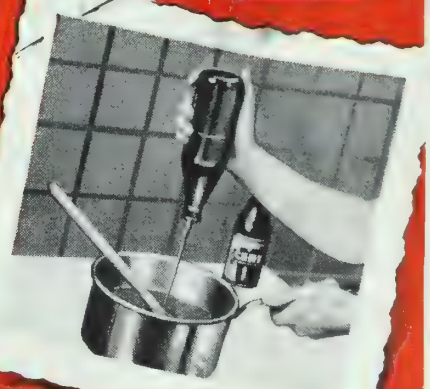


"**I'm a busy mother** and housewife. I dressmake for my two daughters and myself and take an active interest in school and civic affairs. Nevertheless, I find time to make my family treats like Cherry-Peach Jam. I make it with CERTO—as anybody can who wants to avoid the hard work and uncertainty of old-fashioned methods.

Mrs Frank D. Holmes

MOUNT VERNON
N. Y.

"**Easy trick—adding Certo**—but it cuts boiling time to only *one minute!* For Cherry-Peach Jam, I use the Peach Jam recipe in the booklet of 90 recipes that comes under the label of each Certo bottle. But instead of 3 pounds of peaches, I use 1½ pounds ripe peaches and 1¼ pounds ripe red sour cherries.





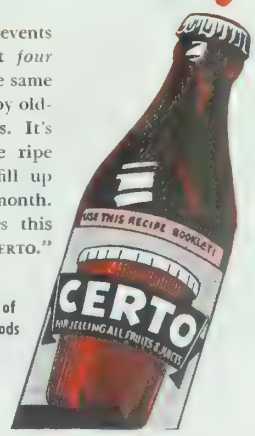
"**In fifteen minutes** after the fruit is prepared, I'm putting away finished, paraffined glasses! That's how simple the Certo method is. And not a worry in the world that my jam will be runny, when I follow the Certo method exactly! Certo is the original liquid pectin that helps all fruits jell just right.



Look—Eleven Glasses!

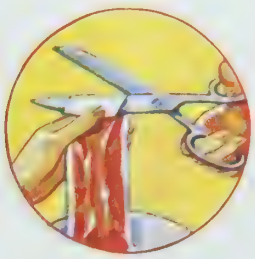
"The short boil, with Certo, prevents loss of fruit juice. So I get *four more finished glasses* than the same amount of fruit would yield by old-fashioned long-boil methods. It's fresh-flavored, too—like the ripe fresh fruit—wonderful. Do fill up your cupboard shelves this month. Try making jams and jellies this quick successful way—with CERTO."

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The wieners are all meat—absolutely no cereal filler added. You notice the all-meat firmness and goodness with the first bite because they are made solely of *selected* extra lean beef and flavory, tender pork. We use only mild seasoning—they get their flavor from the meat itself.

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(Continued from Page 111)

in refrigerator. When cold, the broth will have formed a stiff jelly. To serve, cut the veal *en gelée* into finger-sized strips and sprinkle with a little salad oil and vinegar. This is a very popular appetizer with us and I often serve it in strips big enough to be eaten with the fingers.

With the assorted hors d'oeuvres serve thin sandwiches made of pumpernickel, sour rye or Swedish bread spread with butter or margarine or a half-and-half mixture of one of these and cream cheese.

PEAS AND WATER CHESTNUTS
(to serve if mousse is hot)

Slice water chestnuts in thin rounds to make 2 cups. (In case you can't get them, use canned button mushrooms instead.) Put them in 4 cups chicken broth and simmer 10 minutes. Into another pan pour a little boiling water over peas and cook them for about 10 minutes. Drain peas, put them with broth and water chestnuts and cook until peas are tender. The water chestnuts never will become tender, which is their virtue. They retain their crispness no matter how long they're cooked. Taste, add gourmet powder and salt if needed and thicken with cornstarch mixed with cold water. Cook, stirring constantly, until the sauce has about the same thickness as very thin gravy, and is clear and glossy. Serve vegetables on same platter with mousse and garnish with parsley or water cress and a few spots of chopped pimiento.

Now we'll go back to the cold mousse, its decoration and vegetable garnishes and the soup that precedes it.

MUSHROOM-TOMATO BISQUE

Chop ⅓ pound fresh mushrooms into tiny pieces. Melt a little butter or margarine in a skillet, add chopped mushrooms and 1 finely minced clove garlic, and sauté a few minutes—don't brown. Add 4 cups chicken broth and 1½ cups tomato sauce and heat to boiling point. In the top of a double boiler make a thin cream sauce of 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour and 3 cups milk or milk and cream. Mix two hot liquids and season with salt, ½ teaspoon sugar and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Make the soup any time that suits your convenience—it reheats perfectly—and serve with a teaspoon of whipped cream and a few dashes of paprika topping each cup.

ASPIC

You'll need 9 cups chicken broth in all for the cold mousse dinner: 4 for the soup, 1½ for the mousse and 3½ for the aspic, so some stretching is indicated. This can be done by cooking with the chicken and veal an extra piece of veal and bone, some canned chicken broth or bouillon powder or cubes and water, but be sure that the broth has a strong chicken flavor. To make aspic, clarify 3½ cups broth, bring to a boil and dissolve in it 1½ envelopes unflavored gelatin which has been softened in ½ cup cold water. Stir in 2 drops yellow vegetable coloring. Grease a flat plate and a small square or oblong cake pan with salad oil and pour a thin coating of broth into each. Set these in refrigerator and put bowl containing the rest of the broth in cold water.

Cut a few truffles into thin slices and cut each slice into a perfect round with the inside ring of a doughnut cutter. If you don't have truffles—and they're rather hard to get and frightfully expensive—use slices of big stuffed or ripe olives instead. When aspic in plate and pan begins to congeal, add the pieces of truffle or olive, spacing them evenly in whatever pattern you choose and pressing them down a little so that they will be firmly embedded in aspic. The plate will contain the decoration for the top of your mousse and the pan will hold thicker slabs to be used around it. When the rest of the aspic barely begins to thicken, spoon a thin layer of it into the plate and put the rest in the pan. The aspic in the plate shouldn't be much more than ⅛ inch thick—just thick enough to handle.

If your mousse has a flat, solid top, cut the aspic into 4 wedges—as if you were cutting a pie into 4 pieces—and, using a pancake turner, transfer each wedge from plate to top of mousse. You'll find they can be fitted together easily and any aspic that sticks out beyond the edge of the top can be cut off. If you've used a mold with a tube, as I did, take a biscuit cutter the size of the hole in the mousse and with it cut a ring in the center of the aspic. Remove this center, cut the remaining aspic into 3 or 4 pieces, and transfer these to the top, fitting them neatly. This may sound like a fancy and difficult job, but it isn't a bit hard to do and it looks so pretty.

For a ring mold, cut the aspic into strips or pie-shaped wedges and drape them over the top of the mousse. Decorate the sides by sticking long slivers of pistachio nuts into the mousse. And if you don't want to bother with the aspic decoration, you could stick pistachios all over the mousse and get a very pretty effect.

To serve, put the mousse in the center of a platter and surround with slabs of aspic, cut from the aspic in the pan into any shapes you like, crisp slices of radish, cucumber and green pepper which have been sprinkled with French dressing, and lettuce cups filled with hollandaise. In cutting the aspic you will accumulate some ragged pieces. Cut these into cubes and put in the center of the mold or in groups around it. I hope you'll use the easy hollandaise recipe I gave you in my April Conversation Piece.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A Garden for Ann-Elisabeth

BY EVE TRIEM

Asphalt, the grass; lamppost, the tree;
Brook and fish gleam of tin debris—

What a garden for sweet Ann
Whose two names open like a fan!

What bird chorale of screeching
cars,
What alley dusk in neon stars!

Angels sigh with singing breath,
"No flowers for Ann-Elisabeth."

But Ann is smiling in a dream
Of willow earth and flowered
stream;

Bright marigold, a butterfly
Is the sun in her small sky.

Little Ann knows mysteries:
Where I am, there God is.

Where God is, field or street,
A garden grows for His feet.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

CORN STICKS

Sift together 1½ cups flour, 1½ cups corn meal, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2½ teaspoons salt and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Into a bowl put 1½ cups buttermilk, add 1 scant teaspoon baking soda, stir well and add 2 well-beaten eggs and 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Add dry ingredients and blend quickly. Grease corn-stick pans and place in preheated 425° F. oven for 5 minutes. Fill pans ⅔ full of batter and bake at 425° F. until well puffed up and slightly browned—20 to 25 minutes.

PEACH-AND-NUT CONSERVE

Combine 6 cups peaches, peeled and cut into cubes, juice of 2 lemons, 25 maraschino cherries cut into quarters, 1¼ cups broken nut meats and 3¾ cups sugar. Cook until thick, about 25 minutes, and stir often.

POIRES AUX FRAISES

The sauce is the only cooking job connected with this dessert, so I'll give it first.

Strawberry Foam

In the top of a double boiler combine 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon flour and ½ cup sugar. Let these



AGAIN! Two Popular Favorites Join To Make *Full Flavored* GELATINE DESSERTS

LIKE to hear your family say "Let's have it again"? Then serve delicious gelatine desserts made with Kool-Aid and Knox. Here's the home-made goodness they really enjoy because you can control the flavor by adapting the recipe to their particular taste-satisfaction. Choose from SIX zestful Kool-Aid flavors to give them tempting variety. Try this appetizing, easy-to-make recipe.

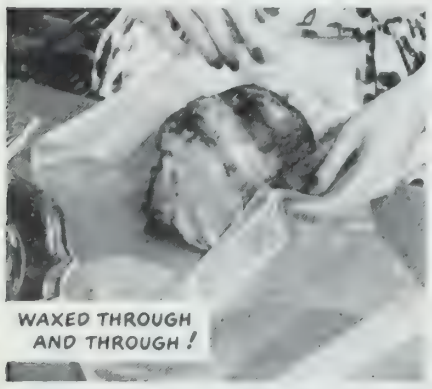
MIX THOROUGHLY: ½ package (1½ level tablespoons) Kool-Aid, any flavor; ⅓ cup sugar; 1 envelope Knox Gelatine.
Add: 1 cup boiling water. Stir until thoroughly dissolved.
Add: ¾ cup cold water. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and place in refrigerator.
NOTE: This base recipe adapts itself to any gelatine dessert or salad using fruit, nuts, whipped cream, vegetables, etc.

KOOL-AID & KNOX

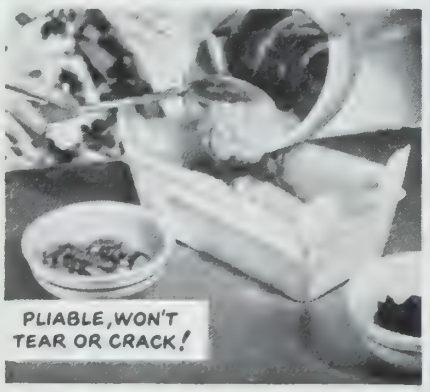




THREE REASONS WHY WOMEN CHOOSE CUT-RITE



Turn your leftover dishes into compliment-winners! The minute you clear the table wrap that piece of roast, those extra carrots in Cut-Rite. Cut-Rite is waxed through and through . . . not just surface-waxed . . . to preserve fresh-food flavor.



Line cake pans with extra-heavy Cut-Rite . . . saves dishwashing, makes cake easier to turn out. Cut-Rite won't split. Wax won't flake off; moisture won't soak through. You can save icebox space by wrapping small things small to tuck in corners.



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cook over water 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Press strawberries through a fine sieve to make 1¼ cups juice and pulp, and add 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Pour this into ingredients in double boiler and stir until thick and smooth. When cold, fold in 1 beaten egg white and ½ cup heavy cream which has been whipped. If you like, 3 tablespoons brandy or kirsch may be added for extra flavor.

Wash, dry and stem some fine ripe strawberries and sprinkle sparingly with confectioners' sugar an hour before they are to be used. Store in refrigerator. The sugar will draw out enough juice to form a glaze over the berries. Chill a can of Bartlett pears. Arrange the two fruits on a platter and serve the sauce in a separate bowl, either in the center of the platter or beside it.

Service. I've used up so much precious magazine space that I've just about talked myself out of this service deal, so I'll make a forced exit—still talking. I think this meal—or, rather, these meals—should be eaten at the table, but both menus are perfect for self-service, and that makes everything easy for the hostess. If it's to be hot mousse, the guests can fill their hors d'oeuvres plates before they go to the table; if it's cold mousse, the hot soup can be at each place before they sit down—and from there on the pattern is simple, with or without help. No one minds getting up from the table to serve himself and, really, with food as pretty to look at as this will be, everyone should have a chance to see it before your carefully arranged platters are disturbed. While self-service is going on you can do some sleight of hand with the used dishes and your guests will return to a table that looks as charming as it did at the beginning of the meal. One thing you can be sure of: no one will be cool to this dinner, no matter which temperature line you take.

ALL THIS—AND A FREEZER TOO!

(Continued from Page 60)

home freezer, an upright model, is what finally threw it for a loop. I do love to cook, but right now the kitchen discourages me!"

There wasn't a place to put a chair to sit down in, she said, and she had to keep the ironer in the bathroom, and the freezer stood over a register—of all places.

There are five in the family: husband, wife and three children, and they live on a small farm a few miles out of the town where Mr. T. works. They raise chickens and grow fruits and vegetables, which will keep their new freezing center busy.

And what a freezing center it is! It really dazzles me. The freezer itself is an upright model, which looks like a refrigerator, and offers the maximum storage space with a minimum floor space. Beside the freezer, the JOURNAL planned storage cabinets for the freezing supplies, and this makes freezing a special joy. A handy wall chart gives an inventory of frozen food, so meals can be planned without diving through the freezer contents.

And how was room made for this business-like beauty spot? By efficient reorganization of all the service units in the kitchen, and a few structural changes that the JOURNAL staff decided were vital. One window was widened to let in more light and air; the porch door was moved to where the former porch window had been, thus making an extra wall usable for equipment. The area above the wall cabinets was enclosed to improve the looks of the room and eliminate dust-catching spaces, and this enclosure was carried across doorways and over the sink, with lights recessed in the bottom surfaces.

Next, the JOURNAL staff developed a kitchen plan that would make the equipment convenient and usable. The range, sink and refrigerator were grouped into the step-saving and easy-to-use U-shaped arrangement, with the sink placed under the garden window.

Steel cabinets were installed between the working appliances, providing both work surfaces and storage for equipment and supplies right where they would be needed. A nine-inch space between the range and the chimney now holds trays above the counter and sliding towel racks below. Open shelves over the refrigerator make room for recipe books and extra bowls.

With the business of cooking thus centralized, the kitchen now accommodated a laundry center on the other side of the dining-room door from the freezing center. The ironer was placed over the register. It does not interfere with the heat—and the warm air helps dry the clothes. The automatic washer went in the corner—the old washbasin was taken out, but the pipes made an easy hookup for water supply and drain. Above the washer went a cupboard for laundry supplies. Above the ironer open shelves were built for ironing accessories and the radio, with an open recess to make room for the ironing board—formerly hidden in the bathroom. Now at ironing time, the ironer or the board may be set up in the middle of the room without interfering with anyone walking through the kitchen.

Overhead a fluorescent ceiling light gives a good, clear light in the evening if Mrs. T. wants to seal up a few boxes of strawberries for freezing, put down extra Saturday-night baked beans, or chile con carne.

And last but far from least was the new wall covering, which is washable striped wall fabric in silver and blue and white. It is hung horizontally, which seems to lower the old-fashioned, nine-foot-high ceiling and carries the eye pleasantly from one center to another. It also gives texture to the room, something kitchens so often lack.

Dark blue linoleum-tile floor covering, lighter blue doors and ceiling, blue-and-white plastic counter tops give the room color and are practical too. Gay red accessories strike a bright note.

The small glass-enclosed porch opening from the kitchen was put to use as a breakfast-sitting room, a lovely place to rest, with room for a table, chairs and a porch glider.

It's a far cry now from the pretty hopeless setup Mrs. T. began with. Then, in the almost eleven-foot-square kitchen, the equipment was arranged any which way. The range was tucked in by the chimney, the sink had no counter space, the freezer and the refrigerator boxed in the door to the dining room like canyon walls. Between the range and sink, a sadly inadequate bank of cabinets held utensils and supplies. The counters were low and backbreaking to work at, and the wall cupboards so low that the space above the counters was dark and awkward, and the highest shelves practically useless.

Now the work centers are organized to save time, temper and energy, with a place for everything and everything in its place. And somehow the color makes the kitchen warm and light in winter but cool and restful in summer. I would like to spend a day there in July—baskets of fresh vegetables on the porch to be fixed for freezing, the kettle boiling for blanching, and the freezer counter ready with all the packages and containers. And chicken à la king for lunch. Why not, with a freezer at hand? **THE END**

Each wedding which takes place in the famous "Church in the Wildwood" is concluded by a brief ceremony not found in the ritual. As the newlyweds leave the sanctuary, the pastor stops them in the vestibule and tells the bride that tradition requires her to ring the church bell. Invariably, the bride pulls the bell rope—and finds herself unable to swing the heavy bell. The minister then motions to the bridegroom to help her. As the old bell peals out under their combined strength, he concludes the unique ceremony with the statement: "Remember, you'll find married life much like the bell rope; it is much easier when you pull together!"

—WEBB B. GARRISON.

A bridal shower ...

of facts about silverplate

A DELIGHTFUL FACT!

Holmes & Edwards Silverplate stays lovely longer and here is the special reason why: *Two blocks of sterling silver are invisibly inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.*



A STARTLING FACT!

Ancient history to the contrary, all silverplate is *not* alike. Many kinds have extra plating for wear protection (overplating for instance) but only Holmes & Edwards is Sterling Inlaid with these



A HELPFUL FACT!

Look for the word Inlaid on the back of the teaspoon handle. It tells you it is Holmes & Edwards and will stay lovelier longer. You can't buy finer silverplate at any price!





HOLMES & EDWARDS

STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE



HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

WHICH PATTERN? Three to choose from. Lovely Lady, Danish Princess and Youth, all made in the U.S.A. by The International Silver Company.

HOW MUCH? Surprise! Unlike so many other things the price of Holmes & Edwards has not gone up! Still only $68.50 for 52 pieces, service for eight with chest. (No Federal Tax.)

WHERE TO BUY? At jewelry and department store silverware counters.

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LOOK! a new kind of washing action in the same famous package!

"Lifetime" OXYDOL washes clothes sparkling WHITE FOR LIFE!

OXYDOL

NEW! Even your whitest clothes wash to a brilliant new white!

NEW! Keeps clothes sparkling white for their entire life!

NEW! Colors, too, wash sparkling bright for life!

"Lifetime" Oxydol is a marvel of science that will change your whole idea of washday. For this amazing new Oxydol does more than wash clothes clean—it actually keeps clothes newer looking *months longer!*

Interested? You'll be *more* interested first time you wash with "Lifetime" Oxydol. You'll see clothes you thought were pure white turn whiter still. You'll see even dull and yellowed clothes turn sparkling white again. And then . . . *then* . . . you'll see the real wonder of this new kind of washing action: Those clothes will *stay* sparkling white as long as you wash them with "Lifetime" Oxydol! For *life!*

Yes, and you'll see washable colors take on a new brightness—proof indeed that "Lifetime" Oxydol is *really* safe. You'll see your precious print dresses stay sparkling bright washing after washing—for their entire lifetime. Get "Lifetime" Oxydol at your dealer's now!

REMEMBER...IT'S OXYDOL THAT BRINGS YOUR WHOLE WASH A LIFETIME SPARKLE!

Two kids, two careers and umpteen hundred problems—but the Gerald Curtins, of Watonga, Oklahoma, agree that they'll settle for more of the same.

The Curtins Knew What They Wanted

What makes a "working" marriage work?

"Love, loyalty and give at the seams," say these seven-year veterans.

by DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY



Dr. Virginia Curtin at the Watonga Hospital and Clinic.

IT was Thursday morning in the small, brisk, prosperous town of Watonga, Oklahoma. Yellow dust from the prairies blew in little whirlpools along the paved treeless length of Main Street, powdering the cars, the farmers' mud-splashed wagons, the hurrying, quick-stepping people.

The Watonga Clinic, a two-story, fifteen-bed hospital where Dr. Virginia Curtin and three male confreres share midget-sized offices, sits back of Main Street. The hospital is exactly one block away from the squat red brick building where Gerald Curtin, Doctor Virginia's good-looking, energetic husband, owns, operates and publishes the Watonga Republican—a historic and fast-growing weekly newspaper.



Gerald Curtin, publisher and owner of the Republican.

Sometimes during the morning husband and wife speak to each other by telephone. This is rare. Usually the Curtins are far too busy pursuing their separate and demanding professional activities. At one o'clock every day, unless Virginia is held up at the hospital, they meet in their attractive eight-room home and sit down with their youngsters to a substantial midday dinner cooked by Mary, the colored maid. The meal is always gay and generally noisy. Five-year-old Charlotte and three-year-old Tim, a comic toy version of his broad-shouldered, football-playing (quarterback and captain, Oklahoma A. & M.) father, take charge of the conversation and provide the sound effects.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL W. LEE



Hard-working, hard-playing, ambitious Gerald Curtin rarely sets type, but can; became a newspaperman because the depression had no jobs for petroleum engineers.



Nicknamed "Cowboy" by football fans in college, Curtin's good-mixer talents make him a warm Watonga booster, Kiwanis member and American Legion leader.



There are so many Indian tribes—at least 35—in Oklahoma that The Republican devotes a section to them. Here Gerald interviews Cheyenne Big Chief Jo Yellow Eye.



Son Tim learns how fishing reel works.

"We take our jobs around the clock,

Virginia and Gerald (known to almost everybody by his college nickname "Cowboy") deliberately set aside the middle of the day to enjoy family relaxation and fun. Any discussion of Curtin professional or domestic problems is saved until late at night, in that hour when the lights are out and the parents of Charlotte and Tim have gone to bed. The Curtins occupy a double bed, which makes discussion easier—and which, by the way, represents a Curtin argument that Gerald won early in the marriage. Emergency telephone calls frequently rouse Virginia from sleep and send her driving miles into the countryside. As a brand-new wife, she saw no reason why Gerald's rest should also be disturbed. Twin beds, she thought, were sensible. Her groom thought otherwise.

"In a marriage like ours," said Gerald to his bride, "with two careers so taxing and so different, with two proud people trying to become one while under a constant physical, nervous and mental strain, the emotional end must be simple and easy. There'll be plenty of times, Virginia, you'll want a shoulder to cry on. You can find that shoulder quicker in a double bed."

Virginia and Gerald, physician and newspaperman, have been married seven years now. At this date their two dissimilar careers run as smoothly as two united parts of the same machine. They've got the hang of traveling in double harness. But it took a lot of learning.

On my visit to the Curtins, I stopped first at the newspaper office. Thursday is publication day for the Republican. A dozen blanketed Indians dominated the crowd filing inside to buy copies of the twelve-page paper fresh off the press. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes around Watonga decline to be tamely on a subscription list, preferring to drive twenty or thirty miles into town, pay out their weekly nickels for their papers in person, and chat personally with the editor.

Wearing a flannel lumberjack shirt and trousers tucked into his boots, Gerald stood just inside the door. Oblivious of the thump of three job presses grinding out some county printing work, he was cordially greeting his public, shaking hands, slapping backs, trading local gossip. On a newspaper the size of the Republican—the circulation runs around 2600, just a little less than the population of the town—the editor keeps his nose for news constantly on the job. By talking around on Thursday, Gerald often picks up leads for his next week's issue. He finds it pleasant. Friendliness, Western variety, comes naturally to both him and Virginia.

"And lucky it does," said Gerald to me. "The folks are certainly entitled to get acquainted with their editor and their doctor. Now let's get over to the clinic."

In Oklahoma no one walks who can ride, including ex-athletes like forty-year-old Gerald, who worries about his weight. We rode the short block in his battered, prewar Ford. At the hospital we pulled up beside Virginia's fine new Buick. The car was Gerald's last Christmas present to his wife. "A doctor," he remarked with a grin, "needs better transportation than a newspaperman. And Virginia is awfully generous about lending!"

The small reception room of the Watonga Clinic was jammed to the bursting point. People sat and people stood. Latecomers, who couldn't crowd inside, waited their turn in the hall. Frequently the four doctors see as many as two hundred patients in a single day. Virginia wasn't in her office when we knocked. One of the three busy nurses on the staff paused in flight long enough to say that Doctor Curtin was in the delivery room.

Upstairs, a second nurse went to see if Virginia could be safely and *conveniently* interrupted. Gerald doesn't conduct himself like a privileged character around the hospital. Virginia's husband respects her professional responsibilities as much as she respects his.

Few men like to see women in any kind of uniform. Before Doctor Curtin emerged from the delivery room, she whipped off her operating gown and gloves. Even so, thirty-five-year-old Virginia bore slight resemblance to a glamour girl or a lady who has just stepped from a bandbox. The sweater and skirt she wore were rumpled. An improvised bandage turban covered every lock of her red hair and bound it tight to her head. Her pretty, intelligent face was unpowdered, beaded with sweat. Her hands looked strong. Her small, slight body radiated nervous energy.



Someday Tim hopes to slick his hair back for sure—like Pop's.

"Tough?" asked Gerald, lighting and handing her a cigarette.

"No. Easy so far. It should be soon now."

"What color baby are you catching?"

"White. The mother wants a boy," Virginia said, flashed a quick smile at me and added, "My husband has lots of namesakes in these parts; nearly a dozen of my boys are named Gerald. For some reason none of my girls, and I've delivered over a thousand babies, has ever been named Virginia. Maybe it's

don't take our troubles to bed."

because Watonga has plenty of doctors, and only *one* editor."

This remark wasn't displeasing to her husband. Virginia—or so she tells me—is tactful less by nature and disposition than by training. Her impulse, she says, is to speak out her mind. Observation and experience and seven years of marriage have taught her the value of sweet talk. Virginia is very feminine in manner, and this, too, she says, is by design. Long ago, as a small girl, Virginia loved and admired a highly successful woman doctor. "If you do take up medicine," the physician once said to the little Olson girl, "never forget that you are a woman." To this day Virginia uses the well-remembered bit of advice as a kind of talisman.

That single lesson—"Never forget that you are a woman"—helps Virginia a great deal. It helps her not only with her marriage, but professionally. She gets along beautifully with her three male partners and, equally important, with their wives. The wives of Doctor Cox, Doctor Bohlman and Doctor Anderson are among Virginia's best friends. When the four ladies get together, they don't discuss medicine either. They talk about clothes, the high cost of food and household furnishings, and their children.

"Make it early to dinner, if you can," said Gerald to his wife.

"I'll try," Virginia promised, dropped her half-smoked cigarette on the hallway floor, stepped on it, and returned to the delivery room in haste.

She wasn't early. It was nearly two o'clock and Gerald and the children had risen from the table when Virginia arrived home. The man of the house left at once. Virginia went into the kitchen and fixed herself a snack, so that Mary wouldn't be interrupted at the ironing. Dependent upon service, Virginia is considerate of household help. When she sees the maid is swamped, she sails in and assists, clearing the table, washing the dishes, tidying the house, doing whatever is necessary. On maid's day off Virginia does the family cooking, but, she confesses, with considerable leaning on tin cans. Tuna-fish soufflé, soup, chile and tamales, simple dishes. "Twenty minutes at a stove is plenty for me."

Lunch disposed of, Virginia engaged the Curtin small fry in a spirited game of make-believe that required every inch of the commodious living room, the use of two Teddy bears, the library chairs and all the divan cushions. Virginia, whose discipline is of a gentle, easygoing nature, doesn't insist on daytime naps. For one thing, she enjoys the company of Charlotte and Tim.

The game was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. Virginia sprang to answer. A bed patient, twelve miles out of town, was calling for attention. Virginia announced the facts to Mary. Then in a series of almost simultaneous motions, Doctor Curtin put on her hat and jacket, bundled up her two youngsters and a moment later was efficiently stowing the pair of them on the front seat of the car outside. Her bag was already there. In the glove compartment was the blackjack that makes Gerald feel easier about Virginia's night calls. She has never had occasion to use it.

When Virginia goes on afternoon house calls—her brother physicians now handle the afternoon patient load at the clinic—the Curtin youngsters usually go along. Charlotte and Tim are trained to wait for mother in the car. Frankly, as Virginia explained to me on the drive, she is doing her level best these days to discourage house calls. By preference she would work only in the clinic, and only from ten o'clock until one. She sincerely hopes that the frantic times of the war, when she worked as much as seventy-six hours without taking off her clothes, are behind her for good and all.

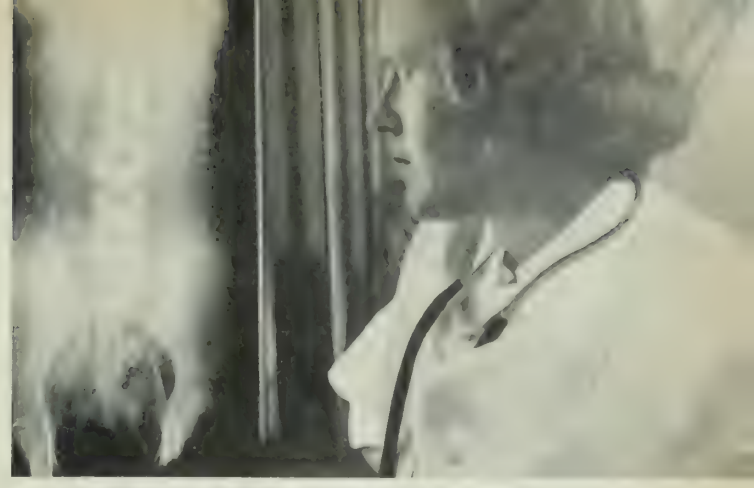
"Since Gerald got back from the service," she said to me, "since Doctor Cox and Doctor Bohlman got back and we took in Doctor Anderson at the clinic, life has straightened out for me. During the past two years, I've had my first real chance to be of some use to my family. I'm not tired to death all the time."

She certainly showed no signs of weariness as she parked the car and briskly stepped out. The children and I watched her pick her way through mud and slush toward the farmhouse with the bedfast patient, and disappear inside. Fifteen minutes later, Virginia was back in the car. On the return to town we fitted in two other calls—a burn case that required fresh dressings, and an elderly heart case.

By half past four we were on Main Street again. There was a stop at the frozen-food locker where Virginia picked up frozen peas she had put away last summer, and chatted briefly with a friendly butcher who was just cutting up for the family a newly purchased quarter of beef. "You'll have fine eating, Mrs. Curtin," the butcher promised. Outside business hours, Virginia is seldom addressed as "Doctor Curtin." It's "Mrs. Curtin." The doctor doesn't mind.



Mother is casual about clothes—but Charlotte, five years old, isn't.



Dr. Virginia "reads" pelvic X ray of a pregnant woman. Surgeon, obstetrician, pediatrician and general practitioner, she has delivered more than 1000 babies.



Virginia checks Lulu Marie Rice. Her baby sister had whooping cough *and* measles. Virginia hopes soon to cut out home calls—and see more of her own children.



Dr. Curtin anesthetizes a patient. In medical school, she lived with an aunt who made her disrobe before entering the house because she smelled so of drugs.



"Dress up mommy, just like me."



OKLAHOMA—the plains are flat, the whe

Immortalized in the depression when Highway 66 saw penniless "Okies" trek out of the dustbowl, the near-by area has now struck it rich—last year fa

The children were now clamoring to see daddy. A block down Main Street from the Republican offices, we located Gerald at the scene of a new Curtin enterprise. The rapid growth of the Republican recently forced the editor to find larger quarters for the job-printing end of his business. When Gerald rented the additional space he decided to open an office-supply store as well, with the job presses to be installed behind a partition in the rear. Gerald was superintending the placing of the shelves and partitions. Waiting to confer with him was a traveling press repairman, arrived the day before from South Dakota.

When Gerald finished, we all drove home together. Supper was at seven. At eight Virginia and Gerald joined forces to undress and tuck the youngsters in bed. There were stories, nursery rhymes, numerous glasses of water. At half past eight friends dropped in to play cards and talk. By twelve, the lights were out and the house was quiet.

Kelly Duggan "calls" Legion square dance.



The Curtins' unusual marriage looks simple and easy. It is obviously successful. In order to understand why, it is necessary to know something of Virginia's and Gerald's history.

From the first, long before they met, these two people knew what they wanted. On occasion, particularly after they did meet, circumstances changed their desires, but only in a slight degree. Together, and, to a remarkable extent, Gerald and Virginia Curtin have got out of life what they wanted in early youth.

Courage, terribly hard work, intelligence and luck, a little luck, play a part in the Curtin success. But something else cannot be fairly overlooked. Gerald and Virginia are not average people. They are more patient and more stubborn and determined than most of us.

Gerald was one of eight children born to Wyoming ranching parents, back in the days when beef wasn't a quick way to fortune. At sixteen he was rounding up horses on a range where one could ride two hundred miles without seeing a fence. A romantic life, perhaps, but shy on comfort. According to Gerald, a blizzard that swept down from Canada blew him into college. On a day that the Wyoming temperature fell and fell to 25 below, in the midst of swirling snow, he hauled seven rack loads of hay to shivering cattle huddled behind sheds and windbreaks. That night he spoke to his father. "I know there are people sitting in steam-heated offices today who are earning more than fifty dollars a month and their grub and blankets. This fall I'm going to go to college and make a million dollars."

Gerald's first stop was a sports-conscious college in Denver, Colorado. There his talents at football paid his way; and there, too, startled professors relieved the student of the .45 automatic pistol he'd learned to wear and use before he put on his first necktie. Tales of an oil boom drew Gerald from Colorado to Borger, Texas.

A firsthand study of the oil business soon convinced him that a degree in petroleum engineering would be helpful. Preceded by his reputation as a football player, Gerald showed up at Oklahoma A.& M., was warmly greeted by the coach and provided with ample outside jobs. For three years he played quarterback on the varsity, captained the team, became known to thousands of Western fans as "Cowboy Curtin."

Gerald did fine both at football and petroleum engineering, was graduated with honors. Unfortunately, the year was 1932. Oil was selling at 25 cents a barrel. Degrees in petroleum engineering had no market value at all. The magic name—"Cowboy Curtin"—landed him in the newspaper business. For $10 a week Gerald got a job writing sports columns, playing professional football on the side until the starting salary rose.

Within four years, he became managing editor of the daily newspaper at Guthrie, Oklahoma. Throughout, he kept his eye fixed on that distant million. For a while he managed the Guthrie Chamber of Commerce and greatly enlarged his acquaintance over the state. His extra money went into oil leases and royalties.



Chief of police Leland Hinkle works hardest on Saturday night.



Town old-timer shows a farm boy how to make a rope "do tricks."



Clate Duncans, wheat far bring their grain to town

is tall, the spirit high.



re sold a million dollars' worth of dairy products alone.



"Big news" Tuesdays in Watonga is what goes on at the livestock sale. Gerald Curtin likes to hobnob with farmers, is proud of local saying: "In every farmhouse, you'll find the Republican and the Bible."

Constantly with him now was the exciting dream of accumulating sufficient cash to buy his own newspaper. He analyzed and studied the weekly-newspaper field and settled upon the Watonga Republican, a paper founded back in 1892 in territorial days, the same newspaper that Edna Ferber wrote about in her novel Cimarron. But the owners didn't care to sell at any price.

Busy as a beaver, heart-whole and fancy-free, Gerald was well into his twenties when one day a candid friend remarked to the happy bachelor, "As each day goes by, Cowboy, you become a little more critical, and a little less desirable." Soon afterward, in her widowed mother's boardinghouse at Guthrie, where he was living at the time, Gerald met Virginia Olson—a slender, red-haired girl, who was as ambitious as himself. With that, his fate was sealed.

Virginia's sights weren't set on the precise sum of a million dollars. But, like Gerald, from a close acquaintance with family struggle and poverty, she had drawn a very active interest in acquiring financial security. A student at Oklahoma University, she was just beginning her first year of medicine.

Virginia was the fourth child of a pioneer Oklahoma couple, her father's favorite. When she was eight years old, the two of them got on a train to visit Kansas relatives. Mr. Olson fell ill on the journey. He and his little daughter gave up the trip to pass the vacation with a diagnostician, and the father discovered that he had a fatal disease—pernicious anemia. For the next three years, Virginia watched her father slowly dying while he attempted, with the aid of his valiant wife, to get his abstract-and-title business into shape to support the family he must leave. In 1924, when Virginia was eleven years old, her father died. By then her determination to become a physician was fully formed.

Friends and neighbors smiled at the child's ambition. Virginia's mother didn't smile. Mrs. Olson saved and scraped and sacrificed to make possible her daughter's education. When the Olson abstract business dwindled and virtually disappeared, she courageously opened a boardinghouse. In 1929 Virginia entered Oklahoma University, equipped with a wardrobe consisting of brown and black skirts (to save laundry), four sweaters, and muslin slips and underwear sewed at home. To this day Virginia hates those practical colors, black and brown.

Hard work and harder study filled her time. She managed her sorority house to earn her board. When she finished her pre-med course and began the three-year wrestle with anat-

"Promenade Right"—Saturday night.





sale. Oklahoma is second state in production of winter wheat.



Adam Harrison and son: ⅓ of U. S. Indians live in Oklahoma.



Eugene Wheeler, grain merchant, owns town's largest "elevator."



Virginia sings the children lullabies, romps with them after the everybody-home lunch, but takes no pleasure in discipline, cooking and housework.



Too much doctor nearly made no mother—baby Tim was born weak, grew strong when Virginia quit such things as working 3 days without sleeping.



"Cowboy" claims to be Oklahoma's champion "pitch" card player; plays daily at home with the boys while dinners grow cold and wives get hungry.

Separate in their egos, together in their hearts.

omy, pathology and the like, she worked first in the psychology department and then in the library, but at depression wages. A medical education is expensive. Mother bought the books, the inevitable sweaters and skirts and shoes, handled the incidental expenses; daughter paid for her own board and lodging out of wages of $15 a month: $10 a month rent for a tiny apartment shared with two other girls; $1 a week for groceries cooked on the grill. Every night except Saturday Virginia studied from seven until midnight. She loved it too. Often she was so excited by her studies that she couldn't eat or sleep.

Gerald Curtin was a persistent suitor. For those three years, Virginia's Saturday nights belonged to him. Usually the couple met at the university and dined and danced, or just drove around and talked about the future. On the night Virginia was graduated and first addressed as Doctor Olson, Gerald led the home-town cheering section. After waiting three years for his bride, he confidently expected to lead the newly fledged physician straight to the altar.

Things didn't work out that way. Virginia believed she would be a better doctor if she got further experience and took her internship outside the state. And Gerald agreed with her. So she went off and spent a year at the Iowa Lutheran Hospital in Des Moines, the first woman intern to be accepted there. Her record was so outstanding that there's been an O.U. intern at Iowa Lutheran ever since! A second year went by while Virginia acted as resident doctor in pediatrics at the Children's Hospital in Washington, D. C. She and Gerald kept up a steady correspondence, of course, and one Christmas vacation they managed to meet at the halfway point of Chicago.

In June of 1938, Virginia returned to Guthrie. Surely now, thought the newspaperman who'd fallen in love with a girl determined to be a doctor, his wandering sweetheart could settle down and open an office in the town where his own business interests were firmly established. This time economics threw a monkey wrench in the romance. Guthrie was amply supplied with physicians; a new doctor might wait a long, long while to build up a practice.

Virginia was determined to prove herself before she married. She borrowed $300, bought a secondhand car, secondhand professional equipment and sallied forth to case the state of Oklahoma for the proper place to locate. Sheer coincidence led her to Watonga, the little town where Gerald had earlier tried and failed to buy the newspaper.

Watonga was a county seat and remarkably shy on doctors. On August 4, 1938, Doctor Olson hung out her shingle. One week later, Dr. W. F. Bohlman moved to town and opened an office next door. Three weeks later, Dr. A. F. Cox arrived. The delicate situation speedily resolved itself. The three young doctors found they liked and respected one another. They got together and decided to open and operate a modern clinic. Doctor Cox, the best heeled of the three, purchased from a retired physician the small hospital where they practice now. They pooled resources and bought a modern X ray and other necessary equipment, and settled down to work in partnership. Inside six months, Virginia and her partners were doing very nicely.

What of Gerald? Well, in the next two years he wore out two cars bumping back and forth over the sixty miles of atrocious road between Guthrie and Watonga. Indeed, through business and political connections, Gerald raised so much commotion over the condition of that particular road that most of it was paved before he got the girl. The courtship wasn't much smoother than the road. Many an evening Gerald would arrive at Virginia's four-room rented house to discover that she was just leaving on a call, or had already gone. But he hung grimly to the thought, as did Virginia, that someday they would be able to marry and carry on their professions in the same town.



"Put Out Your Little Foot," the Curtins' favorite dance. Both love home, children, parties, quick out-of-town jaunts together and entertaining at home. "Never forget you are a woman, even if you are a doctor," Virginia was once advised, and she hasn't.

The Olson-Curtin nuptials occurred unexpectedly on New Year's Eve, December 31, 1940, in Fort Worth, Texas. Virginia and Gerald had gone to Texas on a house party, and suddenly decided it was now or never. They had waited eight years. Virginia was nearly twenty-eight, Gerald was thirty-four. Cautious to the last, they intended to keep the marriage secret until they could settle on a permanent home. In Oklahoma, friends and neighbors are likely to gossip about a couple who live sixty miles apart.

On January second, on their return to Watonga, the miracle happened and the Curtins received an undreamed-of wedding present. Out of a clear sky, the owner of the Republican offered Gerald a job with an option *(Continued on Page 157)*

"DON'T MOVE UNTIL I GET MY CAMERA!"

That's how our genial host greeted me
when I arrived for a country weekend

NOW THE PICTURE'S IN MY ALBUM





Hathaway's House Party - June 1948.

Fresh as a daisy after driving 93 miles - thanks to that "sweet 'n' easy" Chevrolet ride!

DRESS BY CEIL CHAPMAN . . . HAT BY CHANDA

CHEVROLET
and only Chevrolet
IS FIRST!

CHEVROLET How gently the miles roll by . . . as you cruise along in your steady, steadfast Chevrolet.

In place of strain and fatigue, you find a joyous "lift" in this road-hugging ride. You glide in cradled ease over humps in the highways, bumps on the byways.

Engineers call it Unitized Knee-Action—a Big-Car feature that Chevrolet alone offers among low-priced cars.

You'll call it the answer to a maiden's prayer for restful, relaxed driving. And when you add such other Chevrolet Big-Car comfort features as luxurious Body by Fisher, Shock-Proof steering, No Draft Ventilation that keeps every hair in place . . . you'll understand why every trip is more pleasant, less tiring, when you "go Chevrolet."

Promise yourself a ride in a new Chevrolet soon. Your Chevrolet dealer will welcome you.

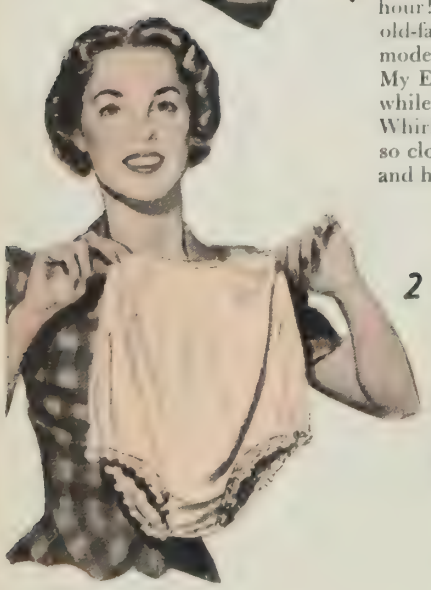
CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

Three June Brides

say what they think about today's best buy in washers!



1 Imagine your week's wash done in less than an hour! That's thrilling news for a bride who's old-fashioned enough to want a big family...but modern enough to want a quick, easy washday! My Easy's two tubs work as a team! One *washes* while the other *rinses* and *spins* clothes damp-dry. Whirls out up to 25% more water than a wringer, so clothes dry faster and are lighter to handle and hang up!



2 How wonderful not to feed a hungry wringer! Easy spins a whole load damp-dry at once. And so convenient for a small apartment. I don't even need set tubs. I just wheel Easy to the sink and power-rinse clothes right in the spinner basket. No waiting for a fixed "washing cycle." I can add forgotten items any time, or take out precious gift lingerie or blankets as soon as they're clean!



3 Money doesn't grow on trees when your G-I husband is still working for his degree. So we really appreciate Easy's low cost! No installation charge...*that* was a help! It's a miser with soap and hot water, I can use hot suds over and over. It saves cleaning bills by safely doing washable drapes and slipcovers at home! No wonder we think Easy's today's best buy! Easy Washing Machine Corporation, Syracuse 1, N. Y.





EASY SPINDRIER

SEE HOW EASY WASHES MORE CLOTHES FASTER

HAPPILY MARRIED THOUGH HOT-TEMPERED

BY LESLIE B. HOHMAN, M.D.
Professor of Neuropsychiatry, Duke Medical School

THIRTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD Dr. Virginia Curtin and forty-year-old newspaper editor Gerald Curtin, of Watonga, Oklahoma, are two successful professional people each working in his own field but sharing in common seven successful years' marriage. They also share in a common quality that can easily wreck marriage—hot tempers.

Their story is the more interesting and instructive because of the many places their marriage could have run amuck. They belong to different churches—he to the Catholic, she to a Protestant church. They belong to different political parties in a state where people burn with political convictions. He's a Republican, she's a Democrat. Each belongs to a profession where the rules of secrecy are important and rigid. The catch is that the rules are different in the two professions. A doctor has to do everything he can to keep an item out of the newspapers, and an editor does everything he can to put it in.

The marriage adjustment was, in addition, beset with the difficulty of long separation because of military service and the exaggerated restlessness and irritability that Gerald brought back from his experience in the combat areas. Even their much desired children—Charlotte, five, and Timothy, three—at times threatened the marriage security. For Doctor Virginia there was overanxiety about their crying at night, and for him they aroused irritability when he came back from the war.

Virginia and Gerald had an excellent start in their marriage. They had an eight-year acquaintance and four years of courtship. Each had the ideal of a marriage of mutual respect and permanence. They both knew they wanted each other as a marriage partner as soon as their lives could be lived together in one place. For a long time this seemed difficult because she practiced in one place and he could not find a newspaper ownership in the same place. They finally decided to wait no longer and married anyway. Luck was with them. Gerald was able to buy an interest in the Watonga Republican after the marriage ceremony.

In the beginning, the first trouble arose when Virginia began to try to housebreak her then thirty-three-year-old bachelor-trained husband. He was used to flicking ashes on the floor and to let easy-housekeeping disorder reign supreme. Good-housekeeper Virginia at first tried gentle reminders, but this quickly turned into outright nagging. She found it difficult to compromise because she's not only hot-tempered, but stubborn.

At the same time, a conflict arose about single beds or a double one. Virginia thought that with her irregular night calls, and his restlessness in bed, they would be better off with single beds. At this point Gerald stood firm—it was to be a double bed, and it was a double bed. Behind this he had a sound principle. No matter how much conflict a day brought forth, he felt that a good cry on the other's shoulder at night would bring an easing of tension and a chance for reaffirmation of their deep desire for a successful union in marriage. His idea was not to facilitate passion expression, but to make easier a feeling of closeness. A child is relieved by crying out its heart on its mother's or father's shoulder; Gerald felt that the same child-parent pattern could be used in marriage adjustment.

Let us set down as a first rule for settling marriage disputes the one Gerald insisted upon:

1. There should be a daily time in every married couple's life when they can express their unhappiness to each other as a child does to its parent. It is common knowledge that physical contact seems to make it much easier to give vent to one's emotions. Think of the hand on the shoulder of a friend, or the embrace of a brother or a sister in distress; how often in this manner the floodgate of tears can be opened.

Early in the marriage of these two people distrust arose between them. True, Gerald knew that a doctor might be called at any hour of the day or night, and whom he was going to see was only the doctor's and the patient's business. Nevertheless, it was hard for him to accept this. When his wife left his bed at night and dashed out of the house with her doctor's kit, he found that terrifying doubts went through his mind. The fact that Virginia had several attractive medical male associates did not ease his problem. He had to say over and over to himself, "I trust and love her and I will not show this jealousy." Be it said to Gerald's great credit that not until the Sunday I interviewed this couple did Virginia ever know about his distrustful jealousy.

Let us put down as a second rule the one followed by Gerald in this situation:

2. If you feel unreasonable jealousy or distrust, maintain silence and handle this problem by yourself. Unjustified expressed jealousy may flatter for the moment, but ultimately wrecks confidence and love.

Virginia has handled her side of the problem with great wisdom. She insists that any woman can avoid "passes" if she really does not want them, and she cites her long, uneventful experience in medical school, internship and practice. But Virginia is no fool, and takes wise and sensible precautions to avoid even the show of embarrassing situations; and furthermore, wants to give to Gerald the security any man who loves a woman wants. While he was gone on his long war years she never met any business associates or medical friends or even patients at her home unless there was a group. Even now in their social life, when couples go from one place to another in automobiles, she goes either with Gerald or with a group of women.

Virginia and Gerald in the beginning not only had the problem of her nagging to housebreak him, with the resulting irritability on both sides, but they had the difficulty that is bound to arise when two people have different interests and professions. Each was living an active, professional life that excluded the other. They cast about and decided that they should and could unite on a common interest. That interest proved to be their love of the outdoors and nature. Deliberately they set aside one afternoon and evening in every week for a trip of adventure outdoors, with a picnic supper at the end. They found that Gerald could go most easily at the end of the week and Virginia arranged to have a medical colleague take her calls for these occasions.

Let us then set down a third rule this couple followed:

3. Find a common interest, and be certain the time is set aside to pursue it.

These picnics were like a moral holiday—out of the house and out of the business environment where it was easy to relax and drop away annoyance.

It was on one of these picnics that Doctor Virginia found that she could relax her feeling of that rigid independence that so frequently separates husbands and wives. Virginia had just made a medical-business

ntract that worried her. She had not eviously consulted Gerald, thinking that r professional business was her own. He w that she was worried, and finally asked he could help her. She told him about her ubts and worries. To her amazement, she scovered the whole problem cleared com- etely. As a matter of fact, Gerald thought at she had been wise in her decision and ld her so, but the important thing was at she found she could trust him and his dgment. She learned that hers had been false kind of independence.

In most marriages where the woman is a ousewife the case works in the opposite irection: husbands do the concealing and ne secret brooding. The rule, however, orks the same way:

4. Problems and decisions must be hared in marriage even if they do not irectly affect the marriage itself. Inde- endence has no virtue in itself. It is mazing how often in actual fact the wife an supply the husband with good sense nd good judgment, even though she nay have no technical knowledge of his ob. So often she has the chance and bility to see the forest instead of the rees and can view the situation cleared f emotional tension.

These two people—she redheaded and ne Irish—"blow their tops" too readily. Gerald angers easily; Virginia, more lowly, but more violently. Like all peo- le with tempers, they can never be sure ust what will anger them.

The trouble with tempers, besides their eing disagreeable to watch and to live with, is that things get said in such ex- ggerated form that it is hard for the ther fellow to forget their sting, and it is hard for the individual who as said them to correct himself later. Everybody as a tendency to justify himself in every situa- tion, and after a temper outburst self-justification tends to fix us in our belief in the right- ness of our indignation. Then not only does a temper outburst bring statements that are painful, but holding on to the rightness of a former position creates a piling up of ac- cusation and recrimination.

A further handicap that anger produces is the "going to pieces" that results from anger. People do not behave to their own or others' good interest in rage. Gerald, with long training in college athletics, had to learn how not to "lose his head," and he has been able to turn his experience into good use for himself and Virginia.

It is important to realize that neither Gerald nor Virginia is prideful about the loss of temper. They regard it as a defect and not as a virtue. Having formulated princi- ples of conduct for handling a defect in one- self makes it easier to avoid temper-arous- ing situations.

Let us now add to our rules according to the Curtin pattern:

5. In so far as possible, let anger or tem- per be anger or temper and keep your mouth shut, even though you have to show the anger. Remember always that what you have not said, you do not have to get unsaid.

6. Learn to take stock of yourself after you have lost your temper. Then you won't have to build up your sense of self- righteousness. Stocktaking permits you to be objective, and prevents you from committing yourself permanently to what you have said or thought in anger.

Gerald was able to do this after he re- turned from combat. Everything in civilian life seemed to him trivial, selfish and childish. He was irritated, irritable and re- sentful. Virginia recognized the signs of war fatigue and was patient and under- standing. After a few months of this be- havior Gerald sat down with himself, used this habit of stocktaking and consciously and deliberately forced himself to change his attitude. He was able to see himself as wrong and to face the need for a change. When Virginia finally blows off, the scene, according to her, is pretty bad. Here the two invoke another rule which they have worked out:

7. Try to avoid responding to temper with temper.

Just as one is allowed to cry on the other's shoulder in bed, just so they try to avoid both getting mad at the same time. When Gerald, after the war, blew his top at a civic club during some innocent horseplay that he thought trivial, Virginia left with him without getting angry; or when he felt that he was insulted by a drunk she left the scene, trusting him to get out of his anger without trying to scold him. Just so Gerald tries to avoid getting angry himself when she has one of her outbursts—he tries act- ing the clown and bringing her, for example, a dandelion as a floral token; or if he sees that his clowning is increasing her anger, he puts on his hat and goes to the office.

It is easy to advise people that both should not get angry at the same time, but it is very much more difficult for people to follow this advice. Nonetheless, the Cur- tins insist, and I agree with them whole- heartedly, that if you have the policy of avoiding mutual anger your chances of avoiding it are much greater.

Another rule that their policy makes pos- sible is that from stocktaking you can ar- rive at a better and truer knowledge of what your anger means. These two people can say what so frequently is true of most of us today, "I am in an angry or irritable period or mood. I am picking on something only to justify myself in my anger." Often it is not the true cause at all; if there is one it is a disturbing situation far removed.

An eighth rule is:

8. Be able to handle and admit irritability and anger as such, with- out having to justify yourself by putting another in the wrong.

Both of them realize that they become irrita- ble because of physical reasons that are often beyond their control. Doctor Virginia frequently finds that sick children at home, late calls and serious illness in her patients rob her of actual sleep, and then worry of- ten keeps her awake when she is in bed ready for sleep. The irritability that fol- lows is purely physical fatigue and exhaus- tion. She knows that what she needs is a good night's sleep.

I feel that many women who read this story can profit from Virginia's wisdom in handling a sex problem. For several years she had given advice to young wives, and then discovered that she had a problem of her own. Two and a half years ago a serious illness of Timothy, then a tiny baby, caused Virginia a great deal of anxiety. Every whimper or cry through the open bedroom door brought Virginia out of bed with a start. In consequence, marital relations were increasingly difficult, and gradually poor Virginia found sex not only disturbed her but was actually distasteful to her. She then began her own stocktaking, with the result that each night she resolutely closed the door of their bedroom and used the same kind of healthy neglect of a spoiled, but by now no longer sick, child. She re- solved to practice what she had been preaching to her patients. She proudly re- lates the successful outcome of following her own advice.

I believe the story of how these two people worked out their successful mar- riage in spite of serious handicaps is basically dependent upon attitudes which they thought out and followed as guiding prin- ciples. They never allowed themselves to forget that they had fundamental love and respect for each other. They faced their defects frankly and worked out rules to solve the difficulties that arose.

Virginia's last remark to me was "I have everything a woman could ask of life." And then she looked lovingly at Gerald and said, "I hope he feels the same way about our marriage." I didn't need to hear Gerald's answer.

THE END

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



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When you wash with Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, your sense of smell registers "CLEAN" with every swish of suds. Here's where you discover the joy of sneezeless washdays. These husky golden chips shed no powdery dust to irritate your nose. They're the original no-sneeze chips!

Clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way have a fresh, clean smell which *proves* that golden soap and gentle naptha, *combined,* have done a dirt removing job no tricky soap substitutes can equal... Next time you wash *your* baby's things make sure they're completely clean... Use Fels-Naptha Soap.

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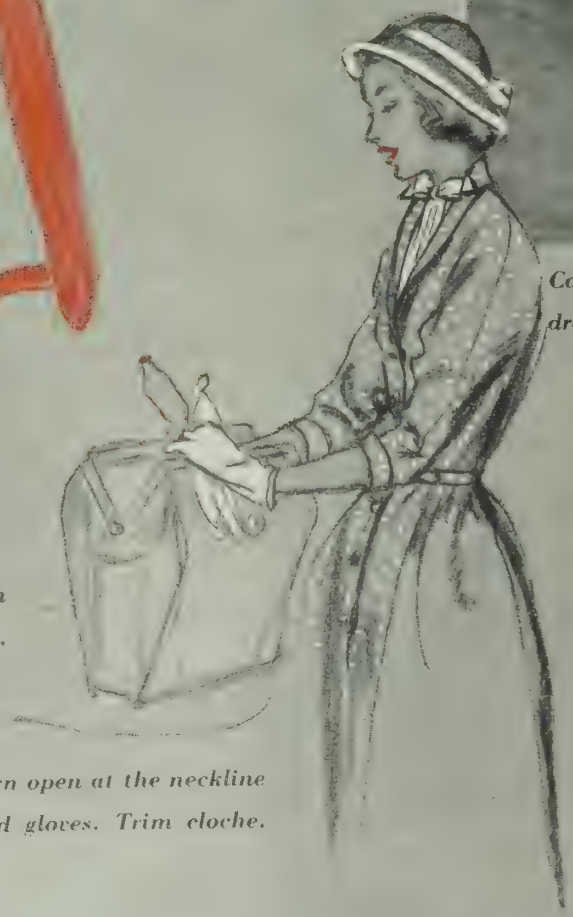
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Trust always to Veto if you value your charm!

The Dress That Takes You Everywhere



For fall: a lightweight tweed button-front dress with its own white dickey. Vogue Design No. 6516, 12 to 40.



The polka-dot shantung worn open at the neckline with white piqué vestee and gloves. Trim cloche.



SUÈDE PUMPS BY FYFFS

Cool shantung in a dolman-sleeve version of the coat-dress; pretty rolled collar. Vogue Design No. 6237, 12 to 20.



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Back Views and Prices on Page 140

The tweed with a bright scarf and beret. Note the link-button sleeve detail and slim pockets.

This year's version of the coat dress is the basis of Virginia Curtin's wardrobe. For summer *and* winter it is an all-round, changeable, wearable fashion . . . the smart answer to any busy woman's clothes problem. We photographed Doctor Curtin in a cool polka-dot silk shantung, dressed up with pearls and matching gloves. The smooth shoulders and deep armholes accent her small waistline. She can also wear this dress with crisp white touches. (See sketch.) Our fall version, in light-weight tweed, is slim with side pockets. There are two inverted pleats in the back of the skirt for easy walking. The dress can be worn with its own vestee or with bright scarfs and accessories, as shown in sketch. Whether you are a busy housewife, or a career woman like Virginia Curtin, you will find a coat dress one of the most versatile in your wardrobe. ★ BY NORA O'LEARY

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Dr. Curtin believes that the sooner young children learn to eat with the family, the better for them. Saves time in preparing meals too.

Your Child and His Food

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

DR. CURTIN examines hundreds of children every year and does not believe that weight is necessarily an indication of good health. "Body firmness is much more important," she says. In fact, a child's height and weight need not agree with the height-weight table. If they are not more than 10 per cent above or below the average, do not become greatly concerned. The main idea is that a child gain as he grows, not lose.

The best way to a child's health is through his tummy. Every mother knows that if he gets the right food, and in the proper amounts, he will be well nourished.

Some children are poor eaters—others will eat everything served to them. Even in the same family children show varying interest in food. The two Curtin children are an example of this fact. There are many foods five-year-old Charlotte won't eat. Tim, age three, eats almost everything with relish—has since he was a tiny baby, except for a period when he was ten months old. At this time he suddenly refused to eat. For a week or so, Dr. Curtin had little success in feeding him. During one of these sessions he got hold of a spoon and started to play in his food. Soon he was feeding himself. Timmie had merely got to the point where he wanted to feed himself independently. Dr. Curtin thinks most mothers don't start letting children feed themselves early enough. Three is the average age for this.

How is His Appetite?

Food itself—and the way it is served—does most to create appetite, just as it does for grownups. Arrange on a child's plate foods that are bright, appealing and well cooked, and he will usually be attracted to eat. A quiet time before a meal is a good thing for any mother to practice. Here are a few menus for children of three to five. The dinners, with a few additions, can be served to, and enjoyed by, the other members of the family as well.

MIDDAY DINNERS WITH THE FAMILY

Broiled Lamb Chop
Peas in Mashed-Potato Nest
Tomato Sandwich
Milk
Surprise Custard

With the substitution of a salad instead of the sandwich and the addition of an extra chop, you and dad will enjoy this meal too. . . . For the custard, drop a few chocolate bits into each custard cup before baking. Children love surprises in desserts, and custards are so easy to vary. Other times you might try putting a whole stewed apricot or a spoonful of jelly, and so on, in the bottom of cups for that extra something. . . . Peas are usually hard for young children to eat. They *do* have an obstinate way of rolling around the plate. If you make a well in the mashed potato to hold the peas, little hands will have no trouble. . . . Be-



Dr. Curtin examines Tim's teeth. Children need a diet that is rich in vitamins and minerals if they are to have strong bones and sound, even teeth.

cause children adore sandwiches, they are a fine way to introduce nourishing foods. Make sandwiches small. They'll go over bigger with Junior.

Individual Fish Timbales
with Parsley and Lemon
Creamed Potatoes and Carrots
Baked-Tomato Slices
Whole-Wheat Bread and Spread
Fruit Cup with Marshmallows
Milk

Fish is a good protein food, and in some sections much less costly than meat. Great care must be taken that no bones get into a fish dish served to a child. Therefore, the filleted fish are easiest to cook and prepare. Children like smooth foods, and fillet of flounder, being mild, is a good choice for timbales. Sprinkle with chopped parsley to make it look pretty. . . . Diced carrots add color to the plate, as do the baked-tomato slices. Children will eat cooked tomato long before they will eat it raw. . . . Fruit is a favorite food with children, particularly when it is cut up. A few marshmallows give just the right sweetness and make them think they are having a treat.

Minced Chicken on Rice
Buttered Green Beans and Celery
Carrot Sticks
Whole-Wheat Bread and Spread
Humpty Peach
Milk

Humpty peaches are simple to make. Arrange canned-peach halves cut side up. Put a pitted prune, stuffed in another pitted prune, in cavity of each peach half. Frost over with meringue. Bake until lightly tinged with brown in a moderate oven, 350°F. Cool. A two-egg-white meringue will top four peach halves. Serve with custard sauce. The prunes make the humpty.

SUPPERS

Poached Egg on Toast
with Chicken Sauce
Lemon Milk Sherbet
with Apricot Purée
Milk

The canned condensed cream of chicken soup makes an excellent sauce, and if you have only one child you can use as much soup as desired for the sauce, saving the rest of the can to serve next day as soup. Thin with a little top milk, heat and pour over the poached egg. If you happen to have carrots and peas left from dinner, add these to sauce for brightness. . . . Make the sherbet in the refrigerator. The whole family will like it. The purée may be omitted as a topping, but if you have stewed apricots on hand, it's simple to make.

Hot Vegetable Soup
Make-His-Own Sandwich
Milk
Sugared Grapes

Little folks like to select foods from a tray as well as grownups do. On summer evenings an assorted sandwich-making tray pleases anyone. You might have the bread buttered and a selection of fills that you know are good for him—soft cottage cheese, slices of eggs, pieces of lettuce, and so forth. After the choice is made, cut the sandwich into several small pieces so it will be easy to eat. Have a bowl of crisp celery and carrot sticks to eat out of hand too. . . . Ripe seedless green grapes that are not too sour are fine as is, but dip small sprays or bunches first in beaten egg white, then in sugar, and you have something delightful and not too sweet. Let them dry a while before serving.

Hot Tomato Soup
Cheese-and-Bacon Balls
with Orange Sections
on Lettuce
Cooky Rennet Dessert **Milk**

Be sure hot soups aren't too hot. If a child burns his tongue on a food, he's apt to be "leery" of it the next time. . . . Roll creamed cream cheese into small balls and roll in chopped crisp bacon. Arrange on shredded lettuce cut into manageable pieces. Children like the idea of having something that looks like a grown-up salad even though they don't have dressing on it. Garnish salad with sections of orange. . . . For the rennet dessert, crumble chocolate or sugar cookies into sherbet glasses and pour chocolate or vanilla rennet dessert over them. The cookies add texture and interest.

Scrambled Egg with Spinach
Bacon Curls
Diced Potatoes with Parsley
Grated-Carrot Sandwich
Milk
Stewed Pears Bright Eyes

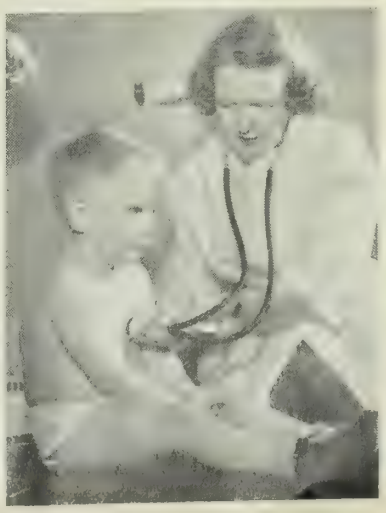
You know best how your child likes his eggs scrambled. Though they are

(Continued on Page 150)

PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETRO



Body firmness is much more indicative of a child's health than weight, although he should, of course, be weighed regularly, believes Dr. Curtin.



A well-nourished child shows it. His hair shines, his eyes snap, his flesh is firm. There's a clear rosiness to his skin. He's happy, bright and alert.





FOR FREEDOM'S BIRTHDAY

(Continued from Page 58)

other exotic woods—a good deal of this has been preserved in the great houses of Williamsburg, capital of colonial Virginia, and the scene of some of the most stirring episodes in our history. It is a good place to revisit the past.

In the days we are remarking, Philadelphia boasted, too, of its great houses and great hostesses and great guests. And as for the china and candlesticks and other fine silver, they have come down from generation to generation and are treasures of first esteem.

The old cookbooks. These were mostly written by hand, until such ladies as Miss Leslie and her modest ilk burst into print and gave away secret after secret, which would have made Mrs. Adams and *her* generation turn over in their graves had they guessed that unregenerate hands were turning the faded leaves, and ladies of quality, as they described themselves, were bursting into print on the subjects of cookery and bringing up father and the children.

Hard reading and worse to follow. I own some of the handwritten books, the paper yellowed and the ink faded. And I've seen a lot more. They are charming because of their great age, as a very old lady in a lace cap is delightful, reminding one of a Dresden figurine, but the useful days are past. These books are hard to read, and if you try to follow them, you soon get bogged down in some elaborate receipt.

We've picked here and there. We've taken some of the early dishes for a menu that's fairly typical of those years, and you'll find them much like old favorites of your own. We eat less and we call our dishes by different names, but what was served then is served now.

When you come to think of it. First off you may not be able to imagine why anyone should call something to eat a "whet." But there are stranger names hung on many a package nowadays, and we catch on fast enough. So whets, you see, are little appetizer things to whet the appetite. And whigs are a raised light roll. That's all.

These whets are a tasty piece; and, always hunting around for something somebody else hasn't had, maybe, you are welcome to an old, reliable, stand-by receipt, right out of a Southern lady's book, and for all I know served to General Washington at some Sunday morning in Williamsburg or Philadelphia, and to Thomas Jefferson, the author of our liberties. And I can see Patrick Henry eating one after another, carefully poking in the center to see if there was a new gimmick. He was one who would have to know. But here's the receipt, and it's simple enough.

HAM WHETS

Cut sliced bread into 2-inch rounds. Toast until they are crisp throughout and get a light tan, in an oven at 325° F. These may be made at any loose moment. They keep. Toasted this way for canapé bases, the toast never sags under any sort of filling and stays good and crisp. For the spread, mix together 1½ cups chopped ham, ¼ cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons soft butter or margarine and 1 tablespoon prepared mustard. Spread on the toast. Dip the edges in chopped parsley. Put a rolled anchovy in the center of each. And if you like cheese, cheese can pinch-hit for the anchovy.

From cold waters. When the silver smelt were running and the shad coming in, those splendid fish had a high place on our forefathers' tables. But the tourmalinelike royal salmon was the fish reserved for the great and their wives, and it had a place of honor on many a shining mahogany table, with the priceless silver and china from the China trade. And because it was quite probably the fish course served on Independence Day, that has become a tradition, and salmon with new pease and Bermuda potatoes is as familiar on our tables on that great day as a clove-stuffed ham is at Easter.

BOILED SALMON

Buy a 4 or 5 pound piece of salmon. Wash it and handle it from start to finish with respect. That means with care. Tie it in cheesecloth. Now put it on a rack if that's convenient, or on a plate in the bottom of the kettle. If the water gets too low it will try to stick, cheesecloth or no cheesecloth. Add boiling water to cover your fish, 2 lemons, sliced thin, 2 teaspoons salt, 6 or 8 whole black peppers. Cook 10 minutes to the pound or until the fish is tender and done. Lift out of the kettle with care. Take off the skin and serve whole.

Always with a sauce. Now salmon demands a sauce. It's one of the drier of the tribe. Seen too much water in its life, probably. Be that as it may, you've got to have a sauce, and here is a colorful one, or you may choose the egg sauce of honest and ancient lineage, according to your time, place and occasion. Let's look into the green sauce, called by its fancy name Sauce Verte.

SAUCE VERTE

To 1 cup mayonnaise add 3 teaspoons chopped parsley, 5 or 6 teaspoons chopped chives and salt and pepper to taste. Now beat in just enough green vegetable coloring to make your sauce about the shade of new peas—or poplar leaves—or, you know what I mean, a beautiful light green.

This is better, I think, with cold salmon, but a lot of folks say "No, it's *the* sauce; hot or cold the fish." It isn't necessary to fiddle around with a bunch of spinach in order to get a green color. Provide yourself with a bottle of green coloring meant for such work. Pure vegetable stuff and gives you everything you want without poking and pinching and puréeing a few leaves, which I assure you isn't at all necessary. Unless you can't resist spinach in *any* of its manifestations. If this is the case, I withdraw my remarks. Some finely chopped cucumber in this sauce is remarkably fine; in fact, sliced cucumbers dressed with oil and vinegar are quite an addition to a salmon dish. Well, I leave it to you to decide whether to add cucumber to your salad, your sauce, or to your fish.

Even the cleverest and most perfect circumstantial evidence is likely to be at fault after all, and therefore ought to be received with great caution. Take the case of any pencil sharpened by any woman; if you have witnesses, you will find she did it with a knife, but if you take simply the aspect of the pencil, you will say she did it with her teeth. —MARK TWAIN.

There was variety. On the tables of the Colonial great was always to be found a great variety of condiments, jellies, pickles, jams and spiced fruits, all or most of them put up by the lady of the house and her retinue of servitors. They helped, but she bossed the job and did much of it with her own hands. Ladies of quality looked well to the ways of their households, and the results fully and wonderfully justified the effort.

Some things were imported, notably olives, as even a Philadelphia or a Virginia housewife could scarcely produce an olive. Pickled walnuts may have been imported, although receipts for doing them are found in most old cookbooks. But most of the delicious things were home products, and infinite pains went into their making and keeping.

One tiny item. One very old and very delicious jelly is the leaf jelly. We had it always, at home, when the crab-apple jelly was made. All there is to it is to pick for each glass of jelly one or two rose geranium leaves (or nasturtium leaves). Wash and dry them of water and put them in the glasses just before the hot jelly is poured in. That is all.

Same with mint. Apple and crab-apple jelly make beautiful mint jelly if you just express some mint juice to add to the jelly, then drop into the glasses a few perfect leaves. And have you run across those crystal-clear jars of orange jelly, with, believe it or not, a little goldfish or two cut out of orange peel, apparently swimming and looking too attractive for words? Well, currant-and-raspberry jelly is still my favorite. And always was.

The cold shape. Blancmange—which, as a little girl, I always thought of as being made of the flour paste they let me put pictures in my albums with (I thought it was left over, at that), but not so. A blancmange can be a nice dessert—only, like all things, it has to be nicely made. This receipt will get you a good one. You know you may put all kinds of fruits and berries, cooked or right off the bush, in and over this dessert. You may tint it with vegetable colorings, you may serve it by the light of the moon, but it is a good, staple, never-go-back-on-you dessert. Only don't keep it *more* than overnight and expect it to perform wonders. And if a lump gets left in it, you can hang up your fiddle right then.

BLANCMANGE

Scald 2 cups heavy cream and 1 cup milk in the top of a double boiler. Mix 6 tablespoons cornstarch, ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅔ cup sugar with 1 cup cold milk until smooth. Gradually add it to the scalded milk and cream. Cook over hot water 10 minutes, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. (Be sure no lump ever gets in this dish. The eater who finds a lump won't claim he's found any pearl. It will be only a lump. So stir and stir.) Cover and cook 15 minutes longer, stirring occasionally, until no taste of starch remains. Take it away from the fire, cool and add 2 teaspoons almond extract and beat it to a real creamy smoothness. Pour it into a quart mold which has been rinsed with cold water. Chill until firm in the refrigerator, overnight or not, as you like. Unmold. Garnish with sugared currants and red raspberries or any nice crystallized or sugared fruit you like. Don't *have* to have currants.

Cakes old and new. There was, of course no such thing as baking powder in the old days. The lightness of the cake depended on the beating. You beat until your arm was ready to drop off, rested a spell and started all over again. *That* was beating, with no mixers and such to help out, either. Just elbow grease did it. Poundcakes called for ingredients in pounds—you could knock out a big cake or several smaller ones. This receipt for half of a true poundcake uses a little baking powder. It makes 2 loaves. The original old poundcakes sometimes called for 12 to 15 eggs, depending on the size of the eggs.

POUNDCAKE

Sift together 3 times 2¼ cups cake flour with ½ teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon nutmeg. Cream 1 cup butter or margarine. Add 1 cup sugar gradually, creaming until really creamed. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice and the yolks of 5 eggs beaten very, very thick. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 5 eggs, then the sifted dry ingredients. Grease and flour a regular bread pan. Pour in the batter. Bake in a pretty slow oven, 325° F., for 1 to 1¼ hours.

Now for cakes like this I grease my tin and line it perfectly with white paper, then brush the paper all over with melted butter or margarine, and the cake comes out like a lady out of a bandbox—perfect in every way. Oh, by the way, since the size of the pan you use affects the time it takes to get it done, test your cake by the good old toothpick way. It never fails—but *you* might.

Keep it in mind. Just thinking about freedom doesn't make or keep anyone free Jefferson was a thinker about freedom, but he did something about it. The birthday of freedom ought to be especially significant to all who have seen the Freedom Train. Let us celebrate the nation's birthday with a toast to Washington, Jefferson, all the liberty-loving fighters for freedom. THE END

They asked you to bring potato salad?



It will be the hit of the picnic with





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6 cups sliced cooked potatoes
1½ cups chopped celery
6 tablespoons chopped pimiento
¾ cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
3 teaspoons Seasoned Salt
Freshly ground pepper
Lettuce
7 slices bologna
6 tablespoons tomato relish or chili sauce
Hard-cooked eggs

Lightly toss the potatoes, celery and pimiento with the Miracle Whip. Add the Seasoned Salt with pepper to taste. Place on lettuce arranged on a round chop plate. Form a cornucopia with each slice of bologna, fill it with tomato relish or chili sauce, and arrange around the edge of the potato salad. Garnish with hard-cooked eggs cut in scallops.



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Women like this will

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DO WE NEED ADULT EDUCATION?

(Continued from Page 40)

to more people, the more people there will be who want more education. All this should be gratifying to those who believe that a properly educated electorate can be our country's greatest asset on the moral as well as the material side. But if the prospect is gratifying, many a harassed taxpayer will shake his head. On one score he can be reassured. Adult education need not be expensive. Private business and professional groups have offered their assistance. In some cases industrial organizations have provided both instruction and equipment for classes in vocational fields. The work of libraries, forums, historical societies, civic organizations, museums, men's and women's clubs, dramatic societies has in some centers received new life by this focusing of activity upon a community-sponsored project.

Some metropolitan centers have been gradually increasing their educational facilities to meet the needs of greatly increased populations, but even these lack co-ordinated systems. The development of adult education has been uneven and sporadic. Some states have done much, others nothing. And too many of our communities have not even made a beginning. Before further progress can be made, there must be, first, a wider understanding of the need for and possibilities of adult education after World War II; and second, an intelligent co-ordination of existing resources and agencies.

As we shall see later, every community of any size can and should do something now. In no field is it more necessary that efforts be locally centered and controlled. Since, however, this is a nationwide problem, it calls for action on three levels: national, state and local.

Although primarily concerned with higher education, the President's Commission wisely regarded adult education as so important and pressing that it dealt with it in three of the six volumes of its report. On the national level it recommends that the following action be taken:

I. The United States Office of Education should create a strong division of adult education—to provide leadership, inspiration and co-operation to state and community adult-education activities.

II. A national council on adult education, under the leadership of the United States Office of Education, should also be organized to enlist the co-operation and resources of all the interested national agencies.

III. Special commissions on education by radio and by motion pictures, representing both governmental agencies and voluntary organizations, should be established, to co-ordinate existing programs in these areas and develop new ones.

In substance, these recommendations would seem to be sound with the exception of the provision (II) that the council be under the control of the United States Office of Education. That office has rendered great service to education. But adult education is so new a field, and one which will in the long run affect so wide a range of interests, that a separate body, an independent commission more representative of all interests, would seem to be called for. There exists already a general professional council—the American Association for Adult Education.

On the state level: Every state presents a different problem. A few of them have made important appropriations for adult education. California pays about 85 per cent of the cost of operating the program for a million adults in high schools and junior colleges. Michigan has appropriated $250,000 annually to start community programs. Florida operates the huge Camp Roosevelt facilities as a state center for adult education. Rural areas everywhere present the most difficult problems. For them a state council will be necessary. It can provide necessary information and the transportation of materials and arrange for appropriate educational broadcasts through state- or state-university-controlled radio. Such councils have proved highly useful for clearinghouse purposes to various communities. Many states have no such council. In states where no council exists, one should be created.

It is, however, upon each community that the responsibility for any adequate program for adult education must rest.

Our American system includes both public and private agencies. We have dealt here with public agencies primarily, since the bulk of our population can be educated substantially only in public institutions. We shall continue to need the inspiration of great pilot projects like the New School of Social Research in New York, Cleveland College and the John C. Campbell Folk School in North Carolina. We need freedom for every kind of educational experiment, above all in this field. In many cases public libraries, museums, radio organizations and private agencies have done more than we had a right to expect. But the brutal fact remains that except in a few states most communities have been backward—some even recalcitrant. This in spite of the fact that many surveys have found that the common remark that most grown-up citizens are well satisfied with their present educational condition is false.

The average citizen will ask "What can we do?" and "Where shall we begin?" The most urgent need can be met at once and with very little expense. The first need everywhere is adequate guidance. There should be a competent educational counselor easily available for consultation by adults after work with office hours in the late afternoon and evening. In many cases the opportunity the worker needs and is qualified for may be already open. He can be spared the added frustration that comes from false starts and lost motion. His problem is far more baffling than that which confronts the freshman on our campus, yet a former Harvard president is quoted as saying that any freshman who can understand a college catalogue should be granted

(Continued on Page 134)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Grandfather and the Child

By Helen Howland Prommel

Grandfather and the child were never lost
For things to do—whenever summer tossed
Her fat and whispering branches to the day,
The two of them would softly steal away
To the bright meadow where a trickle flowed
In slow meanderings on its seaward road.
Each had a willow wand to fish the brook,
A string for line and a bent pin for hook,
And both would sit for hours with line dropped in
A shallow pool that never knew a fin.
But time went by and both were satisfied:
The child for being certain he had spied
The biggest fish that ever swam a stream—
The man for one with whom to share a dream.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



DOLE CHUNKS

*Pine-ana Split Salad

There's happy harmony here... a banana sliced lengthwise, topped with two spoondals of cottage cheese and a tropical center of golden Dole Pineapple Chunks. Those melt-in-your-mouth Chunks prod summer appetites — taste so cool. Isn't it a snap to make everybody "oh" and "ah" the pineapple way?



Summer favorites with Pineapple flavor..



DOLE SLICED

*Ring-around-the-Chicken

Praise will come from all around the table when this dish is served. To go on the platter with golden-fried chicken, sauté pineapple slices — sweet as a summer Sunday — takes just 2 or 3 minutes. Cover each pineapple ring with a thick slice of fried tomato. Garnish with parsley.

something new (and delicious!) by DOLE



DOLE CRUSHED

*Royal Shortcake

A rose and gold dream-dish that's a super-plus favorite. Put buttered hot biscuit-halves together with spoonfuls of golden Crushed Pineapple and sweetened sliced strawberries. Heap with Dole Crushed and drifts of whipped cream or marshmallow whip, then dot with strawberries. Smooth — just try it!

*By *Patricia Collier*
DOLE HOME ECONOMIST



(Continued from Page 132)

his diploma forthwith! Colleges assign to each student a faculty adviser, and in many cases call new students to the campus early for a "freshman week" of orientation—surely we can understand why working adults need guidance.

Competent counselors will meet an immediate and pressing need and will be helpful in preparing their community for the second step. This should be a thoroughgoing survey of the educational needs of its people and of its available facilities. It will indicate what agencies should be provided in due course. From that point on every community program must be shaped by its own requirements and resources. A clearer understanding of the problem, co-ordination of effort, and intelligent direction are more immediately necessary than large appropriations. It will cost something in money, and more in time and thought, finally to do the job. Even so, in no other field is there promise of improving American citizenship and of enriching American lives so much by expending so little.

There are still far too many Americans who, when they hear the term "adult education," think of a nice old immigrant woman, with fat fingers and corrugated brow, learning to write a letter. That was once part of the real situation; we had to have "Americanization" programs to make Americans out of immigrants. But the percentage of newcomers in our population has been cut down drastically since we set up the quota system. If this once engaging picture is fading, in wide circles adult education is now regarded as designed to plug up holes, or as a remedy for inadequate or completely missed opportunities in high school.

We should throw away these outdated attitudes and realize that this industrial civilization of ours is making life more difficult by making it more rational. This sounds like a paradox; it is surprising, but it is true. When our great-great-grandmothers brought up their children, they followed custom and that was all that was expected from them. Men and women today can rarely solve their problems by traditional rules; this is a time of change and spiritual chaos, and we are compelled, even if it is uncomfortable, to solve our difficulties by the full faculties of our minds, our hearts and our spirits. This is a more difficult way to live, but it may also be more rewarding. Inevitably we are coming to see that our civilization requires of everybody that he keep his mind alive and his information up-to-date in order to live at all in really modern conditions. As Sir Richard Livingstone, the British educator, noted in this same connection, most of our minds are like cars which, after years of routine use, need to be overhauled and tuned up—lest they get dangerously out of control and run downhill. Moreover, on the vocational side, many trades and professions now call for training and knowledge not available even five or ten years ago.

If we had a public-education system that was as good as it ought to be—and sometime will be—adults would have found the process of learning so helpful, so much fun and so necessary that they would think of it as a normal part of a normal life. And since—as shown by the studies of E. L. Thorndike, Irving Lorge and other psychologists—we know that the mind does not lose its learning power as we grow older, there is no reason whatever for believing that an educational system can be allowed to end with youth.

It will help us to rectify our perspective if we remember that most of us still have, hanging on the wall of our minds, the wrong picture of an American family. It is a nice picture, homely and comfortable, but just about a century out of date. It shows father and mother, with a grandparent tucked away in a warm corner, and a crowd of children. It was a good picture of the population make-up of this country—a hundred years ago. Not today. Today it would be nearer the truth to show several grandparents, two healthy parents, a few aunts and uncles, all grownups grouped solicitously and proudly around one or two small children. A century ago there were ten Americans under twenty-one for every eight adults. Now we have at least two adults in this country for every child, and the proportion of the population that reaches advanced age increases every year.

We adults are now the most numerous part of the population. We are also the self-governing citizens of a mighty nation. We cannot help making decisions now that will affect the chances of war and peace, poverty and wealth, happiness and pain, for most of the inhabitants of the earth. If there are going to be hatreds, it will be partly our fault; and if peace is to be achieved, we shall in great measure be responsible.

The President's Commission on Higher Education has recommended that "we need, and need quickly, to have millions of our fellow citizens become literate and competent in matters political, economic and cultural." Of all the momentous changes introduced into twentieth-century life by scientific invention and technological advance, the most important is the immeasurably greater physical power in the hands of men and nations, which can be used to build or to destroy. In the next few years, the citizens of our country must make their great decisions. The changes that we may make on the elementary, high-school and junior-college levels now cannot affect our political action in the years immediately ahead. In our democracy the great choices must be made by the voters, the adult population, educated or not, and that is why more adequate education on the adult level has to be provided as soon as possible. Only immediate action on that level can help our voters in time.

George Bernard Shaw, when asked for his definition of an educated man: "I'm sorry; I've never met one."

The principles upon which any sound program must rest are not new. Psychologists like those we have mentioned, who have studied the learning process, have merely brought us back to them. That is why they may sound old-fashioned. Let us consider them here in the light of what tests we can safely apply.

The most effective test of the adequacy of any education is this: Does the pupil who received it want more? The man who does not feel that he needs more education has already been educated beyond his means—or has been badly educated. It makes no difference how old he is or how many years he has been at school. A college graduate may go on to annex an advanced or professional degree. If he feels that he now knows it all, he has, as an educated man, passed his prime. He will really have less education at fifty than he had at twenty. Education is a continuing, lifelong process. It is not something which will keep if the recipient locks it away with his diploma. Education should and can be a man's richest and most permanent possession. But in this sense, it is perishable and can deteriorate. The mind may become flabby like an atrophied muscle. As the poet has Ulysses tell us, it rusts unburnished: it can shine only in use.

As recognition of these facts grows, so grows our chance to create in this country the greatest system of adult education in the world. The time is ripe now for action. And perhaps as we work, it is not too visionary to look forward to a time when the values of lifelong learning will be so completely accepted that our industries will grant leaves of absence for further study for their executives and workers alike, and colleges and universities will provide special facilities for adults who, leaving behind them the harassments of their daily lives, give their full attention for two or three months to the reviving of their faculties. This is a system that in other countries has increased the joy of living of the people and the prosperity of the state. Is it too much to ask that our country, with its vast resources and ready citizenry, do the same? THE END



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Wesson Oil FOR SALADS & COOKING



TONGUE JULIENNE SALAD

¼ teaspoon *each* salt, sugar, dry mustard • Dash of pepper • ⅓ cup Wesson Oil • 2 tablespoons vinegar • 2 tablespoons pickle relish. Put these ingredients in deep bowl and use rotary beater to blend thoroughly. Makes ½ cup dressing. (M-m-m, the tang of relish! Delicious way to vary homemade Wesson Oil dressings. Wesson Oil is so mild, so delicate, you taste every flavor.) Arrange salad of greens, wedges of hard-cooked egg and strips of cooked tongue (or ham or chicken). Toss with Wesson Oil dressing.

QUICK AND EASY *for two*

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

TO HAVE good hot-weather meals that are still quick and easy, you have to use a bit of strategy. Keep the refrigerator well stocked. Cook more than you need of some foods on purpose. Be an early bird and do what you can toward dinner in the dewy part of the day. Recipes which can be doubled and redoubled help, too, if yours is a house where guests are always welcome.

Special Event

*Jellied Madrilene Aquamarine
*Deviled Shrimps in Shells
*Cucumber Coleslaw
Fruit with *Lemon Fluff
Iced Tea

There's an event coming up that means something special to both of you. You want your dinner for this evening to be perfection—light, refreshing, different from your everyday meals, but not elaborate to the extent that you'll have to spend any more time than usual in preparing it. Here is a meal for such an occasion. Jellied madrilene aquamarine is a cooling preface to the shrimp. Cucumbers transform the ubiquitous coleslaw, right with most fish dishes. For dessert, you'll have fruit with a sauce that's lemony and delicate in texture. A light meal, yes, but a good one for a summer evening.

Jellied Madrilene Aquamarine

Peel and mash ½ of a small avocado—a sieve or ricer makes the quickest work of it. Beat in the juice of ½ lemon; add 2 tablespoons sour or sweet cream, salt and pepper to taste. Snap up the seasoning with a dash of hot pepper sauce. Have 1 can condensed consommé or 1 can madrilene consommé—the kind that can be served either hot or jellied—chilled overnight in refrigerator. Madrilene consommé is much the nicer and prettier for this cooling first course, but either will do. Empty the jellied soup into a bowl and fold the avocado mixture into it lightly—not thoroughly. Serve in soup cups with a wedge of lemon or lime.

Lemon Fluff

Beat 2 egg yolks until thick. Put in top of double boiler. Add the juice of 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons hot water, ⅔ cup confectioners' sugar and the rind of 1 lemon. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly for the very few minutes it takes to thicken. Remove from heat. Fold in 2 egg whites, beaten stiff. Pour into bowl and chill. Serve alone or on raspberries or other fresh fruit.

Deviled Shrimps in Shells

Shell 1 pound fresh cooked shrimps, o use the frozen cooked or the canned ones drained of brine, for speed. Simmer cup chopped onion and ½ garlic clove finely minced or crushed, in 2 table spoons butter or margarine until yellow Blend in 1½ tablespoons flour, ½ tea spoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon salt an a good dash of pepper. Gradually add cup milk and ¼ cup cream. Cook, stir ring constantly, until thickened. Add pound American Cheddar cheese, grated and if you like a wine flavor, 1 tablespoo sherry. Heat until cheese melts. Ad shrimps. Fill buttered scallop shells or individual casseroles. Place under broile to brown. Serve at once sizzling hot

Cucumber Coleslaw

Make coleslaw as you usually do, but d add ¼ peeled cucumber. Chop it righ in with cabbage. Use a little less dressin than usual so the salad won't be soupy Wonderful with any fish dish.

Porch Platter

*Kidney-Bean Salad
*Crunchy Deviled Eggs
Sliced Tomatoes
with Cottage Cheese
*Hot Blueberry Muffins—Jam
Iced Coffee

You don't go in for real put-it-in-a-baske picnics often, but you do enjoy picniclik suppers on the porch. A porch-planne meal should be simple to serve, for you'r going to carry it out on a tray from th kitchen. Instead of arranging everythin on separate plates, group on one cho plate—the kidney-bean salad in lettuc cups in center, the sliced tomato wit fluffs of cottage cheese and the crunch deviled eggs around it. Fill in the chink with slivers of raw carrots.

Kidney-Bean Salad

Drain juice from 1 chilled can kidne beans. Add ½ cup peeled and diced cu cumber, ½ cup diced celery, ¼ cup mince green pepper, 4 scallions, snipped fin with the scissors. Season with salt an pepper and add just enough mayonnais to make it of good juicy consistency.

Crunchy Deviled Eggs

Shell 3 hard-cooked eggs. Cut into halve lengthwise. Remove yolks and mas them. Add ½ teaspoon dry mustard, little grated onion, ¼ teaspoon salt, little minced parsley, ½ teaspoon vine gar and 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, an

cup chopped nuts. Mix well. Heap mixture into the cooked whites of the eggs.

Blueberry Muffins

Use ½ package muffin mix. Follow directions for adding berries. This is the season for blueberries, and to my mind blueberry muffins are the best of the family and dessert enough for anyone, with tall glasses of iced coffee.

Reap the Harvest

*Hot Chicken Broth
with Olives
*Broiled
Chicken-Salad Sandwiches
*Broccoli-and-Tomato Salad
*Three-Fruit Mousse
Coffee

Good leftovers never lurk in the refrigerator for long if you know what to do with them. Suppose you pressure-cooked a chicken yesterday: have some chicken broth and chicken; or you may have had chicken salad if it was a warm day. There's some of one or the other left over. The mousse combines odd bits of fruit. The salad starts from scratch. Make the mousse first. Each thing in the menu is simple to do, but will be a new adventure in good eating.

Three-Fruit Mousse

Whip ½ pint cream. Add ⅓ cup drained crushed pineapple, ¼ cup sugar, ½ large banana, mashed, ¼ cup maraschino cherries, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, a pinch of salt and ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Spread out in freezing tray. Set up refrigerator to coldest position. Freeze until just set. No stirring needed. The banana keeps it smooth.

Hot Chicken Broth With Olives

Clear chicken broth of all fat. Heat chicken broth. Cut meat off 4–5 ripe olives. Mince and add to broth.

Broiled Chicken-Salad Sandwiches

Spread toast thickly and clear to the edge with chicken salad. Sprinkle generously with grated cheese. When ready to serve, run under broiler until cheese melts and salad is well heated through.

Broccoli-and-Tomato Salad

Combine 1 cup chopped raw broccoli flowerets with 2 tablespoons French dressing, 2 tomatoes, cut into eighths, and ½ green pepper, diced. Add 2 tablespoons sour cream, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, ½ teaspoon grated onion, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well and serve in lettuce cups with sprays of water cress. Save broccoli stalks to pare and cook another night.

Guests Welcome

*Quick Vichysoisse
Broiled Lamb Chops
and Tomatoes
*Mint-and-Onion Sauce
Lima Beans
Creamed Potatoes
*Pineapple Alaska
Coffee

You planned to have a simple broiled dinner tonight of chops, a frozen vegetable and creamed potatoes, with store-bought ice cream and cake for dessert. Along in the afternoon you hear from the other half of your household that you're having two guests. The meal as is wouldn't be very exciting to serve company, but with a few changes you'll make it so. You have a can of cream of chicken soup. From this you'll make an easy vichysoisse—a perfect little beginner for your dinner. Usually you like two lamb chops apiece. But you have only four. They are thick, however, and you'll broil large tomatoes, halved, to stretch the chops and mix up a mint-and-onion sauce for them to give your guests something to talk about. Luckily you have enough cold boiled potatoes for four in the refrigerator, as you always cook more than you need. One guest is known to have a conspicuous liking for fancy desserts. You have ice cream in the refrigerator—bakery-bought unfrosted cake. With canned pineapple and jam you'll make some really super Alaskas. Frequent and casual entertaining is much more fun than going to a lot of special fuss. Try it and see.

Quick Vichysoisse

Dice 1 potato fine and cut 4 scallions into pieces. Cook in 1 cup water with ¼ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Put through fine sieve. Combine with 1 can condensed cream of chicken soup. Thin to good consistency with cream. Chill before serving. Sprinkle with chopped chives.

Mint-and-Onion Sauce

Wash and dry on a towel 1 bunch fresh mint. Pick off leaves and chop fine. Chop enough onion to equal the quantity of mint. Mix and add ½ green pepper, seeded and chopped. Season well with salt and pepper and toss together with ⅓ cup French dressing. Pass to serve on the chops, or pour over chops before serving.

Pineapple Alaska

Spread four 3½–4-inch squares of plain or spongecake with a favorite jam. If cake is too thick, cut squares in half crosswise. Lay a drained canned pineapple slice on each square. This can be done before dinner. After you've removed the main-course plates, make a 3-egg-white meringue, adding 6 tablespoons sugar gradually. This doesn't take long, and for these few minutes dinner conversation can go on without you. Then put a spoonful of ice cream on each pineapple slice. Ice cream should be very firm. Cover quickly with meringue—be sure to get ice cream completely covered. Put in very hot oven, 450° F., for 3–5 minutes, just until lightly tinged with brown. Serve at once. A good time to serve the coffee is while you're waiting for the Alaskas.

Dinner, Home Style

*Danish Codfish
Boiled Potatoes
Swiss Chard with Sliced Eggs
Raspberries and
Blueberries with Cream
Coffee

Simple homely dishes sometimes make the best meals—particularly when you're not in a dress-up mood: Swiss chard from the garden, a bowl of berries to lave with thick cream, little potatoes scrubbed and cooked in their skins and a flavorful fish dish that's quickly made and low in cost—these make a meal you'll remember with relish.

Danish Codfish

Cook, covered, 1½ cups diced Pascal celery, cut into 1-inch pieces, in 1½ cups boiling water with 1½ teaspoons salt until tender. Remove celery. Tie ¾ pound fresh codfish fillets in a piece of cheesecloth. Simmer in hot celery stock 10 minutes. Lift out fish. Make a sauce from stock, using 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and 2 tablespoons flour for thickening. Season with 1¾ teaspoons lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon curry powder and 1 teaspoon grated onion. Remove codfish from cheesecloth. Lay in sauce; add celery. Heat thoroughly and serve on boiled new potatoes.



GARDEN SALAD BOWL
with Tomato French Dressing

For a refreshing treat, serve a crisp garden salad, prepared in a Porcelain Enameled mixing bowl with this delicious dressing.

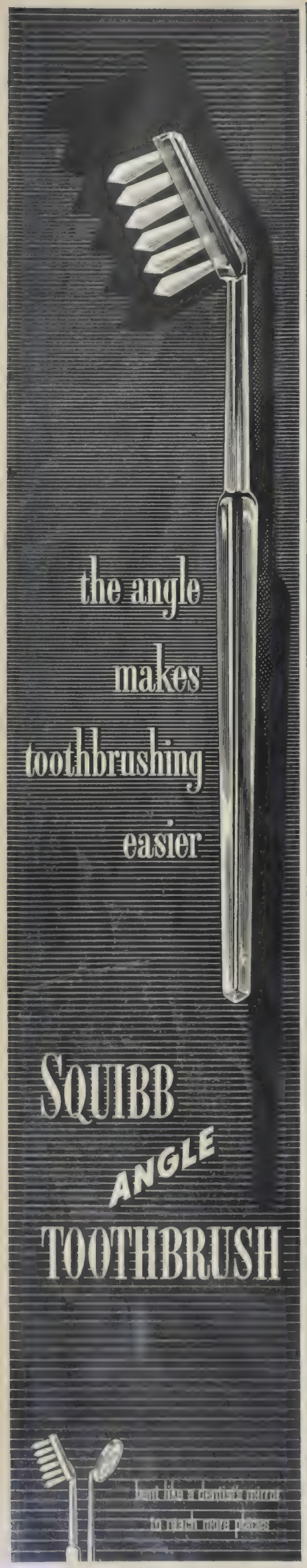
1 can (10½-11 oz.) Condensed Tomato Soup
¾ cup cider vinegar
1½ tsps. salt
½ tsp. paprika
1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
½ tsp. black pepper
½ to ½ cup granulated sugar
1 tsp. minced onion
1 tsp. prepared mustard
1½ cups salad or olive oil
1 peeled clove of garlic

Combine ingredients; shake until blended and chill. Keep in refrigerator ready to serve. To prepare this salad: Break lettuce into chunks. Combine with endive, sliced radishes, tomato wedges and egg slices. Add dressing just before serving.

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PORCELAIN ON STEEL
ENAMELEDWARE



A LITTLE MADNESS IN THE SPRING

(Continued from Page 39)

he never would have felt young, never would have felt that extraordinary something that he knew existed, that he had read about—and so experienced vicariously—but which had never happened to him.

He had supposed for a time that he had been too poor to feel young, but simply by keeping his eyes open he had been forced to decide that was nonsense. Too many poor people felt wonderfully young.

Then what was it?

He had never been ill, really. He could not blame his body.

Yet the fact remained.

So he said to himself, in the desperation of his thirty-sixth birthday, *Why don't I inquire of myself what happened?*

THE book was an examination of his eighteenth year. His theory was that, in the retelling, he might capture, might *acquire* those high emotions of youth which, in the living, the year had so noticeably lacked. If he did, it would not be full compensation for what he had missed, but he felt that now any consolation was worth a try. He was frightened.

Fortunately for John, the year he was eighteen had been a period of disappointment, adventure, courage, ingenuity, suspense and rescue. At the time it had seemed nothing but a series of fearful misadventures, but John saw, in looking back, that he had the material to make exactly the story which he wished he had felt.

So he began. For two days he wrote, then tore everything up and began again. In those two days, of course, he understood that he could not write for himself alone; nobody can—he must write to be read, and so he must cast his story in some suitable form.

He thought of the form soon enough: he wrote his book as a long love letter to the girl he had rescued; and that gave him his title, To Emilie, Wherever You Are.

To Emilie was by no means one of the grand successes of the year, but it was a best seller. However, it was not a critical success, a fact which led John—who, however much he regretted his lack of youth, had no desire to jeopardize his middle age—to keep his mouth shut. To Emilie did not sound like the sort of book a respectable librarian should have written. So while his name appeared on the cover, it went unremarked; the world is full of John Stevensons. To look at him, it would never have entered anyone's head that he could have written To Emilie, so his secret was safe.

Movie companies pay little attention to critics, however, so one announced to the press that it had paid fifty thousand dollars for To Emilie, and did give John fifteen thousand, and hired him to come out to California for ten weeks as a technical adviser.

Ah, reckless youth, John thought, as he drove down Sunset Boulevard in the large, black, chauffeured studio limousine.

The thought—if it needs explanation—was ironic, for of course John felt neither youthful nor reckless, but merely timid at the idea of visiting a movie studio. But the phrase was now in his mind constantly, it had become an obsession almost, a fear, an aching desire; for naturally the writing of To Emilie had not even begun to supply him with the sensation he had longed for.

In fact, during the seven months he took to write the book, Janet Wharton worried about him. "What *is* the matter?" she would say. "You must be working too hard. You look so tired." And she would make him cups of hot cocoa in Mrs. Burnett's kitchen and bring them to his room at night.

Probably, John thought as he watched the palm trees whiz by, just recalling that awful year was enough to make one tired.

Everything a man does, of course, leaves its mark upon him, and sooner or later, reasonably or unreasonably, that mark will reappear, to influence or interfere with his way of living. "That awful year" of John Stevenson's lay unnoticed for a long, long time, then rudely it came to change him. To understand the change, we shall have to examine the facts of the "awful year."

A few days after his eighteenth birthday, John, an orphan, was forced to leave college for money reasons. So he did what a good many disheartened youths have done before him: he went to sea, but not—such was the economy of the 1920's—on a romantic windjammer or a dirty tramp, but on a glistening cruise ship; he was, in fact, a bus boy in the first-class dining saloon.

John neither then nor later pretended he liked the ship. But he could do nothing about it; he was on his way around the world, and he was stuck.

John Stevenson did not get around the world; if he had, there would have been no book. Rather, when he was halfway, in the midst of nowhere—for the company, bent on providing some unhackneyed experiences for its passengers, had plotted the cruise far from the usual places, with the result that, at this particular moment, the ship found itself deep among the Solomon Islands—John Stevenson jumped overboard.

It was not a quixotic jump. He jumped to save a lady who had fallen from a deck far above him. It did not seem even very brave; perhaps it all happened too quickly.

He was standing in the little space of deck—it was near the water—where he was allowed to take the air; it was sometime after midnight, the temperature was warm, the ocean seemed friendly. He saw the woman fall and struggle. He threw a couple of life preservers toward her, called to a waiter who was standing at a companionway, and then jumped. The water was unexpectedly pleasant, and he reached the terrified woman in a few minutes.

She was a pretty thing—he had seen her in the dining room—older than he, but not more than twenty-two or twenty-three. He got a life preserver fastened around her, slipped into the other one himself, calmed the lady as well as he could and then looked to see if the ship were turning.

It was not; it had not even stopped.

Later there were, of course, many explanations and excuses for this action, the most realistic being that the captain did not wish to risk his vessel among these ill-charted reefs; but theoretical common sense could not comfort John Stevenson and the lady much during the next few hours.

The girl's name was Eva Windom; she came from Pasadena, California, she was with her father and mother, she had been sitting on the rail, alone, looking at the stars when suddenly she had lost her balance. She was in no way prepared to die; she clung to John and comforted herself by assuring him that daddy would make them turn that old ship around and come back. John, from what he remembered, thought daddy was most likely cockeyed in the smoking room, but he did not disagree with Eva—under the circumstances he had immediately thought of her as Eva, not Miss Windom—and took what comfort he could from the fact that they were moving in some active current. He could only hope that the current would lead somewhere. It did.

At the first smattering of dawn they made out the silhouette of a palm-fringed atoll, but better—oh, far better—they soon saw, not three hundred yards from them, a fisherman standing on a reef, a spear in his hand. He was a native, and not much to look at, but he seemed a beautiful sight.

They called. He soon reached them in his outrigger, and in half an hour they were on dry land, at a little cluster of huts.

John Stevenson's first day in a motion-picture studio was not what he had imagined from the satirical books he had read.

He appeared to have been expected; he was quickly led to the office of the producer, who greeted him in excellent English; he was given an opulent lunch in the company of people who were rather wittier than he was; he was treated with unobtrusive respect.

It was only when he was taken out on the back lot to see a reproduction of the atoll that he felt at all uneasy. He had promised himself to keep his mouth shut, but this village was not a Solomon Islands village. The flowers: these hedges and walks and bushes and gardens of flowers which here in Hollywood had been so casually and carefully planted and arranged, well ——

"If I might make a suggestion," John said.

Whatever the many abilities of the natives of the Solomon Islands are, landscape gardening is not one of them. John remembered the hard-packed ground around the house of the headman of the village, Uli; it did not show even a blade of grass. The regulation of Nature into logical patterns is not much the concern of primitive people, a fact which applies not only to gardening but to everything else.

The easy life does it, probably, but John remembered that the systematic frivolity of the natives had almost driven him crazy.

It had begun that first day. Now to him and Eva, their rescue took on the quality of a miracle, and they expected something to be done about it. True, they did not imagine they would be snatched out of the Pacific, given rooms and baths and telegraph blanks; but they did desire a little more than momentary interest in the clothes they were wearing, and then almost total apathy.

At first John put the situation down to the barrier of language. Though Uli and some of the other men spoke pidgin English, John did not, and it was several days before he realized that those monotonous sounds were a perfectly efficient means of communication. However, even after both he and Eva were able to talk fluently, they could find no native who would sustain much fascination with their plight.

LIFE on the atoll was not actively unpleasant. John and Eva were supplied haphazardly with a place to sleep and food. It was just that to former residents of Pasadena, California, and Hartford, Connecticut, everything seemed so aimless—which is perhaps another way of saying that none of the natives did anything he didn't want to do.

This lack of organization of the hours of the day was one of the hardest things they had to bear. Eva took it better than John, for she was naturally indolent, and in the end fell into a routine which passed the time for her much as beauty shops, luncheons and movies had at home. But John, after he had built a house and learned how to fish and cook, and had found out, from Uli, just what they were in for, took an active step. He opened a school for the children.

For it was plain that getting away from the atoll was to be a matter of chance. The two large outriggers in which the natives went to the "big island" had been destroyed in a

(Continued on Page 140)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Change

By Rhina P. Espaillat

My heart was like a prisoner,
  It dreamed of wings.
It envied the windy freedom
  Of soaring things.

Now that you've checked its flight
  And it captured stands,
Why does it sing like a nightingale,
  Locked in your hands?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

…n saw.
…ell, I have an angle"; only Mr. Barber …'a yangle," and John pretended he …stood. "Now, this girl you were on the … with. You've never seen her in all this …"
…o," John said.
…o you correspond?"
…o."
…ell me something," Mr. Barber said. …; she good-looking?"
…ery," John said.
… Barber seemed to talk to himself. "We … fix her up, anyway."
…hat?" John said.
…et me put it to you straight. Circum…es have kept you two people apart. You …what's-her-name."
…va."
…ow after twenty years you meet. …ve been waiting. She's been waiting. …suddenly realize you've been waiting for …other. See?"
…y word!" John said.
…t's a setup," Mr. Barber said. "Island …rs Reunited. Memories of Tropical …ts Keep Pair True to Each Other. With …onnections I could plant that story in …the papers in the country."
…ut ——"
… know, I know," Mr. Barber said. …pose she's married. I could make her … still long enough to take pictures. That's …e need. Pictures."
…h," John said.
…t would be a swell break."
…ell," John said, "well . . . I would … little time to think this over."
…ure, sure," Mr. Barber said. "And by …vay ——"

"By the way" was another shock. Mr. …er paid the check, took John out and …sited him in a great …mobile and headed …e studio. The motion …ure that had been …e from John's book, …he way, was entirely …ed, cut, scored and …y for release. John …to see it, now, at midnight, in a private …ection room.

…r. Barber, inadvertently, did himself a …t favor. He could never have known … all John's hopes and fears, his passions … desires, his longings and his aspirations …ld find themselves made clear and plain, … little room at midnight.

…hn loved the picture. It was what his life …uld have been, and wasn't. Suspense … love had been added.

…he love he should have had with Eva. …n sat and drank in the story of the mo… t he had lost. He had thought about it …ften, but now he saw it. The moment of …th he should have seized. That, he …lly realized, was what youth was. Mo…its seized. However reckless.

…he girl on the screen *was* Eva. After the … half hour she even looked like Eva. The …, the hair, the body; John remembered so …tely he wanted to call out.

… determination flooded over him. He …st make no excuses to himself any more. …ith would not find him; he must find …th. Twenty years had passed, yes. But …had waited, somehow, for some reason. …haps Eva too. He must seize the moment. …re was no time to lose.

…When he got home, he called Mr. Barber … woke him out of a sound sleep. "Find …a," he said. "I will do what you want."

"Atta boy," Mr. Barber said.

…R over a week, Mr. Barber's minions …nt to the search in New York. They tried …vain to discover old passenger lists, cus…nhouse records or hotel reservations that …uld put them on the Windom trail of …enty years before. Finally it was Mr. …rber himself, who sooner or later never …ed to be a genius, who picked up the …sadena telephone directory and found …a's name listed.

…After that it was simple. He went to …sadena, took her to lunch, and obtained … enthusiastic consent to fall in with his plans. Not really very much had happened to Eva since she had got back from the Solomons. She had been married and divorced, it was true, but both had been rather apathetic ceremonies. Daddy still took care of her, but life wasn't really very exciting. John; yes, she remembered John with great pleasure. He had been very brave.

Mr. Barber had an idea. Eva and John would meet on the set of the atoll—right back where they started.

"Oh, lovely," Eva said. "I'll wear a Hawaiian print dress I just bought."

JOHN had not let his determination flag, or his ardor stale. He would seize the moment, even though it came two weeks late. He stood, his arms tight around Eva, in front of the bogus hut of Uli, and tried not to blink as the flash bulbs went off in his face. *I must not fail myself*, he thought.

It had been a struggle. In the first place, he had not immediately recognized Eva. She had changed, put on weight, and her face was covered with panchromatic make-up for the cameras. It was only after she began to talk that it all came back to him. Her voice was just the same.

They had had not one moment alone. Photographers, prop men, electricians, Mr. Barber, his publicity men, representatives of syndicates, all these and more had witnessed the reunion. John's private passion had had to wait.

From the set they went to one of the sound stages. Everyone was given leis; they drank coconut milk and ate poi, which John had never tasted before. And then, for a grand clinch, a screen was let down, and the life of John and Eva was shown.

John sighed. *Ah*, he thought, *it will work on Eva just as it worked on me, the magic we have missed these twenty years.*

When the picture had been running half an hour, John felt a nudge in his ribs. He leaned over and Eva whispered in his ear.

"Listen," she said, "couldn't I sue these people for showing me on the screen like this? I mean, daddy wouldn't want ——"

John said, "Excuse me a moment."

He got up, went over to the door of the set, let himself out, walked down the blinding studio street, across the lawns to the main official entrance. As he passed out he took off the lei he had been wearing.

"Here," he said to the gateman, "for you."

"Gee, thanks," the gateman said.

That's what youth is, John thought, *moments seized. But seized, not disinterred. And perhaps the reason I never seized Eva was that I always thoroughly disliked her. Even at eighteen. Still, there are moments, right moments. That's what I have learned. My adventure twenty years ago has finally come back to teach me that much. I must not delay.*

John packed his bag at the hotel, took a taxi to the airport and overnight was in New York. He took a train home, got out his dilapidated car and drove at once to his cottage on the lake.

Janet Wharton was amazed and delighted to see him.

He waited until they had eaten the excellent dinner which she had cooked for them before he came to the point.

"Janet," he said, "you told me once that philosophy's business was to justify our doing the things we want to do."

"Yes."

"I hope, then, you will find some passage that will justify the proposition I am about to make to you."

"Oh, John," Janet said, "at last!"

John started. It couldn't—*it couldn't* be this easy. "Janet," John said, "you know . . . I believe, I'm not sure, but I *believe* I feel reckless."

Janet laughed. "And young?" she wanted to know.

John considered. But not for too long, not really for more than five seconds. "And young," he said.

THE END

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MR. CROSBY AND THE FIFTH FREEDOM

(Continued from Page 48)

the woods on their right, and the happiest memories of his youth were of summers here. This was Shangri-La. He had been pained when Mrs. Crosby regarded the cabin with humorous disfavor. She liked to go places in the car, often with too many people, invited on impulse, invariably with too much luggage. Mr. Crosby liked to stay put among his own things. To him their summer jaunts had been a dreadful succession of Sandwiche Shoppes, hotel rooms with poor beds, early rising and long hours of driving.

Then too, Mrs. Crosby's expeditions had invariably for goal—no matter what scenic goal was set—some visit to friend or relative.

Gas rationing had put an end to all that. Mr. Crosby privately considered the gas and tire shortage as the best thing that had happened to the Crosby family since Walter, Jr., known as Terry, had been born ten years before. With no place else accessible, the Crosbys had gone to the cabin, and the children loved it, and Mrs. Crosby owned it was a godsend. With characteristic zest she had started in to make it more livable. "A real summer home" was her phrase, and Mr. Crosby liked the sound of that.

He had not liked having the old wood stove go out, and the white-porcelain gas range she had acquired by some unwelcome miracle come in, but he could see Mrs. Crosby's point about convenience in cooking.

Electricity he balked at for a time. Its installation involved endless deals for wire and cables and equipment almost impossible to get, but it was managed. He said, "Lamp shades instead of light," occasionally, but admitted, when pressed, that it was a relief not to pump and fill lamps each day.

That, he thought, was everything. Now the cabin could be considered a home. He was pleased to hear Mrs. Crosby say dreamily, "There's a primitive quality here—we want to keep it." It was not till he found a spinning wheel beside the fireplace where he liked to stack his wood that he discovered the divergence in their ideas of the primitive. A box for logs. A copper sirup kettle for kindling. No more casual cartons of cedar chips and Sunday papers. A Cape Cod lighter.

But all this was behind him. Mrs. Crosby was a homemaker, and she had created a home—and an attractive one, he owned—out of definitely camplike rooms with heterogeneous furnishings. The darkened and waxed floor certainly showed off the handmade rugs, braided and hooked, as it would never have done in the days when it was innocent of finish, the days when he had tracked mud in on it.

So now if Mrs. Crosby wanted curtains to complete her scheme of things, she should have them, Mr. Crosby thought benignly, without objection as to price.

She was saying, "I'll get them tomorrow, I can get them done in time," and it was merely his way of carrying on communication, no pricking of alarm, that made him murmur:

"Time for what?"

He was conscious that she looked at him a little strangely. "Why, for the Burtons. Have you forgotten they were coming?"

"The Burtons?" Uneasy recollection stirred. "I know there was some talk. . . . Yes, I knew they were coming, sometime."

"This week end. I'm sure I ——"

"This week end?" He digested that. Then he said restively, "I don't know why we have to have the Burtons. We see enough of them all winter."

"That's just it. When we're so close all winter and we've talked so much about this place, it would seem queer not to ask them to motor up, now they can come."

"All right. We'll have them this week end and get it over with."

"Why, Walter, you *like* the Burtons!"

"For sure I like the Burtons. That doesn't mean I want them in my hair up here. But if you've asked them ——"

He went back to his book. Extraordinary finds, those Azaba caves. Extraordinary, how from a few bones, a necklace of primitive teeth, you reconstructed the true past.

"I'll put them in Terry's room." Mrs. Crosby was planning out loud and Mr. Crosby let the words wing past his ears till he caught a recurrent "Marjorie" and something about the bathroom.

"Marjorie?" he said then, warily.

"Marjorie Kemper," said Mrs. Crosby. "Marjorie and Joan. That's her daughter, you know. The one Sheila's age. I thought it would be lovely for Sheila ——"

"You mean they're coming too?"

"DARLING, I've been crazy to have Marjorie come here, to show her this place, and I thought it would be nice to have them all at the same time. Her husband's still in Washington, so that makes it just right for the rooms. A real house party," said Mrs. Crosby happily. "I've always wanted to have a house party."

Her artless enthusiasm disarmed him. Oh, well, let her show it off—she'd worked hard enough at it.

Probably those Azaba cave women had tucked grain baskets into niches, had spread out animal skins with artistry. Then asked in the Joneses.

The thought amused him and he said merely, "It will be a lot of work for you."

"Oh, I've got that planned. Alva will come in to help. Her husband will bring her on his way to the lumber camp and pick her up nights. We can stack the dinner dishes."

They wouldn't, Mr. Crosby reflected gloomily. If he knew Mrs. Crosby, they would be doing them, surreptitiously, at midnight.

He asked, "Where do you plan to put them?"

"The Burtons in Terry's room. That's a bunk bed, but it's comfortable. And Marjorie and Joan in Sheila's room. That couch there was planned for an extra bed."

"They'll meet each other in the bathtub."

"If it's nice weather they'll do their tubbing in the lake, the way you like to. And having even one bathroom is certainly a lot better than the old way."

"I suppose the kids park on couches."

She said hesitantly, "I thought Sheila had better come in with me."

"With you?" he said dubiously. "Well—maybe." Sheila, at thirteen, was unpredictable, and rather critical of her young brother. They might scrap. So he said, more cheerfully, "Okay. Terry and I will camp on the couches."

"But that would mess up the room."

"Well, you've got to put us somewhere," he said reasonably. "You can't just hang us up on hooks."

"What I thought was . . . people aren't going to feel at ease if they see you're sleeping in the living room. So I thought—well, it would be perfectly natural for you and Terry to be together somewhere ——"

"But where?"

"There's the barn. I know it's cluttered up now," said Mrs. Crosby hurriedly, "but I could straighten it out. There's the brass bed you made such a fuss at parting with, and we could put up the Army cot for Terry. There's any amount of old furniture out there."

There was any amount of everything out there. The barn had not been a barn for twenty-five years. It had been a shelter for discards and a place for the occasional carpentry Mr. Crosby enjoyed. It stood at some distance from the house, close to the lake on a slope which had made it ineligible for a garage, a nice log building to look at, with its roof of silvered shakes, moss-grown; but the interior, almost windowless, was Stygian when the wide doors were shut, and it was damp and dusty, the floor rotten in places, the beams dripping cobwebs.

"It will be like camping out," was Mrs. Crosby's preposterous declaration.

"Camping out, my eye!" said Mr. Crosby. "You don't pick a junk house to camp in. Well," he subsided, "I can make do for a week end."

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Mrs. Crosby didn't say anything for a moment. Then she said flurriedly, "Why, Walter, I couldn't ask people to motor up from Chicago just for a week end! I said a—a visit."

"How much of a visit?" demanded Mr. Crosby.

Guilt, contrition, defiance and entreaty were in her voice. "I said a week or two."

A week or two. People on their necks every instant of that time. He was to be thrust into an outbuilding, away from his own things, his comfortable bed, his wife.

He didn't want to be separated from Mrs. Crosby. He loved her. He loved having her in the room with him, her head on the pillow beside him—no single bed for him!—cozily within sound and touch. Why, the times in their own room would be their only times together while those infernal guests were in the house. Didn't that mean anything to her?

He looked at her mutely. He was not an articulate man except in the classroom. A personal thing was difficult for him to reveal, and he did not attempt now to communicate his sense of secret hurt.

Mrs. Crosby was running on about things to make the barn comfortable and how nice it would be for Terry to have his father to himself, and he said dryly:

"Don't pile it on. It's all right. You're entitled to a house party if you want one. I'll take care of the barn myself."

He heaved, pushed, rearranged and broomed while Mrs. Crosby—he couldn't keep her out—made the beds, washed the enamelware, washed and dusted everything she could get her hands on. He found old screen doors and, splicing them together, made a screen for the wide barn door. He dragged out the wood stove and ran a pipe up through the roof. Wisconsin nights can be cold, and he did not propose to freeze while the Burtons and the Kempers basked by his wood fire or by the oil heaters in their bedrooms. He went up to the roof and nailed old sheets of tin over the cedar shingles about the pipe, and if Mrs. Crosby found the effect aesthetically distressing she did not say so. He had a feeling that he would really like to have her try to say so.

The final effect was bizarre, a combination of warehouse, bedroom, kitchen and workshop, but at least there was a lot of space—the barn was a long structure with no loft. "And it will give you privacy," Mrs. Crosby pointed out. He snorted, "Privacy—with Terry!" but already he was conceding that shaving at his leisure was better than getting up early to sprint into and out of a communal bathroom.

But, hang it, he didn't like this separation from Mrs. Crosby, and he didn't like carting his belongings down here. House party!

MRS. CROSBY was having an orgy of preparation. The curtains, beige and rust—or was it henna?—were bought, made and hung. The house was cleaned. It was no use in the world to tell her the place was clean enough as it was. By the time the guests were expected to arrive, the scene was set. The long chairs in which no one had time to rest were plumped invitingly with cushions, and low tables by them held alluring magazines that no one had had time to open.

The worried-about weather behaved itself, and the sun shone on the arriving guests. "Absolutely up to specifications," said Mr. Burton, and Mrs. Burton said, "Oh, you lucky, lucky people!" Marjorie Kemper said it was divine. "Such peace! Such quiet!" She praised the color scheme—"So right for this place"—and Mrs. Crosby beamed.

Dinner went off well. The sunset put out extravagant colors. The two girls roamed about outside, the Burtons, Mrs. Kemper and Mr. Crosby played cards. Mrs. Crosby pretended to knit, but she flitted out a good deal, and Mr. Crosby suspected she was doing the dishes. Everything went smoothly except when Mrs. Crosby reminded Terry of bedtime and he protested he didn't want to go alone down there.

"Where's down there?" Mrs. Kemper asked.

"Oh, he and Walter have a hide-out," said Mrs. Crosby. "A sort of rumpus room. That building down by the lake."

"It's a ratty old barn," said Terry.

"It hasn't been a barn for ages," said Mrs. Crosby quickly.

"It's a queer dump, but our own—eh, son?" said Mr. Crosby genially. "Come, Terry, I'll go down with you. You take my place, Sally. Time for you to play anyway."

"WE looked in the door," said Joan. "It's got a cookstove."

"It certainly has," said Mr. Crosby. "And any time I don't like the meals up here ——"

"Smart boy, Walter!" The way Burton grinned at him made Mr. Crosby wonder how Burton felt about being a guest. Just as every man felt, probably.

"Maybe I'll ask you down sometime," he said, grinning back.

He lighted a couple of gasoline lamps to have the place cheerful for Terry, and chatted away to make this bunking down here seem a lark to the boy. "I'll take you out fishing early tomorrow," he promised, and it occurred to him that it would be rather a relief to go out on the lake as early as he liked without waking Mrs. Crosby. He'd bring some coffee down here, and that old percolator; a little cedar would make a quick fire. He might make some toast. . . . He shaved cedar kindling and fussed over his bait box till the boy was asleep, and when he got back to the house the game was over.

"We were coming to look you up," said Mrs. Kemper.

"For men only," said Mr. Crosby.

A house party was something that required constant manipulation, Mr. Crosby discovered in the ensuing days. The idea, apparently, was to keep in incessant motion. It wasn't enough to sit and look at the lake or sail on it or swim in it; you had to get out in the car and drive over to inferior lakes and look at them, and eat chicken dinners at roadhouses in rooms with no view. And when you stayed on your own place you never, by any chance, just read and relaxed. You played cards or talked. There would have been no bearing it, Mr. Crosby came to feel, if it had not been for what Mrs. Crosby had rightly christened the hide-out.

He and Terry were out early each morning on the lake, and they managed their own breakfasts, which now included bacon and eggs and cereal. Cream, as Mr. Crosby remembered, could be kept sweet in a jar in a pail weighted with stones, sunk in the ice-cold spring. This did away with having to appear at a family breakfast—a meal that invariably coincided with the moment you had a good strike. And it made two less for the family breakfast, as Mr. Crosby pointed out when Mrs. Crosby remonstrated.

He found himself thinking it might be pleasant to fish as late as he liked afternoons, and have a meal here in the barn. He might do it—later on, of course, when all this frenzy of entertainment had subsided.

The Hutchinses had guests and gave one of their big buffet suppers. It was surprising to Mr. Crosby how many people there were now on the lake. Some quite interesting too.

(Continued on Page 145)

The Year Between

By Cathleen M. Carpenter

Too late now
To regret,
Too soon now
To forget.
This is the year between. . . .
After regretting,
Before forgetting,
How lonely this year between.

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(Continued from Page 143)

He liked the Parmenters, and discovered Parmenter's brother was an ex-G.I. taking one of his own courses.

He wasn't sure he liked the Hildreth woman, but she stirred his curiosity. He had seen her about the lake, fishing or swimming or walking, almost invariably alone after her boy left to visit his father and his father's new wife, but this was the first time he had met her. She had taken her own name after the divorce. Her husband had been a fairly conspicuous playboy and Ellen Hildreth had certainly been about a lot, but now she made a point of blue jeans, no make-up, and a negligent manner. She had discarded the blue jeans this evening for a chartreuse frock, and she seemed to forget that fact, Mr. Crosby thought uneasily, when she crossed her long, slim legs.

Looking elsewhere quickly, he caught her grin at him. "I hate skirts," she said. "As a matter of fact, I rather hate being a woman."

Her directness evoked directness. "Why do you?"

"I like doing things alone. Women have to flock. Or cling."

"You seem pretty independent."

"Up here, yes. Here I do what I like when I like. But in town—a woman alone at a night club. That would be something, wouldn't it? If they let her in."

"Why do you want to go to a night club alone?" *Or at all*, he thought.

"Sometimes I like to be by myself. And just look on. A man can. It's the thought I can't that irks me." She had odd, light eyes with a trick of intent staring when her interest was caught and of remote gazing when bored, and now they looked bored with the explanation, the conversation.

"You would be very unhappy as a Batak," said Mr. Crosby.

"I dare say. . . . Oh, Spence!" Her voice raised to reach a man halfway across the room. "Can you find me more of that smoked salmon before I starve to death?"

"I'll find some," said Mr. Crosby, and went for it.

When he brought it she was gone, and after asking several people where she was he discovered her with the man Spence and practically a platter of salmon.

Strolling back from the party, Mrs. Crosby bantered, "I heard you were terribly taken by Ellen Hildreth. Several people reported you were running around asking for her."

"I was trying to bring her the salmon she asked for. She'd walked out on me."

"Ellen Hildreth—is that the woman who went off by herself when the moon came up?" asked Mrs. Kemper.

"Yes." Mrs. Crosby explained about Ellen Hildreth. "We all call her Ellen Hildreth behind her back," she said, "because she's so well known up here. Actually, I've scarcely spoken to her till tonight."

Marjorie Kemper said, "I thought it was rather affected—going off like that to be alone with the moon."

"She could be sincere," said Mr. Crosby thoughtfully.

"Those Hutchinses are nice people," said Thad Burton, and the talk shifted.

Two nights later the Newcombes—cottagers behind the point—gave a chowder party on their beach. Mr. Crosby did not think that chowder parties, away from the Eastern seaboard, were worth the name, but he and Burton and Parmenter got together and had some interesting talk. Then Mrs. Newcombe came up with a "We can't have you deserting the ladies like this!" and Parmenter and Burton trailed off behind her.

Mr. Crosby sat where he was. Presently a tall shape in blue jeans stood before him.

"Why would I be unhappy as a Batak?" asked Mrs. Hildreth. "And what is a Batak?"

Mr. Crosby told her, "It's a tribe in Sumatra. An extremely patriarchal tribe where woman is so negligible that there is not even a name for her as wife, only words like 'disher up of food.' She is always under orders—her father's, then her husband's. I just happened to think of it when you were talking about doing things on your own."

"She's a fool to put up with it," said Mrs. Hildreth, dropping down beside him.

"It's the tribal custom." Mr. Crosby's voice had its interested, informative ring. "You conform to your tribal customs."

"As few as possible." Mrs. Hildreth had a sudden laugh, attractive in its spontaneity.

"Ah, but you acknowledge them."

WALKING back across the point, her arm through her husband's, Mrs. Crosby asked if he'd had a good time.

"Yes, I did." Mr. Crosby was surprised that it was so. "That Ellen Hildreth, as you call her, is an intelligent girl to talk to."

"You seemed to find her so," said Mrs. Crosby without rancor. "I never know what to say to her. I don't believe she likes women. . . . I think every one had a lovely time," she said happily, sinking her voice not to reach the group behind. "And day after tomorrow we're giving a barbecue."

"We are?"

"We've got to do something. And that will pay back. And a barbecue isn't much work—I mean, it doesn't take elaborate things," she amended quickly before Mr. Crosby could say it was plenty work for the man at the grill. She added, "You'd better see that outdoor place is all right. We haven't cooked there for a year."

"Right." They were at the barn now, and they paused and he said, "Come on, Terry. Here's where we came in."

Every one said good night, and Mr. and Mrs. Crosby kissed. The kiss was a reminder and a stab. He said under his breath, "This is the heck of a life!" and she said quickly, "Sh-h!" and then fervently, "Oh, I do hope it will be good weather!"

It either would or it wouldn't, he thought, and if it wasn't good they could eat inside, and that would free him of the grill job. He rather liked grilling things in the open for the family, but a flock of people was a definite chore. However, this was important to Mrs. Crosby and the house party would end sometime—one week was already over—and then there would be peace. But those two weeks had been bitten out of this month's vacation—he taught the rest of the quarter—so soon there would be only week ends.

The day of the barbecue dawned bright and clear in spite of a worrying prediction from the radio of possible showers, and it continued bright till four o'clock, when tables and chairs had been set out, and dishes stacked, and then the sky grayed over ominously, and at five the rain began in a steady, relentless downpour.

Mrs. Crosby was anguished. "They won't come," Mr. Crosby told her, comfortingly, but she said, "Of course they'll come! They'll expect to eat inside."

"Then feed them inside."

"I can't!" Her eyes were wide with horror. "I've asked nearly thirty people."

"Thirty?"

"I had to," she defended. "The Hutchinses and their guests and the Newcombes and some boys for the girls and a boy for Terry—and I can't pack them in. That living room isn't big enough. And with no dining room—we can't use the porch, for the rain's coming in there. They'll be like sardines."

The vision of thirty people in that living room presented itself remorselessly. Mr. Crosby showed admirable restraint. He did not say, "Why did you count on the weather?" He said something about putting the kids in the kitchen.

Mrs. Crosby said despairingly, "I can't grill all those things on that gas stove. . . . I thought it would be so jolly."

"I'll grill them in the barn," said Mr. Crosby briskly. "I'll give the barbecue. That old wood range is just the thing."

"Walter! You really think—in that old barn ——"

"It will be a knockout," said Mr. Crosby. "Now let's get the stuff down there."

It was a knockout. The barn had room for everyone: on the old furniture, on the beds, cushioned like couches, on more cushions on the floor, on the buffalo robe spread on a discarded mattress. The lamps and lanterns shed circles of light. Dripping raincoats were parked in stalls; muddied feet did not matter on the old rugs.

The big stove gave a cheerful warmth, and over its hardwood coals and in iron spiders on its top the hamburgers and hot dogs were gloriously browned. Coffee percolated fragrantly. Formality was impossible. Mr. Crosby was a genial master of ceremonies. Being behind his own stove seemed to inspire him as did being behind his desk, and he spoke with authority. He played hillbilly records on the phonograph that had to be wound up, and then everybody started singing. The party lasted till after midnight and the rain had stopped by then and the dispersals were lingering.

Mrs. Crosby, at parting, kissed him gratefully. "You were wonderful," she said. He thought he was too. Not once had he said, "What did you expect to do if it rained?"

The only trouble was that now the hideout was in the limelight. People took to drifting down to it when they came to the house. Ellen Hildreth sauntered along two mornings later, and paused at the open door. Mr. Crosby was putting a new generator in a gasoline lamp and she looked on, then her eyes roved about the place.

"This is cute," she said. She gave her sudden laugh. "Much saner than divorce."

Mr. Crosby looked up sharply. "There's no question ——"



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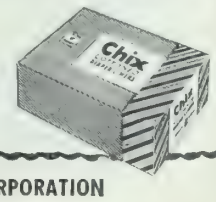
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And so do the Pequots, cut down to crib size, which her mother sent along when the Patterson baby was born. So now:

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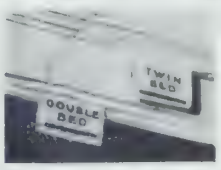
There are plenty of grandmothers around today who had Pequots in their trousseaux. And whose daughters advise *their* daughters to *get Pequots for good looks, value* and *long wear.*

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Her eyes flicked admiration at him. "Shaken off the shackles."

"Just for the duration," he said, grinning in spite of himself. "This is merely an overflow receptacle."

Her glance wandered along a row of books on a table. "I wish I'd known you when my boy was here. He's got a good mind, but I don't know enough to direct it. And his father's too flighty."

"What about his school?" asked Mr. Crosby.

She told him about the school and they talked school problems while he worked. He felt sorry for her—a nice girl, making do with a thin time.

She carried off two of his books. "To improve what I laughingly call my mind," she said, with a funny grimace.

That day the Burtons left. They'd meant to stay only a week, they declared, and here they'd stayed ten days! Such a wonderful time. Mrs. Kemper and Joan were staying a few days more.

That afternoon, when Mr. Crosby was pottering around the garage, Mrs. Crosby came out to him. She said, "You know I could put Terry back in his room now. And Sheila could take one of the couches. If you wanted to move back."

"Wouldn't that mess up the living room?"

"That doesn't matter with just Marjorie. I mean, she's seen how nice it can be."

"Oh," said Mr. Crosby. "We might as well carry on as we are a few days more."

"I just thought you wanted to get back to your room."

"Oh, no. I'm all set down there now." Plenty of drawers and shelf space, ties on convenient nails, kindling in cartons, books and tools where he could put his hands on them. "I'm doing very well down there," he said, and then, as Mrs. Crosby's silence seemed to expect something further, he produced, "And it's a good thing, as you said, to see so much of Terry."

A man who so long has to fight against misfortune, wants strength to meet a sudden kindness.

—PAUL GERALDY: quoted in The Treasury of Wit and Wisdom: Norman Lockridge (Biltmore Publishing Company).

Mrs. Crosby said nothing for a moment. Then she asked, "Did you give him permission this afternoon to go out in that canoe with Mrs. Hildreth?"

"Why, yes. She paddled in and asked me if it was all right."

"It looks awf'ly tippy."

"Oh, she's expert—and Terry's a good swimmer. And she misses her own boy."

"Then you don't want to come back?"

"No, I'm fine," said Mr. Crosby.

That night the moon was full. Mr. Crosby regarded it admiringly as he stood at his barn door in his pajamas. Brilliant whiteness and dark shadow lay about him; across the lake swept a wash of white light. The diving raft, anchored offshore, stood dark in it and the raised platform and ladder to it looked sketched in charcoal.

Then he saw that someone was moving on the raft. A slim figure stood on the platform and a voice called, "Hoo-hoo!" to him. Ellen Hildreth was out there, having herself a lonely moonlight swim.

His first reaction was to duck inside, then he told himself that pajamas were more covering than a swim suit.

"I'm borrowing your raft," she called. "Only diving spot there is. D'you mind?"

"Not at all. Go right ahead," said Mr. Crosby.

She poised, her body a fine arc, then shot into the water. In a moment her head appeared, near shore. "Come on in," she said. "It's heavenly."

"Well, I ——"

"What you 'fraid of?" She laughed across the water to him. "It's wonderful."

The night was hot and the water tempting. And it seemed prudish to refuse—there had been a challenge in that laughter which pricked him. He said, "Coming right up," and went indoors. Terry was sound asleep on his cot. The voices had not waked him, but Mr. Crosby tiptoed into his bathing trunks and shut the door cautiously behind him. Ellen Hildreth was diving off the raft again. He watched her, then plunged in.

It had been years since he had gone swimming in the moonlight. It was like swimming in quicksilver, he thought. And the coolness was delighting. He raced Ellen Hildreth and she won, they climbed on the raft and dived, then swam about lazily, then sat on the raft, not talking, just sitting and looking out. There was a sense of escapade in him, of buoyant escapade, only faintly tinged with uneasiness. This was a perfectly natural thing to do, he told himself, this moonlight swim; it was a pity that people couldn't always be natural and untrammeled.

She tilted her head to look at him. "Now aren't you glad?"

"Very glad."

The moonlight was so bright that he could see the pale color of her lips. She was smiling at him. "Now what do we do?"

She meant dive or swim, he supposed. He supposed it quite urgently. He said, "One more dive and then back to shore for me."

"And so to bed and no harm done." She was paraphrasing Pepys, and he laughed with her.

She took the dive first, then raised a moonstruck hand from the water. "'By!" She was swimming off toward the point, swimming back to her cottage. Reckless woman—ought he to get a boat and watch over her? No, he thought, that must be the way she had come, her way, and she would want no interference from anyone. A singular girl.

The whole thing was rather singular, he reflected. It was quite lovely and unique, but already it seemed fortunate that Terry had not waked and that this would be no subject for future conversation.

So he said nothing about it the next morning and it was disconcerting to have Mrs. Hildreth toss it into the middle of their luncheon table. She had appeared, as they were eating on the porch, and invited them to her cottage that afternoon. Some friends of hers were coming through.

"Theater people," she said vaguely. "They've just been to the Lunts or somewhere. Very amusing people." That was for them all, then she threw at Mrs. Crosby, "I hope you don't mind the way your husband and I were carrying on last night?"

Mrs. Crosby looked blank. Ellen Hildreth laughed.

"Didn't he tell you? . . . Sorry, chum," she said humorously to Mr. Crosby. "I thought you'd reported back." To Mrs. Crosby again, "Just good clean fun on the raft. A moonlight swim to cool us off."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Crosby. "Oh, yes. Yes. We often do that."

Once, before Terry was born, Mr. Crosby reflected, an excessively hot night had sent them into the lake.

"Well, do come," said Mrs. Hildreth. "Fivish."

"It would be lovely," said Mrs. Crosby politely, "but we are going to the island for a picnic supper."

"Well, get it in if you can. Picnics are more bearable if you're pie-eyed." She drifted off with that casual, indifferent wave of her hand that had been so charming in the moon-touched water.

"Well!" said Mrs. Crosby in a flurried voice. "I don't see how we can get it in—unless you particularly want to, Marjorie?" She didn't look at Mr. Crosby at all.

"I'm not exactly fascinated by the notion of getting pie-eyed," said Mrs. Kemper.

"That's just a *façon de parler*," said Mrs. Crosby.

She was badly rattled, Mr. Crosby knew, when she took to French. He couldn't say, "There wasn't a thing to it, Sally!" in the presence of Marjorie Kemper, who was

(Continued on Page 148)

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so soft! so white! so cool for baby!

(Continued from Page 146)

soaking all this up like blotting paper. So he said, "That's her New York pose."

"Gee, dad," said Terry wistfully, "why didn't you take me out?"

"I didn't want to wake you, son."

"Aw, I could have gone to sleep again."

"We'll all go tonight, if it stays hot," said Mrs. Crosby.

They would, too, Mr. Crosby reflected. She'd make moonlight bathing an evening routine as long as Marjorie Kemper stayed.

She was careful not to seek him out when they rose from the table. "Now, girls, we've got to start packing for that picnic."

Mr. Crosby removed himself from the scene. He was tinkering at a box he had promised to repair for Mrs. Crosby when she suddenly materialized in the doorway.

"Where's Terry?" she asked in a lowered voice.

"He went off with the Riggs boy."

"Oh! Well, I just wanted to say," said Mrs. Crosby, her voice carefully muted and very, very steady, "that I'm not one of those clinging, possessive women. I don't want you to feel that you have to consider me at all. I know people change. Quite suddenly. Or perhaps you were tired of me for a long time and didn't know it. I am not going to stand in your way. If love means anything at all it means you want the other person happy, even if not with you."

"What are you talking about?" exploded Mr. Crosby.

"About—about you and Mrs. Hildreth." Her voice was less steady and her words came faster and faster. "If she's the one you want . . . out on the lake with her at night—always stopping at this place and hanging around—and not wanting to come back to me and not missing me at all ——"

"Are you crazy?" said Mr. Crosby. "Mrs. Hildreth doesn't mean anything more to me than"—his eyes roved wildly and hit on an incongruous object—"than that cuckoo clock. I can't help it if she comes over; she's lonesome, I expect. It didn't mean a thing, my going out to swim with her. It seemed standoffish to refuse. There wasn't a thing to it. You ought to know that." Sincerity blazed in him. "And you do know it," he said. "You know no other woman in the world matters to me."

"But you didn't want to come back to me," said Mrs. Crosby.

"Of course I wanted to come back to you!"

"No, you didn't. You said you were fine. And it seemed so queer—and I got to thinking that this way you could see her ——"

"I never wanted to see her. She made a nuisance of herself."

"But you didn't miss me."

"I missed you terribly." He went over to her now and gave her a little shake, then hugged her up to him. "Don't you think I've missed this?"

"But you wanted to stay down here ——"

"Well—this place ——" He looked about, then he said hesitantly, "I've sort of made this my place. There's something about being on your own. I missed you every night, but there's something about being your own boss. A man," said Mr. Crosby, "likes to have the fifth freedom."

After a moment she raised her head. "The fifth freedom? Why, what do you mean?"

It was his profession to clarify his statements, but he couldn't make this clear. Nothing he could say seemed to be the whole of it or fitly represent his feeling. He said finally, "Oh, I guess that means being himself. The way he is." That sounded inadequate and he said, "You wouldn't understand."

"Oh, but I do!" said Mrs. Crosby earnestly. Still in the circle of his arms, she looked about her: at the starkly realistic place of blunt convenience, the brass bed, the buffalo robe on the cot, the stove, the rocking chair, the workbench, the books. "I can see what you mean. It's a nice place, Walt, a man's place. You ought always to have it to come to, when you like. And I could fix it up ——"

"No!" said Mr. Crosby. "*That's* what I'm talking about. Freedom from being fixed up!"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Crosby. THE END

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PHOTO BY ELIZABETH HIBBS

Infantile paralysis is no longer necessarily a crippling disease; parents can help check its spread by understanding and precaution.

Protecting Your Child From Polio

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

S we approach the "infantile-paralysis months" (late summer and early fall) I wish I could tell you that there is a miraculous preventive and cure. Unfortunately, I cannot do this. Poliomyelitis is still one of the few diseases against which science has failed to find a sure weapon in the form of a cure or preventive. However, the picture is much brighter than it was even a short time ago. Thanks to research by groups of doctors in all parts of the country, I can assure you of two things: First, if your child should get poliomyelitis, there is a better chance that he will recover, without lasting disability, if he has prompt, expert treatment. Second, that if you will read this article carefully and follow out the suggestions I am going to make, you can reduce the likelihood that your child will get polio.

We in Chicago have concerned ourselves deeply about this disease, and I am proud to report that some of the most notable contributions in recent years to knowledge of it have come from researchers in the Chicago Health Department.

During one polio outbreak in our area, our doctors and nurses spent weeks making visits to homes in the polio neighborhoods. In addition to careful studies of the condition of sick and well children alike, the research workers made exhaustive records of the date, nature and duration of every contact between children who were sick, or became sick, and those who remained well.

As a result of these and other similar studies, there have emerged two definite facts about polio:

1. Many children are infected with the virus of poliomyelitis without ever getting such characteristic acute symptoms of the disease as fever, nausea, headache, stiff neck, muscle pains or paralysis. In fact, some of the evidence indicates that only a tiny fraction of the infected children have the disease in its acute, recognizable form. The other, or "subclinical," cases have no symptoms at all, or only a mild fever or other signs of a slight cold or upset.

2. While the disease may be spread by several methods, possibly including contaminated food or water, and filth-carrying insects, our studies indicate that *by far the most important method is direct contact.* Generally speaking, the children who get sick during an epidemic are those who play closely with other children at the time they are coming down with the disease.

This is in contradiction to the favored theory of recent years that polio was disseminated in some way from the stools of victims, possibly through the medium of flies. An argument used to reinforce this hypothesis was that two children in the same family seldom contracted polio, but our records show that such cases happen frequently.

Here is a typical chain of contacts and infections of the kind our polio-research team traced down during one of its studies: A nine-year-old boy became ill within a week after coming home from summer camp. On the day his first symptoms

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appeared, he was playing with his cousin, whom he did not see at any other time during the summer. Eight days later, the cousin became ill. Four days after that, one of the cousin's sisters came down with polio, and the next day a second sister was taken sick. A young brother and baby nephew of the sisters both had polio ten days later; they had been playing with the sisters the day the first one became ill!

The reason these infections are passed so devastatingly from child to child is that the disease is transmitted most easily, it seems, during the period *just before the symptoms appear*—that is, by children who are apparently well at the time.

This fact gives us a definite method of attack, and one that everyone can employ. It is simply this:

If polio should appear in your neighborhood, keep your child out of close contact with other children until the scare is over.

This doesn't mean that your youngster must be completely isolated. Casual outdoor play may be permitted, so far as we know now. But the intimate contact of prolonged indoor play can be responsible for the spread of the disease, as is shown by the case of the cousins.

If one child of your family has been exposed or shows any signs of illness during the polio season, the doctor should be called immediately to make sure whether it is or is not polio. But the sick child should also be isolated completely from brothers and sisters. Children should not sleep in the same room.

At the time polio is prevalent, too, it is important to insist on plenty of rest for children, and to avoid chilling. The precise significance of these factors is not definitely known, but it seems likely that excessive fatigue, chilling and other exposures make the child more susceptible to infection.

Few doctors today will permit a child's tonsils and adenoids to be removed during the months when polio prevails, and mothers should insist that any such operation be performed early in the summer, or else postponed until cold weather returns.

No matter where your home is located or what the financial circumstances of your family are, your child need not lack expert care if he should get poliomyelitis. This is the great work of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis: to see that every polio victim gets all the care he needs, regardless of cost. Your doctor will decide what type of treatment is called for. In severe cases he may wish to call in an orthopedic surgeon, or a neurologist, or an ear, nose and throat specialist. A long period of hospitalization and special nursing care may be necessary.

These costly measures are often beyond the means of the average family. If this would work a hardship on your family, you shouldn't hesitate to ask the National Foundation for help. Your doctor or community hospital will tell you how to get in touch with the Foundation chapter nearest your home.

If hospitalization is not needed for your child, as may happen if the attack is very mild, your doctor will see that you get all the technical help you need to nurse the child so he will be as comfortable and safe as possible during the acute phase of the disease.

Equally important with this, however, is the effect of your mental attitude on the child. No matter how upset and apprehensive you yourself may feel, it is essential that you remain calm and cheerful when you are in the child's room. As it is in many other diseases, the will to get well is important in polio. If your child should get sick, you owe him full moral support in his fight back to health.

YOUR CHILD AND HIS FOOD

(Continued from Page 129)

better for him soft, some children like them firmer and will not eat them otherwise. Serve eggs in a nest of cooked greens. . . . It's no trouble to curl the bacon and he'll appreciate the change. . . . When you stew pears, add a few seedless raisins. To him they will be bright eyes, if not to you.

FEEDING TACTICS WITH TOTS

Cooking. Taste the food you cook for your youngster. His food should be *good*. Remember, too, that he doesn't like much seasoning and wouldn't appreciate dark-looking spinach or a scorched potato any more than you would. If you want him to learn to like the stronger-flavored vegetables, such as cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower, and so on, try cooking them in a larger quantity of water than usual, even at sacrifice of vitamins, so the flavor will be milder.

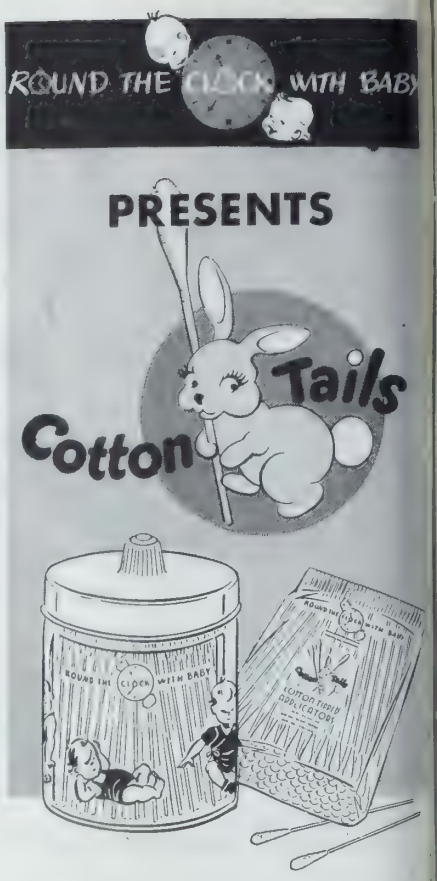
Serving. Don't heap his plate. Meals in miniature go down faster. He'll ask for more if he wants it. Serve his food so it's easy to eat. Stimulate his imagination about food by talking about it and by serving it as attractively as you can. Doctor Curtin believes it is possible to develop a child's taste almost immediately, even though she has had difficulty with Charlotte because of an allergy.

At the table. Be gay at mealtime. Children need happy companionship if they are to be good eaters. Pinch yourself when you feel the urge to coax or remind the child he isn't eating this or that. Being a good example by enjoying your own food brings the best results. Give him time to eat. Some children are naturally slow eaters. Of course, if he's really just dawdling, it's best to remove his plate after a certain length of time. Eating at least one meal a day with the family gives a child a feeling of being part of the family. He learns table manners more readily this way too.

'Tween Meals. Eating between meals is not always a bad habit. Some children are small eaters at mealtimes—really need more food than they can comfortably handle in three regular meals. They are growing fast—using up their energy in play. Be sensible, of course. Fruit, milk, or a simple sandwich is the best choice. Sweets spoil appetite.

The Won't Eats. What to do when a child refuses to eat certain foods? First, try to find the cause. Is it the way it is prepared—its texture—its taste—the way it looks? If it's eggs, for instance, try serving them firmer or softer as the case may be, with another food mixed in—toast or chopped bacon, for example. Some children take streaks of not liking a food, but if you continue to tempt them without coaxing, they will eventually come around. If it's a food you know he needs, make substitutions for a while with other foods. Not in every instance, but sometimes, a child will refuse to eat a food because he knows his mother wants him to eat it. He purposely creates the situation to gain attention. Every child is different, and often refusals may be due to a sensitivity or an allergy. Check with your doctor if you suspect such an indication. Charlotte Curtin, for instance, is a problem eater due to an allergic condition which she developed in infancy. As Doctor Curtin says, "She has really cured herself by limiting the food she eats. You couldn't get her to eat an egg if her life depended on it. She eats quantities of fruit, plenty of bread, butter, milk and meat, but simply won't touch green foods." Doctor Curtin feels she would eat better if her mother had had the time to be at home and cook and feed her herself, and I agree—for she probably won't learn to like these foods until she's much older. It takes a lot of doing to get a child over the idea that he doesn't like something, if it's just a notion—more so if he has suffered from it physically in earlier life or knows you are concerned with his not eating it. Tim, in contrast to Charlotte, is a happy little eater—eats positively everything with relish.

Always remember that children are people. Don't expect them to fit a pattern. Know your own child. Lead him into good eating habits—don't force. THE END



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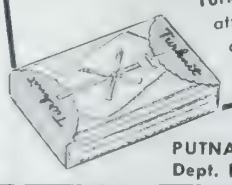
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KVP Household PAPERS

A STORY WITHOUT A MORAL

(Continued from Page 50)

"You must at least leave a deposit," gued the clerk with growing irritation.

"I don't see why," retorted the singular istomer. "Why should I make a deposit? ll pay the entire amount now, in cash!" nd he drew from his pocket a thick roll of ills which had apparently been prepared r this moment.

The clerk, of course, resumed at once his olite whisper, undoubtedly explaining that ie money could be paid out at the cashier's ffice. They both left the room.

The auction could not proceed. Business as interrupted for the moment by an ruption of noise such as had never before nvaded this salon. People roared with aughter, called out to friends across the oom, and inquired of neighbors as to the dentity of the madman. As for me, from the noment I had heard his voice, I was more han ever convinced I had come across him omewhere, and I tortured my memory in n effort to remember where and when it had een.

Just then I heard Lewis, sitting in the row head of me, say to Burns, "The man is bviously not American-born. Judging from is accent, I'd say he's French."

"French? Ridiculous," was the answer. 'He's never been near France. I have a ood ear for accents. I say Hungarian—from Budapest, in fact. If he's not Hungarian, 'll—I'll eat . . . what shall I eat? My hat, f you like."

Hungarian . . . French. . . . The answer suddenly flashed through my mind. Of ourse—it was Antal Pal! Paris . . . twenty years go . . . the Hungarian ainter. But then he had vorn a small Menjou mustache.

I stood up. "Gentlemen," I said to Burns and Lewis, "don't bet, and lon't eat any hats; it's ot necessary. You're both right. I know he man; he's a Hungarian who lived in Paris or years."

I tried to leave, but Burns held me tightly by the arm. "You must tell us more about im. What is his name?"

"Antal Pal. But you must excuse me. I vant to try to catch him in the office."

Burns accompanied me to the door. "Is ie really so rich?"

"That I don't know. When I first met him, ie was a pauper, as I was myself. But sometimes he had lots of money and then he hrew it away with both hands."

"A pauper . . . lots of money . . . that loesn't make sense."

"He was something of a genius. There were so many stories. He always had new deas for raising money. A really gifted ellow and a wonderful friend. Why, he supported the entire Hungarian artist colony or months, the time he had his idea for the painting factory."

"A painting factory?"

"Yes. I worked in it too. He was my boss."

BURNS and I had by now reached the stairway. "I must go back now," he said, "but you'll have to tell me more about this man."

I hurried downstairs and found Antal Pal n the cashier's office. He was counting the money out on the counter, one bill at a time. I didn't want to interrupt and dropped into an easy chair near the door. I sat for some time, waiting.

Like stills from an old movie, scenes from my Bohemian days in Paris passed through my mind. Yes, life had not been too easy the time I chanced to meet Antal in the Rôtisserie de la Reine Pedâuque. We met, not among guests in the restaurant, but in the kitchen washing dishes. I had come to Paris to gain fame as a painter, and six weeks later I was indeed a renowned artist, but at the drainboard. And there in the kitchen I met Antal.

"I expect to stay here," he announced as he began to work, "only until I hit on the right idea for making money, not a second longer. You must know that I have experimented before this, and have learned that the worse things are for me, the quicker come the good ideas."

We laughed about it. This is customary for beginners. Each tries to apologize to himself for the fact that he is washing dishes. He feels so inferior. The first few days are particularly bad.

One Sunday evening Antal had his idea. In his excitement and delight he dropped a trayload of dishes he happened to be holding. Perhaps it was even intentional; no one can say. He was fired immediately.

SEVERAL weeks later he returned to the Reine Pedâuque, but as a guest. He brought a gay crowd along. Jean, who served their table, excitedly reported on every detail. They were celebrating, and champagne flowed. I watched through a crack in the kitchen door. There sat Antal, and several others whom I recognized. And of course there were a number of pretty girls.

After a while Antal came back to the kitchen. I happened to be carrying a heaped-up tray. He knocked it from my hands without a word. "You're discharged," he cried. "You start tomorrow in my business. Take off your apron and come out to our table. We're celebrating the opening of our painting factory."

Yes, the painting factory. That was a comic business. We produced oil paintings on the assembly line. Of course we copied only the most renowned masters. Fifteen painters worked ten hours a day. One traced the designs on the canvas. Each painter had to work on a different color. One the red tones, another the green, another the blue, and so forth. I did yellow and orange shades.

In this manner it was possible to produce twenty Mona Lisas or twelve copies of Rembrandt's Night Watch in one day. And the impressionists—they were a game for us; thirty Manets or Cézannes was an average daily quota. I imagine that even today I could close my eyes and paint the Sunflowers of Van Gogh. Of course, only the yellow and orange shades.

The most difficult and important phase of the whole process came at the end. Any errors were corrected, and the pictures were varnished in such a way as to give them the appearance of age. Our chief customer happened to be a Turk, who sold the copies throughout the Orient as originals. When on the back of an occasional picture we stamped "Louvre" or "British Museum," the Turk told his customers the picture had been stolen and had to be disposed of cheaply.

Antal was a master at the finishing technique. With a few strokes he could change the entire character of a picture. He used to boast, "I have merely to look at a picture, and out of sheer fright it will immediately turn a hundred years older."

And now I saw him again. He was not tall and slender as I had always described him. Actually he seemed rather short and with signs of a small round paunch. The hungrily burning eyes had been sated somehow, and the cheeks had filled out. In fact, he looked so different from my by-now-legendary hero that it was not surprising that I had not immediately recognized the original.

Antal had finished counting out the money, and now stood boredly looking about the room while the cashier checked the bills. Suddenly his eyes remained fixed on me. He stared, and as I nodded and got up from my chair, he rushed over toward me.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but did you ever wash dishes in Paris?"

"Yes indeed," I replied, "but only in the finest restaurants."

"Of course it's you," he cried. "How could I doubt it? The master of the yellow

(Continued on Page 153)

Little superstitions are spiders of the mind. Look out! Brush 'em away, or they'll choke it.

—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH: All Trivia (Harcourt, Brace and Company).

When baby is cross because of

"Childhood Constipation"



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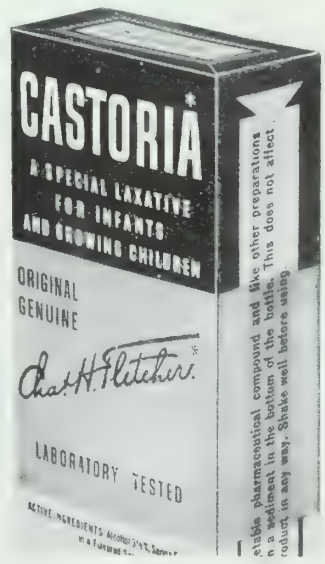
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The original and genuine

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All nutritional statements made in this advertisement are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION

†*Meat in the Diet of Young Infants*—Ruth M. Leverton, Ph.D. and George Clark, M.D. Journal of the American Medical Association, *J.A.M.A., 134: 1215, August 9, 1947).*

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(Continued from Page 151)

ades." He embraced me with emotion, n looked me over. "A little older, a little avier—but not much changed. I've ought of you so often. Are you still inting?"

"No, I'm an art dealer; have been for a mber of years. And you? Still running e painting factory?" I asked jokingly.

To my amazement he nodded. "Painting tory is correct, but somewhat different m Paris. We make art prints. The shop is Chicago. I have my own process, and two ndred employees, doing well."

"That was a fine time in Paris. I was very happy when I had to return to the States. d I remember someone hearing from meone that our factory didn't last much nger."

"No; shortly after your departure we gave the business. It was partly my fault. I ft Paris too. There was a girl ——"

"For a change," I interrupted, laughing.

"This time it was very serious and I de-ded it was better to disappear for a while." e was silent for a moment. "And it was pparently for the best. Fate often leads us ong strange roads, and we stumble without alizing it into good luck or bad." He emed to be sunk in his thoughts. "You e probably surprised to hear such words om my mouth," he continued with an em-rrassed smile. "It doesn't suit me. But the uth is that you've found me in an unac-stomed solemn mood today. And since his is so, and we are old friends, I will gladly ll you about it." He looked around. "But ot here."

"I know a little bar around the corner here they serve real French wine."

"French wine!" he exclaimed. "What are e waiting for?"

Antal drank the first glass slowly and with vident enjoyment. "Were you upstairs at he bidding, before we met?" he asked at st.

I nodded.

"The people must have thought I was crazy."

I was puzzled. "You don't consider the Saint Anthony an original? I examined it thoroughly before the auction began; there can be no doubt that it is a copy. You can tell from the canvas; the weave is no more than forty years old."

"The canvas is eighteen years old."

"How can you be so specific?"

"I myself painted the copy," he said slowly.

I stared at him without comprehension.

He filled his glass. "Do you remember Giselle? She also worked in our factory. Painted the grays. Or rather, she messed up the backgrounds. I always had to go over her work."

"Didn't you have an affair with her?"

"Yes, first an affair, then I fell in love with her, and finally I managed to convince myself that I couldn't live without her. You know how these things develop. There was a Spaniard who was also interested in her and he pursued and tortured her with demonstrations of his love. Since she would have nothing to do with him he became madly jealous and tried to kill her. Two knife attacks failed only by a miracle. She didn't want to run the risk of a third attempt and talked me into fleeing Paris with her. We went to Vienna. There she confided that the Spaniard was her lawfully wedded husband—purely incidental information.

"Things didn't go well for me in Vienna, and she quickly wearied of living without money. After four weeks she left me flat and went to the United States with an American whom she had met in some hotel lobby. It was the first and only time a woman had left me, and the thrust went deep.

"For weeks I remained in a state of complete lethargy. When at last my will to live returned I concentrated all my energies on one idea: to find Giselle again. And for this I needed money.

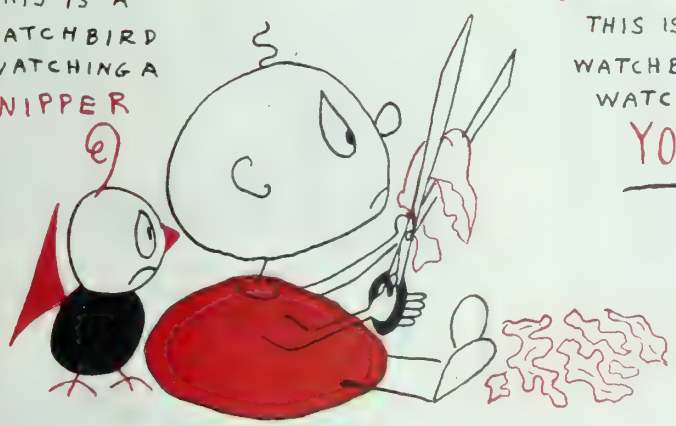
"You remember now, I always said that the most important thing in life was to have

THIS IS A SNIPPER



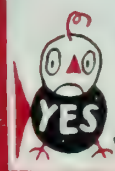
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A SNIPPER

THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU

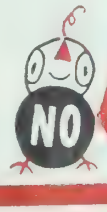


By Munro Leaf

NEVER, never trust a Snipper with a pair of scissors. Snippers just don't seem to have any sense at all once they start cutting things up. This Snipper started out cutting up little pieces of paper, but no sooner had its mother gone out than the Snipper went to work on other things. This one has ruined two blankets, a rug, three curtains, and those little pieces you see on the floor used to be its mother's best dinner napkins. What a horrible thing a Snipper is to have around the house.



WERE YOU A SNIPPER THIS MONTH?



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Single-tipped Mennen Tips-For-Tots are the type of applicators *doctors* and *hospitals* use. There's no second cotton tip end to be soiled and carry germs! Get Mennen Tips-For-Tots for baby care, for first aid! They're safe—and economical!



Mennen Tips for Tots
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the right idea? I walked the streets for hours, looking at signs and window displays, and then sat in some coffeehouse brooding and racking my brain, waiting for the sudden flash of genius. And then one day as I leafed through a newspaper I noticed an ad: 'Room to rent in distinguished household. Antique furniture.' I leaped from my chair—I had my idea at last!

"The first room I went to look at was not the right one. But after a number of days of climbing stairs and inspecting apartments I found what I wanted. An elderly lady, living alone, the widow of the Austrian General von Frank, one-time adjutant to Kaiser Franz Josef, wished to rent an elegantly furnished room. Her apartment with its antique furniture and the genuine old pictures on the walls fairly breathed culture and wealth. Obviously it was not need which compelled Frau von Frank to rent a room. She was merely afraid of being alone in the big house.

"I was invited by my elderly hostess to join her in a cup of coffee, and we chatted for a long time. I extended myself to be charming and amiable, and won her sympathy completely by telling the story of my unhappy love for Giselle, who had deserted me.

"There is no tested recipe for capturing a young woman's heart. One may be impressed by intelligence, another intrigued by money, for many it is enough that they are young. There is no formula. But to win the affection of an elderly lady there is a sure technique. You let her mother you. I discovered very quickly that Frau von Frank was looking not for a tenant, but for a son.

"I moved in that very day, determined to carry through my plans."

Antal paused for a moment, finished a glass of wine, and continued his story:

"One of Frau von Frank's ancestors had been the military governor of Milan, at the time that part of Italy still belonged to Austria. He had brought back a painting which was the showpiece of the house, The Temptations of Saint Anthony. It hung in the room which I was now to occupy, and full of pride, Frau von Frank had drawn my attention to it. She explained that it was a genuine Magnasco, a seventeenth-century Italian painter. Her grandfather had given a hundred gold ducats for it that time in Milan, an appallingly high price for the period.

"I didn't believe the story of the hundred gold ducats. No secret had been made of the devices employed by the military of that time to acquire pictures and other art objects. However, I kept my opinions to myself and dutifully expressed my astonishment: 'One hundred gold ducats! I understand nothing about pictures, but I find this one wonderful.'

"Well, it had not been absolutely necessary for Frau von Frank to thus impress on me the high value of the picture. I had noticed the Saint Anthony as soon as I had walked into the room, and I realized at once that there before me was a genuine old Italian master. Even the frame was of the same period. This was what I had been searching for.

"The next morning I set to work. I locked the door and set up my easel. You know how quickly I can copy a picture; however, I took plenty of time with the Sai Anthony. I had never before worked wi such thoroughness and such ambition ar when finally, after twelve days, I place Alessandro Magnasco's initials in the co ner of the canvas and threw aside my brus I sensed the joy and satisfaction that accon panies the creation of a work of art. I wa convinced that no one would be able t differentiate between the original and th copy without examining the canvas. I ex changed the pictures, and the followin evening I smuggled the original out of th house and shipped it to a gallery in Ne York with instructions to sell it as quickl as possible.

"To my shame I must admit that not fo a second did I have the sense of doing some thing wrong. Frau von Frank was a wealth woman and all the members of her famil lived in the most comfortable circumstance My copy hung in the genuine frame an differed in no way from the original. True sometime in the future the falsificatio would be exposed. In fifty or a hundre years, when one of her grandchildren o great-grandchildren would be forced to sel the Magnasco because he had squandere his inheritance on horses and wanton women he would make the surprising discovery tha the governor-general of Milan had paid a hundred gold ducats for a copy, and th young good-for-nothing, who had probably never worked, would have to take life seri ously at last: And this would not only be o no harm but would actually be a contribu tion to maturing him. No, I had no pang of conscience.

"A few weeks later, I received word from New York that the picture had been sold a a much higher price than I had dared antici pate. Immediately arranging to have par of the money transferred to me, I set all th wheels in motion for my departure for the United States.

"Frau von Frank was very sad when I told her I was planning to leave Vienna. She confessed that despite the briefness of our acquaintance she had come to love me like a son. She helped with all the preparations for my trip and even accompanied me to the station. As she embraced me at parting she whispered, 'If things should not go well for you over there and you should need money, wire me. Remember that you have someone in Vienna who feels toward you like a mother.'

(Continued on Page 156)



"Why should I worry about these teeth? I'm going to lose 'em anyway!"



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Your kitchen dream...so easy to own



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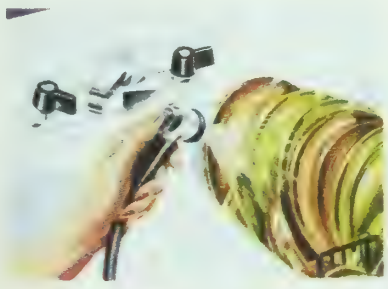
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How about having a TONI party?
Grand idea! Invite your friends next Saturday afternoon—and have each bring along a Toni kit. While your permanents are "taking" have fun—listen to the radio or enjoy your favorite records.

Which twin has the TONI?
Pictured above are the Dublin twins of New York City. Frances, the twin at the right, has the Toni. She says, "My Toni-savings paid for a darling new hat. Now Lucille calls me the smarter half."



(Continued from Page 154)

"I am not a sentimental person, but this farewell speech shattered my spiritual equilibrium. As the train pulled out I sat and wept like a small boy. For the first time in my life I experienced regret. My guilty conscience plagued me and I toyed with the idea of writing to Frau von Frank immediately after my arrival in New York, and confessing everything. I began at once to construct the letter in my mind, but it was hard to find the right words, and the search for appropriate expression so wearied me that I fell asleep. When I awoke an hour later, I found that my equilibrium had returned. For now to my pleasure I discovered an enchanting young girl sitting across from me in the compartment, whose presence I had not even noticed earlier.

"All that I've told you up to now is merely the prologue to my story, and took place long ago," commented Antal. "As for America, I was spared the years of poverty and struggle with which most people are initiated into the New World. I had money, was able to look about the country, to make tests, to busy myself with the development of my patents. Before two years had passed I had established my own factory for the manufacture of art reproductions, which has developed from small beginnings to a very respectable business.

"But then came the German occupation of Austria. Newspapers reported innumerable horrors, among others that all monarchists were arrested and taken to concentration camps. I thought with uneasy concern of Frau von Frank and her family. After all, her late husband had at one time been adjutant to Kaiser Franz Josef.

"I arranged for a Swiss attorney to make a trip to Austria. After some delay he reported that my anxieties were unfortunately not without foundation. All members of the von Frank family had been first arrested, then deported and their property confiscated. And an important Nazi functionary was living in Frau von Frank's apartment on the Opernring.

"Following a lengthy search, she was at last discovered in Paris by one of my agents. He reported that the only real emotion remaining to her was the desire to come to the United States, where somewhere a niece of hers was living. I made arrangements for her to immigrate and took care of all the details of her journey. I even advertised in an effort to locate her niece, now the only living member of her family, and discovered the young girl here in New York. She lived in modest circumstances, so that it was necessary for me to arrange to make a regular contribution for Frau von Frank's needs. Of course, the good old lady had no idea what impelled me to such generosity. After all, I had lived for such a short time in her home in Vienna.

"On the day of her arrival, I came to New York and met the boat. 'Blessed be the day on which you entered my house,' she said as we greeted each other. And I stood there ashamed and was unable to speak.

"Her once-gray hair had turned white, but she looked well and healthy in spite of her age. But I noticed a peculiar change in her. The events in Austria had apparently affected her. She had become quite religious.

"'It is due to a miracle that I am still alive today,' she told me. 'Yes, one of God's miracles had to occur to get me out of Austria alive. All members of my family were taken prisoner. They came for me too. They took my money and my jewelry. They made it quite plain that I should "vanish" from Austrian soil as soon as possible. I did not hesitate and started to pack. They forbade me to take anything of value from my apartment. But how should I make a living abroad? I decided to take one genuine picture with me, and chose the picture of Saint Anthony painted by Magnasco. It was not a very big picture and fairly easy to hide the rolled canvas at the bottom of my trunk. I thought that they probably would not search an old woman's luggage too carefully, even though I knew about the frontier controls. But right after my departure a Nazi official moved into my apartment. He fou the empty frame and wired the front officials to detain me. I was more than little surprised by the politeness which n me at the border. "Frau von Frank? Spl did! We have been expecting you, co with us." I had to leave my compartme and they searched my luggage. Of cou they found the picture at once.

"'Two men accompanied me on my w back to Vienna, where they delivered me the prison on the Elizabeth Promenade.

"'"You wanted to take a valuable pie of art to a foreign country," said the poli commissioner. "You know the punishment

"'"I did not know that the picture was any great value," I lied.

"'"Oh! You had no idea of its value?

"'"I took it with me only because I a extremely fond of it. I don't know if it valuable and I don't believe it is."

"'"So, you don't believe it is valuable the officer mimicked in a malicious manne "Well, we shall see. We shall turn over th picture to an expert. If it is of no value, yo can continue your journey abroad tomorrow but should it be genuine and worth mo than twenty marks, then you will go in an other direction—concentration camp. Tak her away."

"'My case was hopeless. The director the Museum of Art in Vienna had years ag examined the picture and found it to be genuine Magnasco. There had even onc been an article published in an art magazin about this one Magnasco in private pos session.

"'I withdrew to a corner of the cell. have never been religious, but there ar situations in life where one feels so lost an helpless that one feels the need to pray. felt that in spite of the people around me was alone, alone with God. I had a long tal with Him in that cell in the prison of th Elizabeth Promenade. We made a pact If —— But this is more or less privat between God and myself and nobody's busi ness.

"'The next morning I was called before the commissioner. He had the picture in his hand when I entered. "The expert has ex amined the picture. Why do you carry stuf like this abroad? It is a reproduction valued at about fifteen marks." He was leafing through his papers and therefore did not see that I almost fainted. "I would advise you to continue your journey as soon as possible," he said, "before we change our minds and keep you here for good. Take her away. And take your junk along," he called and threw the canvas after me. Yes, a miracle must have happened.' And, when she said this, a mysterious smile was on her lips. 'Of course I thought that the expert had done it out of pity or another motive unknown to me. But this was not the case! The genuine picture actually had changed to a reproduction. I brought it with me and wanted to sell it right after my arrival. Three art dealers looked it over and all three declared it to be a reproduction. You will smile, but I believe a miracle has occurred, and my belief goes even farther. I am convinced that one day, perhaps only after my death, the picture will change back into the genuine one. Yes, I do believe this.'

"You can perhaps imagine how deeply I was moved by this narrative, nor did I have the courage to tell her the truth. I found the embarrassing confession too difficult, and so I did not disturb her deep conviction that a miracle had taken place.

"I made it a practice to visit her every time business brought me to New York, and always brought some small present for her and her niece. When several days ago I returned from a rather lengthy business trip to England, I was shocked to learn that my old friend had died during my absence from the States. The news moved me, but despite the fact that I was deeply shaken I could not refrain from asking what had happened to the painting by Magnasco.

"Her niece was very much surprised by the interest I displayed. 'But it's not a genuine Magnasco, just a copy, and of no value at all,' she explained. 'You probably

ed that my aunt was rather strange g the last few years. She had the fixed that someday this picture would be for a high price. She must certainly told you the story of her miraculous e.'

nodded.

'Well then,' she continued with an int ent smile, 'if you've heard about the cle of Saint Anthony you know the whole . You probably remember that she had fantastic notion that the process of sformation from copy back to original d be completed after her death. And e has left orders in her will for the pic- to be sold at auction and the proceeds ed over to her lawyer, who has strict uctions as to how the money shall be —undoubtedly for charitable purposes. know that I'm working and have been busy. I really haven't had the time to n touch with the lawyer. And what pur- would it serve? The picture is the only g of value which she left, and the ex- s have assured me that it can't possibly g more than twenty dollars. But I've red it at auction nevertheless. She shall her wish, she believed so strongly.'

'Your amused smile is really out of r,' I said seriously. 'I also believe in it.'

And so the gentle old lady's faith has justified. It is true that the copy was transformed into the original, but the it brought at the bidding was as large the painting had been genuine. I had red the galleries with the intention of ng the same amount for the picture h I had received from the museum so long ago, not one cent less. That's why I insisted on forty-seven cents and was not satisfied with forty-five. The money had certainly been destined by Frau von Frank for philanthropic purposes, and after all, one can't bargain with God; no, one can't expect to make such deals with Him. I felt that He had been generous enough with me these many years, and had waited patiently for me to find a way to repay my debt.

"So there you have the story of the miracle of Saint Anthony," finished Antal, and filled his glass once more. "And now perhaps you can understand why I am in such a serious mood. Today I have been able to draw a line under a very questionable chapter of my life."

When Antal and I parted we exchanged addresses, with the intention of arranging another meeting soon. I was more than a little surprised, however, to receive a phone call from him the following afternoon. He sounded excited.

"I'm very much upset," he told me. "It looks as if the story of the picture isn't finished yet. Can you imagine—Frau von Frank's attorneys notified me today that their client, out of gratitude for the paltry monthly allowance I had made her, has designated me as her heir. All that money will come back to me, minus the inheritance taxes. And the picture too. It's really very disturbing. I can't imagine what the dear Lord is planning for me, but I'm beginning to understand that to conclude a bargain with Him is more complicated than I ever dreamed."

THE CURTINS KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

(Continued from Page 122)

uy a one-quarter interest in the paper. reporting job paid $110 a month, consid- ly less than half of what Gerald was ing, but he grabbed it eagerly. Gerald i't make the financial sacrifice for Virgin- a sake, nor would Virginia have agreed to h sacrifice. Both of them were gambling Gerald's future as a newspaper owner.

week after the marriage, the couple sat n and worked out a ten-year Curtin plan, ch they innocently supposed would cover y contingency. Within ten years they ted Gerald to own 100 per cent of the Republican, they wanted to own a nice, e-equipped modern home, and they ted a family. The family couldn't wait. bride and groom weren't youngsters.

The Curtin financial arrangements were ple. Gerald's entire earnings went to- d the purchase of that one-quarter in- st. Virginia carried the cost of the ple's living expenses. Her surplus also t into the newspaper fund. The fact that bride was earning a great deal more than husband was tacitly understood, but er mentioned.

Money matters n't then, or ever, se Curtin disa- ments or dis- es; both earners epted that finan- ly they were king toward a mon goal. Vir- a does confess, wever, that she glad Gerald's in- e surpasses hers day; somehow t seems more ural. She still ts all the family sehold bills. Ger- 's money and her ings go into a e variety of Cur- investments, dis- sed together. In s department ald has the ma- vote. Virginia is businesswoman. e Curtins don't budget. For them, because of a special and fluctuating income setup, budgeting hasn't been necessary. "When we're in a tight," the couple say, "we both get thrifty automatically. When we're not in a tight, we both spend what we like."

Financially, the ten-year plan was sensible and concrete. But the honeymooners hadn't figured on intangibles. They didn't take into account the fact that each had led a fairly satisfactory existence apart, and thereby acquired a strong and separate set of convictions, strong personalities, strong egos. Gerald flatly had no intention of being known as Doctor Curtin's husband, but he moved to a town where Virginia had staked a primary claim. He joined the Kiwanis Club, the C. of C.—last year he was Chamber president and now serves on the board of directors of both service organizations—and soon made his own place in the community.

On the domestic front the real battles were waged. The demands of the Curtins' professions, like their personalities, were different. Gerald is the more gregarious and likes to keep late hours, which don't interfere with his efficiency on the job. Virginia needs a fresh mind and steady hands to administer anesthesia at the clinic in the morning. If a party runs too late, he drives home alone.

Independent Virginia wasn't used to aski g anybody's advice. Unthinkingly she signed an important contract at the clinic which, willy-nilly, involved her husband too. Gerald was told about the contract only after the ink was dry. Virginia wouldn't do that now. She makes no important business agreements without

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such was the stuff of living, back in 1940, for Henry Rood and his wife, Vera. Farming their 160 acres under a tenant-purchase loan, they owed $12,800, had to make ends meet on less than $1500 a year.

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How America Lives

BY HARLAN MILLER

THE AUGUST JOURNAL

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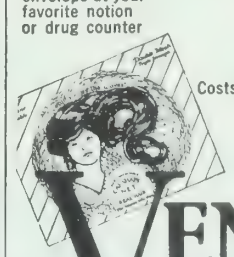
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• Actual delivery-room scene. Nurse attaches identification tag to baby's wrist.

her husband's knowledge. But she had to learn.

Virginia was quick-tempered, quick-spoken. Gerald, long a bachelor, was blissfully unaware of husbandly domestic obligations. One example from the Curtin book of memories: After boasting about his bride Gerald dragged a friend home to lunch, forgetful that it was maid's day off. As it happened, Virginia had had an unusually trying morning at the hospital, and, exhausted, walked into a messy house, carrying a can of peaches and a loaf of bread for a pickup lunch, to meet a beaming, hungry Gerald and his beaming, hungry friend. Virginia took one look.

"There it is, boys," said the hostess crisply, and pointed to the can of peaches and the bread. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have a call to make," said Doctor Curtin and left the house.

That night Virginia and Gerald went into executive session, agreed upon two inflexible family rules. "Never embarrass your married partner in public. Hold your anger, irritation, annoyance, however justified, for later discussion," was the first rule. That one was meant for Virginia. The second rule was for Gerald: "Don't bring home unannounced guests. Remember there's always a telephone."

Then, too, in the first weeks of marriage Gerald was introduced to medical ethics, Virginia's special brand. His wife would fly from the house in the middle of the night, return in the morning and refuse to discuss the case or even tell him where she'd been. An accident would occur on the highway, Virginia would be called to tend the injured, and the editor of the Watonga Republican would be among the last to hear the news.

Eventually, after many a battle, the Curtins threshed the whole matter out and clarified the Hippocratic oath. Together they arrived at a definition of what Virginia was obliged to keep secret and what Gerald was entitled to hear. She began informing him where she was going on a case and how long she expected to be gone, came to be proud of her husband's very natural interest in her whereabouts and welfare. Another compromise was reached when Virginia finally admitted that in a small community part of a doctor's business is legitimate news, of interest both to the public and to the patients involved. A column of hospital notes is now one of the most popular features of the Republican.

Virginia learned the hard way that no real union was possible without mutual trust. By the end of their first year the Curtins had achieved a real union. And then Pearl Harbor caught them.

The war was a complicated time for Gerald and Virginia. Ultimately Gerald served as a lieutenant with an aircraft carrier in the Pacific, but for a lengthy period he was at a naval air-training field in Kansas close to home. Virginia couldn't join except for visits. Her profession held Watonga, where the war created a medical crisis.

Inevitably the practice was enormously increased, and inevitably, too, the number of doctors was diminished. Doctor Cox into the Army first. When he subsequently received a medical discharge, Doctor man was called. Virginia carried a cruel work load those years. She can't begin recall the number of sick she tended, but does recall that she administered anesthetics 2500 times without a single fatality and delivered more than 500 babies.

She bore her own two children during the war. The Curtins had no idea of putting the family; they were getting no younger. Virginia worked straight through her pregnancy with Charlotte, and worked desperately hard. But her hardest time, the one she doesn't like to remember, came during her pregnancy with Tim and with Tim's birth. On the afternoon before her son was born, Virginia drove thirty miles to treat an elderly patient who'd suffered a stroke and made it back to the clinic just in time.

With Tim's birth, both of the Curtins knew they abandoned for good and all their ambition to acquire a million dollars. The baby boy was afflicted with a mysterious gastrointestinal malady, which was never satisfactorily diagnosed. To this day Virginia is occasionally haunted by the feeling that her own overwork may have been responsible in some way, for the child's illness.

For many weeks it seemed that Tim would not live. Virginia had plenty of money in the bank—her hard work had been financially rewarded—but it looked as though money wouldn't save "Gerald's boy for us." Even then, at a time when money had lost its meaning and she was crazed with worry, Virginia made the painful discovery that she was the victim of her own success, the pioneer of her profession. She couldn't quit to look after her own baby. She had a career and now must pay for it. Hundreds of people depended upon her services. The whole community needed her.

When Tim was twelve days old, burning with fever, down to half his birth weight, Doctor Cox collapsed with illness and exhaustion. Virginia crawled out of bed and returned to work. With great difficulty a day nurse for Tim was found; Virginia took over the night care of the baby herself and somehow managed until Doctor Cox was back in harness. Mercifully, the period was short.

But there was always more work than two physicians could handle. Doctor C

What the Curtins Spent Last Year

Food at $125 per month	$1,500.00
Clothing and cleaning	875.00
Household expenses, lights, gas, taxes, insurance, water	419.00
Professional traveling expenses, medical meetings, press conventions	200.00
Personal recreation, pleasure trips, movies, cigarettes	427.50
Automobile expense (two cars)	748.65
Life insurance	291.70
Domestic help, partially a business expense.	1,310.00
	$5,771.85

Virginia is allowed by Internal Revenue Dept. a deduction of $5 a week on the maid's salary, because the maid takes professional telephone calls for her.

The Curtins carry an unusually small amount of insurance. They prefer to make their own investments. Also, of course, they have the security of the two professions.

Virginia's clothes looked very smart to me. Her clothing bill is low because she has cousins who operate a fashionable shop in Hot Springs. They sell to her at wholesale rates.

The first time they call you "mother"



Slowly, you drift back to a happiness that's new and wonderful.

A small voice is yelling lustily. *Your* child! Whitecoated figures cluster around him. One comes over and says, "A lovely baby! Want to see him, mother?"

Mother! You're suddenly impressed with the responsibility . . . the need for knowing how to take the world's best care of this small stranger who belongs to you.

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THE MODERN CHILD'S SWIMMING AID

and Doctor Cox were never finished. Chronically, of course, both were short on sleep and rest. Chronically, too, like all married career women, Virginia was harassed by a double set of problems: professional problems, family problems. Tim slowly improved, within four months was out of danger. The servant situation was a nightmare. At one point, on the morning the last available maid in the community decided to quit tending the Curtin babies, Virginia despairingly acknowledged that the end had come. There was no answer except for her to take her children somewhere, look after them like other mothers, and forget her professional responsibilities until Gerald's return.

And then an elderly woman, far better off financially than the Curtins, and whose own children were grown, abruptly decided to do some war work herself. She offered to move into Virginia's home and take complete charge, cleaning, cooking, baby tending, everything. Extra help would be welcome when available, but was unnecessary. Virginia accepted. Thanks to this valiant woman, who is dead now, Doctor Curtin was able to serve the community until the end of the war and the emergency.

When Gerald got back from the service, he found his wife a nervous and physical wreck. After Virginia took a long several months' vacation and picked up some of her vanished weight, she and Gerald settled down and assayed the Curtin present and the Curtin future. The two children were healthy and husky. But obviously they needed more of mother's attention and a more stable family life.

The financial ten-year plan was outmoded. Actually, partly because of Virginia's work load during the war, the Curtins accomplished more in seven years than they expected to accomplish in ten. Gerald now owns 100 per cent of the Watonga Republican, and he is prepared to turn the weekly into a semiweekly at any time local conditions permit. The Curtins own their pretty, recently remodeled home, and they own as well two small houses which they bought when Gerald could find no rented premises for a couple of his employees. There are other investments too.

Two years ago Gerald and Virginia decided that Virginia could not only afford to take it easy, but that she must. She owed a rested mind and body to her husband and children. She owed them time. So a fourth physician was invited to join forces at the clinic with the original three, and Dr. Virginia Olson Curtin, wife and mother, really began to live.

She is well acquainted with her children now. She can go out with Gerald for an evening of pitch and bingo. She can take short vacations, without feeling guilty. When Gerald sees his wife is getting overtired, he hires an experienced newspaperman to look after the Republican and direct his seven employees, and the Curtins go on a trip. This may happen several times a year. Very often Gerald and Virginia merely spend a week in an air-cooled hotel room in near-by Oklahoma City.

"Just getting Virginia away from that damned telephone does the trick," says Gerald. Virginia loves her new freedom. So does her husband.

The Curtins never got that million dollars. But Virginia and Gerald feel that what they do possess, in their family, in themselves and in their hard-won knowledge, is worth the million. Their period of conflict and stress and bitter differences of opinion is long since behind them. They know now the cost of two careers, the compromises that are necessary. These two proud, independent, intelligent, vain people are really one.

Would Gerald and Virginia change the past, if it were possible? I asked them. Would they marry sooner, have their children sooner? Would they skip the early quarrels that they laugh at now? No, the Curtins would change no experience that they have gone through, separately or together.

"That's how we learned," Gerald and Virginia say. THE END



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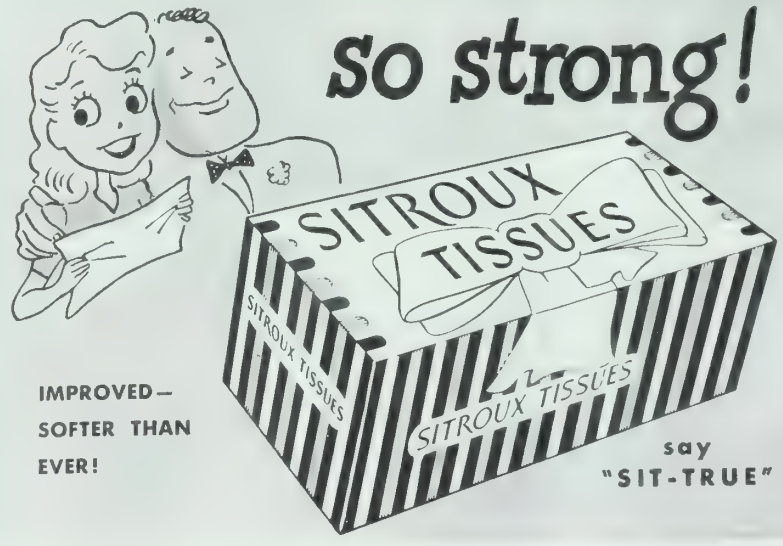


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Even on those July days when the air is like a flannel blanket dipped in steam, the house at Stillmeadow promises peaceful coolness through each open window and door.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

I HAVE never had any trouble with the law. Once, when I was sixteen, I was stopped by a policeman for speeding, but I was only spoken to firmly. And once I had a brush with a parking meter in Danbury which I fed fifteen or twenty pennies and which never registered, so a policeman collected a dollar extra from me, but even that was not too serious. But I have always been afraid of policemen, just the same. Bowling along at thirty miles an hour, I tremble when a police car rolls by. Traffic men inspire me with the shakes.

But all that is over now. For last week, Jill and I went with Fay to the Bethany police barracks and *had lunch* with a tableful of state troopers, and they are lovely men! It came about because Fay was doing a kind of state information thing on the radio and two of them had broadcast.

Now I am wondering how many women know as little as I did about the services of their state police. They are protectors, and not persecutors. And meeting them informally gave me a lesson in the value of democracy I shall never forget, for the police employed by the state in other countries is a far different organization.

The Bethany barracks is a brace of brick buildings overlooking the gentle hills. The main office building was filled with tall, easy-walking troopers when we went in.

"How do you do?" said the lieutenant pleasantly. "It's nice to see you. We'll show you around, then have lunch. Let me know if there is anything I can do for you."

He was a big man, with bright, twinkling eyes and a smile Hollywood could do a lot with, a soft and easy voice. He stood up when we came in, and when we went out with Officer Foley to do the tour. He did not bark, or scowl, or chew his words off. He did not ask for my license, which I had forgotten, or my car papers—or where I was the night of the twenty-first.

We went to the workshop first. There was the ambulance—the most comfortable and speediest type—just back from taking a farmer to the hospital after he had fallen from a hayload and broken his back. We saw the wrecker, built right there by the civilian workers, which could lift a car right out of a river bed or haul fallen timber from a house flattened by a hurricane. W saw the shelves of grappling hooks for drown ing accidents. We saw a lot of contrivance I couldn't even list, for first aid and fire an traffic accidents.

Then we went back to the kennels an saw the dogs. The bloodhounds greeted u with sad and gentle eyes. And right the and there we revised our ideas of them a Eliza-crossing-the-ice animals. They ar used most often to find lost people, strayed little children or mentally ill older folk, an they simply follow a trail and lead th troopers to the lost one. We met the sta who had followed a scent after twenty-fou hours and saved the life of a woman lost i a swamp, and up to her waist in muck an water.

"He went right to her," said Office Foley. "Picked up that two-day-cold scent as easy as anything."

We met, politely, the Doberman pin schers. Now I do not like the idea of dogs at tacking people, and yet I had to admit that an escaped maniacal murderer ought to b captured as fast as possible. The dogs bring the man down, when a man would have t shoot. We went back and said a special good-by to the dog who saved two lives i one week.

Then we had lunch—and it was very gay and informal at the sunny dining-room table. The dishes were set in a service shelf, and I have seldom felt so proud as when the arm of the law was used to set my lunch in front of me, for the officers did the serving.

We talked about dog training and got some sage advice on how to make Hildegarde heel more closely, and keep Maeve from jumping fences. "Every dog has its own personality," said Officer Foley, "and you have to understand him. You can't get anything from a dog by cruelty, you need patience and a feeling for the dog."

"Of course," he added, "we have a black cocker at home, and he doesn't do anything except run the house. But cockers and setters are fine dogs, we just spoil ours."

"Well," I said, when we left, "the next time anything goes wrong at Stillmeadow, I

(Continued on Page 162)

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN · AUGUST, 1948 · 25

JOURNAL

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IS NOTHING TO ME · A COMPLETE NOVEL BY NELLA GARDNER WHITE

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DICK ASHBAUGH

"Two years ago, with things more or less settled on the battle fronts, I left the Army and retired to our upstairs bedroom in Dayton, Ohio. (First door on the left and go easy—he's probably sleeping.) Source material for the 100 or more family-humor sketches since then is my family: a pretty wife and three daughters, Molly *(in photo above)* Melinda and Michaella—the last a well-preserved infant of five months. *Party Dress* is one of my first full-size short stories."



NANCY GARBETT WILBUR

"I was born in Wales twenty-five years ago and started writing at the age of five, with a one-act drama called Coralie and the Sea Serpent. Coralie, the adult, must be Emily in *Isn't Emily Marvelous?*—I'm *not*. During the war I served in the ATS (British WAC) and afterward joined the staff of the United Nations. I came to New York with the United Nations in April of 1946 and later married an American. I like to cook but, oh, how I hate housework!"



GEORGE AND CICELY RODGER

As photographer-researchers for the *People are People* series, George Rodger and his wife, Cicely, traveled 15,000 miles to visit families in Pakistan, Egypt and Equatorial Africa. In Lujulu, near the Uganda frontier, they found our African family. They turned down one family in which the husband had 8 wives and 43 children as editorially unwieldy. Mrs. Rodger was seriously disturbed only once—when she found a hippopotamus nosing at the door of their car near the Congo.

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...ew Chevrolet—





...y to park—so easy to handle in traffic.
...let really makes driving a pleasure!

ACCESSORIES OPTIONAL AT EXTRA

...k and with a flick of the finger, steer with a light touch of the wheel.

...—and And when you spot a parking space—how sweetly and neatly you'll slip into it with this easy-handling Chevrolet!

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...s way You'll know how much these featu mean to your driving enjoyment fr the moment you "take off" in yo own Chevrolet. Why accept less th Chevrolet's Big-Car Value . . . when i yours at *lowest* cost.

...ith a

...gears

MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

...OLET *and only Chevrolet* **IS FIRST!**

Our Readers Write Us

Husbands are People Too

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Editor: Lest some of the brides among your readers may fear that they have no chance in marriage, after reading Jane Allen's article, "Why I Still Love Him," I hasten to assure them ——

I too was doing well—I had doubled my salary in six years, was supervisor of ten girls in the accounting dept., and the boss was starting to "show me the ropes," in his line, when I shucked it for the man in my life.

Now after almost eight years of marriage I have four children (two of each) and am expecting a fifth. I do my own washing, ironing, cooking, sewing and the cleaning of a five-room bungalow (oh, for an extra room!).

My husband and I take each other for granted—frankly. I like it that way. We know that however nasty we get at times, the other will forgive and forget after the storm. We know we will be together when our grandchildren start arriving.

Perhaps I should mention the things I especially appreciate and like about my husband; but I do not love him because of these good points. I say you love your man regardless of his good or bad points.

A sexually adjusted couple rarely seeks a divorce in spite of other unfavorable factors. If any wife feels she needs some advice on this subject I suggest sending a dime and a stamped self-addressed envelope to Dr. George W. Crane, c/o WGN, Chicago, for his bulletin called Sex Problems in Marriage.

Any woman can have a happy marriage and stay in love (or fall in love again) with her husband; even if he is an ornery cuss at present. In fact, after a couple is sexually adjusted they will find that most of their bad points disappear or become inconsequential. Sincerely,

GLADYS STACY.

P.S. I think the reason Jane Allen and her husband stay in love is because they *are* sexually adjusted. If they weren't, his attitude toward her (even if it stayed the same) and all his good points would still leave her disgruntled.

BBC Bore

Hingham, Massachusetts.

Dear Editors: I agree that radio is not all that it might be. My radio is off at this moment because I can find nothing to interest me.

But let's not speak blithely of having another BBC. All newspaper reports to the contrary, the BBC is far far worse than radio in the U. S. I've recently returned from almost two years in England and, like everyone else, I listened principally to Radio Luxembourg or the American Forces Network. The BBC lecturers, whether on the atomic bomb or a new cake recipe, talk down to an audience they evidently consider completely moronic.

There, I've said it at last. I've been bursting to tell someone ever since I got home. Sincerely,

HELEN C. BROWN.

There was no proposal to start "another BBC." Reader Brown should reread Spingarn. ED.

Is Your Magazine Open Now?

Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Dear Mr. Ziesing: The article Is Your Radio on Now? by Jerome H. Spingarn in the May issue was most interesting. After reading pages 60 and 61, I turned to page 136 and read one column, then to page 137 and read one column and completed the article on page 139. Could these interruptions be due to commercials in your magazine?

I am not opposed to advertising. But how can you criticize radio commercials? Perhaps we should have several Government-operated magazines without advertising devoted to unedited political articles and the fine arts! Yours very truly,

H. H. BRENAN.

Because of the nature of printing there will always be room for one more magazine. Many of them, notably The Reader's Digest, carry no advertising. In short, readers have choices denied to listeners. ED.

Program for Clubwomen

Kearney, Nebraska.

My dear Mrs. Gould: As state chairman of international relations in the Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs, I am very much interested in your picture survey of family life the world over.

My goal this coming club year is to create an *interest* in international affairs in the hearts and minds of every Nebraska clubwoman. Since they are primarily homemakers, I believe we could accomplish more in international understanding with these pictures and articles than any other material I have read so far.

I am so positive you have something "big" here that I am most anxious to make the best possible use of it.

Yours sincerely,

FLORENCE H. DAVIS.

Men Never Grow Up

Burbank, California.

Dear Editors: I have read articles in your magazine which seem to blame women only for marriage failures. I admit there are a few scatterbrain women, but men are often the ones to blame. They waste their money, get into debt, make bad financial deals. Many of them drink, bet on the races and prize fights.

I've had three, and they did all those things.

I am very fond of men and I adore my son. But I feel that they must see themselves as they really are.

Sincerely,

MRS. FRANKLYN PARKER.

Oughtn't you to take a good square look at yourself—after you have removed the beam from your eye? ED.

Ham on Wry

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: I thought I had been immensely clever when I joined a pig club six months ago, and became the proud owner of a porker, with a license to kill same in four months.

With fond dreams of home-cured bacon and luscious hams, we slayed our pig a month ago. Now dreams have gone. What we should have gone in for with it is boot repairs. At a colossal sum, I have acquired any amount of old leather. We have tried to eat it—and I still have all my own teeth so should have triumphed. But it defeated even me. All I can think of to do now is stitch what remains of the two sides together and make a suitcase. It's sad. It will take me a long time to get over the humiliating moment when I met my butcher face to face, and he said, "Did you kill it, or did it die of starvation?"

Later. The New Look isn't catching on much here. How could it? Here and there a young thing parts with everything she has, and appears looking curved and feminine and graceful. Here and there, courageous persons do unwise things with bits of velvet and contrasting materials let in at hem and waist. But it's never a success.

It is suddenly quite a bit easier to purchase in our shops the sort of things you don't much want—like trays with flowers painted on them, or rather gaudy vases, and tricksy kitchen fittings. But those things for which our souls long so—speaking as a housewife—curtains, sheets, wipers, towels—no! Children under four and over ten are quite lavishly catered for. What is supposed to happen to those between those ages—I am at the moment trying to cater for one—I just don't know.

With my love to you all,

DOROTHY BLACK.

Home is Never the Same

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.

My dear June: I am still shattered at not being able to get away this summer, but hoping now for the fall, and please when you write do not mention Martha's Vineyard, or Miami, or any other delec-



Exciting PRELL REMOVES DANDRUFF
IN AS LITTLE AS 3 MINUTES!
LEAVES HAIR Radiantly CLEAN Radiantly SMOOTH

Prell—Prell—Prell . . . that's all you hear! Because this new emerald-clear Radiant-Creme shampoo leaves hair *far* more shining and radiant than old-fashioned soap or soap shampoos—leaves it free of unsightly dandruff. Doctors' examinations *proved* that Prell removes ugly dandruff in as little as 3 minutes—that regular Prell shampoos *control* it.

And Prell Goes Farther than any known shampoo—cream or liquid—because it's concentrated for economy. The Prell tube is so handy too—no messy jars or slippery bottles. Prell's a favorite with grownups, teen-agers, and children—it's America's "family" shampoo. Get a tube of Prell today—your family is sure to like it.



With Prell, hair *curls* so much better—*shines* so radiantly—*feels* so lovely, so soft, so smooth.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

YOU name it!

- *Automatic lighting* . . . no matches.
- *Automatic clock control* . . . times and cooks oven meal all by itself.
- *Automatic heat control* . . . no guessing at temperatures.
- *Smokeless broiling* . . . no pre-heating.
- *Perfect baking* . . . only Gas air-circulated ovens bake and brown so evenly!
- *Extra insulation* . . . cooler kitchens.
- *Speed* . . . nothing else cooks as fast as Gas.
- *Streamlined design* . . . easy to clean.
- *Economical* . . . both to buy and operate!



You'll do the fastest, cleanest, easiest cooking in your life on a new automatic Gas range. This super-modern CALORIC Gas range is just one of the many built to "CP" standards. Choose one for your "New Freedom Gas Kitchen"*

from the choice now available at your local Gas Company or Gas appliance dealer's. For perfect performance, make sure that it carries this "CP" seal.

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

*Cert. Mark, Amer. Gas Assoc., Inc.

GAS has got it!

table place to me, or I shall scream! I pine and long for the sea.

In some ways we haven't changed at all. The same horsy girls ride around the village on bicycles in jodhpurs, with small dogs in baskets on their handle bars. There is no marriage, or giving in marriage, and very little death. If Rip van Winkle came back here after a hundred years, I don't think he'd notice any difference. There would be the same people leaning over gates, and the same people drinking in the inn. Only the beer is otherwise. "Looks like rain," said the innkeeper, handing over a pint of bitter to a visitor. "Yes. And tastes like it, too," was the reply.

. Love to you, darling, oh, lucky girl in the land of the free. MOTHER

(*Dorothy Black*).

Watching for Watchbirds

Concord, New Hampshire.

Dear Sirs: I am making a scrapbook of Munro Leaf Watchbirds for my granddaughter. When she comes to visit, she brings it for the latest to be pasted in. And you can tell by her face which ones hit home. MRS. P. L. COVEY.



Cute kids cut Watchbird collars. Robin and Luida, children of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. White, Mecca, California.

So Much—So Cheap

Milan, Italy.

Dear Editor: When my mother sent me a bundle of old magazines, I decided that the best and most interesting was the JOURNAL. Then I received a gift subscription, so here I am with two new JOURNALS and doing miracles to get through my housework as fast as possible. My husband says I was a better housewife before the JOURNAL arrived. But even at that he keeps praising the wonderful paper, beautiful colors and how well they are printed. He can't believe such a magazine sells for only twenty-five cents.

Sincerely yours,
RENA MANZOLI.

Batchelder Teaching Germans

Nuremberg, Germany.

Gentlemen: I wonder if Ann Batchelder realizes how many of her articles are used to teach American cooking to German nationals. After the magazine is practically worn out, all pictures, recipes, and so on, are cut out and made into scrapbooks by GYA clubs. Sincerely,
MARGARET A. FLANDERS.

Where Credit is Due

Port Hueneme, California.

Dear Editors: On page 99 of the June issue of the JOURNAL, the filler "Life is a grindstone . . ." is a "Benedictine" by Elsie Lincoln Benedict. I read over her little booklet (published in Australia in 1927) a few days ago for a theme for a short story (found one, too—always do! "Bury the past and don't visit its grave!").

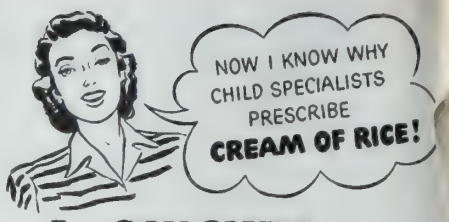
Sincerely,
MONA SAUNDERS.

Fifty—and Stylish

Mason City, Iowa.

Gentlemen: Everyone designs clothes for young eighteen with a beautiful figure, with clothes displays for older women centering

(*Continued on Page 8*)



1. QUICKER NUTRITION

2. MORE ENERGY

3. EASIER TO DIGEST



3 advantages over any wheat, oat, or baby cereal*

Gives more nutrition faster. New life begins to pour into the system *in a few minutes! Gives more energy!* And . . . Vitamins B_1 B_2 and Niacin are added—*plus iron*—for rich, red blood and better growth! *Is easier to digest!* Many doctors recommend Cream of Rice as one of baby's first cereals.

*Test data available upon professional request.



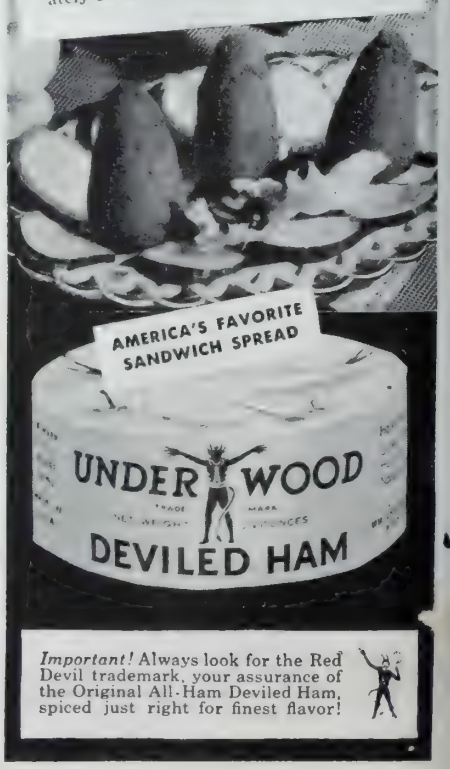
READY IN ONLY 5 MINUTES!

RECIPE FOR

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM RICE CROQUETTES

2 cups cold boiled rice
1 tablespoon melted butter
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg yolk, beaten slightly
1 tablespoon flour
1 can UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

Mix all the ingredients, and let stand for thirty minutes. Form into croquettes, dip in egg, roll in fine crumbs and fry in deep, smoking-hot fat. Drain and serve immediately on a hot platter with currant jelly.



Important! Always look for the Red Devil trademark, your assurance of the Original All-Ham Deviled Ham, spiced just right for finest flavor!

In the most dramatic beauty test ever made

Women Prefer Woodbury to their Own Favorite Face Powders

From Coast to Coast, enthusiastic women voted New Woodbury Powder better than the powder they had been using, according to a recent nation-wide test.

4 out of 5 women preferred New Woodbury Powder!

NEW WOODBURY POWDER WINS 4 to 1







TWICE NEW!

—A new Secret Ingredient in Woodbury Powder gives a satin-smooth finish to your skin. It gives a natural, "unpowdered" look... yet covers tiny blemishes.

New Revolutionary Blending! In all cosmetic history there has never been anything like Woodbury's new "Super-Blender." It whirls color and powder together with the force of a tornado. Result: fineness of texture that's "incredible!"... richness of shade that's "unbelievable!"... freedom from streaking that "couldn't be true" before New Woodbury Powder!

over all leading brands of powder!

Preferred for Every Beauty Quality!

In this most exacting test of all ...a test against each woman's own favorite face powder... women preferred New Woodbury Powder for every beauty quality! Today—discover for yourself that "Woodbury gives a smoother look to skin"... "Clings longer"..."Covers skin flaws better"...that Woodbury is, literally, the world's finest face powder!



clings longer

warmer, lovelier shades

less "powdery" appearance

covers skin flaws better



better, finer texture

smoother look on skin

more color-true

finer fragrance





Get New Woodbury Powder—in new "Venus" box—at any cosmetic counter. Large size $1.00. Medium and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢. (Prices plus tax.)

6 exciting shades!

Today—see the dramatic difference ...the astonishing beauty that's yours with New Woodbury Powder!

IT'S LIKE STARTING LIFE ALL OVER AGAIN WITH AN INCREDIBLY LOVELIER COMPLEXION!

Look! Now Ivory Flakes brings you 2 SPECIALS!



SPECIAL CARE!

Your fine washables are in for a brighter, longer life once you discover what special care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes can do for them.



Once you see how Ivory Flakes care helps keep your nice things looking bright and fitting right, you'll never again trust your lovelies to strong soaps and rough handling. Remember, *one* wrong washing can fade and shrink them. Gentle care with Ivory Flakes will keep them looking their best far longer.



And that's not all! Not only will Ivory Flakes ca help preserve the loveliness of your gay cottons, daint undies and precious nylons—but Ivory Flakes has a other "special" for you! Yes, Ivory Flakes is making very special offer to win new friends and delight ol ones! Read the good news!

SPECIAL OFFER!

$1.50 Stainless Steel Carving Set FOR ONLY 50¢ AND ONE IVORY FLAKES BOX-TOP!



Talk about bargains! This colorful carving set has "sure-grip" plastic handles *molded on* so they won't come loose or come off! Both knife and fork are of stainless steel—won't rust, stain or tarnish! The big 8" blade has a safety edge near the grip to help you carve in comfort. And this wonderful "Quikut" carving set is yours for only 50¢ and one Ivory Flakes box-top!

But hurry! This offer is for a short time only. So fill in that order blank now! Send it with 50¢ and one Ivory Flakes box-top and get your carving set at this amazing bargain price!

Mail this order blank TODAY!

IVORY [illegible] Dept. C, [illegible], Ohio

Please send me [illegible] carving set. I enclose 50¢ in coin and 1 Ivory Flakes [illegible] from [illegible] wrapper.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Two cents a piece. September 30, 1948. Be sure to put enough postage on your letter. Offer [illegible] ages 14 to 18 years. Not good in Canada. Void where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Offer good in the United States and [illegible] only.



If it's lovely to wear it's worth Ivory Flakes care

The fast flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory, 99 44/100 % pure

LADIES' HOME Journal

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Our Greatest Treasure

By I. A. R. Wylie

"I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." —Voltaire.

"NO amount of political freedom will satisfy the hungry masses," declared Lenin. "Real freedom," announced Oswald Mosley, the English Fascist, "means good wages." Both Communists and Fascists base their dogmas on a demonstrable fallacy. In fact, all through history, men—even hungry men—have fought most bitterly and cruelly for ideas—of course, their own ideas. It was only with the dawn of the democratic conception of life that they fought for every man's idea, for the belief that at the heart of humanity's dignity and significance was man's power to think and his right to express his thoughts.

Establish any economic system. However bad it may be, sooner or later, so long as we retain our freedom to express our opinion of it, it will conform to our desires. Take away that freedom and sooner or later the best economic system will crush us.

Tyrants of every color know this. They goad our worst intolerances and fears so that in the name of our own freedom we stifle the freedom of others. But for every silenced voice of an opponent we pay with our own eventual silence.

Lincoln, one of the greatest men in history, spoke for the best in us: "Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves and, under a just God, cannot retain it."

These words should be engraved over the doors of every place of learning and every public institution. Above all, they should be engraved on our hearts. If we forget them, we shall have fought at least two terrible wars in vain and deserve that our children shall inherit nothing but their ruins.

THE CENTURY OF WOMEN'S PROGRESS

By Dorothy Thompson

THE issuance of a series of three-cent stamps, bearing the pictures of three pioneers for the rights of women—Elizabeth Stanton, Lucretia Mott and Carrie Chapman Catt—marks 100 years of the progress of American women, from 1848 to 1948.

Today, when almost as many women are attending colleges and universities as men, it is difficult to believe that though universities for men have existed all over the western world since the dawn of the Middle Ages, it is only a little over a hundred years since the first American college admitted women: Oberlin. Not only here but everywhere in Europe, women, whom the factory system first welcomed as a source of cheap labor, today occupy positions in every rank of commerce, industry, the professions and government. There are women industrial executives, newspaper publishers, engineers, architects, physicians, scientists, scholars, lawyers, artists, writers, composers, journalists and cabinet ministers.

Although they are present in all such positions in far less numbers than men, the average of their eminence is not, I believe, lower than that of men, except, oddly enough, in the more original and creative arts, which have actually been open to them longest. There exists, neither in this nor any preceding generation, an absolutely first-class woman painter or composer; there is no "great" woman dramatist, though from the days of Sappho there have been women writers easily rivaling the best of their male contemporaries, as is true today. Nor has there ever been a great woman philosopher, capable of building one of those monumental systems of thought which represent perhaps the highest reaches of intellectual activity, though dubiously the most useful.

There has been a great deal of speculation as to why this is so, since no intelligence tests or brain analyses indicate any inferiority in the brain structure of women. It would seem, however, that women are more "balanced" than men, and less gifted with genius, which, except in rare cases, represents an exaggerated development of one part of the brain and psyche at the expense of the rest. I believe, also, that the inferior showing of women in the top ranks of creative art is due to psychological reasons. Great art is created by a combination of intellectual, emotional and imaginative energy, requiring concentration of all three on the work, to their exclusion from everything else. This is practically out of the question for any womanly woman. Her emotions, especially, are always divided. No matter how prodigiously gifted she may be, she cannot put all her emotional life into her work, to the exclusion, for instance, of her children, who in her feelings, at least, represent her highest creative function. The greatest men artists have deserted their wives and forgotten their children, in concentration on a compelling dream.

But woman is much more closely tied to the race, and lives much more profoundly in her children. And it is no doubt

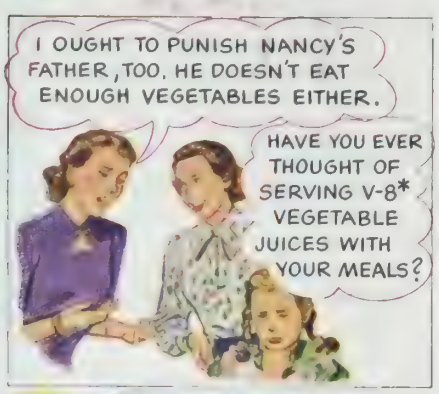
IMAGINE!

Now I give my family a delicious blend of 8 vegetables

in a wholesome drink they love!



THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED...









IMPORTANT!



Serve your family V-8 at every meal — and between meals, too. Every delicious glass contains nutrition of 8 different vegetables.

CELERY • LETTUCE
PARSLEY • CARROTS
SPINACH • TOMATOES
BEETS • WATERCRESS

*V-8 is a trademark owned in the United States by Campbell Soup Company; in Canada by Campbell Soup Company Ltd.

extremely well for the race that this is so. For one thing stands out too clearly to be a mere coincidence. The biographies of great men reveal that the great majority of them appear to have inherited their talents, predilections and energies from the maternal strain. And it may be that it is the latent unfulfilled genius in women which is transferred to the great sons of the race, since it also appears to be true that extraordinary paternal talent, used up in action, seldom repeats itself in successive generations, unless some extraordinary mothers come into the picture, to contribute unused-up energies.

What has always seemed remarkable to me, however, is the obvious talent of women in the field for which they are popularly considered least fit: government; the conduct of the affairs of great states.

People are still startled by the idea of a woman president, though not at all startled by the concept of a woman painter or composer. Yet experience would seem to indicate a much higher proportion of chances that a woman would make a great president than that she would rival Michelangelo or Beethoven.

For the talents required in government are common sense, human judgment, prudence, and consciousness of the race, all eminently possessed by women. The really greatest feminine figures have emerged in the field of statecraft. Joan of Arc was a mystic, directed, she believed, by the voices of Saints, but she was also one of the shrewdest and most sensible leaders who ever buckled on a sword to settle once and for all a condition that had caused a hundred years of war.

In the thirteenth century, which marked the pinnacle of Western European unity, with the church as the center of all social activity, the common folk caused great concern to the theologists by creating the concept of Mary, the Virgin, as the Empress of Heaven, on a plane, to say the very least, with the Trinity. And it may be that they were influenced by the example of two great queens—Blanche of Castile and Eleanor of Aquitaine.

The two greatest British epochs—the Elizabethan and the Victorian—take their names from queens. Any Austrian will tell you that Austria's greatest time was under Maria Theresia. And even the Soviets have had to acknowledge that the German woman, Catherine, belongs among the greatest tsars.

Women, too, seem to have done best when they had most direct responsibility, and worst when they worked through men rulers, as wives or mistresses, participating in court intrigues and otherwise pulling strings.

However that may be, one thing seems clear, that women for all their influence in America are not getting the feminine prin ciple of nurture and conservation as we expressed as it should be.

There is a certain irony in celebrating Century of Progress of Women, merely b pointing to their achievement of all th civil, legal, property, and educational right possessed by men.

It is obvious that they have not achieve happiness in their relations with men, con parable to their other gains, or this cou try would not have such a record wrecked marriages. It is obvious that the influence is not properly functioning in s cial life, or we would not have such an a palling record of juvenile crime.

It is clear that they have not manage to turn into power their inchoate year ings and revulsions, or we should n have a United Nations helpless to pr vent war.

Perhaps in the century-long struggle f equality with men, women and human s ciety have lost, as well as gained. Perha in the competition to enter the world men, women have too eagerly accepted t standards and values of men, losing con dence in their own intuitive knowledge life, and in the values deriving from the unique experience of life.

The ultimate measure of their emancip tion will not be the equality of rights whi they share, but the contribution they ma to improved standards of individual a social behavior. All highly civilized soc ties (which ours, at present, is not) ha been refined by the influence of dist guished women on morals and manners. a human society is uncouth, obscene, ov blown, strife-ridden, psychologically in cure and lacking in common sense, wom somehow, are failing to produce the atm phere which it is in their power to cre and which is essential to the fulfillment their own natures, and to the balance society.

If, therefore, the first century of wome progress has accomplished—as it has revolution in the status of women, we m hope that the second century of wome progress will find them competing less w men and aping less the values of men, introducing with more strength, firmne and calm confidence their own values i the pattern of organized society. Equal of right never has and never can me identity of function. On that rock ma a democracy has split, as everyone en the function of someone else and does lence to his own. The basic unit of hun society is and will remain—if civilizat and freedom persist—the family: The ther and mother equal but with differ roles and contributions; the children bo to both in equal respect; and the freedo all disciplined to the obedient service love.

THE F

The Way of Free People

FREEDOM TRAIN, in its year-long 300-city tour of the United States, is doing much to create *awareness* of our heritage of freedom. The main purpose of the American Heritage Foundation, which sponsors Freedom Train, is to encourage *active personal participation* in public affairs.

Freedom is not a spectator sport. You take part by practicing good citizenship in your family, your neighborhood and your community. You participate by voting in local and national elections. Freedom begins, or begins to end, in the behavior of each person.

Freedom Train is only the symbol of the American Heritage Foundation's educational program for better citizenship. Schools, libraries, clubs and church groups in many communities are already participating. Publications and films to give special emphasis to the good-citizenship program in your community can be obtained through:

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE FOUNDATION
17 East Forty-Fifth Street • New York 17, N. Y.

FREEDOM IS EVERYBODY'S JOB

Hot Ideas FOR Cold Dishes!

BY

Virginia Coates



The same but so different! That's the kind of delicious potato salad you'll get when you use the recipe on this page. The real trick is in the dressing—and that's Durkee's Famous Dressing. The hot potatoes soak up all its rich tang, all its keen, spirited flavor. This famous-for-taste Dressing is a blend of 14 rare spices, rich with fresh eggs and other fine ingredients.

• • •

Celery Seed is a "must," of course, in potato salad. Take a tip from one who has tried 'em all—and choose Durkee's. Durkee's Celery Seed—like all Durkee spices—is always fresh, full-flavored and properly blended.



Fillings—original and delicious! Try the Chicken Nut Sandwich Filling recipe in the panel. It's *something!* And here are some more surprises:

Sardines mashed with a little grated lemon rind; cream cheese and enough tomato paste to color; devilled ham and mayonnaise; chopped hard-boiled eggs and green pepper with salad dressing; cold sliced meat loaf, sliced tomatoes and minced pickle; grated tuna fish with chopped cucumber and mayonnaise; grated American cheese and relish; blue cheese creamed with an equal amount of Margarine.

• • •

In sandwiches, it's the inside story that counts—so use the best spread. That's Durkee's Margarine! It's so mild and sweet—made of pure nutritious vegetable oils, churned with fresh, pasteurized skim milk. Healthful, too—with 15,000 units of Vitamin A to a pound the year 'round. And note this, good cooks, Durkee's Margarine is as perfect for cooking, baking and hot vegetables as it is for a spread.

IMPORTANT! In more than half the states, you can buy yellow Durkee's Margarine right now. If your state is not one, write your state representative to repeal the obsolete laws which make you color margarine at home.

For many interesting recipes, write to Durkee Famous Foods, Dept. L8-8, Elmhurst, Long Island, New York.

Accessories from Mayhew Shop



Here is my favorite Potato Salad

4 cups diced, hot potatoes
2 tbsp. chopped pimento
10 stuffed olives, sliced
¼ cup Durkee's Famous Dressing
6 slices cooked bacon (crisp and crumbled)
2 tbsp. chopped green pepper
1 tsp. Durkee's Celery Seed
¼ cup Durkee's Mayonnaise

Mix all ingredients thoroughly and let stand in refrigerator until well chilled. Can be served in salad bowl lined with lettuce and tomato wedges if desired.

Dress it up with DURKEE'S DRESSING

Chicken Nut Filling

1½ cups cooked chicken
6 tbsp. walnuts, ground
½ cup chopped watercress
6 tbsp. Durkee's Mayonnaise
6 tbsp. Durkee's Margarine
12 slices bread

Put chicken through food chopper using medium blade. Add watercress, ground nuts and Mayonnaise and blend well. Cream Margarine and spread on bread. Spread filling. Makes 6 sandwiches. If you have some cold duck, use it in place of chicken and substitute a little grated orange rind for the nuts. Thrift note: Save all the crusts and use them for croutons and puddings.



Men like this will

REJOICE!



So will all the many people kept awake, made nervous or jittery by the caffein in regular coffee! For . . .

THE NEW IMPROVED

SANKA COFFEE

now has a new, marvelous flavor to delight lovers of fine coffee! Yet it's 97% caffein-free. You can drink it and sleep. And you'll *love* the taste!



FINER FLAVOR

in Sanka Coffee is due to a brand-new flavor-saving process . . . a miracle method of taking the caffein out of the coffee.

Try Sanka Coffee today. See for yourself what a great flavor-improvement has been made. Sanka comes in two forms: Ground for drip or percolator; Instant Sanka, made instantly in the cup. Products of General Foods.



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"Why don't you wait and see what becomes of your *own* generation before you jump on mine?"

UNDER-COVER STUFF

BY BERNARDINE KIELTY

WELCOME TO LIFE is an admirable collection of stories and poems and sayings about birth and babies, about parents and parenthood. "Children begin by loving their parents; as they grow older they judge them; sometimes they forgive them," is ***Oscar Wilde's*** contribution. "Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenance of a new-married," says ***Charles Lamb,*** the bachelor. "Parents may have a dozen children, but each one is the only one for them," is an old Yiddish proverb. But these are only scraps. There are full-length pieces from ***Clarence Day*** and ***Laurence Sterne;*** from the Bible and ***Salvador Dali, Rabelais, Dorothy Canfield Fisher,*** the Book of Common Prayer, ***Ogden Nash***—and about seventy-five others. Edited by ***Hallie Burnett*** and ***Eleanor Gilchrist,*** who must have had a wonderful time doing the collecting, it has a foreword by ***Whit Burnett,*** who is a mere father.

• • •

The Englishman to whom the desert has special appeal seems to conform to a type. ***Glubb Pasha,*** now so important in the news, the English officer who heads the Arab Legion (the tough, well-seasoned army of Israel now speaks of

(Continued on Page 16)

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"John! Why don't you stop that silly haggling, and just tell the man I'm not for sale?"

The Refrigerator That Dared To Be Different...

Hotpoint

See The BIG Difference In Refrigerators!



America's Foremost Kitchen Planners Bring You Sensational Advantages In A Completely New And Different Refrigerator—More Room Inside, More Wanted Features, More For Your Money.

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● ● Hotpoint's revolutionary design gives up to 33% more food-storage space in the same kitchen area as before. This extra room *inside* is saved by the new, improved sealed mechanism which uses less electricity than ever and saves you money.

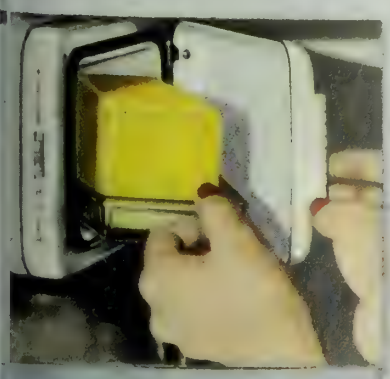
COMPARE The Conveniences!

● ● No other refrigerator offers you all these wonderful features: *butter conditioner, leftover rack, hi-humidity drawers, extra-deep meat compartment and Speed-Freezer* that stores 31 pounds of frozen food. These conveniences result from 44 years of kitchen-planning experience. Hotpoint alone brings all of them to you.

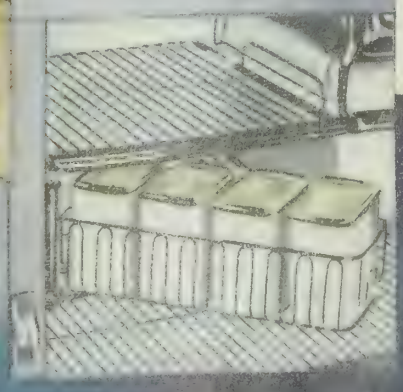
COMPARE The Extra Value!

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Hotpoint's exclusive leftover rack swings out of the cabinet with clear plastic-covered jars for your leftovers. Serves as an egg basket without the jars, or can be removed for use as a snack bar

Everybody's Pointing To Hotpoint Refrigerators



(Continued from Page 14)

the Arab Legion as Glubb's Girls), is described as small of stature with thin white-gray hair, pale-blue eyes and a face of gentleness and sensitivity. ***T. E. Lawrence*** was very short indeed and slight of build. When ***Arnold Bennett*** saw him once in a restaurant in London he mistook him for a boy, and Lawrence was then already a colonel. ***Robin Maugham,*** nephew of ***Somerset Maugham,*** and author of NOMAD, one of the best recent books about Arabs, is slight and far younger-looking than his thirty years. It may be the remoteness from the competitive world or the "mystery of the singing sands" that appeals to the poet in them.

We can see how desert life might appeal even to women. Maugham describes a typical morning getaway from last night's camp.

"After we had finished breakfast in the remaining tent, the women began to dismantle it. They ripped out the pegs which held the lengths of stuff together, they rolled up the black cloth of hair, gathered in the tent cords, packed up the furniture, the rugs and mats and bolsters, and collected the Bedouin implements, the flat spoon, prongs, trident, kettle, coffeepots, mortar and pestle—their worldly goods. The camels for the women were saddled with a high frame superstructure, into which were placed the babies and small animals, a puppy and three hens." And then the family was off—donkeys, sheep, goats, dogs and camels. "Of the place where their home had been I could see no trace." It sounds so relatively simple.

• • •

It's a relief to find a pair of travelers who admit to discomfort, disillusion, distress and occasional mutual distrust. *S. J. Perelman,* screwball wit, and *Al Hirschfeld,* cartoonist, went around the world together in the interests of *Holiday*

REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

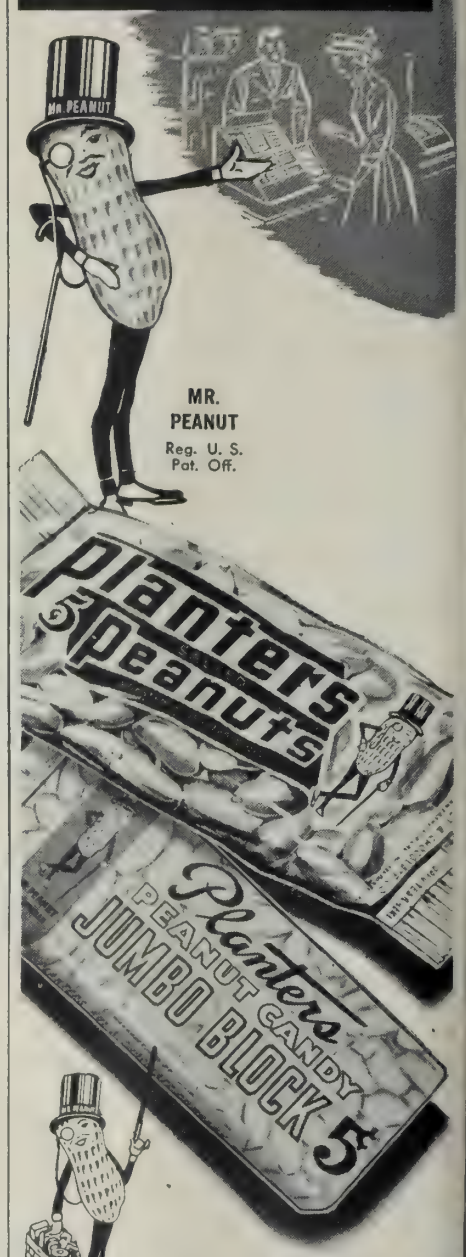


"Just a minute . . . is this included in my all-expense tour?"

magazine. WESTWARD HA! is their hilarious, though jaded, travelogue. Before they even left the country they began to sour. They were in a plane: "Two hundred miles away, in the broad plain washed by the Pacific, lay its goal, the Athens of the West, the mighty citadel which had given the world the double feature, the duplex-burger, the motel, the hamfurter, and the shirt worn outside the pants—the Great Pueblo, the City of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels—Los Angeles." In Penang they stayed

(Continued on Page 18)

If you want a Wonderful Bracer, say "PLANTERS"



These long summer days, when the energy just seems to ooze away, are the days you need and appreciate PLANTERS more than ever.

Those crisp, tasty PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS in the cellophane bag are famous as America's "Nickel Lunch." The finest, big Virginia peanuts roasted and salted as only PLANTERS can. They pack more energy—vitamins—proteins—than meat, fish or eggs.

If you've a sweet tooth, try PLANTERS famous Jumbo Block. Just pure peanut candy at its most wholesome, delicious best. They're both, still only 5c—both Planterrific.

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When you market at A&P, you shop as *you* want to . . . buying what *you* wish and selecting what best meets the price you want to pay. For example, you don't get just a *kind* of meat. Instead, you pick a cut to suit your purpose and your purse. And you don't just get a can of fancy-quality tomatoes for a sauce . . . rather, you choose a less costly grade because you know it will serve your purpose equally as well. And you shop in this manner for whatever you need . . . from breakfast cereal to dessert for dinner . . . satisfying your requirements and benefiting your budget.

Today, when almost every homemaker is striving to beat high food prices, thousands find that shopping the departments of A&P Super Markets, looking over the seemingly endless offerings, reading labels and price tags . . . is the best way to net neat savings.





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It's tidy... It's trim...

IT'S NEW TRAVIS COURT

Small rooms look larger with New Travis Court by Drexel. These exquisite mahogany pieces are especially scaled to give spacious charm to today's compact homes . . . . Take the new oval Sheraton extension table, with so much foot room, for example, or the handsome corner china cupboard that makes such good use of so little floor space.

You'll appreciate those lovely lyre-back chairs, with their serene, classical lines. Like all the rest of the grouping, they combine structural soundness with exquisite beauty.

New Travis Court is finished in beautiful, warm-hued mahogany veneer, hand-glazed and hand-rubbed until it gleams like satin. See it at leading department and furniture stores. Look for the "by Drexel" brandmark—your proof of superior craftsmanship.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF QUALITY BEDROOM AND DINING ROOM FURNITURE

(Continued from Page 16)

three and a half weeks: "If you ever want a perfect honeymoon spot, a place where scenery and climate fuse to produce unadulterated witchery, where life has the tremulous sweetness of a plucked lutestring and darkness falls all too soon, go to the Hotel Plaza in New York."

• • •

MY FATHER'S DRAGON, written by *Ruth Stiles Gannett*, and illustrated by *Ruth Crisman Gannett*, is the most delightful juvenile (6 to 9 years) that this department has seen in many a moon.

• • •

***Ellin Mackay Berlin*, daughter of the late Clarence Mackay, head of Postal Telegraph and Cable Co., and wife of Irving Berlin, song composer, is the author of a second novel, LACE CURTAIN. It deals with an Irish Catholic family of great wealth—the family of eight young Reardons who grow up in a palace on a vast estate on Long Island, the background of which may possibly be assumed to be in part autobiographical.**

The story concerns the men and girls that the Reardons love, marry and separate from, the two wars through which they fight, and the domestic clashes over religion. In fact, the fragrance of incense, the words of prayers and the whispers of the confessional, which permeate the pages, are like a curtain of heavy velvet against which the strident sounds of modern life are dulled. It is curious to see the intimacies of the Church, hitherto so rarely discussed, now aired with such surprising openness. Is the preoccupation with religion, not only in this novel but in several that have recently been published, a symptom of the war?

• • •

The really great Catholic book is THE HEART OF THE MATTER, by *Graham Greene*, though it does the book an injustice to narrow it to any sect, for this story of a man's denial of his God will be equally comprehensible to people of all faiths. It is the tale of a small unimportant civil servant stationed in a British port in West Africa. Assistant Police Commissioner Scobie is a man whose honesty and kindness are his downfall, a man who has pity for everyone except himself, when he it is that needs pity most of all. There is Conrad magic in the exotic steaming-hot port, and in the Englishman's struggle to adjust to the native life and at the same time keep his own Anglo-Saxon integrity. But the steady downpath to corruption is clearer than ever Conrad would have written it.

Best known as a mystery writer, Graham Greene has used in this story of personal tragedy the same exacting technique and the same deft handling that are the prerequisites of every good mystery. (He is the author of **ORIENT EXPRESS, THE CONFIDENTIAL AGENT, BRIGHTON ROCK,** and many other psychological thrillers.) In the crafty, powerful Hindu trader, the young girl alone and helpless, the petty, nagging, socially ambitious wife, the "informer," he has a cast for melodrama, but never does he allow these figures to become types. It would not be fair to the reader or to Graham Greene to tell the story. But it is one of the best English novels in many a long year.

• • •

THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH, by *Zoë Oldenbourg*, is a medieval tapestry come to life—one of those rare historical novels which sweep you out of your own humdrum world. It is the story of Alis of Linniéres, who lived and died amid the rude splendor of

(Continued on Page 21)

Wedded to a sloshy dishrag?



Don't rub and scrub crusty muffin tins with a slimy dishrag! Use a metal-fiber Brillo *pad-with-soap!*

Shine pans easy with

BRILLO



A Brillo pad-with-soap cleans scorchy pots and pans *fast!* Shines 'em, too! Use Brillo every day!

GREEN box—pads and cake soap

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"...and of course a leetle garlic"



If you agree with master chefs that French Dressing needs a touch of garlic, *Miracle* French is the kind for you. *Kraft* quality ingredients; superbly seasoned.

Miracle FRENCH DRESSING by KRAFT

Note: *If you don't want even a "leetle" garlic, get* Kraft *French Dressing. Perfectly delicious; immensely popular.*

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How to make perfect, full-flavored iced coffee:
Place 1½ teaspoonfuls of Nescafé (rounded more or less, according to strength desired) in a large glass. Leave spoon in. Add a little hot water to dissolve. Stir. Add ice, cold water.

You know how hard it used to be to make good iced coffee. You not only had the bother of making it, but then you often had the disappointment of weak or bitter coffee. But with Nescafé you can make one glass or a dozen—and make it exactly the way you want! You get a full, rich flavor that's really distinctive. Quick! Right strength! Thrifty! That's Nescafé. Try it iced or hot.

That's why more people drink NESCAFE than any other instant coffee!

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makes delicious coffee
QUICK AS A WINK!
EASY... DELICIOUS...
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You ought to be hugged...not squeezed!

How Warner's miracle 3-Way-Sizes bring you heavenly comfort through heavenly fit

Warner's exclusive 3-Way-Sizes make "standard sizing" as old-fashioned as your Aunt Matilda.

- Twins may be the same height and weight—yet need different girdle lengths. Warner's* foundations come in four lengths; short, medium, long and extra long.
- In addition to your own length, Warner's come in three hip sizes, too; straight, average and full.
- What's more, from over 200 styles and sizes you can select fabrics and designs to give you just the control you want.
- If you want to lose inches without feeling pinches, get the Warner's that's "individually yours"—3 ways.



Sta-Up-Top Warnerette #634, in white, pink, blue, $5.00. Extra large, $6.50

In your size... *your correct length*

Ever get a girdle that's *too long* . . . makes you hobble? Or a *"too short"* that pulls at your precious nylons? Not in a Warner's. They're sized; short, medium, long and extra long. The Sta-Up-Top* Warnerette* above features Warner's famous patented waistband that won't roll over.



your correct hip size

Hip, hip AWAY! Wonderful—but it never happens in a girdle that's *too wide* and forms gaping pockets at the sides. Or one that's *too small* and binds your thighs. You'll find a Warner's that's *just right*—they're *hip-sized;* straight, average and full.

your choice of control

For tummy-tucking there's a Warner's to give you just the control you want. For example, the Warnerette illustrated is especially designed for little figures that don't add up to much. For a lot of control, you'll find a Warner's that inches you in—but comfortably. *At finer shops and stores everywhere.*

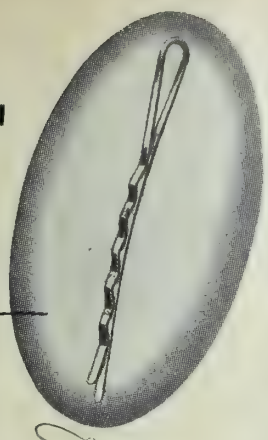
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"Gayla" means the best in bobby pins • hair pins • curlers

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Zoë Oldenbourg, author of The World is Not Enough.

(Continued from Page 18)

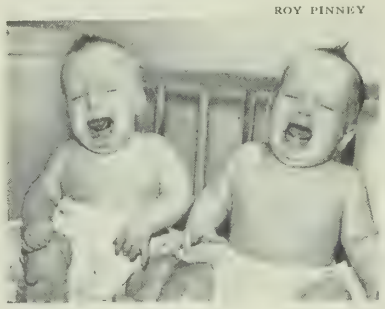
the feudal world; who was married at fourteen, and had her ears boxed because she did not at once become pregnant; who in her time had a husband, nineteen children and a lover; who listened to the clang of armor, and beheld the pageantry and the piety as the knights started out for the Crusades, and the wreckage that returned; who ran a cold, rough, damp castle singlehanded, and almost singlehanded brought up her enormous family.

It is hard to believe that the author of such an opus is only thirty years old, and that she was only eighteen when she started it. Russian-born, she was Paris-educated.

• • •

Not to be outdone by Alis of Linniéres, there is a young mother out in Illinois, a woman of twenty-seven, who is the mother of ten, five girls and five boys—all single births. On the other hand we have heard of a family of five sets of

ROY PINNEY



Are they identical or merely fraternal?

twins, the eldest pair just recently celebrating their 80th birthday. These two gentlemen are identical twins—which, accurately speaking, are the only real twins. Fraternal twins, as we understand it, are just brothers or sisters born at the same time. Identical twins are of the same sex, same blood group, have the same pigmentation, similar features and shapes. If one is color-blind, the other is too.

• • •

Perhaps you know a man such as *Taylor Caldwell* describes in MELISSA—a man who is vain in the most disguised and subtle way, who is educated but pretends to an education and to an intellectuality which actually he hasn't the mental capacity to attain; whose pleasure it is to point out the shortcomings of others, especially of plain people with no pretensions to learning or culture; who is just clever enough to deceive his own family—notably his children—into the belief that he is a man of superior wit and understanding; in other words, a man who is the worst kind of intellectual snob. MELISSA as a novel is not without faults. As it now stands, it cries for a perfectionist like Henry James. But it still is good, and possibly Taylor Caldwell's best to date.

"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film



• Halo is made with a new patented ingredient. Halo—not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling film! • So Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. • Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! • Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! • Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! • Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! • Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Halo Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

Better than words, that warm wood-smoky aroma says here's

AMERICA'S LUXURY BACON

Dry-sugar-cured for less shrinkage, more flavor





"Extra-easy dish for take-it-easy days"



Says Marie Gifford *Director, Armour Consumer Service*

When you want to make it easy for yourself—and still make a hot meal, here's your dish. Golden-brown Armour Bacon broiled with garden-fresh tomatoes in a matter of minutes. Simple—and oh so satisfying! For this is no ordinary bacon. It's the very "heart of the bacon"—the choicest center slices from hand-picked bacon sides. What's more, this luxury bacon is dry-sugar-cured without water or curing solution. And that means less shrinkage—bigger bacon slices on your platter.

To make this easy dish, dot fresh tomato halves with Cloverbloom Butter or Mayflower Margarine. Broil 5 minutes under low heat 3½ inches from unit. Add bacon slices and broil 5 minutes longer, turning bacon once.

For other delicious ways to serve bacon, write: Marie Gifford, Dept. 301, Box 2053, Chicago 9, Ill.

You can also get this same fine Armour Bacon in the familiar parchment package. And by all means try Armour Vacuum-Packed Bacon—there's no other like it! Remember, too, Armour Smoked Ham is America's Luxury Ham.



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HOMES... Millinocket Builds

HOUSING HOPES

BY MARGARET HICKEY

THREE years after the end of World War II, the national housing situation shows no marked improvement. The Commission on Housing of the Social Welfare Assembly estimates the need to be 2,750,000 dwellings. About 860,000 housing units were started in 1947, and thousands more have gotten under way this year, despite shortages of material and labor. But better homes are still far out of the reach of most of the people who need them.

The problems of housing are by no means limited to any one income class. They affect the man with an income of $10,000 who wants to buy a good home for his family just as they do the man who earns only $2000 a year. Families of moderate or low income were cautioned at the National Family Life Conference, held in Washington, against paying more than 20 per cent of their normal income for rent, or twice their normal annual income for the purchase of a home. Sound family budgeting is almost impossible under present conditions.

There are, however, a few bright spots in an otherwise dismal outlook. In Portsmouth, Virginia, a private construction firm has circumvented high building costs by purchasing no-longer-needed two-story barracks of the U. S. Naval Shipyard. These were remodeled into four-room houses and placed in an area so planned as to assure a permanently attractive neighborhood. Each lot has a frontage of 60 feet, an average depth of 100. The FHA has insured a twenty-year mortgage of $3400 at 4 per cent; this the buyer may pay off at the rate of $26 per month.

Brought together by their mutual need for homes, a group of veterans in Washington, D. C., has formed the Veterans Co-operative Association, and undertaken a housing development known as Naylor Gardens. The association took over a 748-unit project built by the Government in 1943 for $6,587,000 and declared surplus in 1945. It made a down payment of $512,500 last February. Today 425 of the 748 units are owned by co-op members. Titles to the remainder are being held by the association. Individual homes in the development cost the veteran from $6750 to $8450, depending upon the size. Interest rates are only 3 per cent; monthly payments range from $59.50 to $80.

Nonprofit American Legion sponsorship has helped home-seeking veterans in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Through their locally organized homestead association, two-bedroom homes may be purchased for $6300, three-bedroom units for $7700. These prices include every item from raw land to the keys to the front door. Veterans move in without any down payment. Beginning the second month, they pay from $40 to $49. Enactment of the Veterans Homestead Association Bill of 1948, as urged by the American Legion, would make it possible for five or more veterans to organize similar projects in any part of the country.

The state of New Jersey and 48 local communities have assumed joint responsibility for putting up 8000 dwellings; 3000 of these homes are completed, another 3000 under construction and 2000 more in the planning stage. This is made possible under a bond issue of $35,000,000 passed in 1946 and a further direct appropriation of $6,000,000.

In New York, squalid neighborhoods are being rehabilitated, and the state is financing 38 new housing projects to accommodate 110,000 members of low-income families. Commissioner Herman T. Stichman's housing field laboratories get to the heart of housing troubles by development of ideal basic designs within the means of lower- and middle-income people; better distribution of materials without needless mark-up; training efficient workmen; publishing facts about materials, labor costs and contractors' services; and adoption of simplified building codes.

New York City, like New York State, is not waiting for money from Washington. It already has two veterans' housing programs. One program will require the city to supply a relatively small annual subsidy for 6 projects which will accommodate approximately 5,600 families. The other calls for 15 or 16 projects with a total of about 17,000 apartments which will be operated by the City Housing Authority without any cash subsidy.

The story of the housing shortage must be repeated until results are obtained. This isn't the time to forget the millions of American families who must find homes. Perhaps a housing council in your community, fully representative of all public interests, could do its share in solving the nation's most urgent postwar problem.

THE END

EVER watch a crowd standing around to see the new house going up in the neighborhood? In the summer of 1947 that sort of interest was mighty keen in Millinocket, Maine, where the sidewalk superintendents finally got a chance to go to work.

In this pleasant little New England town of about 6300 people, men and women who wanted homes of their own have by working together succeeded in getting them. They decided to join forces to dig basements, pour concrete, put up frames and roofs, and finish inside floors. They were for the most part people without previous building experience. They were auditors, accountants, clerks, secretaries, a few engineers and finishers. They had a common ambition: to get their families into decent homes at prices they could afford to pay.

In Millinocket today there are twenty-two shiny new houses to prove that it is possible to have a new, well-built, six-room house for under $6000—maybe for as little as $4000: fifteen more houses are in the process of going up. Children are welcome in the new housing project. There is room on each of the lots measuring 60 x 100 feet for privacy and growing things. There are children to be seen on the sidewalks, and busy little groups in the back yards. There is room here for baseball, with no heavy traffic constantly threatening young players. There are no landlords here to raise the rent. Each man's home is his castle. It ought to be. For most of these houses were built brick by brick by their owners.

Millinocket is a young town. Before the Great Northern Paper Company bought the township in 1899, the location was only a wide stretch of sandy fields and pine-studded slopes in the shadow of majestic Mount Katahdin, about 25 miles distant. But Millinocket grew gracefully. The streets are lined with neat, freshly painted clapboard houses, substantial and comfortable-looking. Some are small, some ramble in true New England *(Continued on Page 102)*

PHOTO BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN



Houses go up faster and at less cost when neighbors lend a helping hand. Here Mrs. George Raymond and John Tracey, a neighbor, are shown working on the Raymond house with the help of a hired carpenter. The Traceys are already in their house.

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REFERENCE LIBRARY

For Sub-Debs

NOW is the time to plan a self-improvement project. School will be starting before you know it. There will be football games, soda dates and get-togethers with the gang. And that means FUN! Provided, of course, that you're the gal who always is invited; and if you're not, then begin right now to get rid of those personality problems. The booklets listed below are just what you need!

YOUR PERSONALITY

1022. How to be Popular. What Sub-Deb doesn't want to be a popularity leader? 5c.
2275. Don't Shy Away. Life really isn't frightening. Don't be a timid soul. 5c.
1539. Do Girls Like You? If you're really popular, they will. Do you need pointers? 5c.
1514. Personality Report Card. Includes a chart for you to test your personality rating. 5c.

YOUR DATE-ABILITY

1658. Do Boys Like You? Naturally you want them to like you. How do you rate? 5c.
2269. How About a Date? What sweet music to your ears. Do you hear it as often as you should? 5c.
1532. Know Your Man. Every date is different, and the popular gal knows how to have fun with more than one fellow. 5c
1669. Going Steady. You've got a steady fellow and you think he is really grand—but how about keeping things that way? A few hints will help. 5c.
1228. Rating for Dating. What do fellows think of you as a date? Do you get their approval or are you last on the list? Check up on yourself now. 5c.

YOUR LOOKS

2253. Let's be Lovely. Be the gal with sparkle in your eyes, crisp and rosy-fresh. 5c.
1207. Mirror Magic. Be particular about your complexion—it's really important. 5c.
2268. Glamour for Glasses. Wearing glasses won't make you a wallflower. Select a flattering style, the latest in frames, and be the talk of the crowd. 5c.
2277. Facts About Figures. Watch those extra pounds! 5c.
2322. Clothes Checkup. Learn how to choose a wardrobe that does the most for you. 5c.
2324. Count Your Calories. Can your figure stand a sundae, or should you order lemonade? 5c
1378. The Way You Wear Your Hair. These cutouts will help you choose your hair style. 5c.

FOR YOUR MEN

1192. Gentlemen Preferred. Girls aren't the only people with problems. Fellows have them, too, and here are the hints they should have on etiquette and general behavior. 5c.
1668. Know Your Girl. The popular man can have a good time with all the girls. 5c.
1546. If I Were a Man! Get the girl's viewpoint about the pros and cons of a good date. 5c.

YOUR DOINGS

2270. Nix on Necking. The gal in the know can say "no" and still be popular. 5c.
2272. Memo for Manners. Make sure you know what to do at the right time. 5c.
1344. Act Your Age. High-school babies are on everyone's black list—how about you? 5c.
2276. Sub-Deb Club Handbook. Thinking about a club? Here are all the rules. 5c.
2225. Fun and Funds. Moneymaking ideas to boost your club's treasury. 5c.
2306. Speak Up! Does conversation leave you tongue-tied? Try these suggestions. 5c.

YOUR FUN

1515. Fun Outdoors. Make your next party an outside affair—it will be different and it will be fun! 5c.
2254. It's a Date for a Party. A party idea for every holiday on the calendar. Twelve complete plans for gay affairs. 5c.
1504. Let's Eat. The food you serve helps make your party a hit—try some of these new ideas. Your gang will love them! 5c.
1376. Parties to Give. Give a party that's different—give a party that will make you No. 1 hostess in the crowd. 10c.
2210. Let's Have a Party. And let's make it a party that is really fun! Here are loads of helpful ideas. 5c.
1691. Halloween Antics. It isn't too soon to begin plans for the biggest fun night of the year. You'll want these ideas. 5c.
2307. Dance Doin's. Planning dances is fun when you have all the suggestions right at your finger tips. 5c.
1303. Let's Dance. More ideas for dancing parties that will make history! Also suggestions for mixers. 5c.
2271. Banquets to Give. Includes plans for a football banquet, junior-senior banquets—even an initiation banquet. 10c.
1377. Games to Play. When the party lags, it's time for lively games. Keep this book on hand for your next get-together. 10c.

THE PLAY'S THE THING

2308. Sixteen. Only six gals and four fellows are needed for this one-act play. All about a Sub-Deb and her first big moment—at the skating rink! 10c.
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1952. Sub-Deb Scoop. A paper edited especially for Sub-Debs. Read about other clubs, gather ideas for your own group. Order a copy each month. 5c.

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Lists are sent free on request. They give title, number and price of all our booklets and patterns.

2008. List of Departmental Booklets. For your home, garden, beauty, entertaining and child care.
1695. Sub-Deb Booklet Library.
1660. List of Journal Hat and Bag Patterns.
2333. Children's Patterns List.
2076. Things-to-Wear Patterns. Aprons, blouses, accessories.
1571. Reference List of Knitted and Crocheted Patterns.
1752. Handicraft Pattern List. Things for you to make for your home, your children, gifts or yourself.

We will gladly send any of these booklets and patterns if you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of stamps, cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes or Savings Stamps. Readers in all foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchased at their post office. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Penna.



Modess .... *because*

MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

Ways to make marriage last are not learned from love alone

BY CLIFFORD R. ADAMS

Ph. D., The Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

TRAINING FOR MARRIAGE

NEARLY all jobs require training. Special instruction or practical experience—and sometimes both—is essential for achievement in almost all fields. Yet for the one occupation which sooner or later becomes the career of almost all women—that of housewife—there are no formal standards of proficiency whatever. To be legally eligible for marriage, a girl need only have attained the prescribed minimum age; her qualifications for the job of homemaker are not investigated.

The situation is the more paradoxical because real competence as a housewife demands a combination of skills and aptitudes far more varied than most paid jobs. To be a qualified homemaker a bride should at the very least have some knowledge of cleaning, cooking, housekeeping, child care, nursing—to say nothing of a mature understanding of the complex relationship of marriage itself.

Nor are men much better prepared for their jobs as husbands. Though they are generally trained to discharge their first obligation—that of earning a living—other requirements are left to the individual, and to chance.

The ideal spot for training for marriage is the home. Here we have the facilities, the personnel and the example. However, under modern circumstances, children do not automatically acquire in their homes the knowledge and attitudes they need to prepare them for a satisfying marriage and family life; a deliberate effort is required of the parents. The effort is well worth while; if wives and husbands (for it's a man's job, too) made the most of their opportunity to prepare their children for marriage, our climbing divorce rate would begin to drop.

Fifty years ago, you could take it for granted that a boy or girl of marriageable age was prepared for marriage. The typical circumstances of family life were such that, in the mere process of growing up, children naturally acquired the skills and attitudes they would need in their own homes later on. Most people lived on farms or in small villages, where family life was the basis of everything. Each undertaking, whether painting the barn, planting the garden or ordering a new piece of furniture from the mail-order catalogue, was a family enterprise shared and promoted by all.

Under such circumstances, every child perforce served an apprenticeship in preparation for marriage. A daughter learned to cook, to sew, to take care of a home. A son was familiar with hammer, saw and machinery, as well as with gardening, working in the fields and caring for animals. The older children learned about the care of babies by looking after their younger brothers and sisters.

Such training in practical skills is invaluable. For the lack of it, many a modern bride is reduced to tears when the dinner fails; many a young mother is physically and nervously exhausted by the sudden responsibility of caring for her new baby; and many a husband spends money which he can't spare on household repairs, because he lacks the skill to do these little chores himself.

Yet practical knowledge is not the only benefit to be gained from this kind of family background. The child who grows up in an atmosphere of mutual affection and respect, of problems and pleasures shared, is not likely to yearn for divorce as an escape from minor domestic irritations.

Under today's circumstances, what can you do to build toward stronger family life for yourself, and toward happy marriages for your children?

- Recognize the fact that one of the strongest influences affecting your child's chances of happiness in marriage is the example you set *now*. If the atmosphere in your home is one of affection—affection between husband and wife and between parent and child—that is the atmosphere your child will accept as natural and will try to attain in his own home.

- As your child develops, increase his responsibilities. Assign him regular duties, and see that they are performed. Such discipline helps him acquire in youth the habit of co-operation for the family's welfare.

- Sons and daughters alike should be taught specific household skills, and husband and wife should share the teaching. While Johnny helps his father put on the screens, or mow the lawn, Jane can bake a cake, or can set the table for company. Both the skills acquired and the feeling of family solidarity will help the children achieve harmony in their own homes later on.

- Give them a part in family planning. If you are choosing a vacation spot, listen to their opinions. If you can't afford both the game room they want and the new car your husband's business requires, tell them so, and explain the reasons for your decision. Don't try to shield them from financial worries; give them their share—however small—of responsibility for the family's welfare.

Perhaps you alone cannot stabilize American family life, but you can stabilize one family—your own. By doing so, you will increase your children's chances of happiness later on.

MALADJUSTED COUPLES

THE word "maladjustment" is applied to a variety of conditions ranging from ordinary worry to shell shock. Like "complex," "neurotic" and other psychological terms, it is overworked and misunderstood.

Adjustments, in the psychological sense, can be thought of as habits, or ways of behaving, which people develop to satisfy their wants and serve their motives. Adjustments become bad—or maladjustments—only when in some way they fail to satisfy individual or social requirements.

In marriage, the maladjustment of one or both partners frequently leads to unhappiness, separation or divorce. A wife (or husband) may seek to conceal a deep sense of inferiority by being overaggressive—bossy, argumentative and domineering. Though such behavior may lead to a reputation for conceit, it is actually a defensive adjustment.

Almost everybody avoids uncomfortable situations, but some individuals carry the practice to such an extent that it becomes retreat, and normal life is impossible. Because it is surrender, this type of maladjustment is much more serious than defensive behavior.

Many "nervous" wives, physically sound, develop the habit of relying on delicate health to get the sympathy and attention they crave.

The true hysteric becomes genuinely ill whenever she (or he) is faced by anything unpleasant, because illness provides a socially acceptable way of escaping the difficulty. The hysteric is not shamming; but, because there is nothing physically wrong, such behavior is likely to lead to family quarrels and misunderstanding.

In each case, the maladjustment is a device used to escape or relieve some unpleasant situation. All of us use many of these types of adjustment to some extent. Even the hysteric's behavior seems less queer when we think of the sudden headaches that sometimes overtake us when confronted by a sudden problem.

If you suspect that you are maladjusted, talk things over with your husband. Confessing your worries will at least bring relief; it may even reveal the source of the trouble. And once the problem is understood, a solution can often be found.

Perhaps your husband shows signs of maladjustment. If you can avoid blaming him, you have taken the first step toward helping him. Now try to determine what is lacking in his life. It may be he doesn't feel appreciated, and needs more praise and affection from you. If he isn't happy in his work, perhaps he should get another position. If he feels insecure, home ownership may be worth considering. Interesting him in a hobby, getting him to join a club, and taking time out for social activities may not cure him—but they will make him easier to live with.

ARE YOU A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER?

The well-adjusted wife, or one who has had good training from her mother, usually becomes a good homemaker because she masters her housework. Answer these questions with a thoughtful *yes* or *no* in terms of what is true most of the time.

1. Does arrival of unexpected guests upset you?
2. Are you a "fussy" housekeeper?
3. Does your work pile up and get badly behind?
4. Do you complain to your husband about being overworked?
5. Do you kill yourself one day, loaf the next?
6. Can you prepare meals from stock if shopping is delayed?
7. Do you have several household skills your friends envy?
8. Can you share two evenings a week with your husband?
9. Do you always know how your budget stands?
10. Are all clothes mended before laundering?
11. Do you keep remedies and medical aids in a definite place?
12. Are there two comfortable chairs with good light in your living room?
13. Before shopping, do you carefully list your needs?
14. Is your work conveniently scheduled for saving of steps?
15. Are you neat and clean when your husband returns from work?
16. Does your home have a relaxing "lived in" atmosphere?
17. Are your meals served promptly for the family's convenience?
18. Does your work schedule permit flexibility if weather changes?
19. Can you speed unpleasant tasks by thinking of other things?
20. Does your husband think you are a good housekeeper?

The first 5 questions should be answered "No," the last 15 "Yes." With 17 or more correct answers, you are a homemaker, not just a housekeeper, who has only 13–16 right answers. A score of 12 or less is rarely the case if a woman really loves her home and family.

DO YOU AGREE?

My fiancé and I are not sure we should marry, since we are first cousins. We are both 25 and have dated for six years. Are such marriages illegal?

Yes, in some states, but not where you live. Assuming that neither has hereditary defects, that the parents approve, and that you yourselves will have no feelings of guilt, I see no reason for not marrying; but talk it over with your physician, minister and lawyer.



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Fun Outdoors



STREET DANCE . . . Here's a perfect party to plan for fun, for funds or both—and it's a natural for big-group planning for a Sub-Deb club, youth group or class at school. If you've never had a street dance (it's an outdoor, under-the-stars event—a cross between a sweater hop and a small carnival), you've missed some novel excitement. Make it an ordinary swing-and-sway affair, or plan a gala Square Dance Special, with the fellows coming in Levis and bright shirts and the gals in their best full skirts and cotton blouses, like dressed-up country cousins.

The first step in making plans is to find a good location, so select a dead-end or little-used street in your neighborhood and get permission from the city street commissioner in your town to hold a dance there. (Or how about a cement tennis court or a large private driveway as a dance floor?) If it's a "straight" dance, get a teen-aged band to provide music, or else rent a record player and loud-speaker system for an evening. If it's a square dance, check your town's resources to find a square-dance master of ceremonies who can be hired, complete with band or records, loud-speaker and a "swing your partner" lingo, to set the pace for the evening.

Decorations can be kept simple with crepe paper and leafy branches twisted round the lampposts, lanterns hung everywhere, and balloons and garden flowers dressing up the refreshment booths What's for sale at the refreshment stands? Why, pink lemonade, of course, and big wax-paper cones of carameled corn (you can make it yourself) to keep the guests on the side lines happy. Or, as square-dance fare, sell chilled apple cider, taffy apples on a stick, and big, sticky sugar doughnuts. Charge 50 cents admission per couple and 25 cents for spectators who just want to watch the fun. (Little brothers and sisters admitted free for just one hour before bedtime.) Let everyone in on the secret that it's going to be a big night. The bigger the crowd, the more fun for everyone—and the more shekels your club will take in for the evening!

PAPER CHASE . . . This is a hare-and-hounds kind of outing, over the hills and through the woods with something more substantial than rabbit food at the end of the trail. It's a chance for the track team and their long-legged girl friends to strut their stuff! And since it's more fun to stage this hunt in pairs, get the guys and gals to meet at the hostess' house early some sunny afternoon for some preliminary paper work. Everyone lends a hand (and a pair of scissors) to fill four large gunny sacks with pieces of cut-up newspaper. You'll need plenty of paper, cut about four inches square, to mark trail. Pick some rugged woodsy spot outside town as a starting place (you may have to bike out to save breath for the chase). Next give two speedy "hares"—the two fastest fellows in the crowd—a half-hour head start. These two boys run as a pair through the woods, over logs, round ponds, across rivers—twisting, backtracking and going in circles—anything to confuse the "hounds" without ever completely breaking trail. The hounds come bounding behind at a leisurely pace, following the trail as accurately as possible. The chase comes to an end after a mile or two in some clearing or picnic spot where the two hares are waiting with full picnic baskets, delivered ahead of time. Tell the hounds to save their speed for the last dash, because the first racing couple to reach the clearing is awarded a prize—how about a matching handkerchief-and-tie set, with the gal receiving the handkerchief so she can play twin to her beau boy with a bright neck scarf?

Now it's time for an early sunlight supper for the whole crowd, with cold cookery right out of the basket. Everyone will be ravenous after the chase, so provide at least two big Dagwood sandwiches per person (use a ground ham-and-pickle spread between *three* slices of whole-wheat bread) and don't forget the big, juicy dill pickles and hard-boiled eggs. Add cold baked-bean salad packed individually in paper cups with lids, all set to be eaten with wooden picnic spoons. It's wonderful! Then settle back for a real treat while the "hares" roll out the big watermelon that's been cooling under the shade. Who wouldn't run a mile or more for *this* kind of finale?

BEACH PARTY . . . The wind, sand and stars (plus a little mood music on the accordion) set the background for this one and it's all as glamorous as a Guy Madison movie. Just add two lunch baskets, swim suits for everyone and a ball and bat for a fast game of softball just before the sun goes down.

This is the kind of party on which the *food* makes the *fun*. It's a feed-yourself affair with picnic hampers packed with the kind of food everyone can roast, toast and improvise himself. Get the ex-boy scout in your crowd to put his skill to the fire (better bring along a bag of charcoal to give it a good cooking glow) and pack enough toasting forks or long, sharpened green sticks for all the crowd to cook with. Toasted cheese cubes, made by cutting cheese into one-inch cubes, wrapping in bacon and broiling until bacon is crisp, can serve as warmer-uppers. As the main course, how about a variation on the classic "roast doggie"? Try your crowd out on a specialty called Doggies de Luxe, made from fat frankfurters, slit halfway through lengthwise and stuffed with a small piece of cheese before toasting. Serve, all crisp and crackling, in a hot-dog bun spread with chopped-pickle relish. And now for dessert (is anybody still hungry?) bring out the green sticks again for Date Dreams, a sweet bite made by alternating pitted dates with halved marshmallows on the sticks and toasting ver-r-y slowly over the fire. Sound good? It's *date dreamy!*

Finish off the evening with a round-the-fire musical spelldown, either in couples or with the Perry Como of the crowd acting as "partner" for everyone. Write the names of popular songs—plus a few oldies—on slips of paper, let each team of two draw a slip and sing the first chorus of the number chosen while the whole crowd joins in on the second. No prizes necessary—just divide up the evening's fun equally and everyone will be a winner. And don't let summer go by without at least one sundown-to-moonup soiree to mark in your diary as "super"!

"Star Light, Star Bright . . .

. . . should I let him kiss me good night tonight?" There's no quick-and-easy response to that one—so why not check the Sub-Deb booklet, NIX ON NECKING, No. 2270, for advice? Just send 5c to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Every gal ought to know a few quick answers!



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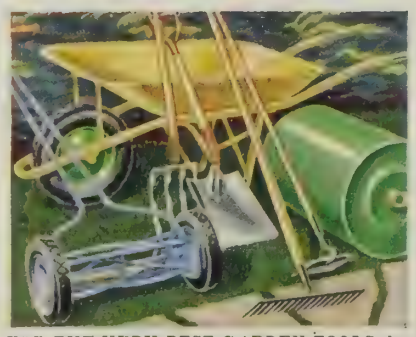
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LOTS of things for your home, like refrigerators, stoves, cabinets and freezers, are made of steel . . . but you don't *see* the steel. You see, instead, the beautiful finish which is put on over it. But it's nice to know that you've got the strength and ruggedness of steel under that finish, for long life and faithful service. And if the article you're buying carries the U·S·S trade-mark, you can be sure the steel under the finish is good steel. For that's what the U·S·S trade-mark means . . . that the manufacturer has made his product of quality steel.



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UNITED STATES STEEL

WHAT YOUTH WANTS MOST

By Elizabeth Tate

WHAT are the dominating aims and aspirations of young boys and girls today? What qualities of mind and spirit do they most admire and seek or themselves?

An extraordinary opportunity to learn he answers to these questions was provided ecently by a nation-wide essay contest, pen to high-school seniors. Nearly two housand papers (1918) were written in an- wer to the following question:

"If you could suddenly acquire superiority in *one characteristic* or *ability*, which one would you choose? Describe this characteristic or ability, and give reasons for your choice."

The answers, statistically tabulated, fall nto the following categories:

I. The largest group expresses the desire to *make friends*, to be popular, to succeed in human relationships.

II. The next group desires *musical ability*, chiefly in piano playing and singing.

The rest of the papers are pretty miscel- neous and cover a wide range, from the ery vague to the highly specific. At one xtreme stands the boy who wishes for "the ility to entertain so well that I'll be a adio comedian with my own program over nation-wide network at 8:30 Sunday eve- ng" or the boy who wishes to improve his aseball so that he can "join the *Brooklin* odgers." At the other extreme are papers xpressing nothing ore specific than the esire "to help the orld" or "to be more ke Jesus."

Between one third nd one half of the apers clearly show a ominant desire for opularity and friend- ips, for understand- g of other people, nd ease in getting ong with them. ney call it by many mes: self-confidence, self-assurance, smoothness," "the ability to be an all- unded-out person," "the ability to know nd understand my fellow-mankind." One nd all are seeking the same end, with a fas- nating variety of approaches. Some crave t or humor; "personality," "dynamic rsonality," even "overwhelming person- ty"; some long for "the ability to speak ell" in private or in public; for a better cabulary; for *advanced skill in mathe- atics* ("so that I could explain some of e mysteries of the universe, and be a tter member of society").

YNIE writes humbly that she would like "gain friends through the ability to e the English language," and adds: "I ve a greatly defective ability to grasp d hold vocabulary of any kind."

Wit, or humor, is the quality Jerry en- es. And he has reasons. He longs to be me what he calls a "comidian," because can't "get up at a party and start crack- g jokes for fifteen or twenty minutes." e admits that he is "good-looking, rich, th plenty of personality," but adds mourn- lly: "But the one, the most important ing is: I'm not *funny*. . . . I'll be honest; other reason I want to become a joker is cause my girl friend likes to laugh, and I n never think up anything funny to say. he only way I can escape this phobia is to t a new girl friend."

They were asked to give the *reasons* for eir choice of "characteristic" or "abil- ." Some of them state their reasons with rity and simplicity.

Tom writes, "There is a feeling of secu- y in having friends that nothing else can give you. Whether I am a success in business or not, I will feel myself a success in life if I have the ability to make and keep friends."

Girls share evenly with boys, the survey showed, the ambition to achieve friends. Some feminine variations on the familiar theme are: the ability to make others happy; the ability to forgive and forget, not to bear grudges; the ability to "be a better friend than I have been in the past, and not to talk about people behind their backs"; the ability to "make others feel at ease with me"; to "be a gracious hostess, like my mother." One girl envies "the wit and *savoir-faire* of my best friend, who can chatter gaily with strangers while I am dumfounded." Another longs to be "the kind of person who always sees the best in people." Even a stage career can be translated into a form of personal popularity plus aid to mankind. Diana aspires to "ascend to the greatest heights in dramatics . . . because I would not only be making my life happy, but also helping other people, *making them forget about themselves*."

IT is interesting that the survey showed comparatively few girls with ambitions to act, and *not one* who specified a desire for a career in the movies. Possibly the high-school senior preparing for college has outgrown the lure of the klieg lights.

But the movies and the radio have fostered one powerful urge, among both girls and boys. That is the desire for musical ability. The reasons for desiring musical ability are three:

1—personal popularity;
2—success among contemporaries;
3—public recognition.

Among the musical aspirants, *more than half* wish to perform neither for their private pleasure, nor for professional reasons, but as a means to social success, "to be the life of the party," or in even more general terms, "to help other people."

The boys who aspire to be musicians are far less numerous than the girls. Some of them take a very practical view of the accomplishment they envy. Writes one:

"If my wish were strong enough to make me a José Iturbi or a Carmen Cavallero, so much the better. How I envy these men! They are earning almost fabulous salaries for doing the work—if work it is—which they most desire."

Another boy describes himself as a saxophonist, "no expert, but I haven't been pestered by the neighbors—yet!" He adds: "One of my main ambitions is to have a name band. Most adults wish to earn money fast. Well, here's your big chance. If you're lucky, you might find yourself playing in a café, or a night club. Now all you have to do is to go to Hollywood, or New York, and get yourself known there."

That's all. The Great American Dream of easy money has a new twist. By a sort of spontaneous generation, the "name band" springs into being, and then one *finds oneself* in a café, or a night club, or Hollywood, or New York.

The touching thing about these musical fantasies is their naïve and wistful reiteration of the old desire for popularity. One girl writes: "Singing is also of great value in friendly get-togethers, and a singer is always a help in making any social affair a success."

From the vantage point of middle age, almost anyone can recall a social affair where a singer was *not* a help. As Conrad writes: "Ah, youth, youth!"

THE END

The greatest doer must also be a great dreamer. Of course, if the dream is not followed by action, then it is a bubble; it has merely served to divert the man from doing something. But great action cannot take place if the man has it not in his brain to think great thoughts, to dream great dreams.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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OXYDOL

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal



IN August, 1898, the four-month-old Spanish-American War ended. The U. S. lost 2803 men; a little over 300 from battle wounds, and over 2400 from disease. Elsewhere in the world, the Czar of Russia proposed a disarmament conference, and Wilhelmina became eighteen and the Queen of Holland.

"Now that warm weather is at hand, and women are tired of the conventional receptions and teas, and it is too hot for continuous dancing, the possibilities of the veranda should not be overlooked," crisply advises the JOURNAL of August, 1898.

Infants' clothes: "*An infant dressed according to the most modern ideas will wear a shirt of fine all-wool, diaper, band of wool flannel, a high-necked and long-sleeved slip, and a second sleeveless garment. Over this, a nainsook slip and a fine wool night-gown,*" *says Emma Hooper.*

Chides Ruth Ashmore: "I confess to be provoked when I think of all the money spent on lotions, creams and powders which have nothing like as good an effect upon the skin as a tepid bath with a good soap taken at least once a week."

"Ice cream may be colored blue, but I cannot imagine that this would be even artistic," remarks cooking expert Mrs. Rorer to an inquiring reader.

Care of the fingernails: "The ridiculously long nail, which looks like a claw, is entirely out of fashion. Take the least little bit of red nail paste and smear the tiniest morsel on each nail. Then sprinkle with a pinch of powder and polish."

Remarks Ruth Ashmore: "At a certain age the average boy has a slight inclination to laugh at religion. This boy stands sadly in need of special personal influence from a devoted sister."

"*I consider coffee, as it is usually made in the American family—strong and from the pure bean—an injurious drink, especially for nervous people,*" *believes Mrs. Rorer.* "*Why not a cup of clear hot water?*"



Journal About Town



The cast of this dinner party has earned some of Mrs. Teague's good cooking for one of her Conversation Pieces.

AS the multitude of readers who follow ***Ruth Mills Teague's*** Conversation Piece in the JOURNAL each month have no doubt discerned (their mouths watering as they make notes for future parties), the pictures are taken on location—the location in most cases being the Teagues' own place in the Hunterdon County hills of New Jersey, fifty miles or so from the Workshop here in New York. And as readers refer in this issue to page 160, where Mrs. T. is holding forth, they will see what happened when the sun finally came out—the sun for which everybody's waiting in the picture above; Mrs. Teague sitting down front on the steps, and around her photographers, models and helpers. What they're waiting for as much as for sunlight is for the time picture-taking is finished and they can pitch into those hamburger specials. There has to be much more food than meets the reader's eye in the magazine, Ruth says, for after the JOURNAL workers have taken the pictures and gone back to the city, neighborhood friends of the Teagues begin dropping in to pass on Ruth's masterworks of the month—a regular ceremony out there in Hunterdon County. Which means that one complete portion gets hidden away, so that when ***Walter Dorwin Teague,*** the celebrated industrial designer of many things which you use, gets home from town, he'll know what his wife's been up to this time for the JOURNAL.

Mary Lea Page *reads the magazines—including the New Yorker. Faced with the problem of providing a birthday cake for* ***Laura Lou Brookman*** *which could be cut into many portions, she remembered Cartoonist* ***Steinberg's*** *drawing of the woman who ran out of space and had to bake another cake to make room for the end of "Happy Birthday." Result: 70 people had their cake and ate it too.*

Friends of ***Mary Bass*** were at the home recently of one of the country's leading industrialists when, on the dot of eight, the butler announced dinner, though several guests had hardly removed their wraps—and the chief guest, ***General Eisenhower,*** had yet to arrive. As the party promptly proceeded to the dining room, the host explained that his home was now staffed entirely with union employees, and that the chef, especially, was very particular about having dinner right on time. In fact, he had put it in his contract.

In 1870 there were nearly 2,000,000 wage-earning women in the U. S., mostly in domestic service. Today 17,000,000 women hold jobs—more than one quarter of the working population. . . . There are more than 2,000,000 twins in this country. . . . According to Chicago police captain ***Timothy Lyne,*** his sixty policewomen are more efficient than his men cops—"They're so darn stubborn it's only natural they should keep on digging at even the smallest clue!" . . . Portland, Oregon, got its name by the toss of a coin—heads, it would be Portland; tails, Boston. . . . A mouse's heart beats 600 times a minute, and he dies in two or three years. An elephant's heart has 28 beats to the minute, and he lives seventy or a hundred years. Great athletes have slow hearts, 45 to 50 beats a minute. . . . If all the magazines published by ***The Curtis Publishing Company*** in the last twelve months were piled up, they would form 3400 stacks, each as high as the Empire State Building.

When a ***Mrs. Ferris*** came in with a couple of her new collapsible hats to show to ***Dawn Crowell Norman*** and ***Nora O'Leary,*** she told them how she'd got the idea from country girls in Switzerland, who'd be strolling along under these great wide-brimmed hats, when all of a sudden the hats would disappear. In her version, what holds the outer brim in shape is a circle of

J. DI PIETRO



Sleight-of-hand bonnet.

the kind of springy, nonrusting piano wire they use for deep-sea sounding: you twist it into a figure 8, fold the two halves together, and stick the whole hat in your pocket. At midday, you wear the hat on top of your head; when the sun's at your back you wear it halo-fashion, like Nora. The hat comes in two sizes—mother and daughter.



Steinberg-inspired birthday cake for Laura Lou Brookman.

In the course of getting together material for an article on shy celebrities, ***Louise Benjamin*** found herself waiting backstage at the hit play Harvey to interview, between the acts, that shyest of all actors—***James Stewart.*** Too late to do anything about it, as the curtain came down, Mrs. B. suddenly noticed that her slip was showing all around, and here was Jimmy coming up to greet her. Ordinarily calm, cool and collected, for once she was flustered; while Jimmy, sensing the situation, was the soul of self-possession and poise. Shyly, he had Mrs. B. feeling at ease in no time at all.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.


She was like a pool—icy deep and
dangerous. He had everything—
to some of which he had no right

It is nothing to me—

BECAUSE SHE WAS OLD AND WISE, ADELINE KNEW WHAT A YOUNG WOMAN WANTS FROM LOVE—AND WHAT SHE WILL DO TO GET IT. ★ THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL

BY NELIA GARDNER WHITE

"I AM dead," the old woman said. "I cling to the world like that moss on the oak out there, but I am dead, Charles. Please do not flatter me. I have good bones and they have served me well. My shoulders have no hunch and my knuckles have no knots. But there is no blood in my veins—there is no feeling in me. When one no longer cares for anything or anybody, one is dead."

"I don't believe you, Aunt Adeline," Charles said. "You are the only one in the whole family that I could come to. I don't ask favors of dead people."

"You will please ask no favors of me. I can recall when I was fond of you, Charles, but it is a memory and has nothing to do with you, sitting there on the middle of your back in those disreputable clothes. Ten years ago I would have sent you packing till you made yourself more respectable. Now you have nothing to do with me. I am too old. I do not care."

He did not move from his slouching position in the big chair. He said with a touch of sharpness, "If garrulity is a sign, as they say, then perhaps you are old."

But she did not rise to that. She sat erect and ancient in her clothes that still had style and an air of grandeur, and there was no change in her remote politeness. "Yes," she said only.

"I've come two hundred miles to see you. No one told me you were dead."

"No one's noticed."

He laughed. He had a pleasant face, long and hard of flesh, with a small fair mustache. He had light-blue eyes that looked tired. "But you noticed. You notice everything, Aunt Adeline. And if it doesn't mean anything to you, it means everything to me. I'd rather have you notice, not caring, than all the rest put together, caring but not seeing."

"You were always one to cajole, Charles."

"You don't even want to hear? It would serve you right if I walked out and said to myself, 'The old dodo's dead!'"

A ghost of a smile touched the old woman's thin rouged lips. "That's what you call me—'the old dodo'?" she asked.

"No. I'm trying to make you ashamed of yourself. I call you 'darling, wicked Aunt Adeline.'"

"How old are you, Charles?"

"Thirty-four. As you know. The day and the hour, too, I expect."

"Old enough, I should think, not to depend on others to solve your problems."

He seemed to sink farther into the deep chair while the tiredness of his eyes spread over his whole face. "There's no answer to that one, Aunt Adeline. I am old enough," he said at last. "But this has never happened to me before. Perhaps fate won't leave the decision up to me anyway. It's quite possible."

"You didn't pick up malaria during the war, Charles? Your eyes have that look. I remember your Great-uncle Ellison who was in the war with the Filipinos. His eyes had the same look."

"No, I didn't pick up malaria. I was in England and Germany most of the time, you know. No, I'm not ill, Aunt Adeline. Not that way. I'm jittery, a little, but I think I'm quite sane. I don't yearn toward a psychiatrist or anything like that. I only yearn toward your worldly wisdom."

"I see. Well, you might as well tell it. I can see you have every intention of doing so, no matter how much I protest my indifference."

He was still for a long time. His hands on the chair arms looked very limp and weary. "Would you come down to the farm for a week or two, Aunt Adeline?" he asked finally.

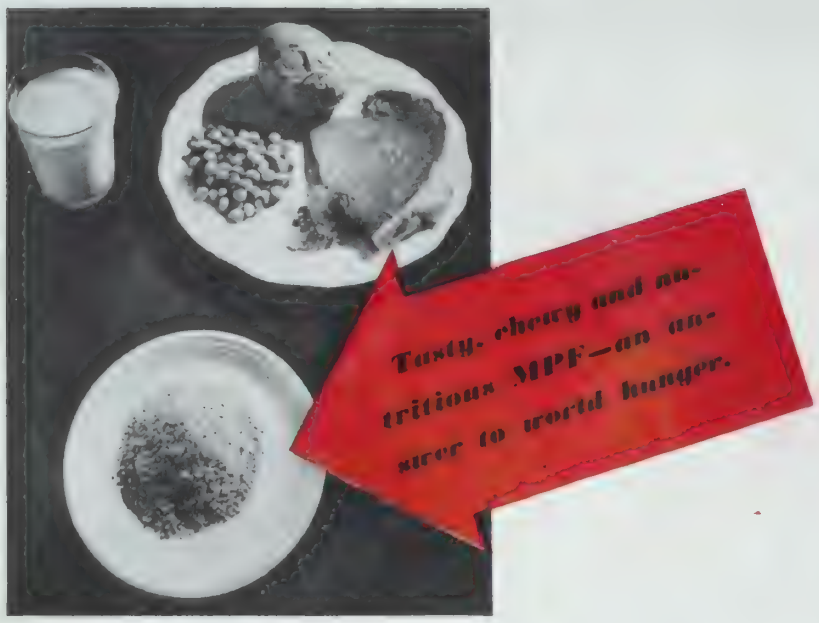
"The farm? Certainly not! I stick to my own home, as a person my age should. Besides, I have no passion for Nature—nor for your family either, Charles."

"I know. You have no passion at all, or so you say. But if your memory still remains intact, you do remember what passion is, don't you?"

"Yes, Charles, I remember. . . . But if your too sudden marriage has not turned out satisfactorily, I can do nothing about it."

(Continued on Page 68)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER



Two ounces (5c worth) of MPF equals in nutrition a meal of beef, peas, potatoes, milk.

"I saved $8 on my monthly

BY ELEANOR FAHERTY

THIS is the diary of a housewife of Hopewell, N. J., and her adventures last March with MPF—a soybean food base now primarily used to fight hunger and disease abroad by the Quakers, by LARA, other relief agencies and by the United States Government. Because it can be cooked over a candle flame, because it keeps indefinitely, because of its low cost and satisfying flavor, Paul de Kruif has nicknamed it "the modern manna." It's produced for the nonprofit Meals for Millions Foundation.



Chuckie, two years old, likes the can as well as the food, set a record for no colds on MPF.



Bobby, nine, vowed *he* wasn't going to like MPF, said after trying it, "I ate it, didn't I?"



Mrs. Faherty used MPF largely in hamburgers, fish cakes and soup, called it a "super-stretcher."

DIARY

March 2. An editor of the JOURNAL visited me today and asked me to try a new food called Multi-Purpose Food. It is a protein "base" food or food extender, fortified with vitamins and minerals, is supposed to be pleasant-tasting, inexpensive and can be kept without refrigeration. It is made chiefly of soybeans, onions and spices, and millions of meals of it have been sent abroad to feed the hungry. Bob studied the MPF idea over at night and decided with me that it is well worth trying. He's a meat-and-potato man: needs plenty of energy for his work at the factory. But it *should* help reduce our food bill—it's amazing how much an average family spends on only the most essential foods. We spent an average of $22 a week last month at the grocery store; and after all, we budget on only $40 a week income. And MPF will also give us a good supply of vitamins we may not be getting otherwise. I figured out Bobby and Chuck can do without their A and D vitamins if they have two meals a day of MPF. Shall begin March 5—my day for shopping for a week's supply of groceries.

March 3. Discussed project with mother and friends. I think it will be interesting and feel it may help other people on a low budget or for food-distributing centers. Bobby, who at nine knows simply everything, says he is *not* going to like it.

March 4. Worked out several menus and recipes for MPF.

March 5. Cooked ⅓ cup MPF in 1 cup water to try it; is easily cooked and has an appetizing smell. Had small piece of broiled fillet of mackerel left from lunch, which I used with 1¼ cups MPF, some onion and potato, and made fish cakes. They were delicious. Bobby and Chuckie enjoyed them as well as Bob and I. They fry up very crisp on the outside, soft and tasty on the inside. As a first course, I added 2 tablespoons MPF to noodle soup (package) before cooking. The MPF added body to the soup, gave it a pleasant oniony flavor.

March 6. Made sausage pies—an old favorite—but used only ¼ pound sausage, whereas usually use at least ½ pound. Used 1 cup cooked MPF. Good.

March 7. Tried MPF in tomato soup. This is good and *very* economical, because it's practically a meal in itself. I'm really enjoying cooking with MPF and we are liking the food.

March 8. Alice and Donna here today for lunch. Had 1 pound ground meat, so mixed up a meat loaf, adding 1 cup MPF. Felt a little shaky about serving guests, but told all when Alice had finished her second serving of meat loaf. Said she would be interested in using it, as she has three grown men to cook for besides her two daughters. At suppertime served it cold and Bobby kept asking for more. Bobby has been the real test for MPF—because if he likes it, it has to be good!

March 9. For lunch today I cooked 1 cup MPF and mixed it with ¼ pound sausage, little onion and parsley. Made sausage patties, which I really liked better than plain sausage. The MPF took away the sharp, spicy taste of sausage, but did not spoil the good taste. MPF definitely blends in with any kind of meat and is a wonderful extender. I must try some vegetable dishes with it.

March 10. Had just a little roast pork left over and so ground it, mixed it with 1 cup MPF and used the fish-cake method, substituting meat for the fish. These were very good—

food bill"



PHOTOS BY JERRY COOKE

The Faherty family eat an MPF dinner de luxe. In Europe and Asia, hungry people eat it plain or stew it with greens. MPF's father: Clifford Clinton, of Los Angeles; developer: biochemist Dr. Henry R. Borsook, of California Institute of Technology.

makes so much out of so little. I like the crispness MPF gives.

March 12. For lunch today I used a recipe for Chinese MPF, using a little salmon, cabbage and tomatoes, with onion and green pepper. We weren't too fond of this—neither Bob nor I like Chinese-style food. For dinner I used the remaining salmon in MPF fish cakes, which we like very much. Bob's mother had dinner with us and thought they were very good too. Actually, ¼ cup salmon, combined with MPF, served 5 people!

March 13. I am beginning to think automatically of MPF as a necessary part of each meal—like I must always have potatoes. Now I think of the meat I am having and can I extend it with a cup of MPF. I know I have saved buying meat for at least three meals (a week) and have had good meals by using the MPF and a small portion of meat or fish. Today for lunch I used only ½ pound hamburger, 1 cup MPF, a little onion, parsley, salt and pepper, and had sufficient for four people. Tonight for dinner with just ¼ cup chicken, ground, mixed with 1 cup MPF, onion, parsley, a little flour, salt and pepper, I had grand croquettes which all of us liked—and the chicken alone would have served but one person!

March 14. Made onion soup with MPF. It was good, but the children didn't like it any better than they like any onion soup.

March 15. Today I added 1 cup cooked MPF to ½ pound hamburger, had the patties for lunch and still have enough for our lunch tomorrow. (Usually it's a pound a lunch.) On figuring my weekly food bill, I have saved over $2.00 on what I usually spend. I have used MPF in one meal each day. A food bill could be cut $4.00 a week, I believe, if MPF were used in at least two meals a day.

March 16. Tried a meat-cake recipe with 1 cup MPF added. MPF really improved the flavor of this dish as well as "stretching" it farther. We all enjoyed this dish. Think I'll try using MPF several times a day.

March 17. Reheated roast beef in gravy and served it on hot MPF. Children didn't like this too well. Bob and I prefer it mixed in loaves, meat cakes and browned in fat. Works out swell in any favorite meat-ball recipe to use with tomato sauce and spaghetti, which we had for dinner at night.

March 18. Becky, one of my girl friends, came for tea this afternoon and I served small rolls filled with a good meat filling—I ground a can of luncheon meat, used over half of it for my luncheon loaf and the remainder used with ground sweet pickles and a little cooked MPF and mayonnaise for my rolls. Both Becky and I enjoyed them. One nice thing about MPF is the fact that it can be cooked and stored in the refrigerator until you are ready to mix it with your recipe. It also reheats perfectly.

March 19. Served MPF tomato soup for lunch. This is so good and yet costs only about ten cents for four servings. Used ½ can tuna in my salad—remaining tuna goes in MPF fish cakes for dinner. These I prepared ahead of time—stored in refrigerator until dinnertime. I shall always use MPF with fish—flavors blend perfectly and cakes have more body.

March 20. Made potato pancakes tonight with 1 cup MPF, ½ cup shredded raw potato, and a little onion and flour. These we liked and it was a nice change from plain potato and easily prepared.

March 21. Served a delicious stuffed shoulder of lamb. So good I will write up the recipe in full. Absolutely no taste of MPF in the dressing. My family here—all enthusiastic over it.

March 22. Two slices of pork roll (prepared ham), ground, mixed with ¾ cup MPF, little onion and shaped into patties, served four persons very nicely.

March 23. Served MPF onion soup for lunch. Bob and I like this better than the children do. Men would go more for this, I believe.

March 24. I ground the remainder of the lamb and made MPF lamb patties. Very good, have enough lamb left to use tomorrow—perhaps stuffed peppers?

March 25. Served stuffed peppers for dinner (recipe follows), which were very good and a definite change in our menu. It still amazes me how much I can make out of so little by adding MPF. I've also been thinking that it is three weeks that I've been using MPF and no one in my family has had a cold—this is very good for the month of March. Mrs. Faherty and Tom came for lunch unexpectedly and my hamburger extended very nicely for all of us, thanks to MPF!

March 26. Three weeks and I find I average a good $2.00 saved on my former weekly food bill!

March 27. Had one of our favorite MPF dishes—meat loaf. This would be very good and easily prepared for schools and other organizations cooking in large quantities.

March 28. Served MPF tomato soup, which we all like and which is so economical to make. MPF meat loaf slices perfectly cold. MPF makes it more solid and actually improves the flavor.

March 29. Mixed ¼ pound sausage with 1 cup cooked MPF, shaped into patties, browned lightly, arranged them in baking dish (flat) with tomato wedges and eggs and baked in oven until eggs were set. This is a grand luncheon dish. For dinner, I reheated the remaining meat loaf over boiling water, very good. *(Continued on Page 139)*

If you want any MPF, write direct to Meals for Millions Foundation, 648 South Broadway, Los Angeles 14, California. Trial package, 25 cents; six 20-ounce cans, $4.00. Postage prepaid.



In spite of hims

Party Dress

DO YOU REMEMBER THE "PERFECT DRESS"—AND THE THINGS THAT IT MADE HAPPEN? • BY DICK ASHBAUGH

WHISTLING a Gershwin melody, Steve Carmichael climbed out of his 1941 automobile, carefully circled a bicycle sprawled across the back walk and came in the rear door. He shut his eyes briefly as he crossed the threshold so he wouldn't see the loose screen he had meant to fix a week ago. Once inside the door, he slowly removed his hat, took a careful stance, and snapped it toward the coat rack at the end of the hall. It whirled satisfactorily, picked up a nice tail wind passing the kitchen door, and spun onto the top hook.

"Nice eye for a man my age," he said. "Nice arm too."

He went on through the kitchen, vaguely conscious of the unusual quiet in that department, and pushed open the swinging door leading to the dining room. It didn't push very well. He tried again and managed an entree into a scene of casual confusion. Tissue-paper patterns, sewing baskets, odds and ends of cloth combined in a sort of flowing avalanche that led up to the peak—his daughter, Marybeth, poised on a footstool. At her feet knelt his wife, Pamela, still more than a reasonable facsimile of the mirror-eyed blonde he had married fifteen years before.

Steve circled carefully around the room, ankle-deep in the debris. "Don't tell me," he said. "Let me guess."

They ignored him completely. "But, mother," said Marybeth, "it's positively got to sweep the floor. Let's face it."

"We'll face nothing of the kind," said her mother. "Two inches off the floor it is, and two inches off the floor ——"

"It stays," finished Steve, playing the heavy father.



A surprised cigarette girl disposed of her entire quota of carnations.

"But mother, it says in the pattern you're supposed to float. How can I float if my feet stick out?"

"I'll give you a dollar," said her mother, "for every girl of fourteen who floats. It takes years to learn that trick."

"You looked like a duck at fourteen," said her husband.

"Yes, dear, I looked like a duck at —— Hey! Oh, hello. It's you." Pamela sat back on her heels and released a small bell-shaped sigh. "What brings you home this early, my sweet?"

"Early, my eye," he said. "It's past six." He picked up the profusion of patterns covering the table and peered underneath. "No plates," he said plaintively. "No knives and forks. No salt and pepper. No steaming tureen. Cold stove in kitchen. All is lost." He sank down on a chair and put his head in his arms.

"Mur-*der*," said Pamela softly. "I plumb forgot poppa. Look, angel, clamber off the footstool and get going. We're shirking our duty."

"Oh, daddy, I'm sorry. It's really my fault. I was late getting home from school." Marybeth hurried around the table and cradled her head on his shoulder.

"I'll take no blandishments," he said, "from children of fourteen. I want squab under glass." He raised his head and looked at her intently. "You wearing lipstick, honey?"

"Oh, no, daddy," said Marybeth, backing away and upsetting the telephone stand. "Only at parties."

"Pick up the phone, baby," said Pamela, "and float out into the kitchen. I can use you." *(Continued on Page 108)*

ve whistled softly. It was Pamela all over again.

ILLUSTRATED BY



FRANCE: Soap is still rationed in the Redouin household, but splashing is not. Sylviane and Yves now sit in one washtub, but it won't be for long. In cold weather, the Redouins bathe in the kitchen. Mme. Redouin has a lovely skin, and seldom uses cosmetics.



JAPAN: This is typical traffic jam as the large Okamoto family takes its daily evening bath. No soap is used in the tub; washing and rinsing are done on a wooden platform. A small stove under the tub keeps the water warm. Men and boys bathe first, females follow.



UNITED STATES: Don Pratt indulges himself in one of the minor miracles of the electrical age: a dry shave. One advantage: it doesn't tie up the bathroom. The Pratt home has hot and cold running water, but (like the majority of rural U. S. homes) an outdoor toilet.



EGYPT: The el Gamel boys, Sebai and Hassan, wash before their noonday meal. Hassan pours from a solid copper jug into a washbowl called a *tesht*, which has a small soap dish in the center. The el Gamels take daily baths, sponge-bath style, and a barber stops by every few days to shave father.



PAKISTAN: In the torrid heat
Indian summer, the sons of
hamed Usman like nothing
ter than to plunge into the



THIS IS THE WAY

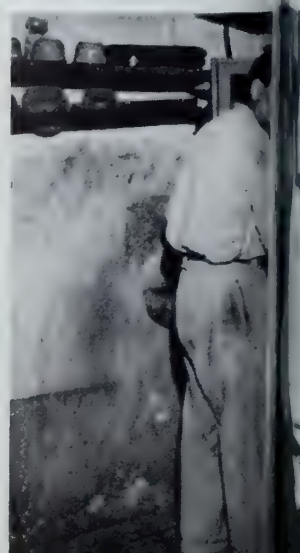
ONE of the world's unwritten laws is that hands must be washed before meals. All the same, it is easy for children to forget, and Mrs. Hiatt, of Hook Norton, England, often has to remind seven-year-old Peter to use a little soap before supper. In the Carpathian foothills of Slovakia, Mrs. Anna Balogh pours a fresh pail of water into the basin behind the house, and daughter Maria helps with the smaller children. In Egypt, as is the Mohammedan custom, the el Gamel boys wash mouth as well as hands before each meal, and also before praying toward Mecca. South near the Equator the law still holds, and Zamba Aluma makes sure that his sons wash up before they plunge into their dinner gourds. Dirt is the common outlaw of civilization, and the sun never sets on the soap dish.

Outdoor plumbing is no joke to the twelve farm families we photographed. None had an indoor toilet; in China there was not even an outhouse. The Guercinis, of Italy, have a fifteen-minute walk to the spring which provides their water. The Hiatts pump a tank of water each day by hand. In France, Mme. Redouin has the blessing of an electric pump, but the children are bathed alfresco—two to the tub. More often than not, and especially in cold winter weather, our farm families wash in the

ENGLAND: The Hiatts have converted a spare bedroom into a bath. Here Mrs. Hiatt bathes Joyce and Peter by candlelight. She can't understand how Peter can get grubby so fast, but Peter doesn't seem mystified. Like many farm wives, Mrs. Hiatt uses make-up only when she goes to town.



ITALY: Armando Guercini ar
son Loreno wash in the kit
when they return from wo
the vineyard. Water is pre

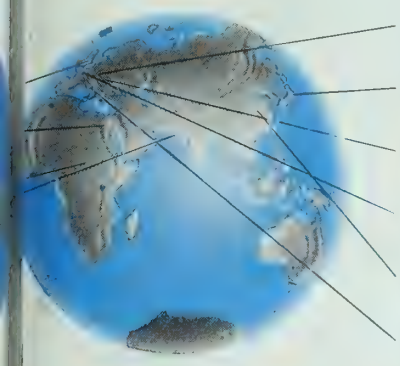




ion canal to cool off. The Us-
ns have simplest of sanitary fa-
ties, but the women use care-
make-up on face and hands.



MEXICO: Little Maria Virginia Gonzalez doesn't seem to enjoy her bath, but mother has come to expect a certain amount of fuss and takes it in stride. Behind are some of the cactus plants which grow like weeds around the Gonzalez home. There is a spring close by, but no plumbing in the house.



- *Germany*
- *Japan*
- *Czechoslovakia*
- *France*
- *China*
- *Italy*

By JOHN GODFREY MORRIS

THE WORLD BATHES

kitchen. There is plenty of hot water as long as you heat it on the stove, and to regulate the shower you pour the water fast or slow.

Next to cleanliness come cosmetics. Mrs. el Gamel, of Egypt, who must not show her face in public, uses henna on the palms of her hands and kohl to shade her eyes. In the United States, it is now the custom of women to use lipstick, and Pauline Pratt is no exception. In Italy and Japan, cosmetics are used according to generations; grandmothers refrain, their daughters use the works.

Hair styles are fickle. Señora Gonzalez sticks to simple braids. Mme. Redouin prefers an upswept bun. Mrs. Hiatt was blessed with wavy hair, and makes only occasional trips to her hairdresser in Banbury. Frau Stieglitz goes about once in three weeks. All the men shave regularly, but Tom Hiatt is the one man in twelve families who shaves every day. A barber visits Hag Zaki el Gamel every few days to shave him at home. However, it is Sozo Okamoto, patriarch of the Japanese family, who enjoys the greatest masculine prerogative. At the end of the day, it is he who bathes first, followed by his sons in order of seniority. Only then may the women bathe, and it is they who are left to wash out the tub.

PHOTOGRAPHS for the Journal by Horace Bristol (Japan and China), Larry Burrows (England), Robert Capa (United States and Czechoslovakia), Marie Hansen (Italy), George Rodger (Egypt, Pakistan and Equatorial Africa), Phil Schultz (Mexico), David Scherman (France and Germany).



GERMANY: When Herr Stieglitz comes in hot and sweaty from the harvest, he strips to the waist and washes in the barnyard. He shaves every other day. Frau Stieglitz has a ruddy complexion, seldom uses cosmetics. Water is supplied by the town of Wollau.



CHINA: In the dirt-floored room that serves as living room, dining room and bath, grandmother Ho bathes young Ho Shun while his brother awaits his turn. The women use no cosmetics, but carefully comb their hair. Ho Fu-yuan shaves whenever he gets a haircut.



EQUATORIAL AFRICA: Zamba Aluma and his two wives are very strict with little boys and girls who forget to wash their hands before eating. Sometimes the boys wash in the river Ini, a 15-minute walk. The girls do one another's hair in plaits close to the scalp.

l must be hauled from a spring
most a mile away. The girls use
stick and rouge, but grand-
ther won't touch cosmetics.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Bare feet but clean hands is the rule when the call to supper sounds in the village of Furolac. Baby Anna Balogh takes a dim view of the proceedings, but would rather wash than go hungry. Water has to be carried in buckets from the near-by well, which is operated by windlass.




Isn't Emily marvelous?
A corporation president said so—and he should know—because he's Emily's boss.
Isn't Emily marvelous?
A doting grandmother said so—although Emily turned down her grandson's proposal of marriage.

Isn't Emily marvelous?

BY NANCY GARBETT WILBUR

JIM THOMPSON and I bumped into each other on the northeast corner of Park Avenue and Forty-ninth Street one rainy evening early in March—the first time we had met since leaving Yale. For some unknown reason he asked me to spend the week end at his home in Connecticut—he was married, I discovered; for some equally unknown reason, I accepted, and that was how I met Emily.

Emily had been at Smith with Pamela Thompson, but they didn't appear to have much more to say to each other than Jim and I had. It didn't matter: by Saturday noon Emily and I were talking to each other pretty steadily; by Saturday evening I was in love with her; by Sunday noon she was in love with me, and on Sunday evening we got engaged on the train somewhere between Stamford and Grand Central.

After leaving the station we went down to the Village, where Emily lived, and sat in a small, friendly restaurant, smiling inanely and finding out what we were really like.

Emily came from Columbus, Ohio, where her father had been a doctor. Both her parents were dead, but she had one older brother who was a lawyer out West, and married, with two children whom Emily had never seen. She liked Bach and Duke Ellington and Shakespeare, disliked Prokofiev, Picasso and Henry James, and her favorite color was green. She liked to dance and to read and to walk in Central Park, but she didn't like any sports at all, except swimming. She had never been engaged before.

When we finally wandered out into the street, I felt as if I had known her all my life. I couldn't imagine how I had ever lived without knowing her. And I was glad that her background was simple and uncomplicated, like mine, although it would have made no difference whether she had been an heiress to millions or an illegal immigrant: I should still have loved her.

"I feel so surprised," she said, smiling at me. "Here was I, the typical career girl, and now ——"

I had completely forgotten that she would have a job. It had simply not entered my mind, probably because I had been painting pictures of her in a home—our home—fluttering around doing a little mild dusting, darning my socks, fixing dinner in readiness for my return from the office.

"What is your job?" I asked her. "Do you realize you haven't told me? No, don't tell me. Let me guess. Actress?"

"No."

"Buyer? Copy writer? Teacher? Secretary?" She shook her head to all four. "So I give up. Tell me."

She said, "I'm personal assistant to the president of Consolidated Plastics."

I whistled. "It sounds impressive. What do you do? His confidential letters and that sort of thing?"

"Not exactly. I just assist him. See people who get past his secretary, but mustn't reach him. I keep in touch with the various branches and departments and give him the complete picture."

"Oh." It *did* sound impressive. Consolidated Plastics. The biggest new thing in years. "Must be interesting. Have you traveled at all?"

(Continued on Page 92)



Isn't Emily marvelous?

And the man who loved her agreed with them all—and wished he didn't have to.

ILLUSTRATED BY

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

★ ***We are coming to you for advice because we are ashamed to go to our pastor or anyone else we know. We found out recently through a note which we discovered in our seventeen-year-old son's pocket, that he and his seventeen-year-old girl friend have had illicit relations with each other for more than two years. When confronted with the evidence they defiantly admitted everything. Our son wants permission to marry this girl as he says that he loves her. Her parents do not know about them. Should we tell them and have them help us decide what should be done? We truthfully told our boy the things which he should know through the years so he did not fall into temptation and yield through ignorance. He is conscience-stricken about the whole affair but the girl seems to be utterly devoid of a conscience.***

I think your son and the girl should go to her parents. It is their story, not yours, that has to be told. Then you and her parents could talk the situation over. It would seem to me that if you are able to do so, you would want your son to finish his education so as to be as well prepared as possible to take care of the girl he marries. Her parents, I should think, would feel that they wanted her to finish her education so that she would be well prepared to be a good wife.

In addition, two or three years may make a very great difference in both of them and the fact that they had to wait to marry until they were able to earn a living would probably mean a happier future for them and give them time to mature and realize that marriage is not just a question of physical attraction but a life companionship into which many other things have to enter if their lives are to be useful and happy together.

★ ***My husband and I do not agree on an important matter. I think we should help our daughter while her ex-serviceman husband is attending college. They have some help from the Government and his folks have been contributing each month. Our incomes are about the same, approximately four thousand dollars a year. Do you think that the boy's folks should stand all of the expense just because the man is supposed to be the breadwinner? The young couple have a small child so my daughter is unable to help her husband make a living.***

I think perhaps your husband is right in feeling that the boy and his parents would prefer not to have you give stated sums of money toward the support of your daughter. They certainly would not object to your giving presents now and then, as you are able, either small sums of money for specific things the young couple need, or some things for the baby. That would not hurt the boy's feelings or make him feel he was less the breadwinner and responsible for his family.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, care THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

★ ***Were you a Republican before your marriage?***

I am afraid before I married I did not know much about political parties. I was very fond of my uncle, President Theodore Roosevelt, and admired him greatly as a person. As far as knowing what the Republicans or Democrats stood for, I fear my knowledge was nil. My bringing up in my grandmother's home was completely lacking in any kind of political education. Women did not have the right to vote at that time, and my interests lay along many other lines.

It was not until we were on our honeymoon and went to visit some Scotch friends where the lady of the house asked me to explain our form of government that I realized I was deficient in the most elementary knowledge of my own country's government. From that time on I began to study and become better educated, though I cannot say I have had the hidebound feeling which some people seem to acquire about belonging traditionally to one party or the other.

★ ***What ten books should one read before considering oneself well educated?***

I am afraid there are no ten books which will educate anyone. Education is not merely a question of reading ten books. You might get from a library a list of ten books that everyone should read, but that would not mean that because you read them you were educated. Education goes on all the days of our lives and is acquired not only in school but in actual living.

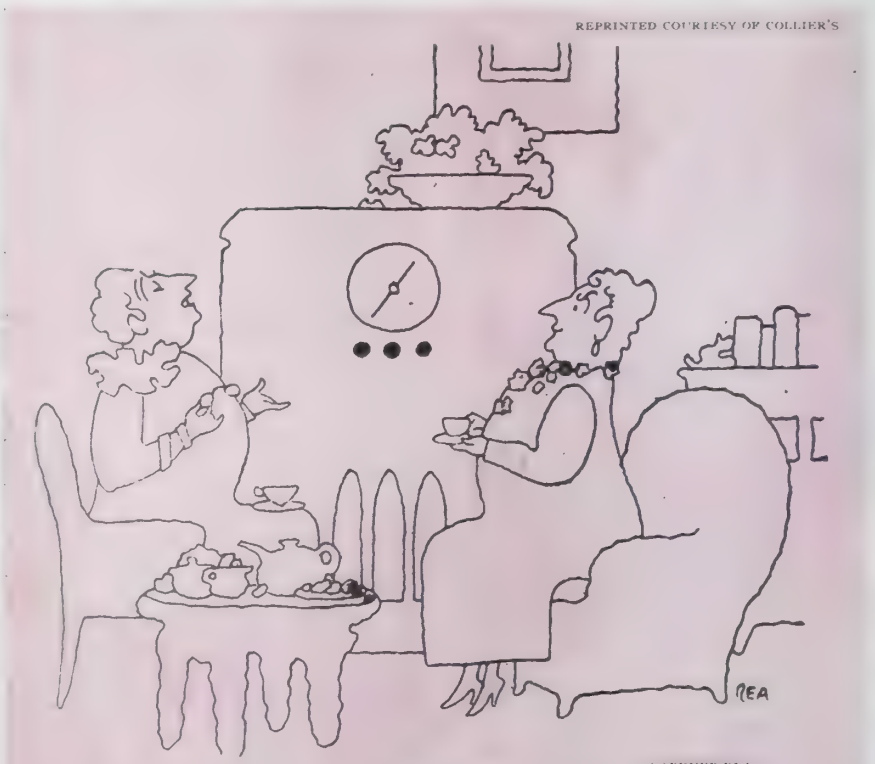
★ ***Do you approve of the return at Government expense of the bodies of servicemen who were buried overseas?***

Naturally if the bodies are going to be brought home they must be brought home by the Government. One does not approve or disapprove of this. Different people feel differently about it. I happen to belong to a family whose members have always wanted to be buried where they died, but I know many people who feel differently and I think it is a question for individuals and their families to decide.

★ ***I had the great fortune to escape from a mad and bloody Germany and it took long to overcome bitterness and an inferiority complex. But I feel double the responsibility to work for peace. Stronger and stronger grows the conviction within me that it must be the mission of the women to unite against war. Do you think it possible to reach the Russian women?***

I doubt that we can find a way to reach the Russian women at the present time. Communications are very difficult between our two countries, information is restricted and friendship is not encouraged.

I wish it were not so, but I feel that any effort to break the barriers down would be looked upon with a good deal of suspicion and be entirely unsuccessful.



GARDNER REA

"But what if America and Russia don't exactly love each other—why can't they just get along together like husband and wife?"

Look the Moneylenders over!

Would you like to buy the use of $100? You can't wear it, you can't eat it, and you always give back more than $100, but still there are ways to get your money's worth. • *By G. M. White and Sidney Margolius*

WHEN forced to apply for a small loan (under $300), people are usually nervous and unable to think straight. For them the important thing is to get their hands on cash—often a pitifully small amount—*now*. In their need, they cannot discriminate; they cannot wait to inquire how much interest they will pay or what kind of service they will get. They are easy victims for illegal, unlicensed or unregulated lenders. The time to judge lenders is before the need to borrow arises.

"I want to lend you money!" See the happy little man on the poster with his hands full of green stuff? "Consolidate your debts with us—save time and worry." Such inducements can be seen in almost every advertising space. Direct-mail advertising is often used by the salary buyers, who aim their offers as "Money for Salaried People," or "Money for Teachers." Teachers are often plagued because on their salaries they, like many white-collar workers, are unable to save money, and they make reliable borrowers. Licensed finance companies and small-loan departments of commercial banks also advertise. Their purpose in advertising is not to encourage people to go into debt. Like the mortician, they say they advertise so people will know where to go when faced with an unanticipated need. And besides, they need the business. Do you need money? The best sources are cautiously eager to lend you some.

Small loans are made by several different types of consumer-credit institutions which take varying amounts for interest and service charges. Among them are the commercial banks, the small-loan companies, industrial banks and loan companies, and credit unions. To borrow from a credit union you must be a member, and the rate is usually 1 per cent a month. In a few large cities there are remedial-loan societies which lend at low rates. And then there are pawnbrokers and the illegal lenders, who exact the highest rates of all.

The most important and most readily available sources from which to borrow money are the small-loan departments of commercial banks and the personal-finance companies, which together account for more than half the consumer installment loans. Only within the past ten years have the majority of banks opened small-loan departments from which qualified borrowers can get loans under $300 *discounted* at 6 per cent.

When a loan is discounted at 6 per cent it means that 6 per cent is deducted from the face amount of the loan at the time the loan is made. On a loan of $100 running for a twelve-month period the commercial bank would deduct $6 at the time the loan is made, leaving the consumer $94. Since the consumer repays the original $100 in 12 equal installments of $8.33, actually he has the use on the average of only $47 throughout the year, so that the charge amounts approximately to 13 per cent. The banks prefer to lend amounts larger than $100, for they cannot make money at this rate for small amounts.

Ten thousand of the country's 15,000 commercial banks are engaged in the small-loan business. The skyscraper Independent National Bank of Detroit lends to some of the country's wealthiest industrialists, but it also has a Stork Plan that lends Detroit families almost $1,000,000 a year in small loans for maternity expenses. In New York the Chase National Bank advertises daily, "Chase Makes Low-Cost Small Loans." The huge Irving Trust Company has a system of receiving applications by mail, as do some personal-finance companies. In many cases a mailed application or a phone call beforehand reduces the transaction to one personal interview. In Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania Company, staid, conservative and almost as old as the nation itself, reports it now makes small loans for sofas, schooling and almost any other personal need, without either collateral or cosigners.

Fraud is not an important cause of failure to repay. Whenever it appears it is because the dead beat has been able to outwit an experienced interviewer, who is usually able to prevent unscrupulous persons from getting loans. For the most part, common business prudence prevents any serious inroad by the dishonest. W. F. Kelly, of the loan division

(Continued on Page 100)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER



Connecticut Salt Box

BY RICHARD PRATT

Architectural Editor of the Journal

Nestling back in from the coast line of Connecticut, and on all the way to Cape Cod, you will find the remnants and relics of these wonderful old houses from the 1600's; and occasionally, like this one here, an example so well preserved that it brings that far-off past right up to the present. You can be sure it is not the fault of the house when you find one in ruins, for only neglect and disaster have ever been able to damage or destroy them. The heavy oak with which they were framed has taken on the enduring strength of steel, and the massive single chimneys which furnish great open fireplaces for every room, upstairs and down, are built like the pyramids. Simple to the point of severity, these houses come by their beauty through honest construction.

The typical rear roof line of the 1690 Ogden house at Fairfield, like an old-fashioned salt container, gives these houses their name. The present living room was once the lean-to kitchen, its huge fireplace—center of domestic life—filled with cooking implements. Note the hand-hewn beams after 2½ centuries.

The bed in the principal bedroom is covered with a spread of linsey-woolsey—a homespun, colored with butternut dye. Early primitives decorate the walls, and a Chippendale child's chair stands by the fire. During the Revolution, when the British landed at Fairfield and burned most of the town, the Ogden house escaped destruction probably because it was off the line of march to Danbury—the invaders' next objective.



The smaller bedroom, with its little canopy and bed chest, is also completely decorated with homespun fabrics. . . . The Ogden house is now in the fortunate possession of Miss Mary Allis.



The dining room contains many splendid examples of early American furniture, including the gate-leg table and the 1690 banister chairs against the wall. The principal items of furniture in this house date prior to 1750, and all retain their original finish.

What Kind of High School Do You Want?

A high school's effectiveness is measured by the behavior of its pupils as citizens and workers. Book learning is not enough. ★ ***By Francis T. Spaulding***

Commissioner of Education, N. Y. State

IN the early nineteen thirties the high-school boys and girls in Marshfield (a real town, though that was not its name) got badly out of hand. The town had been hard hit by the depression. Young people had almost no spending money and few chances for wholesome fun. Petty thefts and burglaries became common; gangs of boys, and sometimes girls, took to various kinds of malicious mischief; the town's juvenile-delinquency rate became one of the highest in the state. People did not know just where to put the blame, but they charged the high school with a good deal of it.

Then, one day, a group of the older high-school boys, resenting the efforts of the principal to make them obey a rule they did not like, picked the principal up and threw him out his office window. The window was less than three feet above the ground, and the principal was not seriously damaged, but the board of education promptly obtained a new man for his job. The board informed the new principal that the first duty of the school, as they saw it, was to teach its pupils to be honest, decent, law-abiding citizens of the community. Schoolwork was important, they said, but the way the pupils behaved was even more important, and they would back the principal in anything he proposed to do about it.

What the new principal did, with the support of his teachers, was to give the pupils in the school a share in making new rules for the school. Some school activities he turned over to the pupils completely—athletic contests, for example. In addition, he offered the pupils a chance to raise money by selling candy at school games, giving concerts, putting on plays, collecting and selling wastepaper and old metal; and he allowed the pupils to decide for themselves how the money should be spent. Out of the pupils' concern for their own affairs there grew presently a student council, which made and enforced regulations for the whole school. The council brought about a new spirit in the school, which showed itself outside the school as well. The result, within a few years, was not the lowest delinquency rate in the state, but one which compared favorably, at least, with those of other towns in similar economic circumstances.

The story of Marshfield High School illustrates an important axiom: *A high school can do for its pupils practically any educational job the community really wants it to do, within the reasonable limits of the pupils' own ability to learn.* It can do so provided the community is honestly ready to support the school in doing the job that needs to be done, and is willing to judge the school's success by results, however unconventional the methods which lead to those results.

The truth of this axiom has been demonstrated for years by many public schools and most private schools, in their preparation of boys and girls for college. Private tutoring schools have given an especially striking demonstration of it. Concentrating solely on training boys and girls to pass college-entrance examinations, they have been able almost to guarantee a successful examination record for any boy or girl of at least average intellectual ability. Similarly, high schools which have made it their goal to provide effective vocational training have been able to place practically all their graduates, under

(Continued on Page 166)

ÉDOUARD MANET 1832–1883

The principal pleasure to be gained from Manet comes from the beauty of his brushwork. He mixed on his palette the exact tone he needed and with swift and certain dexterity delineated on the canvas each area of light and shadow. In *The Old Musician* this virtuosity of handling can be seen most clearly in the trenchant strokes that define the folds in the shirt and trousers of the boy with the straw hat, or in the more caressing, feathery touch on the shawl and dress of the girl holding the baby.

Manet's method of direct painting caused him to suppress the transitional tones of modeling which particularly suggest volume. Like Velázquez, who was also a master of brushwork, he chose an illumination which would flatten form as much as possible. Thus the light falls directly on the figures from behind the artist's head, and the shadows are reduced to a minimum. Through this arbitrary elimination of shadow Manet was able to state local color more freely. He attained, especially in such early works as *The Old Musician*, the most subtle harmonies of yellowish white and faded blue, here contrasted with warm browns and blacks and soft grays. This color scheme was as far as possible from the high intensities and broken colors of the Impressionists, which he adopted at the end of his life.

For Manet, in spite of a strong instinct for the traditional, became a leader of the Impressionist revolt. The public attacked his pictures, as they attacked the other Impressionists, but less because of his method of painting than because of a certain *outré* quality in his subject matter. In *The Old Musician*, for instance, what is the meaning of the brooding octogenarian on the extreme right, who is bisected so unconventionally by the frame? Perhaps he was put there simply to balance the composition, for Duret, who knew Manet well, said he painted this troop of beggars merely because it pleased him to preserve a record of them and for no other reason. And yet one senses a significance which just escapes, a hidden meaning which is baffling. In Manet's pictures these recurrent and tantalizing affectations infuriated his contemporaries and were in part the reason he never attained the popular admiration which he so desperately desired.

—JOHN WALKER, *Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art*



HERMON-LEE COURTESY SHEPHERD DALE COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.



TELLTALE HANDS

Years ago Helen had turned mother's life topsy-turvy. Now she was doing it again.

BY VAL TEAL

MY mother's hands are not pretty. Her fingernails are short and all her fingers are different shapes. "That means I'm good at everything," she said once when she was trying to fix her nails. "And those crooked little fingers, that means an artistic temperament."

"Really," Pud said and he looked at his hands. "What does it mean that my fingers are so big where they bend?"

"Mine are too," mother said. "That means we're philosophers. It means we understand people and are satisfied with our lot. It means we're generous and silent and strong. And that long crooked little finger," she said, "that means influence with people and mental power."

"Does it really?" I asked, looking at my fingers.

"Of course it does," mother said. "I wouldn't have this fine character if I didn't have hands like this. But," she said, and she pushed her hands into a bowl of stuff she was soaking them in, "I sometimes think I could do with less character."

"Hear! Hear!" father said. "And do you notice that blue coloring in the creases of mother's hands?"

"Let's see," Pud said.

I went and looked too. Sure enough, they were blue!

"Do you know what that means?" father said. "That means influence with *me*. It means grape jelly next winter."

Mother looked at father and laughed. "That's right," she said. "Grape jelly next winter and gloves, I'm afraid, at tomorrow's dance."



ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

Mother always laughs about her hands, but I think she really minds them not being pretty. Because she keeps trying to make them different, like pushing down the skin around the nails when she has time and soaking them in stuff and trying to make them better.

I don't mean I don't like mother's hands. Hands are for doing things and mother's hands can do about everything and they're cool when your head is hot and warm when your hands are cold. But they're not pretty.

And *I* think that was *really* why she didn't like the lady.

It was one night after dinner and father looked up from the paper and said, "Do you remember Ray Smith?"

"Well, sure I do," mother said. She was darning socks. "Of course I do," she said. "He married Helen Gleason."

"They're being sent down here," father said.

"Helen Gleason!" mother said, and she stopped darning socks and stared at nothing on the other side of the room. "She had more clothes than any other six girls put together," mother said. "I can remember a yellow velvet formal that was out of this world. You know she was one girl who could wear *any* color. We used to think she did something to her hair to make it gleam so."

"Did she?" I said.

"I doubt it," mother said, starting to darn socks again. "It was probably just wonderful care. She used to have it washed every fifth day—in a beauty parlor. That was before I had ever seen the inside of one. I thought they were kind of wicked. I still don't know but what I think it's a gyp," mother said, "having all that beauty and money too. She even had manicures. Her fingernails were long and narrow, and moons in every one. She even had two fur coats!"

"At the same time?" Pud said.

"Sure at the same time. One for dress," mother said, and she bit off a thread with a snap, "and one for school."

"They're being sent down here," father said.

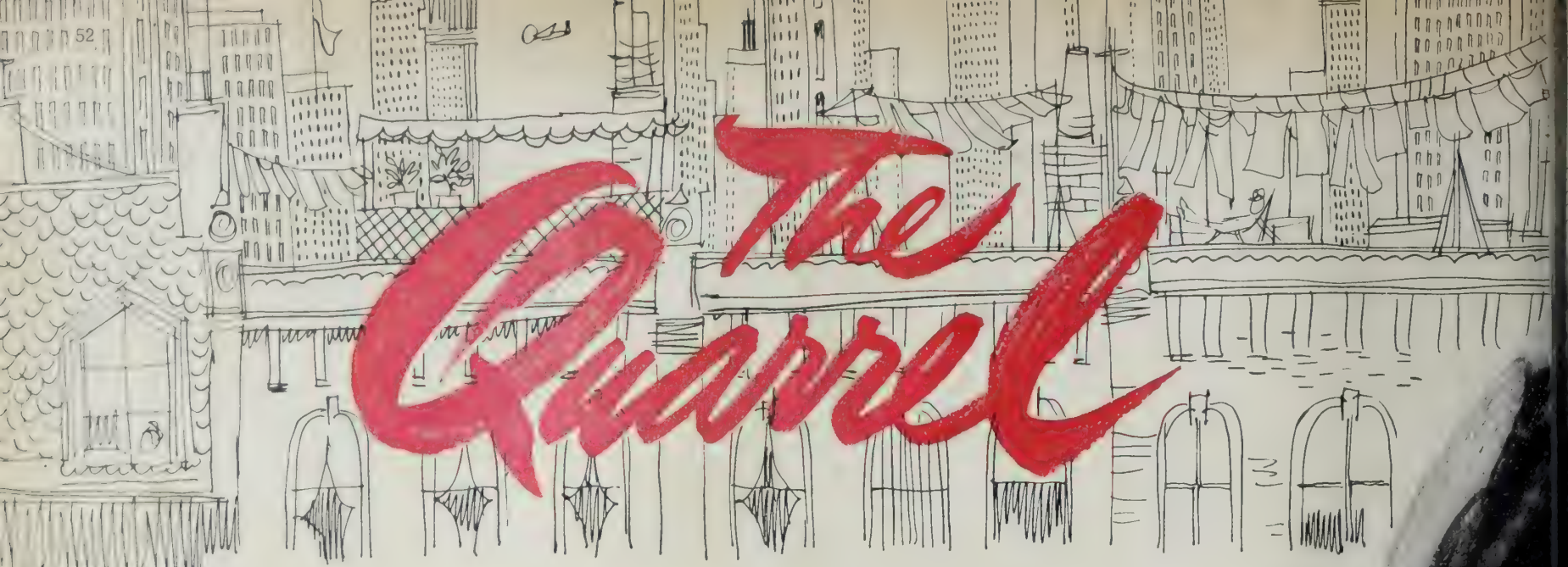
"Paris may have led the rest of the fashion world," mother said, looking through some more socks for holes, "but Helen Gleason led our part of it. My goodness, I can remember one spring when gray shoes were going to be *the* thing. That's what the papers said and that's what Sally True, whose cousin worked on a big fashion magazine, said, and a lot of girls got them. I was one of them. And then comes Helen Gleason with sand-colored shoes."

"That was too bad," I said. "Couldn't she exchange them for the new style?"

"Too bad!" mother said. "I'll say it was too bad. It made everyone's gray shoes passé. We might as well have been wearing high-topped button shoes. You simply were not in style if you didn't follow Helen Gleason. She was a very beautiful girl," mother said, and she stared across the room again.

(Continued on Page 150)

The Quarrel



EVERY morning when she awoke, even after a year, Jane still said to herself, *The war is over.* She had begun saying this when Ken came back, and she would turn and look at his tousled head on the pillow beside hers. She had been married to him long enough—six years, including the war years—to think no longer that he was absolutely irresistible when he slept—not so irresistible, for example, as after he had a shave; and sometimes he did sleep with his mouth open—but she had begun to say, *The war is over,* because now she was no longer alone.

She had found herself unable to be heroic about the war. After all, it wasn't as if Ken had been in any great danger (except for that one month when she had learned that he was on his way overseas, but the fighting had stopped before he had a chance to see any). No, most of the time he had sat at a desk in that blessed Pentagon Building that everyone laughed about—they had a few sergeants, even there. She had sat out the war, or so it seemed, on the front porch of her parents' house in Chillicothe. The Pentagon Building and Chillicothe—they both sounded awfully funny when she wrote about them to their old friends in Chicago. And now she was trying to forget the dull ache, like heartburn, of those years that seemed so wasted and sterile, when time stood still, and even their baby had waited, somewhere, to be born. They had lived only for the time when it would all be over and they could go back to the life and the friends they had made in Chicago.

They had worked hard to make that life after they were married: Ken, new at his job in the public-opinion research office, and she without friends, lonely in spite of herself, making a bright, new, cheerful home in a strange big city; both of them carving out their own world together, a pocket in the larger world in which they were suddenly married, adult, in the midst of life.

But they had never managed to find that life again.

It had all begun happily enough, when Ken first came home. Before he took off his uniform—before he sat down, even, in one of the uncomfortable, overstuffed chairs in her mother's living room—he had sprung the big news. "How would you like to live in New York, babe?" he asked, trying to sound casual, repressing the eagerness in his voice. Jane liked it when he called her "babe." He made it sound rakish, as though they weren't even married, and she would looked at him wickedly and happily, as though she were a girl he had picked up somewhere.

She forgot this now. "New York!" she said. It was a whisper of awe, and she sat down quickly, waiting for all of it, remembering how everyone in Chicago dreamed jealously of going to New York.

"I called the firm after I got my discharge papers to give them the word, and they told me about this new deal. They're opening an office there and it's mine if I want it."

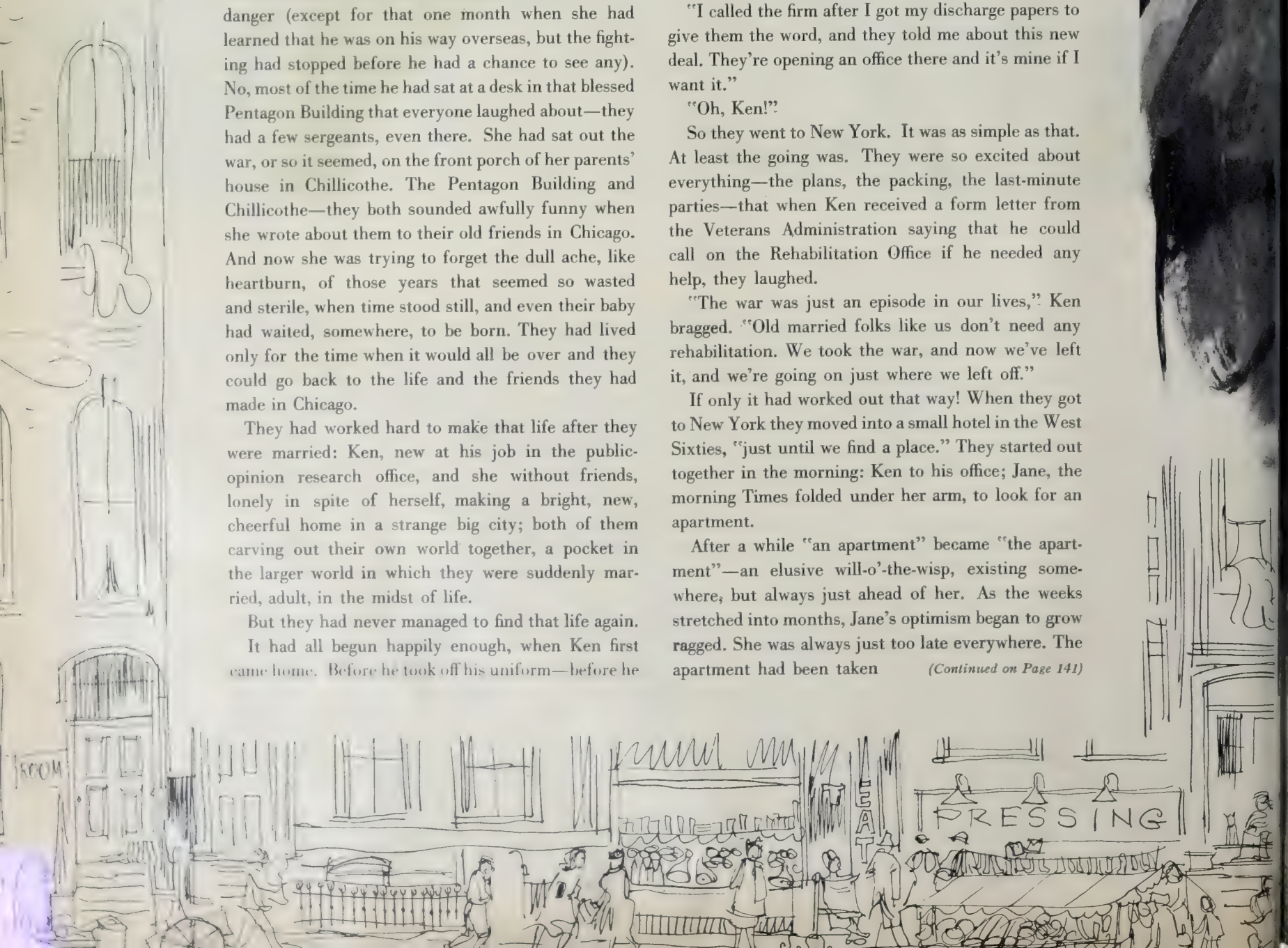
"Oh, Ken!"

So they went to New York. It was as simple as that. At least the going was. They were so excited about everything—the plans, the packing, the last-minute parties—that when Ken received a form letter from the Veterans Administration saying that he could call on the Rehabilitation Office if he needed any help, they laughed.

"The war was just an episode in our lives," Ken bragged. "Old married folks like us don't need any rehabilitation. We took the war, and now we've left it, and we're going on just where we left off."

If only it had worked out that way! When they got to New York they moved into a small hotel in the West Sixties, "just until we find a place." They started out together in the morning: Ken to his office; Jane, the morning Times folded under her arm, to look for an apartment.

After a while "an apartment" became "the apartment"—an elusive will-o'-the-wisp, existing somewhere, but always just ahead of her. As the weeks stretched into months, Jane's optimism began to grow ragged. She was always just too late everywhere. The apartment had been taken *(Continued on Page 141)*





"I hate you!" she cried. "I hate you!" And somewhere within her was shock at her behavior. A day like this can mean one of two things: the end or the beginning. • By Bentz Plagemann

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

you

MUSIC

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TALENT



Career girl's big fashion; the skirt in smoke-gray jersey, with a lighter gray top b
McCardell, jersey cummerbund by Phelps, silver muskrat coat ($350) by Esther I

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILHE

WHO'S THAT GIRL . . .

. . . the girl who always looks so well, who knows what to wear and how to wear it every day in the week? Nine times out of ten, she's the young woman with a job, earning her own good hard cash and learning how to spend it. If she adopts a fashion, that fashion often becomes a big thing. This fall she'll make the jersey skirt her own, wear it with a jersey shirt, wrap it with a cummerbund, change off with a challis or a tie-silk blouse. She raises a strict eyebrow at luxury-priced fur coats, takes a little silver muskrat, wears it with a velvet scarf, day and night. She's the first to wear the small velvet hat or puff-ball beret . . . is glad to discard flats for feminine covered-up shoes with heels. She adores a slim-pin suit, the knee-length coat with a yoke back . . . welcomes the pretty tie-stripe or tie-print dress, the practical fashion of black with brown, the jersey dress that saves pressing bills, the longer more important-looking glove, the somewhat smaller bag that doesn't weigh a ton. Her clothes have to make sense. They always make news. ★ *By Wilhela Cushman*

Fashion Editor of the Journal



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEONBRUNO BODI



The back-of-the-head beret in black knitted wool from Paris, original by Lola Prusac, American copies in hand-crochet, under $10.

Between-season, between-length, yoke-back coat, in gray, brick-red, or hemlock-green, around $55; Sally Victor's beaver-felt visor calot.

WHO'S THAT GIRL? . . .

Worsted suit with velvet collar, pin-slim silhouette, around $65; visor beret; Van S canvas bag, edges bound with leather.

The tie-stripe dress goes to a straight-from-the-office date; fall-into-winter dark shades, around $39.95, by Mary Blaire.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSH





Slim-shouldered, small-collared chinchilla wool coat, by Clare Potter. Sally Victor's velvet-and-felt hat.



The career girl of '48 saw the "new cycle" come last year. This fall she sees that the newest silhouette is wind-swept to the rear, that the full-length coat is slimmer than last year's tent shapes, that pipestem lines are in but the full skirt is far from out—she loves it because it is young, easy and comfortable.

The black crepe dress for special days or after five, with new rising waistline, deeper neckline, soft fullness, by Adele Simpson.

Black knitted wool dress—call it basic, call it divine—with a tier cape in plaid wool, by Claire McCardell; velvet beret.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



Before coat time: her two-piece jersey worn with its waist-length jacket. Beret by Harryson.

The girl of '48 is buying clothes in a year when many prices are high. Some are coming down. She has to learn to judge quality, shop around before she decides. The uncluttered look is the right one—fewer bracelets, no trailing veils, one or two strands of pearls, a medallion pin on a beret or cummerbund.





Ripple-brim hat, shaped to becomingness with corded edge, 2490, and matching bag and change purse, 2491; by John Frederics. Make it in tie-silk, striped wool, plain jersey.



Party sweater to knit in new pink-and-gold yarn to wear with velveteen or jersey skirts, 2492.



Velveteen cap beret with sequins.
Design by Arpad, pattern 2493.

Journal originals.

go to colleg



IT'S THE STOLE AROUND HER SHOULDERS, THE BRIGHT CUMMERBUND FOR HER SKIRTS, THE BIG POUCH OF COLORFUL WOOL, THE LITTLE BERET OF VELVETEEN, THE CABLE-KNIT PULL-OVER, THE TEA-DANCE SWEATER, THE SOCKS WITH MONOGRAMS, THAT MAKE A COLLEGE GIRL'S WARDROBE WHAT IT SHOULD BE THIS YEAR. THE CHEERFUL ANGLE IS THAT GIRLS OR THEIR MOTHERS CAN MAKE THESE BRIGHT ADDITIONS, QUICKLY AND EASILY, BEFORE REGISTRATION DAY. OTHER ACCESSORIES ARE ON PAGE 117. ★ BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Instructions and patterns can be ordered by number from the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Phila. 5, Pa., for 15 cents each

Cable-knit cashmere-and-wool pull-overs, worn in or out, with belts and pins—gray and beige their best colors. One pattern, 2494.



Lady and a leopard stole—make of leopard-stenciled velveteen, line with red wool; by Carolyn Schnurer, 2495.



Velveteen beret, 2496; gloves, 2223, by John Frederics.

Pouch bags, one plain-and-plaid wool, one canvas, by Phelps, 2500.



HERS and HIS: the monogrammed, hand-knit socks. Anklets, 2497; men's straight socks, 2498. White sweater of nylon yarn, 2499.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELM CUSHMAN



EARLY BLACK

. . . *first fall dress*

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD



Enter . . . the small black velvet hat, the use of velvet with taffeta, the rising waistline, Empire style. Continuing . . . slim, sloping shoulders, the swish of a skirt with easy fullness. The dress by Adele Simpson, the hat by Sally Victor.

Forecasting . . . the importance of black wool, touched with scarlet red in the tie and the cuff facing, the fashion of shiny black buttons, pockets, slim sleeves—and again the little velvet hat. A Ben Reig design.



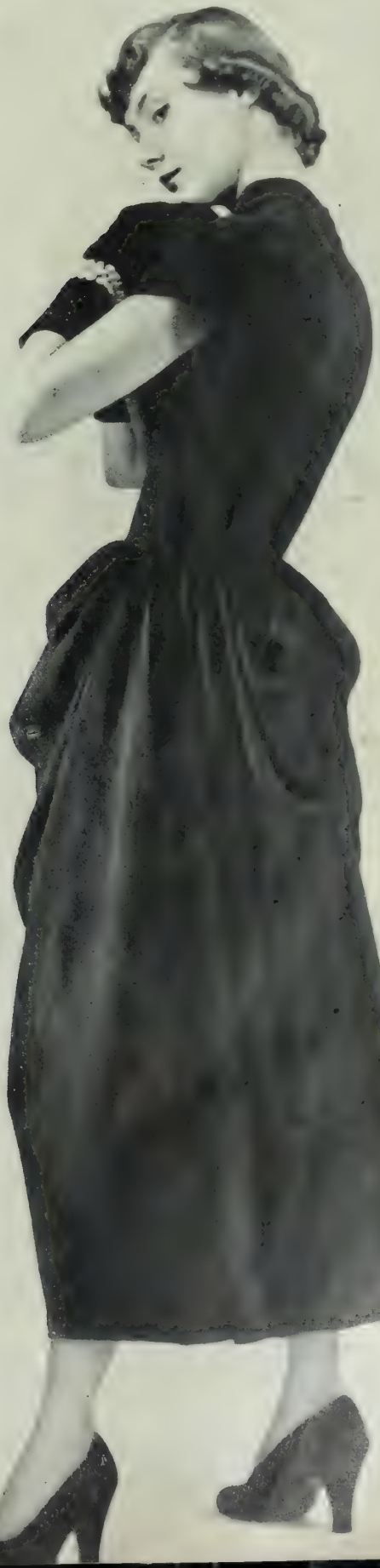


The tissue faille that comes in August stays through the year, pointing up the paper-on-the-wall fit of a molded bodice, the gentle movement of the skirt to the back. Felt-and-velvet hat by Eve Tartar.

The dress that bares the arms for after five. Tissue faille with a swag-draped skirt, the new fashion that changes the summer silhouette, that goes places, now and later. By Ceil Chapman.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI





Wing-back silhouette, the fashion of crepe with faille, dress with a future. Chanla hat.



The two-piece dress in black crepe, that gives you an important separate fan-pleated skirt.



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

odern Victorian portrait. Mother's skirt, "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. l, 24 to 34 waist; jacket No. 6402, 12 to 20. Child's suit No. 2462, 4 to 12.

WHY NOT SEW FOR YOUR CHILDREN?

Join the millions of women all over the country who make their children's clothes, who take particular delight in being able to, who find doing so a major economy. We've divided children's year-round clothing needs into three groups—play, school and dress-up clothes. We've selected the best five patterns we could find in each group, which will adapt equally well to warm- or cool-weather requirements. Durable denims and corduroys that can take frequent tubbings are recommended for play clothes. Calico prints and lightweight flannels look as well coming home from school as they did going. Party clothes in crisp organdy and angelic dotted Swiss if it's warm . . . jewel-colored velveteens and taffetas for winter. Most children's patterns require little fitting, but the secret of a professional look lies in a few simple and inexpensive tricks: have buttonholes machine-made; take coats and boys' clothing to a tailor for a final press; hang the hems on girls' dresses as carefully as you would on your own. Let the youngsters help piek out fabrics; they have favorite colors too. Matching socks and hair ribbons are finishing touches not to be overlooked. Mother-and-daughter combinations are sure to bring compliments to both . . . many of the patterns shown have grown-up versions. ★ BY NORA O'LEARY

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 21 Dundas Square, Toronto, Ontario. **Connecticut residents please add sales tax.*



DRAWINGS BY MARGARET SOMMERFELD

Corduroy or denim overalls with matching jacket. Pattern also has a snow-suit version. Vogue Design No. 2163, 1 to 14.

Bright plaid slacks to wear with sweaters or polo shirts. Shoulder straps optional. Try corduroy. Vogue Design No. 2512, 3 to 14.

"Easy-to-Make" smock to wear over dresses, or as a dress. Perfect for playground or playroom. Vogue Design No. 2457, 3 to 10.

All-round coat to make in corduroy or bright wool. Ideal for school or play; hood optional. Vogue Design No. 2447, 4 to 12.

"Easy-to-Make" gray flannel skirt, Vogue Design No. 2500, 2 to 12, 35c. White broadcloth blouse, Vogue Design No. 2366, 2 to 12.



Boy's suit with cardigan neckline. Seersucker for summer, lightweight tweed or flannel for fall. Vogue Design No. 2310, 4 to 10.

"Alice in Wonderland" white organdy pinafore to wear over party dresses or for school. Vogue Design No. 2454, 2 to 10.

Party dress in long or short version. Puffed sleeve and yoke detail in eyelet batiste or matching fabric. Vogue Design No. 2517, 4 to 10.

Princess line with pretty scalloped detail in front. Puffed sleeves and pockets. Perfect for velveteen. Vogue Design No. 2450, 4 to 12.

Angelic dotted Swiss with pretty tiered skirt and contrasting sash. Make in taffeta for winter. Vogue Design No. 2524, 4 to 10.



Jumper dress with basque bodice worn over tucked white blouse. Pretty in wool with piqué blouse. Vogue Design No. 2519, 8 to 14.

The perfect school dress in gray-and-white polka-dot cotton. Tuck detail on bodice and skirt. Vogue Design No. 2526, 4 to 10.

Bolero suit in lightweight flannel. On small sizes, skirt buttons to blouse, keeping both in place. Vogue Design No. 2326, 4 to 12.

Coat-and-hat set for either boys or girls. (Leggings in pattern not illustrated.) Try in gray flannel. Vogue Design No. 2258, 1 to 6.

Elastic thread shirs the waistline and sleeves of wool jersey; white collar. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 2455, 4 to 10.

Back views and prices of these

MENU 1 *(Planned for 6)* CURRIED-SHRIMP-AND-MELON SALAD WITH COCONUT, CHUTNEY, CHOPPED CASHEW NUTS, POTATO CHIPS, FRESH FRUIT, ICED TEA

NOW IS THE

Beautiful month of August

BY ANN BATCHELDER

LOOKING out from the upper terrace of my house, I can see practically the whole garden. If I walk from one end to the other and around the bend, I can watch quite a lot of visiting and I know that the ctivity of the early summer has slowed down. Joe, the gardener-by-the-day, is muttering to himself because he roses "ain't done so good." And it is he shoring ıp—I *think* they call it shoring; anyway, it's a good vord—the fence that supports the sweet peas. Those are n the lower garden, and only a young tempest can pre-ent one from picking a bushel (what a measure for such ı lovely flower, but I mean it) or more of perfect blossoms any and every day. We call this the Sweet Pea Garden, although other cutting beds are there.

AUGUST ARRIVES. Now August, the full-bosomed, blowzy, bewigged and bejeweled, has arrived with her finery and her paintboxes. Herself she'll make to bloom and bloom for many bloomings, but in the garden she must work without haste. We don't want to overtake September, so let's enjoy the dreamy, leisurely days of August. And while the heat simmers and the bees drone over the flowers, let us look into what can be had by way of terrace, patio, porch and even *dining*-room luncheons. Oh, yes, folks *do* use their dining rooms in August, and sometimes right through the summer. But it's the patio that gets a hand, for *that's* out-of-doors.

SALADS TAKE ALL. There are enough kinds of salads to load to the Plimsoll all the ships that sail the seven seas; and out of those, for your hot-weather luncheons, four are set forth here, with all the things that go with them, all the come-hither that makes you crazy to give a party. Let no one be late, for no one will wait, and you know how *that* is. Once cut into, a dish just sits there, sort of bedraggled, where before it was a royal thing and flawless. So be early, girls, and don't be lagging around the sweet peas. Scissors and a basket await you. *There's* something *(Continued on Page 164)*



MENU III
(Planned for 6)
MIXED SALAD, ROLLS,
PEACH PIE, COFFEE

MENU IV
(Planned for 6)
MADRILENE (HOT OR COLD),
ROQUEFORT-SALAD RING, FRUIT DRESSING,
NUT-BREAD SANDWICHES, ICED COFFEE

MENU II
(Planned for 6)
LOBSTER SALAD, CELERY HEARTS, CRUSTY ROLLS,
LIME SHERBET WITH MINT, ICED COFFEE

PHOTOS BY STUART POWELL





Line a Day

BY ANN BATCHELDER

1

FRUSTRATION

I bought a lovely bird's nest
And hung it in a tree
Right outside my window
Where a robin's nest should be.
The nest is unmolested,
The birds don't speak to me.

It's not a robin's home at all,.
But the home of a chickadee!
Imagine!

2 If I don't get this apple pie from Florence off my chest I shall scream. It's a dream. Served with cream. Well, line a rather deep pie plate with rich pastry. Chill it in the refrigerator.

3 *Second cadenza:* Peel and slice enough tart apples and cook them until transparent in a sirup of 1 cup hot water, 2 cups sugar and a little lemon juice. Be sure the slices don't break. Drain apples and fill the crust with them.

4 *Third and last billing:* Now boil down the sirup, add 1 teaspoon vanilla, or vanilla and almond together. Pour it over the apples (it should be quite thick). Orange marmalade and chopped candied fruit are arranged over the apples, a crisscross crust put on and the pie baked until the crust is done. Serve chilled with plain cream. It's perfect.

5 Here's a hearty sandwich that will keep the sandwich grill busy. Frizzle some *very* thin slices of cooked ham in butter or margarine. Have ready a pared, sliced avocado and a pile of hot thin toast, cut cornerwise. Cover the toast with the ham, then with slices of avocado, now a leaf of lettuce to hold the mayonnaise, another piece of toast; and don't forget lemon juice, salt and pepper.

6 One starter-outer for an August luncheon may well be a grapefruit-and-melon cup. Have the smallest and whitest lettuce cups fitted into sherbet glasses. Scoop balls from a melon—any melon, so long as it's ripe. Mix with small pieces of chilled grapefruit, add lemon juice to taste and powdered sugar to make a glad taste. Fill the cups. . . . Chill . . . chill. . . . Add a sprig of mint for that sophisticated look.

7 Another nice luncheon dish is a tomato aspic, highly spiced and done in a ring mold. To serve, turn it out on a bed of lettuce, fill the center with a diced celery, apple and chopped-nut salad combined with mayonnaise, to which you've added a little whipped cream. Cream cheese on toasted crackers and iced coffee go with it.

8 Clear mushroom bouillon is a pleasant thing to the palate, and this is the way it's made. (You'll need to double up on this for more than four.) Chop fine ½ pound firm white mushrooms, stems and all. Boil them in 3 pints rich chicken broth, for half an hour. The bouillon is then cleared, cooled and strained. The juice of ½ lemon goes in now, and it may be served hot or cold. It's a delicate and delicious broth—and very simple.

9 Fill the centers of canned apricot halves with cream cheese sprinkled with toasted slivered almonds. Place on slices of canned pineapple. Serve on salad greens with your favorite dressing.

10 For a rather elaborate dinner, a ring of wild rice is something to consider—at least. Eating it is even better. Season the cooked rice with salt, pepper and a teaspoon of lemon juice. Add a good piece of butter. Stir with a silver fork. Put in a greased ring mold and set in a shallow pan of hot water. Bake the ring about ten minutes. Unmold, fill the center with fresh sliced mushrooms in a cream sauce. Garnish your platter with sliced marinated tomatoes, water cress, orange slices and crisp bacon. Very elegant, very elegant indeed.

11 Green-apple pie has no equal, but try apple pancakes for a week-end breakfast. Sift together 1½ cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Beat 3 egg yolks until light and fluffy, add 1½ cups light cream and 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Combine liquid and dry ingredients. Add 1 cup coarsely grated tart apple. Bake on griddle.

12 Now we're on the subject of week ends, or skating close to it, cut out some little rounds of bread, and toast and butter on one side. Pound 4 slices smoked salmon until they are soft, adding a little sweet cream and 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Put this through a coarse sieve. Put a seasoned slice of hard-boiled egg on each toast round. Add a little mayonnaise. Then cover everything with the salmon mixture in shapes that the pastry tube carries around. These are super.

13 Looking for a wonderful supper dish? This is it. Pipe a border of duchesse or creamy mashed potatoes around a heated oven-glass platter. Brush the potato with beaten egg and brown in a hot oven. Fill the center with poached eggs, done in wildly boiling water so they look like confections. Then pour over them a rich creamed lobster—having the lobster diced and diced fine. Crusty hot French rolls and a fruit salad complete a perfect meal. Do the eggs on the well-done side.

14 Now for a whirl with fillet of sole. One way is this: Cover the bottom of a medium deep au gratin dish with a seasoned spinach purée. Cover this with fillets of sole, sprinkled with Parmesan cheese. Then a rich béchamel sauce made with cream is poured over the fish, and a layer of the grated cheese added, with small pieces of butter or margarine. Now bake the dish until it bubbles and is brown. Garnish with lemon and water cress.

15 *From an old cookbook:* "On the cook's day out let the mistress of the house take her place. She should find enough odds and ends of meats and fish left to be used up, and bread crusts enough for a wholesome pudding. Hash the fish and meat scraps into a thin brown gravy and serve with mashed potato. This is all cheap, easy and no trouble to prepare." Man of the house take *his* night out too?

16 Cold stuffed peppers are sort of interesting, since it's summer and all. Cut a slice from the stem ends of green peppers. Carefully get out all the seeds and membrane. Fill the shells with tomato jelly that is partly set and put in the refrigerator, to get cold and firm. They can be sliced thin when set and arranged on lettuce with a fine potato salad and served with cold ham.

SUMMER LASSITUDE

If I could be where I would be
This heavy summer day,
When every leaf is drooping
On every burdened tree,

If I could be where I would be
The world could make a truce with me.

If I could be where I would be,
Far from these sunburned flowers,
The world could make a truce with me
For my appointed hour.

I know that I shall never see
The lovely place where I would be.

17 *One more thing:* Now that you can get it, get a terrine of real pâté de foie gras and take it out whole. Be careful not to break it, so give it the North Pole treatment in the refrigerator first. Set the pâté in highly seasoned aspic—chicken, tomato or lemon. To serve it, slice in thin slices. Hot toast, well-buttered, chopped egg and cress *may* go along. But we ought to have a can of truffles.

18 A rich, thick raspberry sauce served on baked grapefruit is something. Well, I didn't believe it either. Had to be shown.

19 Nature gets a laugh a minute, I'll bet. Take Valencia oranges, for instance. When they begin to ripen, they are yellow. Along about now, they turn green again. Why, nobody knows, but with Valencias, green also means ripe and ripe means sweet. Don't let nature fool you.

20 I guess you're as tired as everybody else is of the same old deviled eggs. Chop lobster meat very fine. Mix with mayonnaise, a very little minced pimiento, and the egg yolks. There's your deviled-egg mixture. Season it as hot as you please.

21 Macaroni in a creole tomato sauce will get you an encore if you serve it with fried chicken instead of fried hominy or potatoes. See if I'm right.

22 You know how I am about omelets, and that means dessert ones too. Fill an omelet with finely chopped sautéed almonds, fold, and dust with almond-flavored powdered sugar. A lovely thing.

23 Creamed smoked turkey and little mushrooms make a delicious shortcake. Have your biscuit dough really short. Peas go with this—and olives. Nothing else.

24 For the chafing dish, prepare some slivers of cold baked ham. I *mean* slivers. Heat them in a sauce of red currant jelly and melted butter or margarine, thickened a little with cornstarch. Serve on crustless hot buttered toast. Nice on the porch.

25 Just a hint. Nothing more. Why not curried crab meat? Let it come on with perfectly cooked rice and black olives.

26 Should you come across some ripe figs—and you might sometime—stuff them with cream cheese blended with sour cream and serve with the salad. Toasted salted crackers are best here.

27 And that reminds me—as the minister said, unfolding last week's sermon—that that blend of cream cheese and sour cream with a little powdered sugar may be molded, chilled, served with fresh or frozen raspberries and is a beautiful dessert. Don't hide this. Come right out with it.

28 Sour cream has a thousand—I guess—uses. One is to add chopped chives, sliced cucumbers and a few rings of sweet or Spanish onions. This is absolute tops with fish. And *some* folks like it any time. Be sure it's really cold.

29 Now I have given you enough ways and means to last a spell. But here's one more very special one. Heat up some of those miniature artichoke hearts in hollandaise sauce and serve them with breast of chicken or guinea hen. Sort of go together, like Jiggs and Maggie.

30 And an August cooler. A scoop of ice cream in a tall glass. Fill it up with ginger ale.

31 August is the month to be lazy in. Even the moon looks askance at my activity down below. You can tell by the way it gets behind the clouds. Hope your house is running over with flowers, and wish I could pin a sweet pea for every one of you right on here at the end.

R. C. A.



A Summer Ballad

OF

SOUP 'N' SALAD

Hark to this tale of Summer days,
Of mealtime tips and kitchen ways:
To please your family noon and night
Remember how cold foods delight;
But nourishment and taste-appeal
Increase with One Hot Dish—each meal!

If you'd reduce your kitchen hours,
And spend more time in tending flowers;
If you would save on table dollars,
And stretch your money till it "hollers";
If you'd lift appetites that droop—
Then make your One Hot Dish—GOOD SOUP!



Tempting and satisfying at any time of year, this delightful chicken soup is particularly inviting in the summer. One taste tells you the broth is made with plenty of chicken; there's rice to add its substance, and tender pieces of chicken galore.

CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN SOUP
(WITH RICE)



Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

When your meal is especially light and summery, here's a really hefty soup, to be your main dish. Remember, it's not a broth; no, ma'am! It's a *soup*—with a thick, nourishing meat stock, barley, vegetables, and tender pieces of mutton.

CAMPBELL'S SCOTCH BROTH



At summer lunch or supper, there's always a welcome for "the soup most folks like best." Luscious tomatoes, creamery butter and seasoning are blended according to a matchless recipe. Sometimes add milk instead of water for an extra-delicious cream of tomato.

CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP





BRAND NEW!

this new baby oil protects, and actually benefits your baby's skin

Protects... like a smooth, invisible shield. *New* Mennen Baby Oil with Lanolin helps safeguard your baby from many skin irritations, helps prevent diaper rash, urine irritation, sore buttocks. This pure, crystal-clear oil goes on smoothly, leaving no breaks.

Benefits... helps keep skin soft and sweet as a lullaby! *New* Mennen Oil is blessed with lanolin, the miracle substance that's next of kin to the skin's own oils. Gives baby's skin healthful lubrication, helps prevent uncomfortable dryness, discourages chafing, chapping, and roughness.

New flower fresh fragrance—sweetest that ever breezed through a nursery! Chosen from over 50 other fragrances in tests conducted among thousands of mothers!

Don't put off baby's protection till tomorrow! Start using *New* Mennen Baby Oil with Lanolin—after every bath and diaper change—today!



new Mennen baby oil enriched with lanolin

IT IS NOTHING TO ME

(Continued from Page 35)

"I didn't ask you to. But there is something I must know, without asking."

"Yes?" she said stiffly, without apparent interest.

"I must know whether Phina has fallen in love with Arthur. . . . Now, please don't say I would know if it were true. I wouldn't. Phina has very firm principles of loyalty—and I am prejudiced when it comes to Arthur. I think it is true, but if it is not it must not be spoken of—speaking might make it true, if you know what I mean. At any rate, I would not be forgiven my lack of faith."

"And if it should be true, what do you expect me to do? Poison Arthur?"

"I just want to know," he said stubbornly. "I don't want you to do anything but come."

"No, I won't," the old woman said without equivocation. "Will you have tea, Charles?"

"Please," he said mechanically.

She rang a small bell on the table beside her and Donna, as old as her mistress, presented her withered but stiff-starched self in the doorway.

"Tea, Donna, if you please."

THERE fell a silence in the old room, a room very familiar and dear to the man in the deep chair. The paper had not been changed within his memory. It was ivory white, with stripes of faintly rose flowers of no known genus. The ceiling was high and the windows reached to the floor and had glass curtains of a fine silk net and draperies of heavy corded rose and pale gray silk. The carpet was an Aubusson, as bright as if new, but older in reality than Charles himself. There were an enormous but graceful gray sofa and a grand piano with yellowed keys. In one corner was a tall secretary desk whose upper shelves were filled with snuffboxes, exquisite, useless rarities collected by Uncle Bonner and eyed with envy by Charles and Arthur when they were boys. There had always been flowers in the room and there were flowers now, a wide-mouthed vase of lilies arranged in a stiff and formal manner. The whole room was formal, but it was Aunt Adeline's room, and it fitted her. In spite of its cool stiffness, it seemed alive and pleasant. Over the mantel hung a portrait of Aunt Adeline at eighteen, the year of her marriage to Uncle Bonner. She had had an elegance even then, but her eyes were young and eager and the roses in her lap gave a romantic touch one would have never believed the present Aunt Adeline capable of abetting. Charles coveted the portrait, and once when he'd been ten he'd put a note under the edge of the frame, saying, "Dear Aunt Adeline: When you die will you leave this to me? Your loving nephew, Charles Collinge." She had never mentioned the note and he wondered now whether it might not still be there. No, he supposed not. This house was cleaned, spring and fall, with a thoroughness that would include the dust behind pictures.

Donna came in with the tea on a tray.

"Will you help yourself, Charles?" Aunt Adeline said.

He pulled himself out of the chair. He passed a cup to Aunt Adeline. "To your passionless heart!" he said, not too lightly.

"Don't be childish, Charles, just because you can't have your own way. Do you realize you have asked me to spy on your own wife?"

"Yes, I suppose that is what it sounds like," he admitted.

"It's what it is like. You astonish me, Charles. From Arthur I might have expected it—from you, no. And may I ask why you brought your wife to the farm in the first place?"

"It's my home."

"Arthur's too. He's always been a philanderer. Unless you trusted your wife, you should have had more sense."

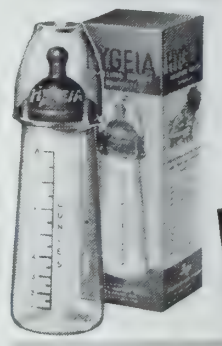
"I do trust her. She has great loyalty. I didn't bring her home; you know that. She's been at home since May. I should have sent her to you."

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f she's unfaithful as easily as all that, t better ship her back to Britain."

didn't say she was unfaithful. But if vants Arthur—and I think she does—I want her to have him."

have no patience with martyrdom, es."

for I. But I am sensible of my limita- Aunt Adeline. I know and you know I have no chance against Arthur. And has never said she loved me."

ever said she loved you? She surely t marry you for your money!"

o. She likes me. She was very lonely."

suppose she's beautiful," Aunt Adeline lryly, as if being beautiful or not was a r of importance only to the young.

ot at all." Charles said. "She's plain. o me—to others."

That a quixotic fool you are, boy! In ay men didn't give up their women so ."

m not giving her up easily. Not at all n help myself. But I don't think I can her with Arthur."

hat does your mother say?"

h, mother!" Charles said impatiently. n't discuss Phina with mother. She s some special virtue attaches to Phina se her father is in the House of Lords. 's a seventh daughter and poor. er thinks it very odd, naturally, that should have chosen me."

our mother is a sometimes silly, some- shrewd woman." Aunt Adeline said. ppose she would have thought it quite le had she chosen Arthur?"

dare say. She's never said."

lon't suppose you've ever read George rt," Aunt Adeline said with some ir- nce.

t recently," Charles said.

obably never. He said this—you commit it to memory:

"'*He that forbears*
To suit and serve his needs,
Deserves his load.'"

rles rose and walked to the long win- eyond the piano. There were chrysan- ms blooming in the small garden—else.

right, Aunt Adeline," he said without g. "You make it very clear. You're right, of course. It's nothing to do with you—and if I can't manage it, I deserve my load. I love her very much. I'm thirty-four, not twenty—but I love her very much. I pulled her out of a bombed nursery in London. She had a dirty little girl held so tight in her arms I could hardly separate them. I loved her at once. . . . I'm not a fool, Aunt Adeline. I didn't expect Arthur would be home before fall. Perhaps it's weak not to demand the impossible of life, but I long ago gave up demanding it. Perhaps it's weak, too, not to hate Arthur, but I don't, you know. I never have. He's not to blame for having been born with charm, and he can no more help exerting it than breathing. He charms me too—and I love him for it. But I cannot share Phina with him. That I can't do. I'm not jealous by temperament, but there are things the heart feels, without words or open acts of betrayal. . . . This morning I saw them start out for a ride and Phina called up to me, 'Coming, lazybones?' and it was suddenly intolerable. I got out the car and came to you. But I don't ask you to come—it is stupid and childish of me."

He paused, staring with misery at the chrysanthemums. He heard the little tinkle of the bell, heard Aunt Adeline say, "Donna, will you get out my fur cape? Put enough in the black bag for a week's stay. My purple dressing gown, please. There's never been a decent heating system at the farm."

"There won't be room in your bag for the padded dressing gown," Donna said. "And this is no time of the year for you to be going to the country, Mrs. Collinge."

"It's no time of the year for you to be giving me advice, either. Use the brown bag, too, if you need to. And be quick about it—we have two hundred miles to drive yet tonight."

Charles came back unsteadily across the Aubusson carpet, picked up his teacup. The old woman saw that his hand was shaking. *It's a pity people can't be inoculated against love*, she thought dryly. *Malaria would be easier to handle.*

"If you will excuse me, Charles," she said aloud. "I have a few orders to give. I will be ready in twenty minutes."

She made her way stiffly out of the room and Charles sat down and waited. He felt

(Continued on Page 71)

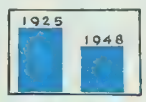
JENNIFER



"You're just fussin' for nuthin'—'cause I happen to know daddy already *thinks you're cute!"*



is a natural and happy event, and today it is safer than ever before. This comes largely from better maternal care,  improved medical techniques, and the success of sulfa drugs and penicillin  in fighting infection.

Babies, too,  have a better chance now. The mortality rate during the first month of life has dropped more than 25% since 1925  —and the rate for the first year of life is down nearly 50%!

The three cardinal principles of maternal care!



1. Go to the doctor or maternity clinic early in pregnancy.

To provide the right care for the mother, medical supervision should begin as early in pregnancy as possible. Continued supervision will help protect both mother and baby during and after delivery. So, follow-up visits to the doctor or clinic should be made at regular intervals.



2. Follow the doctor's or nurse's suggestions faithfully.

By following medical advice on diet, weight, exercise, and rest, and by avoiding mental strains, expectant mothers will help assure good health. Healthy mothers generally have healthy babies and recover more quickly.

3. When possible, take advantage of modern medical facilities.



From 1935 to 1945 the percentage of babies born in hospitals *more* than *doubled*, and maternal and infant deaths declined at a rapid rate. While generally all obstetrical care has improved, the best conditions and equipment are usually found in hospitals.

• Today, many public and private agencies, including your Public Health Nurses, stand ready to help expectant mothers. For further important information about maternal care, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet, 808J, "Information for Expectant Mothers."

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LOOK WHAT HAPPENS when you begin the day with America's favorite bacon (*Swift's Premium*, naturally!) *Everybody's* off to a flying start, from Dad on down to the smallest dynamo. Nutritionists say breakfast is the *neglected* meal . . . so you're using bacon wisely when you bring it on for breakfast. Swift's Premium's savory *sweet smoke taste* sets appetites racing . . . and every bite is rich in *digestible* food energy.





"COME AND GET IT!" There's no dawdling over dressing when Swift's Premium Bacon is on the stove. That fragrance brings the family running! Year in, year out its matchless quality has been so *dependable*, its famous sweet taste so *delectable* . . . that now America actually prefers Swift's Premium Bacon to the next 25 brands *combined!*



SAVE BACON by cooking it this failure-proof way: Place slices of Swift's Premium Bacon in cold frying pan. Don't overcrowd. Cook *slowly*, turning often to cook evenly. Drain on absorbent paper. For crisp bacon, pour off fat as it accumulates and save for future use. Good breakfast companions (equally welcome for lunch or supper)—fluffy scrambled eggs and tomato slices.



Swift's Premium Bacon with the sweet smoke taste

(Continued from Page 69)

amed and at the same time relieved beyond measure. He had been living in a nightmare for several weeks now. Sometimes he said to himself that the war had affected him more than he had known, but he did not think the war actually had anything to do with it. It was something which antedated the war by many years. Only, once having given his love, once knowing that Phina liked him well enough to marry him, he was shocked that he should have so little faith in the endurance of their relationship. Aunt Adeline was no more shocked than he himself. His coming to Aunt Adeline had been instinctive, involuntary, a confession of weakness. He had often quarreled with her, but she was the fount of wisdom from which he had imbibed through all his growing years. Uncle Bonner had been his blood relative, but Charles had only the dimmest memory of him, a thin, pedantic fussy man, to whom wealth had accorded in an oddly unjust manner. It was Aunt Adeline who had always seemed blood kin, and there was truly a kind of kinship between them. He liked and respected the way she lived, her brusque tongue, her erect carriage at seventy-seven, her intolerance of bad manners and stupidity and cheapness. He wanted to look at the world in just her skeptical fashion, wanted to grow into an old man built as tough and yet as resilient as this old woman. He was succeeding better than he knew, but these last weeks he had felt weak, helpless, caught into something at which he could not laugh.

His skepticism had carried him through the war without more than an extra sharpening. It had carried him through his relationships with his brother Arthur, leaving him lonely but with a certain security in his loneliness. It would let him tolerate his mother's worship of antiquity—which was not based on anything like so solid a structure as his aunt's upholding of traditions she respected—and also her preference for Arthur, which often made her cruel toward him, Charles. But now he had come to something that his self-sufficiency, his skepticism could not cope with. He had nearly given up all thought of marriage, of being loved. But he had been in love as completely as any schoolboy—and, he admitted, he was behaving like a schoolboy now—jealous, unreasonable.

WHEN, exactly twenty minutes later, Aunt Adeline came in, she wore a small fur toque and her fur cape. Donna set the cases in the hall, stood awaiting their departure with disapproving eyes. Charles did not make the mistake of showing gratitude or even of commenting on the reversal of decision.

"You mean to tell me the moths haven't got it yet!" he said. The cape was made of alternating stripes of brown and black fur and Charles had always pretended to abhor it. Indeed, on another, he would have, but Aunt Adeline it was right.

"It will last me my time," Aunt Adeline said coldly.

He helped her into the car, put the luggage and took his place behind the wheel.

They had driven out of the city and several miles into the country before she said, "The daughter of a peer, eh?"

"The seventh and last," he said. "Three sons—two lost in the war. A prolific and impoverished peer, my father-in-law."

"I suppose you told him you had expectations from me?"

"No. Have I?" He gave her a grin and went on before she could answer: "As a matter of fact, I think he was glad to get me even with such poor prospects as I possess. Seven daughters are a lot to marry off, and Phina didn't have looks—nor many chances, manpower being what it is in England now."

"You aren't presenting a very pretty picture of your wife, Charles."

"I told you before, Aunt Adeline—she seems very beautiful to me," Charles told her.

"I'm a little puzzled, however, as to what Arthur sees in her. Or is it only that she is one of your possessions?"

"I don't know," Charles said. "Perhaps nothing. Let's not talk about it just now. . . . Did you know that we were going to make money this year? Quite a lot of money?"

"I should hope so. You've sunk enough in the farm. It ought to pay sometime."

"We've never had a first-class man with the horses before. This man Howie is good. He even kept mother in line while we were gone, and that takes some doing."

Aunt Adeline clasped her gloved hands in her lap. She frowned faintly, but she said only, "He must be a remarkable man."

"Why don't you like the farm, Aunt Adeline?" he asked after a time.

"Because I am an urban person, I dare say. I do not hanker after simplicity—it bores me—and I do not care to gaze at hills and meadows like a stupid cow."

"Well, we don't do much gazing, you know. We keep very busy. I wish you liked it better—enough so that you'd come to live with us. . . . Or do I?" he amended. "I'd hate not going to One-ninety-nine Penn Street."

"The problem will never arise," she said.

"I suppose not."

"Charles, would you mind not trying to make conversation? I am aware that your mind is elsewhere. Let us be quiet."

He was abruptly quiet, not in anger, but relief. It was true that he did not want to talk, that he was finding it difficult to get words out. The autumn dusk began to gather and the lights came on in the little crossroads towns.

"Shall we wait for dinner till we get home? It will be late," Charles asked at last.

"No, certainly not," Aunt Adeline answered crisply. "I am accustomed to dinner at seven-thirty."

It was over dinner in a respectable little inn that Aunt Adeline said, "Yes, I remember the day and the hour, Charles. Your mother had been in labor thirty hours and the family was called to her deathbed. You came at six o'clock on the morning of November twenty-ninth in the midst of an unseasonable blizzard, and you were so puny the doctor paid no attention to you. Your

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Garden

BY GEORGE BRADY

Fruit breaks on the summer mouth.
Between the frail leaf and the swaying light
Fair weather holds, and there is laughter in the grass—
Laughter and lovers' arms and eyes as bright
As the water glancing at the anchored sky.

But do not cross too soon
The doorway through the high green wall.
Once entered, it is impossible from there to see
The ships that sail out of the shallow bay
After the harvest, the fruit fall before the frost.

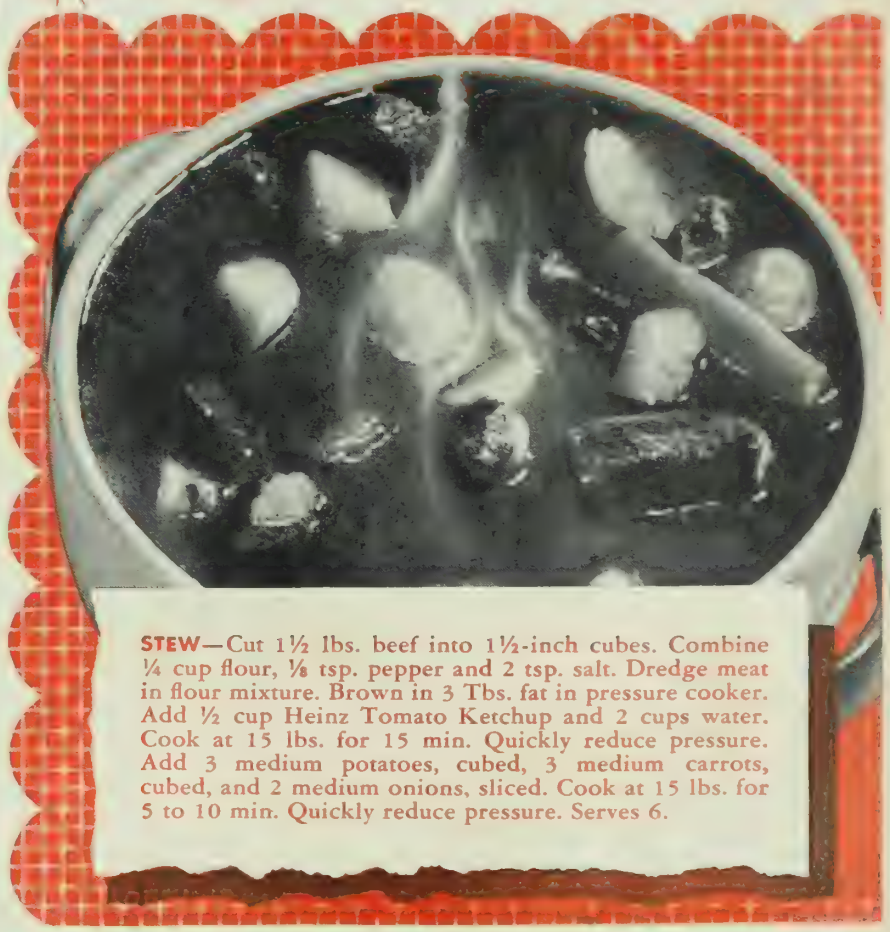
It is not clear immediately why
The birds that seemed content fly suddenly southward,
Darkening for an hour the easy air;
For in this enclosed season of the heart,
Beneath the boughs of summer and desire,
Who heeds or hears the bony wings of famine,
Or sees the eagles gathering, the farms afire?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Cooking under PRESSURE



You can save time by using a Pressure Cooker—yet still have stews that look and taste just like the real old-fashioned slow-simmered kind—follow the recipe and hints on this page!



STEW—Cut 1½ lbs. beef into 1½-inch cubes. Combine ¼ cup flour, ⅛ tsp. pepper and 2 tsp. salt. Dredge meat in flour mixture. Brown in 3 Tbs. fat in pressure cooker. Add ½ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup and 2 cups water. Cook at 15 lbs. for 15 min. Quickly reduce pressure. Add 3 medium potatoes, cubed, 3 medium carrots, cubed, and 2 medium onions, sliced. Cook at 15 lbs. for 5 to 10 min. Quickly reduce pressure. Serves 6.

Hint 1 First coat the pieces of chicken or meat with flour. This simple little trick will thicken the gravy just right.

Hint 2 Save extra work by browning the meat well—right in the pressure cooker.

Hint 3 Go easy on the water! Too much will drown the stew. In fact, two cups is the maximum you should use.

Hint 4 Give with the seasonings—especially Heinz Tomato Ketchup, the perfect condiment for lending a stew that spicy zip that makes it something *super!*



● Pedigreed tomatoes, raised to sturdy plumpness, sparkling vinegar, subtly blended spices—*all* these good things are combined to make Heinz Tomato Ketchup a *masterpiece of flavor!* That's why it does such dashing things for stews, steaks, leftovers and what-have-you. Remember—it's so rich a little goes a long way!

Heinz 57 Ketchup

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teased her, but he did not tease her *for* anything. He liked her for herself, and she knew that that was a rarer gift than often came her way. It was the sudden realization that this was the first time in thirty-four years that he had ever asked her for something for himself which had made her decide that she must make this tiring trip. If the danger had not been real, he would not have been desperate.

The scene of her arrival went through her mind. What had happened? Nothing. What had been said, beyond Arthur's impertinent remarks? Nothing. For all her fussy, warm welcome, Felicia was not pleased to see her. Well, that was to be understood. Something had dimmed in Charles as soon as he was in the house. But Arthur always had that effect on him. What kind of stubbornness was it that kept them together year after year?

A sharp, small picture came to her mind of the two boys coming on Bonner's last birthday to present him with gifts. Arthur, his curls very bright, his smile very winning, making a gay, insincere little speech, quite graceful and eloquent. Charles, standing back, silent, finally saying only "Happy birthday," thrusting his package at Bonner without ceremony. Bonner patting Arthur's curls, making a speech in return. But Charles had not sulked. He had given his present. *I have been conscious of you, dear boy, even when you could not speak,* she thought.

The girl. Charles' wife. Who let Arthur take her by the hand but who didn't kiss Charles. As interesting a girl as she had seen in twenty years—easily twenty. A girl with a face not exactly like thousands of others. A Spanish face. Ridiculous thought! Why Spanish? With that almost colorless hair and those gray eyes? . . . The hotel in Valencia—the Spanish woman coming across the dining room. "What a beauty!" Bonner said. Long white face, black hair straight back, no jewelry. Too long, all of her, body, face, hands. Mouth too wide, too red. Not a beauty at all, but beautiful in her imperfections. Beautiful in pride, in mystery, in arrogance or indifference. . . . She remembered it, she knew with a wry smile in the dark, because she had determined to make Bonner discriminating, and at this, almost the first moment of success, she found herself wishing she had left his taste alone. She wished it many times in the years after, but that was the beginning of her regret.

The English girl had that same quality—aloof pride, an unashamed ease with her long body, a mystery of difference, of covered passion.

I doubt she's such a fool, the old woman said to herself.

But she felt troubled. Under the commonplace moments downstairs, she had felt *something,* a tension, impending drama. W did it show? She did not know, but sh it. As if to put emphasis on this feeling dog out by the stables began again his m choly baying at the moon.

Up in Charles and Phina's room in west wing, Phina was brushing her long braiding it in two plaits. She had on blue silk pajamas, and on her feet plain leather bedroom slippers.

"Miss me?" Charles said.

"Some," she said, smiling into the m at his image over her shoulder.

"What did you do all day?"

"Oh, ordinary things. Rode—tw Helped Annie make pear butter. Wrote a le Walked to the corner to catch the post with it. Played chess with Arthur. Ta with your mother. A longish day."

"Mind my bringing Aunt Adeline do I took a sudden notion."

"It was sudden, wasn't it?" she slowly. "No, why should I mind? somewhat terrifying, but I liked her."

"Except for you, she's my only passi

"Oh?" She gave a small laugh.

"Did you beat Arthur at chess?"

"Rather. He's brilliant, but most sound."

"Oh. He didn't mind? He fancies game a bit."

"No, he was very sporting about it."

She got into bed, but he fussed abou several minutes. At last he turned the l out, came over to the bed.

"You did really miss me?" he said.

"Should I admit it if I did?" she "When you didn't even trouble to good-by? Deserted wife—that's been role all day." She didn't sound irrita only pleasantly mocking.

"You're so beautiful, darling," he gently. "If I'd said good-by, I wouldn't gone."

She laced her fingers in his. "Odd, Collinges," she said. "You must have ferent standards of beauty over here; that I mind—it's very satisfying, only I wanting to say, 'Lawk-a-mercy on me—is none of I!'"

The sound of the dog by the stables c to them then too.

"That's a lonely sound," she said. "I home."

He squeezed her fingers harshly tigh his to ward off the loneliness, but it see to him it stayed there in the room.

It was Felicia Collinge who brought A Adeline's tray in the morning. She dressed in gray flannel slacks and a br jacket bound in gray. She looked q young and pretty, but as if dressed for

(Continued on Page 76)



"Help! Help! Help! Whoever finds this message—pick up the groceries, straighten up the basement and clean up your room!".

So often guests comment on one particular mayonnaise



"Jane said that was KRAFT Mayonnaise on her salad last night. Wasn't it superb?"



PURE LEMON JUICE gives this famous mayonnaise refreshing piquancy. With it, Kraft uses fragrant vinegar and spices smoothly blended with fine salad oil and eggs. Try Kraft *Kitchen-Fresh* Mayonnaise . . . *soon.*

Kraft



RIVIERA SALAD—*On a round chop plate arrange 5 portions of leaf lettuce, and in each place half of a pineapple slice and a slice of peeled orange. Within this circle arrange 5 more small leaves of lettuce, with a peach half filled with red raspberries in each. Place Bing cherries and avocado slices between the portions of fruit. Serve with Kraft Mayonnaise.*

Mayonnaise



that needs no protection!

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(Continued from Page 74)

part of a countrywoman, not the actual thing. Aunt Adeline had, herself, put a few sticks on the fire and lighted it. She sat beside it in her purple dressing gown and fur scuffs. Her blue-white hair was combed up in its usual stiff pompadour.

"Good morning, darling," Felicia said sweetly. "I've brought you enough breakfast for a stable hand! Annie kept putting things on—I couldn't stop her. It's wonderful that you're actually here; however did Charles persuade you? Goodness knows, I've begged you often enough."

Aunt Adeline took the plate of muffins off the tray and handed them to Felicia. "You might as well eat those. I can't," she said, quite ignoring Felicia's chatter.

"Well, I didn't eat much—it's such a madhouse here in the morning," Felicia said, sitting down on the fireside stool and taking a muffin. "How do you like our Phina? Isn't she enchanting?"

"I don't know her yet. I'm not given to snap judgments, Felicia."

"Oh, but she shows what she is so plainly."

"You mean the House of Lords shows in her face?" Aunt Adeline said dryly. "But of late I understand they have been meeting in the House of Commons."

"Oh, don't be so nasty, darling. You know perfectly well what I mean. She really is something special—we all adore her."

"Yes, you would—you would, Felicia. I dare say she is special, or Charles wouldn't have chosen her."

"You know, that's funny—your saying that, Adeline. I suppose he must care for her, but really he doesn't show it much. But he never shows anything much. I sometimes think feeling was just left *out* of Charles. But you'd think sometimes they were just *acquaintances;* if it wasn't for Arthur, I think she might be very homesick. It's all very strange for her here, of course, but we do try to make her feel she's at home. And I must say she fits in very well. Only Charles works from morning to night on the farm—he hardly ever *sees* her."

"I imagine he sees her, Felicia; Charles isn't demonstrative."

"No. Such a pity, I've always thought. It makes life so *dull,* when you don't show your feelings at all. I've always felt life should be gay—one might think Charles weren't my child at all. But Arthur more than makes up for him."

"Charles got off to a bad start," Aunt Adeline said.

"Yes, of course he was sickly—but he's strong enough now. Heaven knows I did everything for him. . . . I've got to run, Adeline. I always have a million things to do in the morning." She got up, picking up another muffin as she rose. When she was almost at the door, she turned as if something had just come to her mind. "Oh, Adeline—I hope you won't say anything to Charles about our little transaction last year. Let's keep it between us, shall we? Charles is so pleased that we've kept things going so well—I don't like to upset him, just back from the Army and everything." Her blue eyes were anxious, though she spoke lightly.

"Oh. You haven't told Charles you borrowed from me?"

"No, I haven't, Adeline. You know how Charles is—thinks he can carry everything himself. I'll get the money for you soon—things really are booming now—but I'd rather he didn't know just yet."

"I see," Aunt Adeline said, putting down her cup. "I see, Felicia. And what have you done with the money?"

"Done with it? Oh, the farm simply *eats* money, Adeline! The fences were all in a terrible state and there was that fire in the barn—oh, there's never any end to need for money on a farm. We simply would have had to give up without it. Thanks a million, Adeline—it's just our little secret, eh?"

"For the time being. I'll use my judgment on for how long."

Felicia had scarcely gone when Arthur stuck his head in.

"Hi, beautiful!" he called out, then came across the room and sat on the arm of a chair.

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"...een of Sheba in her royal purple!" he ...d. "You only need to have somebody ...ing a feathered fan over you."

"Aren't you up very early?" she asked.

"Me? I've been up for hours. Have to get ...le in before the heavy chores of the day ...n."

"With Charles' wife, I presume?"

...e gave a boyish shout of laughter. One ...ld not dream, she thought, that he had ... three years in the war. "Why, you old ...tan!" he said. "Naturally, with Charles' ...."

"Naturally," she repeated grimly.

"*Somebody* has to make her welcome," he ..., chuckling as he spoke. "You know ...rles—a nose-to-the-grindstone boy if there was one. The farm ran all the time ...vere gone and will run, I dare say, after ...e dead."

"I don't suppose it ever occurred to you ...et up and do the chores while Charles ...t riding?"

"No, that just never occurred to me, Aunt ...ie. If Charles doesn't have these im... ...s himself, who am I to stir them up?"

"Who, indeed? . . . Now, if you'll run ...g, Arthur, I'll dress."

"Pushed out, eh?" He got up lazily, lit a ...ette. "You have to hand it to Charles, ...ng 'em, anyway, don't you?" he said, ...ing toward the door. "The trouble with ...les is, he doesn't know what to do with ...after he gets 'em!"

...e did not answer and he went out, ...ping down the stairs in his riding boots. ...venty minutes later Aunt Adeline came ...stairs. She had laid aside the purple ... and put on the black ... that was almost a ...orm with her. Se... ...y tailored, the black ... with a high neck... edged in white, the ... trimming a row of ...l buttons straight ... the front. She looked ...nt and somehow ...d with her sharp ... eyes and high pom... ...r. She wore one very large ring, an ...ld set with diamonds. She did not like ...ng, but she had inherited it from Bon... mother, who had not liked her, but ...ad succumbed enough to her strength ...aracter to will her this expensive but ...nate ring. It represented a victory and ...ore it like a banner, almost forgetting ...now, or whether the victory was over ...er's mother or over herself.

... met Annie in the hall, dustcloth in ...

"...ood morning, Mis' Collinge!" Annie ...heerfully.

"...ood morning. I suppose no one minds ...you don't do the chair rounds, Annie?"

...nie gave a giggle and said, "If I was to ...time for chair rounds more'n once a ... Mis' Collinge, there wouldn't be any ... in this house. A little dust don't do ...e harm—but an empty stomach's ...hing else again! I was hired for a cook, ...ay—not that I mind giving a hand here ...here."

"...mph!" Aunt Adeline said. "Where ... find Mrs. Charles Collinge, Annie?"

"...e's out taking up bulbs—or was."

"...hank you. Is my cape in the closet ...r'"

...nie tossed the dustcloth over her shoul... ... a manner that made Aunt Adeline ... opened the closet door and brought ...e fabulous, ancient cape. "It's cold out, ...Collinge," she warned.

... Aunt Adeline wrapped herself in the ...stepped around Bruno, who lay in the ...center of the hall, and went out the ... It was a bitter day, though the sun ...shining. But winter was in the offing, ...n the horizon were heavy clouds like ...clouds. Aunt Adeline walked around ...ambling house to the sweep of lawn ...n spring was bordered with masses of ...ils, tulips and irises. At the far edge ...Phina, trowel in gloved hands, a peas... ...rchief over her fair hair. She didn't ...round and Aunt Adeline drew near across the browned, leaf-strewn grass, was close to her before Phina turned.

"Couldn't the boys do that?" Aunt Adeline asked.

"I suppose so. I like to do it," Phina said. "You'll ruin your hands."

"Nonsense!" Phina said. "What good are hands if you don't do something with them? . . . Isn't this wind too nipping for you?"

"I can stand it if you can, child."

PHINA laughed, looking up at her with a swift appreciation. "I'm sure you can, at that," she said. "You look tough. But you don't have to and you don't look as if you liked wind. You should sit by the fire and hold court."

"I should prefer it," Aunt Adeline said equably. "But Annie is the only one about and that makes a small court."

Phina gave a low chuckle. "If you'll wait till I finish this row, I'll come join Annie," she said.

"Very well," Aunt Adeline said and began to walk up and down the stone path by the border. Presently she came back, stood beside Phina and said, "I suppose you find this very different from England?"

"Yes. I was always cold in England," Phina answered.

"If it were not for Charles, I should find it very cold here on the farm," Aunt Adeline said.

Phina put her trowel down, put the bulbs in her basket, drew off her gloves and stretched her fingers. "They are all warm here," she told Aunt Adeline quietly. "All of them."

"Indeed? . . . May I carry the basket for you?"

"Thanks, no. I can manage everything. I am to take these to the barn. Do you want to walk over with me?"

They walked across the yard to the barn road, the tall girl with the kerchief over her head and the old woman in the incongruous fur cape. The barn had no appeal for Aunt Adeline, but she had put her hand to the plow and she had persistence.

Inside the barn, Phina added her basketful of bulbs to a pile in a corner. Then she turned to the stalls, put a hand up to a horse's neck, laid her cheek for an instant along the satin face.

"Isn't she a love?" she said. "Arthur gave her to me for a wedding gift."

"That sounds like Arthur," Aunt Adeline said dryly. "He was always one for extravagant gestures. . . . Charles does the work and Arthur makes the gestures."

Phina gave her a sudden direct look. "They like it that way," she said shortly.

"Would you?" Aunt Adeline demanded. "Charles hasn't even had time to wish me good morning, but Arthur's had time to ride—I saw you leaving at dawn—and he's had time to come in and chat with me about nothings over my breakfast. Were I Charles I should resent that very much."

They had come out of the barn now and walked up the road toward the house.

"Ah, but you're not Charles!" Phina said. "Charles isn't the resenting kind."

"No, but I wouldn't be too sure he couldn't be, child."

Phina paused at the door, gave the old woman again that straight look. "Arthur said you were a troublemaker; you are, aren't you?" she said with some coolness. "I think I've changed my mind about joining your court."

"Nobody asked you, my child," Aunt Adeline said good-humoredly.

She went in and sat by the fire. She heard Felicia phoning some friend guardedly, breaking off some engagement. She smiled grimly, but made no protests. "I'll send Phina and Arthur, perhaps—Charles is just swamped with work. I don't think anyone would mind if they ran off for an hour or two. . . . Yes, desolated, darling—but you know how it is."

Presently Charles and Arthur came in for lunch. Charles, on the way to wash up,

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paused at the door long enough to say, "Behaving?"

"As well as usual," Aunt Adeline said.

At the table Felicia said, "Oh, Arthur, I told Madeleine that you and Phina would drop in at half past five or so. It's a rather special party, you know, and some of us ought to go. I wouldn't dream of going while Adeline is here, but I'm sure she won't mind if you young things run off for a while."

"You can all go, as far as I'm concerned," Aunt Adeline said. "I don't need entertainment, Felicia. In fact, I don't want it. I can manage very nicely by myself, and there's no need to give up any parties. Besides, I should think Charles would prefer to show off his bride himself."

"Oh, Charles loathes parties," Felicia said quickly.

"I've always thought you a reasonable social being, Charles," Aunt Adeline said calmly. "It will do you good to go."

"I didn't know there was a party. I'm not invited, so far as I know," Charles said.

"Oh, Charles, you've heard all about it. You know you have! But I told Madeleine you were bored by parties—she understands. I always try to protect you when I can."

Aunt Adeline saw a gleam of humor twinkle in Charles' pale blue eyes, then die.

"There's still a lot of work to be done in the burned stalls. I was going to give Howie a hand so we could get it finished up this week," he said. "But perhaps I will drop in late, if I may. You run along and I'll try to get there shortly after six. All right, Phina?"

"Quite," Phina murmured.

"What does Arthur do to earn an honest living? He's got hands, too, hasn't he?" Aunt Adeline demanded.

Arthur gave a clear young laugh. "I can't drive a nail straight," he said. "Don't try to make a drone out of me, Aunt Addie. It won't work. I love parties –and I love to show off Phina. It won't be any burden to me at all."

"An hour's extra work surely can't make too much difference," Aunt Adeline insisted.

After lunch Charles found Aunt Adeline alone for a moment. "I said, 'Stop it. Forget it.' Didn't you understand?" he said. "That kind of sledge-hammer tactics is no good, anyway. I thought you were subtle."

"Your wife is a very evasive creature, Charles. And I do think there is some point in your taking her to this party. Why don't you?"

"I never heard of it till this morning—the party. I'm going. That will have to suffice."

She changed the subject abruptly. "Wasn't the fire in the stalls last year?"

"Yes, but we're just getting to the repair job. Repairs cost money, you know, and there hasn't been much till this year. They've done awfully well to squeeze by."

"I see." *And where is my six thousand dollars?* she asked herself.

Felicia was very solicitous all afternoon. Phina went out and sorted the bulbs, laid them out on newspapers to dry. When she came in she made labels for pear butter, carried the jars downstairs. She paid no attention at all to Aunt Adeline, and Aunt Adeline was becoming very bored with Felicia's chatter. Several times she saw Felicia's eyes go to the big ring, and at last she said:

"You should have managed your moth in-law better, Felicia. Then it might h been yours."

Felicia flushed. "Managed her!" she s hotly. "No one could! She was a horri old woman. And most unfair—you know was, Adeline. Bonner had so much mo he didn't know what to do with it, and C ton had to earn every cent himself and awfully unlucky besides."

"You had this place, didn't you?"

"This place! It's always been a wh elephant, and Carlton wasn't cut out to a farmer. But he had to do *something*. It a roof over our heads, but you can't sa was much more. I hoped when the boys home they'd have sense enough to sell it a get into civilization again—but, no, Cha won't hear of it. But I've determined—y *determined*, Adeline—to see that Arthur a chance somewhere else. It isn't fair Arthur that he be stuck here."

"Oh, I think Arthur's very well satisfi Felicia. He likes the country-squire idea. long as he doesn't have to clean the stable

"Well, why should he have to clean stables? He's a g tleman."

"And Char isn't?" Aunt A line asked dryly.

"Oh, Charl Charles does mind what he d Or how hard drives all the of us, just so he hang onto this homestead. If wants it, no minds, but it i fair to tie all rest of us to ambitions."

"If you have ties in the neigh hood, you can't quite cut off f the amenitie Aunt Adeline s

"Well, we h to make what we can. There ar few who ride play bridge and like—but we been so *poor* hard to keep up end. . . . Oh, th you are, Phina d ling. How lov you look! Isn't Arthur ready?"

Arthur came running down the stairs.

"Have a lovely time, children! And d worry if Charles doesn't manage to there."

Phina seemed to hesitate, as if, even n she wanted to wait for Charles, but Art said with a grin, "We won't worry!" drew her along.

"Everybody's been so wonderful Phina," Felicia said.

"I can imagine. I don't suppose you g peer's daughter here in the country too ofte

"No, of course we don't. But she's simple—and she insists on helping. being one of us, as if she weren't used t very different life."

"Simple? I wouldn't call her sim Felicia."

"Well, I mean in a nice way, of cours was afraid it would be terribly dull for but people *have* been kind, and Arthur's s that she got to know people and had a li fun. Charles seems to think she's willin just sit here and do nothing. I don't k what we'd have done without Arthur."

"I think I'll go up to my room till dinn ready," Aunt Adeline said.

Silly little fool! she said to herself w she got to her room. A new fire had b laid. By Charles, she presumed. She l and sat down beside it. Sledge-ham tactics, eh? Well, it took a sledge hamm make a dent in that girl. She had not tended she didn't know what Adeline linge was doing and she had all but sai

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was none of her business. *There seems to be more in this than meets the eye,* she said. *If she's as honest and forthright as she seems to be, how could she put up with a frivolous being like Arthur, charm or no charm? I dare say times change, but no matter what went on behind the scenes, when it was time for a public appearance, I appeared with Bonner. Felicia is pushing the girl at Arthur. She is a wicked woman, a small, devious, cheating little woman. And what has she done with my money? Coming sniveling about how sad Charles was going to be if she didn't get things in some sort of shape! Making me believe they were down to their last potato! Fool! . . . But I won't have her take me for a fool as well.*

At six Charles came in, came quickly up the back stairs. Aunt Adeline heard the rush of the shower. In a quarter of an hour he called out a hurried "Good-by!" as he passed her door, and then she heard Felicia saying:

"You don't really need to go, Charles."

"Oh, I'll look in," Charles said, and then Adeline heard the rush of the little car they kept for errands.

When they came in, late for dinner, Aunt Adeline saw that Phina was gay, as if lighted up from within. She and Arthur were laughing and trying a song someone had sung at the party.

"No, no, darling—you have to give a sinister trill to the *l*," Arthur was saying to Phina. "Like this: 'There's b-l-l-lood on the saddle and b-l-l-lood on the ground!' She's good, isn't she? . . . All right—all right, Annie—we're coming!"

But Aunt Adeline saw that Charles was not gay. He made a light remark now and again, but his eyes had a strange, hurt, still look, as if something about the party had been bad.

After dinner Arthur got out the chessmen and said, "Beat me again, Phina?"

"I will have a game with Phina, if she doesn't object," Aunt Adeline said in a voice that would not brook a refusal.

"Why, you mean one!" Arthur said. "Well, I'll watch you."

Phina sat down across the board from Aunt Adeline, drew the white, and they began to play.

ADELINE COLLINGE had little to be grateful to Bonner Collinge for, beyond his money, but she was grateful to him for teaching her chess. It had been a great satisfaction to her, and she still played a weekly round with the rector of Trinity and nearly always won. She liked matching her wits against something so impersonal and mathematic. She liked the feel of the pieces and she liked to see hands moving on the pieces. She saw at once that Phina was worthy of her utmost skill, and her dark eyes sharpened with delight at battle.

"She's ruthless, Aunt Addie. Don't take her too lightly," Arthur said.

"I'm ruthless too," Aunt Adeline said. "Your move, Phina."

Phina's hands were very beautiful as they hesitated over the moves. Brown, long, strong, patrician in the extreme. Adeline Collinge was not ashamed of her own hands. They were small, but they were strong, too, and they did not shake with age or fear. They were very quick and they set the pieces down firmly, without reluctance. The great ring winked in the light. Charles had drawn up a stool, and sat across from Arthur. Felicia was telephoning again, her artificial laughter coming now and again into the room, but not distracting the players or the watchers.

It was a long and an exciting game. Once Aunt Adeline thought, *I am too old for this sort of thing,* but she went on playing, determined to win, using all her wits to win. It was plain to her that Phina was also determined to win. That she, too, recognized the game as, somehow, a symbol of their relationship. But Aunt Adeline was old and wily at the game, and she it was who said the final, inescapable "Mate!"

"Ruthless?" Phina said with a small, rueful laugh. "You put it mildly, Mrs. Collinge. But I'll take you on again tomorrow, if you like."

(Continued on Page 81)



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(Continued from Page 79)

"Any time," Aunt Adeline said with mild satisfaction.

"Wonderful!" Arthur said. "I backed the wrong horse, though. I was willing you to win, Phina."

"Heavens knows, I tried," Phina said.

"You play a fine game," Aunt Adeline said.

"I thought I did," Phina agreed. "I don't feel so sure this minute."

"It'll teach you to stick to your own class, my girl," Arthur said. "I'm always an easy victim."

"It's no pleasure for a chess player to have easy victims," Aunt Adeline said sharply. "I believe I'll bid you all good night now."

SHE felt inordinately pleased to have beaten Phina. She knew she had never worked so hard at a game.

But in the morning she saw Arthur and Phina riding down the road together, the horses making a great crunching in the gravel drive, and she thought, *I don't know whether you can win against that girl or not—in the long run. And why should I care? What is it to me? And how do I know she isn't completely loyal to Charles? There's nothing to show she isn't. Nothing but a feeling in my bones. She puts me in my place and I don't like it.*

It was after lunch when Phina said, "Have we time for a game now, Mrs. Collinge?"

"If you like. Shall we go to my room?"

Phina brought a table and the chessmen and board. They sat down before the fire.

"Would you mind awfully taking your ring off?" Phina asked. "It's extraordinarily beautiful and I can't keep my eyes from it. I don't want to be distracted."

She took the ring off, dropped it into the box where the chessmen had been. Her hand felt light and unfamiliar without it. Again they played intently, silently, fiercely. The early autumn dusk was falling before they finished. Again Aunt Adeline won.

She moved back from the table, said, "You are a formidable opponent, my dear. I am very tired."

"I'm tired, too," Phina said. "I'll run along and let you rest."

"No, sit still. . . . Would you put another log on the fire? I am a cold old woman."

Phina put the log on, sat down in a deep chair, leaned back with hands clasped under her head. Aunt Adeline rescued her ring, put it on her finger.

"I'll tell you the story of this ring if you like," she said. "It is amusing—or it once seemed so. It belonged to my husband's mother, who was a very rich and unreasonable woman. She disliked me very much and I disliked her. But more than she disliked me, she disliked scandal. She was not a moral woman, but she liked the surface of life to be smooth and seemly. Her husbands—she had three of them—all died, so she was not called upon to enter the divorce courts, and she professed a great horror of infidelity.

"My husband and Charles' father were at the beginning and end of the first marriage there was close to twenty years of it. Bonner, my husband, was not what one might call a model husband. I accepted that early in my marriage, though I didn't like it any more than you would. But I, too, disliked change and scandal. However, there came a time when I could countenance it no longer; it was too flagrant. I had been married thirty years at the time and felt it was long enough. A young philanderer can be endured, but an old roué is not pleasant to live with. Your taste is offended. But I stayed with him. My mother-in-law left us all her money and she left me this ring, her favorite possession. It is a thank-you for winking at my husband's infidelity. She professed great fondness for me from that time on. As a matter of fact, I found that my husband was very ill and it would be cruel to leave him; I reaped a fortune for my sense of duty. . . . In my husband's last years, when he was too ill to be a man about town, we played chess every night."

"That is a rather horrible story," Phina said. "Why did you tell it to me?"

"It just came to my mind when you spoke of the ring. It is a long time ago and unimportant now, like a story in a book. I am not complaining of my marriage. It did me very well and was no doubt as good as I deserved. I was not a patient woman. And my husband was a man of great charm, when he cared to exert it. Arthur, though not so scholarly, is very like him."

Phina rose. "I must clean up for dinner," she said. "Thanks for the game. And I will beat you yet!" But she spoke almost curtly, as if she were offended at being Aunt Adeline's confidante. She moved quickly out of the room and at dinner she was quiet and aloof.

In the late evening the woman called Madeleine came with a man that no one took the trouble to explain. His name, it seemed, was "Herbie."

"A drink! A drink, darling!" Madeleine begged. She was a big, handsome, noisy woman. "We've just escaped the most ghastly dinner. Get us a drink, Arthur darling!"

"All right. Keep calm," Arthur said. "This is Madeleine, Aunt Addie—and Herbie."

Aunt Adeline bowed coldly. She thought them an appalling pair.

"OH, Felicia!" Madeleine said loudly, sitting down and crossing her legs. "You shouldn't have ditched my party! It was fun for once in a way, wasn't it, children? I'll never forget Tim Hardwicke's face! Did they tell you?"

"No. What?" Felicia demanded.

"They didn't *tell* you? Oh, it really was very funny! Tim came in with this crowd from town—Phina just bowled him over. Bit of the British Isles and all that, I suppose. 'What a stunning wife you have, Collinge!' he said. That was before Charlie, here, hove in sight. Did Arthur deny it like a gentleman? No, he did not. In fact, he led him on. It was after Charlie got there that it got really riotous. I don't think Tim knows yet who Phina belongs to. Tim's not

(Continued on Page 85)

* * * * * * * * *

Shore Graveyards

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

Summer people wonder why the best
Hilltops looking out here on the sea
Are taken up by people gone to rest;
The graveyards spoil the sightliest property,
And that, they hold, is poor economy.

Yet there is something, maybe, in this giving
Those who are gone as good things as you can;
And hilltops in high wind are not for living,
Low houses are the best for the fishing man;
It's summer folks, not natives, want to tan.

In far old times all sailing men took care
To paint sharp eyes upon their ship's sharp prow.
Might happen, in those old graveyards up there
Good eyes are watching over sailing people now.
Graves look well on the headlands, anyhow.

* * * * * * * * *



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French's Worcestershire Sauce costs less, yet there's no finer Worcestershire at any price!



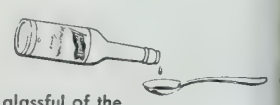
How to make a WOW!

It's so easy—takes just a moment. Use as much tomato juice as you want to serve.



Add a pinch of pepper and salt for each glassful.





Then for each glassful of the tomato juice add a teaspoonful of French's Worcestershire. Mix well—serve very cold.



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF **FRENCH'S MUSTARD**—THE LARGEST SELLING MUSTARD IN THE U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 81)

ery quick on the uptake, anyway, but I ish you could have seen his face! He didn't now whether he was coming or going! We ughed till we cried."

Arthur grinned and said, "Nice role while lasted. Quite easy, in fact."

"Phina was there to disillusion him, wasn't e?" Aunt Adeline put in tartly.

"Of course," Phina said. She had taken nitting from a brown bag and begun to nit, very fast. She flicked a glance upward om her needles. Her eyes seemed to say mething, but Aunt Adeline, accustomed reading accurately the language of the ves, found her message for once in some reign tongue. This, then, was what had appened to Charles at the party. This was hat had hurt him and brought that deeper redness to his eyes.

"Oh, not very definitely!" Madeleine said ith a crow of laughter. "Arthur, you ought get married and stop your naughty ways nce and for all. You're not safe. I've been nding you pretty girls for ten years. ove 'em and leave 'em—that's Arthur. Not at you aren't more amusing single, my ar!"

"Pretty girls aren't to marry, pet," rthur said.

Herbie gave an offensive "Haw! Haw!" d Aunt Adeline stood up.

"If you'll excuse me," she said stiffly, and nt out and up the stairs.

She heard Herbie say loudly, "You got e old girl's back up, Mad! Haw! Haw!" d Madeleine say good-humoredly, "Hush, sh, Herbie. Don't be advertising the fact at you don't know a Lady of the Old hool when you see e!"

This, Aunt Adeline ought with anger, was at Felicia called so- ty? This was what she nted to "keep her end " with? This was what sent Phina out to representative of Amer- n life? It might be suitable enough for thur, but Phina?

She sat down with a book, but turned no ges. A girl who could play chess like that enjoy playing with such riffraff! It was affront to her judgment of people. There s surely nothing cheap about the tall, rved English girl. She might enjoy rid- over the countryside with a sporting wd, if that had been her life in England, a party with a red-faced man who said aw! Haw!" like an obscenity and a zenly handsome woman who crossed her s till you saw her knees—*no*.

CHARLES came in quietly, picked up the ok from her hands, laid it aside. "You can devastatingly rude," he said.

"Yes," she admitted.

"They're really quite decent people, you w," he said. "Noisy, a little vulgar, may- but decent. They have a zest for life."

"You're welcome to what friends you ," she said, "but, as Herbie said, they t my back up.' You can have a zest for without vulgarity."

"Perhaps you can't, without a little," arles said. "I notice they often go hand in nd."

Charles, I wish I hadn't come. I wish 'd take me home."

I will, if you really want me to. It's aw- y good to have you here, though. It's a ef to have someone about who says what thinks. Besides, I just like to have you e. You always give meaning to life."

Do I, Charles? I don't think I know at the meaning is—less than ever as I get r the end of it."

You give it meaning, all the same," he sted. "Stay till Sunday, anyway."

Very well. . . . Your wife doesn't like Charles. You may rest assured that if I ed here a hundred years, she would never eal herself to me."

I told you not to think of that. . . . she does like you."

No," Aunt Adeline said firmly, "she s not. But she is a remarkable young woman, and an enigmatic one. She interests me very much."

"Yes—me, too," Charles said. He bent and kissed her. "Good night, Aunt Adeline."

"Good night, Charles."

As she lay awake that night the past came to her again. . . . That Ruhrig woman, who painted after the manner of Picasso. When Bonner was in the room with her—well, it was like when you rubbed a cat's fur till it gave off sparks. You felt the electricity in the room. You felt it with Bonner and the Ruhrig woman together, always. Bonner became inordinately polite, fetching her things, saying "my wife" often. . . . With Sadie Oliver it had been different, but just as definite. He became silly when Sadie was about, pretending to a youthfulness he had long left behind, making a mock of his real scholarliness. A boyish charm, that was the pattern then.

AND when Phina and Arthur were in the room together, there came always that old pricking, knowledgeable warning. Nothing to put a finger on, say, "This is the proof," but she had lived with unfaithfulness too long to doubt her premonitions. There was something there. But could she say to Charles, "It's true"? How could she, with only a feeling for proof? But Charles himself had had the feeling, also, and trusted it. It would break Charles' heart. He had a heart to break and this would do it. She, an old woman, did not give meaning to his life—no, Phina did that. She only knew where his meaning lay and put emphasis on it, loving him, being pained for him. And if she had the proof and gave it to him? What then?

Taste is the tact of the mind.

—BOUMERS: Treasury of World's Wit and Wisdom. Edited by Norman Lockridge (Black Hawk Press).

In the morning when she woke and put on her purple dressing gown, waited for her breakfast, she walked to the window and saw down below Phina raking leaves. She still wore riding clothes, but she had the peasant scarf over her hair. She was working steadily, and the motions of her long arms with the rake were pleasant to watch. But she was not alone. Arthur stood there, smoking a cigarette, watching her, now and then saying something with a mocking smile. Once Phina paused, put her arm up against her forehead in a weary sort of gesture.

Aunt Adeline was not given to eavesdropping. She never read other people's letters and she always made her presence known wherever she was. But now she carefully and silently raised her window and sat down close to it. They were now almost beneath her window and could not see her without craning their necks. The wind was very cold, and even the padded dressing gown could not keep her from shivering.

And the first and only thing she heard shocked her so that she listened no more.

"All right, Phina, but if you think you are fooling anybody or protecting anybody, you're quite mistaken, you know. You love me and a blind man would know it, darling. Being a reserved and honorable Britisher doesn't help you at all. And I won't help you either."

Almost at once, before Phina had made any reply, Arthur walked away whistling, but even had he spoken again, Aunt Adeline would not have heard. She closed the window, scarcely knowing whether she was being quiet about it or not. She huddled near the fire, shaken and old.

Annie brought her breakfast. "Don't you feel good this morning, Mis' Collinge?" Annie asked with a mixture of sympathy and cheer.

"No, I don't," Aunt Adeline said. "I don't want any breakfast."

"Oh, you just eat a little, Mis' Collinge. That raspberry jam is special—I opened it just for you. It goes real good with toast. You take a little coffee anyway. Nobody can feel good without his coffee!"

"All right, Annie. Thank you," Aunt Adeline said. "And don't send anybody up to see how I am, please. I'm not sick."

HANDY and dandy for a tasty MEAL!



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SCORE SPAM, by cutting the top lightly with a knife to make a pattern • **MIX** together ⅓ cup brown sugar and 1 tsp. each prepared mustard, vinegar and water • **SPREAD** over SPAM • Stud with whole cloves • **BAKE** in moderate oven (375°) 20 minutes, basting twice • **SERVE** generous slices with sauce poured over... buttered green beans and carrots from your garden for good companions.



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made for the big scene, the attack with grandeur, the hammer blow on the emotions when it was needed. But she knew with her reasoning mind that Phina and Charles were of different stuff. Arthur she might impress by melodrama, not Phina and Charles. And yet it was Arthur who had moved Phina's untouched heart. It could have been Charles had he been bolder, had he put forward his bishop's pawn confidently enough, but he had not. But could he even yet be made to?

She leaned back in her chair, closed her eyes against the dinner, now cold and unappetizing. She saw only a chessboard with the pieces very tall, Phina across the board from her and all the family watching with an avid intentness. She boldly captured an enormous knight with an enormous bishop and waited for Phina to do the obvious thing, take the bishop with her queen, but then her breath grew tight in her chest as she saw that long brown hand move her rook all the way across the board, that devious move that would in the end defeat her opponent. She opened her eyes and there was no Phina, no anyone, no chessmen.

All the same, she said to herself with a remnant of stubbornness, *it is attack that has beaten her this far.*

But she could not think out her attack. She could not find the flaw in Phina's armor. What did she have to offer Phina but wisdom? And what comfort wisdom which said that fifty years from now none of this would matter an iota? Perhaps Phina should take Arthur and learn her lesson in bitterness as she, Adeline, had done with Bonner Collinge.

I am old, she said. *Old.*

She gave a wry grin at her own duplicity, practiced even in privacy. She knew that she was still searching past weariness, past indifference, past self-pity, for the great attack, the shock that would make Charles demand what was his, fight for his love with no holds barred.

When Arthur came in and said, "I was supposed to get your tray and Annie's cross at me. . . . What's the matter? You haven't eaten anything!" she said, "Sit down, Arthur."

He grinned, sat down and lit a cigarette. "I feel a lecture coming," he said. "We sold Black Cloud today. You can't touch me, darling. Of course, we haven't got the money yet, but Finley's got some Australian wools in at long last and I'm going to town tomorrow and get myself decked out like a lily of the field."

"A very apt comparison," Aunt Adeline said. "'They toil not, neither do they spin.'"

"Oh, I made the deal," Arthur said. "You wouldn't want my morale lowered by the lack of a few rags, would you, Aunt Addie?"

"There's nothing wrong with your morale that I can see. . . . Arthur, how would you like your half of you boys' inheritance from me now?"

He gave her a flick of a glance, mocking, suspicious. "Oh, very much. Who wouldn't?" he said. "What are you up to? Strings attached, I suppose?"

"One string only. You're to leave the farm, where you are only an ornament anyway, and take your mother with you. That's all."

He laughed. "That's a rope, darling, not a string. I like the farm."

"You like the farm!" she repeated with some anger.

"Oh, with an occasional jaunt to town. No. I'll wait, Aunt Addie."

"We're a long-lived family," Aunt Adeline said with some acidity. "My grandmother lived to ninety. My mother to eighty-seven."

"You tempt me. You frighten me," Arthur said, his eyes very bright and mocking. "Still, I'm not biting."

She sat quite still, feeling failure creeping through her. She hadn't taken this for the ultimate answer, but she had taken it for one answer.

"Please take that awful tray down," she said at last. "Just don't say anything about being indispensable here, that's all."

He picked up the tray. "You're not being very subtle," he said from the doorway.

"Subtlety is overdor
said.

Later there were r
stairs. Aunt Adeli
not go down. S
heart fluttered
pillows behind her a...
that mistake. It had been a .
admitted. She should have attacked .
Felicia would have agreed, she knew, .
wangled the departure somehow. It was
much a part of Arthur, this getting ahead
Charles on every count. She had made
mistake and Charles would hold it again
her.

She could see from the window across
fields that Charles loved so much. The moo
light lay like milk upon the meadows. F
the first time in her long life she had a bi
knowledge of what Charles' kinship with
land meant. This patient waiting throu
the winter, this looking for the crop summ
upon summer—this was the rhythm
Charles' life. He did not force life to
will; he let life move through him as it wou
This pain over Phina, this harvest that h
seemed so beautiful and had turned out
meager—this was just another winter
Charles. He would not die of it. He wo
go on living. He would not let his fields gr
up to weeds and scrub because they h
failed him once, but he was already asham
of his cry and needed her no more. A
yet—and yet if disaster threatened his fa
would he not fight against it? If disas
threatened his love, would he lift no ha
But what disaster? What could stir him i
a cry that could be heard by that tall, c
trolled girl who was about to throw his l
away?

Charles came and bade her a quiet, gra
good night. They did not talk. He kn
knew. He wasn't going to hash i
music still went on below. When .
and Phina and Arthur came up the
was quite late.

"Six too early?" Arthur said.

"No, I'll be ready," Phina answered. "
leave a note for Charles." Her voice was
lowered. It was casual, meant no more t
it said.

So Phina was going to town with Arth
Clear to the city, it seemed, if they w
starting so early. Something stirred in A
Adeline's mind, some quickening, as if s
plan were being handed to her. But it
not come clear, not that night.

In the morning the plan was there,
formed by fate, not really her plan at all,
given her by chance. She came downst
and found Felicia crying over her co
tears that were mostly excitement, as A
line could plainly see.

"Well, what's the matter now, Feli
she asked tartly.

Felicia wiped her eyes, but the
small satisfied curl to her thin lips. Con
gone off with Arthur," she said
line, I don't know what to do!"

"No one's asked you to do
he? How do you know th
They ride every morning, d
she felt no longer tired.
through her and made
Charles hadn't got her
attack.

"This is differe
Phina took a h
I've been so s
happened th

"Stop your sniveli
cover up your cat-and-can
Where's Charles?"

"Out in the barn. Oh, it's all so
setting—I just don't know what to do!

Aunt Adeline wanted her coffee, but
went up the stairs with surprising quick
walked down the hall to Phina and Cha
room. The note—she must get the no
there was one. The beds were turned
neatly, one window was open. Her
glance darted here and there, to the che
drawers, to the desk in the corner, st
with account books, to the dressing t
unlittered with bottles or feminine gad
She walked over to the desk, lifted pa

oing to be thrown but could not now rein her horse, or would not.

"No," Charles said abruptly. "Not here. ot now."

"Yes. Here. Now," Phina persisted. "I ill go back to England if that is what you ant, but say it."

"Not here," Charles said again.

"It has to be here. They're making it be ere. Don't you see that? They are not oing to give us time. In time I could have own you that I loved you, but I have not ad and I am not going to have time enough. hey will not let me have it. I know you now I have loved Arthur. How could you elp know it? It happened suddenly—it was ver as suddenly. But it happened. I don't ink of any excuse for it, none at all. It appened, before you came home. But I do e you can't want me after—after ——"

or the first time her voice faltered, then it ew strong again. She turned to Aunt Adeine. "Why did you come here?" she demanded. "Why have you made me do this? on't you see how cruel and merciless it is? on't you see that you are forcing me into omething wicked and preposterously wrong? rying to make me *choose?* All you can see love and duty. Can't you see that I can't ve with Charles like this? Knowing he nows, not having time to show him I love m? You told me ourself he'd always d nothing, Arthur erything. That he uldn't take beayal. And I have trayed him. How n he take it? But am not choosing rthur because of at—I will go back England where belong. I don't ant it this way, t this is the way is. If I'd had ne—if I'd had *ne* —— But I ll not be one of our pawns!" Phina ished.

"Pawns? If I dn't seen you as queen, I wouldn't ve bothered with u," Aunt Adee said. She felt r heart thumping. ould he take it? Even this? Could he? as it humanly possible?

"Phina, come here," Charles said.

She turned from Aunt Adeline, walked ward him, blindly, but with her head still gh. "I'm sorry," she said. "But you edn't pity me."

"Pity you? How could I pity you when ove you so much?"

"Dinner's ready—it's spoilt!" Annie said a comical upward squeak of excitement.

"Well, let's eat it. We're all home—let's t it," Charles said. He had pulled Phina's at from her shoulders, taken her hand and ined his fingers in hers.

Aunt Adeline thought of the picture upirs. *They ought to take another and put ina in the front line*, she thought. *Miracles ake your knees shake.*

"These reserved Britishers!" Arthur murred in her ear. His voice didn't sound ter, only amused and ironic.

ND all through dinner he kept up a light atter: about his new clothes, about cravats d Australian tweeds versus Scotch; about nie's strange dessert which she must have ncocted out of excitement and anything at came to hand during that strange day. d Aunt Adeline found herself helping him, king caustic, humorous remarks to comment his lightness. Perhaps only his de was hurt, but surely that had received blow. She found herself admiring his ility to cover his hurt. He was a philander, she knew, something of a parasite, fish, but he had *something.*

But up in her room later she began to put things in her bag, abruptly very tired, wishing for home, wishing for Donna. There was a light tap and she said "Yes?" without welcome.

Phina opened the door and stood there. "Could I help you?" she asked. There was a difference in her. She had at the same time more power, more gentleness. She looked like the mistress of this place.

"No, thanks. I've been a bird of passage from childhood on. I know how to pack."

"Wouldn't we have time for one last game?" Phina said.

AUNT ADELINE withdrew her hands from silken folds, stood erect in her purple robe, facing Phina. Though she was a small woman and Phina tall, she contrived to look tall.

"No, it would be useless," she said. "You would beat me. I concede it."

"I never have," Phina said slowly.

"I am a proud old woman," Aunt Adeline said, "but I must admit you have beaten me from the beginning, Phina. Even your attack tonight, though it gave me considerable satisfaction to watch, was unnecessary. I feel compelled to confess that, child. Charles would have waited for you till doomsday, if necessary. I wanted him to *do* something—so did you, I fancy. But Charles had done all he could do. He loved you, he left you free to find your own way and you were finding it, with some pain for all concerned. That's all there was to it and I had nothing to do with it, except to drive you against your deepest instincts, which were right. That it has come out happily did not depend on me—quite the contrary. I did not even see what the main issue was. You are correct when you say the king's gambit is not a sure win."

"Still—I am glad I played it, once," Phina said.

"I too. I like things settled. I planned the scene. It came off. One always likes the feeling of power that gives." She reached to the pocket of her bag, drew out the note, twisted it into a small spill. Then she drew off the great ring, shoved the note through it. "Charles never saw this," she said. "I wanted him to be moved to anger, to go after you, anything. I put him through a good deal of unnecessary agony today, but he did not move. It was, I suppose, the greatest gift a man could give a woman, her freedom; but freedom is a terrible responsibility, is it not? Not many of us are big enough to use it when it is ours. . . . Would you like to wear this? It belongs in the family and I should not like to see it on Felicia's hand."

Phina took the ring slowly, drew out the note, held it crumpled in her palm, then she put the ring on her finger, where it made a great glow of proud light. Then she stood looking at Aunt Adeline, while something of woman knowledge seemed to pass from one to the other, some mantle of power transferred, some worldly wisdom that indicated peace hard come by. She moved suddenly, bent and kissed Aunt Adeline, with warmth, even great tenderness, she who abhorred the demonstrative, the easy, the sentimental approach.

"Phina, are you up here?" Charles called from the hall.

Phila moved toward the voice without a word, was gone.

Aunt Adeline turned to her task of packing. "Well, that's that," she said aloud in almost her usual voice of irony. But then she paused and put up her thin, ringless hand to her cheek, stood quietly a long time looking out at the moonlit meadows. **THE END**

NEXT MONTH

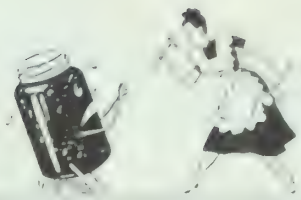
THERE was a wall up between them. Pete didn't know what it was made of; he only knew he couldn't breach it.

Willie, his wife, *wouldn't* breach it, and Willie was ready to call it quits. But fate wields an inalienable veto power, even when it comes to reservations for Reno. What does a rich woman do when she suddenly cannot afford a divorce? Read

The Pumpkin Shell

By Charlotte Armstrong

Complete in the September *Journal*



No more tug-of-war methods for opening jars! No need to go at it hammer-and-tongs . . . when you use easy-opening Good Luck Jar Rubbers!



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THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR TUNA, WHEN YOU USE



BUY EITHER BRAND . . . THE QUALITY IS THE SAME

QUICK and EASYS for Two

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

ANY forecast for August is likely to predict not warm, but hot weather. You can't live on cold food, though, so don't go off the deep end with salad meals every night. Mix them up, hot and cold, according to your mood and the thermometer. Keep your meal service casual, but not careless. Before you go into your kitchen routine at night, get into something comfortable. After dinner, relax and enjoy the luxury of leisure.

Cool Comfort

*Patio Tomato Soup
*California Crab Salad
Potato Chips
Cut Fruit with Mint
Coffee

You just *think* it is too hot to eat. What you probably mean is that it's too hot to prepare a hot dinner and heat up the kitchen. You won't need to with this meal. It's fun to prepare—cooling to look at and to eat—truly refreshing.

PATIO TOMATO SOUP

This is a cold tomato *and* tomato soup. Chill 1 can condensed tomato soup. Thin with ½ cup thin cream or top milk. Peel 1 ripe tomato. Cut into pieces. Fold into soup with a little chopped parsley. Season with salt, garlic salt, pepper and a small pinch of basil.

CALIFORNIA CRAB SALAD

You may know this one. As a choice during a heat wave, it's just the thing for supper, as it's filling but not heavy. Peel 1 chilled ripe avocado. Cut in half lengthwise and remove the pit. Brush with lemon juice and sprinkle lightly with salt. Fill with the following fish salad: Pick over ½ pound fresh or canned crab meat, removing any bits of shell. Soak in vinegar 10 minutes. Squeeze out the vinegar. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Add ½ cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons chili sauce, 2 teaspoons minced sour pickles, 1 teaspoon minced onion and ½ teaspoon chopped parsley. Mix well. Serve on a bed of salad greens. Garnish with water cress accompanied by crisped potato chips.

It's the Life

*Texas Roundups
*Pickled Tomatoes and Cucumbers
Watermelon Iced Coffee

Why not eat this one out tonight? Really use your outdoor fireplace, if you have one. It isn't just for occasions and gang gatherings, and anyway, nice weather doesn't always fall on week ends. While your husband is preparing the fire, you can get the tomatoes and cucumbers sliced, watermelon cut, and so on. This meal is a cinch to prepare. No fireplace? It's good indoors too. Pick a cool spot!

TEXAS ROUNDUPS

Heat in a skillet or saucepan 1 can chile con carne or 1 can kidney beans to which you've added chili powder to taste. Grill seasoned hamburgers as you like them. Split and toast round buns. Spread with butter or margarine. Put a hamburger and thin slice of onion on half of each bun. Cover with a spoonful of chili. Put the other half bun on top.

PICKLED TOMATOES AND CUCUMBERS

Slice tomatoes and cucumbers. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and sugar. Add vinegar to cover and let stand while you're fixing the roundups.

Unruffled Sunday Dinner

*Melon Prosciutto
*Chicken-and-Squash Casserole Parmesan
Parsley Potatoes—Tossed Salad
Spongecake with *Fruit Sauce
Coffee

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Sunday is your lazy day. After breakfast you don't mind spending forty-five minutes or so in the kitchen, but after that you don't want to have to think about your dinner until the cool of the evening, and then just to eat and enjoy it. This is the kind of meal for just such a program. Prepare your casserole, first course and dessert in the A.M. You could even fix the greens for the salad. They wait well in the refrigerator if wrapped in a towel.

MELON PROSCIUTTO

If you can buy this thin sliced Italian ham, fine. If you can't, use sliced boiled or baked ham bought in any delicatessen; ¼ pound is enough to buy. Remove fat from slices. Cut rind off ¼ ripe honeydew melon. Remove seeds and cut into thin crescent-shaped strips. Chill until ready to serve. Alternate slices of melon and ham on serving plates. Sprinkle with black pepper—no salt—before serving.

CHICKEN-AND-SQUASH CASSEROLE PARMESAN

Cut a split broiler into 4 pieces. Remove tail. Wash. Season well with salt and pepper. Dip pieces of chicken in a half-and-half mixture of flour and freshly grated Parmesan cheese. Brown the chicken in just enough hot shortening to keep chicken from sticking. Cut 1 small yellow crookneck squash or 2 small *zucchini* squashes into rather thick chunks. Lay chicken and squash in casserole, tucking squash in and around chicken. Grate a little garlic over all, or sprinkle with garlic salt. Sprinkle squash with salt and pepper. Chicken has already been seasoned. Add ½ cup heavy cream to pan in which you browned chicken, after fat, if any, has been drained off. Heat cream in pan to get all the good brown bits. Pour it over squash and chicken. Sprinkle with a little more grated Parmesan cheese. Cover and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until chicken is tender—about 30 minutes. If you make this dish in A.M., cool and refrigerate after pouring cream on squash. Take out in time to get the chill out of casserole. Bake as directed—but it will take a little longer to bake, as mixture has been chilled.

FRUIT SAUCE FOR CAKE

Beat 1 egg white stiff. Add 3 tablespoons sugar, a tablespoonful at a time, beating after each addition. Add ½ cup black or red raspberries, drained. Beat up with rotary beater to incorporate the berries. Chill and serve on slices of unfrosted, plain pound or spongecake. Spongecake is best if your bakery has it.

Home Plate

***Spinach—Hot French Dressing**
Corn on the Cob
Sliced Tomatoes
***Celery and Cottage Chee**
Sliced Peaches
Coffee

Gardens are going great guns this month. Hope you have a friend who has one and come in for occasional handouts of produce. Even if you don't, sweet corn and sun-ripe tomatoes can't be beat. Vegetable plates always taste better at home. Here's one that looks good, tastes good and is easy to prepare.

SPINACH WITH HOT FRENCH DRESSING

Heat ⅓ cup French dressing to boil. Add 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped, and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Pour over drained cooked or canned spinach and mix well.

CELERY AND COTTAGE CHEESE

Season ¼ pound cottage cheese with salt, pepper and grated onion. Stuff meaty stalks of Pascal celery with it. Sprinkle surface with poppy seeds. If you haven't any poppy seeds, sprinkle with paprika.

Borrowed From Abroad

***Eggs Fooyoung—Rice**
***South American Salad**
Swedish Cookies
***Spiced Iced Tea**

Eggs Fooyoung is a Chinese version of the popular American Western omelet, and a quick and easy if there ever was one. Meatless, it helps out on the budget. Your salad may be your first course, if you wish. Of Spanish origin, it is served in many Latin-American countries. There are many variations—all good. . . . For dessert, buy the little Swedish sugar cookies in the bakery. Any sugar cooky will do if your bakery doesn't have the Swedish type. Serve with spiced iced tea.

EGGS FOOYOUNG

Beat 3 eggs. Add ½ of a No. 2 can of bean sprouts—the kind you use for chop suey and chow mein. Also add 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper and ¼ cup finely chopped onion. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and a good dash of pepper. Mix well. Melt 1 tablespoon shortening in large hot skillet. Spoon mixture into skillet as if you were making pancakes. Spread out vegetables evenly. Brown quickly on one side. Turn with pancake turner and fry on the other side. Makes 2 large pancakes. Serve with rice and soy sauce.

SOUTH AMERICAN SALAD

Rub your individual salad bowls with garlic. Remove crusts from 3 slices bread. Crumble 1 slice bread in each bowl. Chop coarsely 1 large onion, 2 tomatoes, 1 pickled chili pepper, ½ green pepper and the firm portion of 1 cucumber. Break up 4 sardines and add. Season well with salt and pepper and mix with French dressing. Pour part of vegetable mixture over bread. Divide the remaining piece of bread, crumbled, between the two bowls. Cover with rest of vegetable salad mixture. Chill 15 minutes before serving. This will give you time to cook the rice and make the Fooyoung.

SPICED ICED TEA

When you brew the tea, make it strong. Put in ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ cinnamon stick and 3 sprigs mint. When you remove tea bags, add juice of ½ lemon and 3 tablespoons sugar. Strain and pour over ice. Serve with additional lemon slices and extra sugar, if desired.

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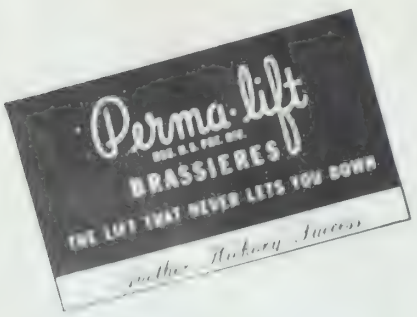
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ISN'T EMILY MARVELOUS?

(Continued from Page 45)

"Oh, yes. I" she hesitated "I used to go round with Van—Mr. Vandyke, the president. We were in Europe at the end of the war. And Japan last year. Government missions, of course."

"Oh," I said again. Thoughtfully.

And then I kissed her, and she went into the apartment house. I was halfway down the street when I realized that I was still holding the little case I had been carrying for her. I went back, gave it to the doorman, and then stood on the sidewalk for a moment, looking up at the windows, wondering which belonged to Emily's apartment. I wondered what she was thinking. I wondered if she was thinking about me.

I called her at the office next morning. "Emily?" I said.

"This is Miss Maynard's secretary," said the voice. "May I say who is calling?"

I gulped, and gave my name.

Presently Emily spoke. "I was just going to call you," she said. "Mark, Mr. Vandyke is giving a reception tonight, and he wants you to come."

"You mean you've *told* him?" I asked.

"Why, certainly," said Emily. "He wants to know what we'd like for a wedding present. Can you meet me—Fifth Avenue entrance of the Plaza at six? Don't dress."

"Er—no, all right," I said, remembering the moth-eaten state of my dress clothes.

Emily was looking perfectly beautiful in a black suit and a small flowery hat. She also looked as if she had never done a day's work in her life, and I felt better.

The president of Consolidated Plastics was receiving all the guests with the usual handshake—all the guests, that is, except Emily, who got her cheek patted.

"So this," he said, "is the lucky man. Well, my boy, you've certainly got a treasure. I hope you're not going to take her away from me?"

I should have said, "I certainly am." But before I got around to "That's for Emily to decide," she was waving to someone at the other end of the room. She took my hand, and I followed meekly.

"Steve—may I introduce my fiancé, Mark Patterson?"

Steve Laughton, the ace news commentator, grabbed both Emily's hands in his enormous paws and kissed her soundly but, fortunately for him, platonically.

"Emily, darling! This is wonderful! When did it happen? . . . Very glad to know you, Patterson," he said warmly. "You certainly are a lucky fellow. Isn't Emily marvelous?"

Emily dimpled prettily. "Nonsense, Steve," she said. "Mark, Steve's going to do the commentaries for Consolidated's new radio program. Isn't that marvelous? We're all so pleased."

STEVE did the masculine equivalent of dimpling prettily, and even when Emily deserted him abruptly in, as it were, middimple, he didn't seem to mind. I turned back and he was still smiling fatuously after her. I wished I had obeyed my impulse and had dragged her out of the room. By the hair, if necessary.

The rest of the evening was like a bad dream. The most famous faces in America kept smiling at me—in intervals of smiling at Emily; the most famous voices said, "Glad to know you, Mark"; and then, "Isn't Emily marvelous?"

At eleven-thirty, I found myself having supper at the Stork Club with a steel magnate, a sports writer, the sports writer's cover-girl fiancée, and a movie star. I never found out their connection with Consolidated; just as I began to figure it out, I leaped to my feet with a yell.

"Where," I demanded, "is Emily?"

The steel magnate gave me a friendly push that sent me reeling back into my chair. "Relax, relax," he said expansively. "Don't you know that Emily always goes to bed at ten-thirty during the week?"

I began to splutter with rage, and the movie star looked out from under one cinnamon bang.

"It's all right," she said soothingly. "Everybody in New York knows what time Emily goes to bed. Ten-thirty and she goes home."

"She didn't want to break up the party, but she said to tell you have a good time," said the sports writer. "Marvelous girl," he added, staring pointedly at his fiancée, who didn't notice, being much too preoccupied with her turkey sandwich.

The next day I arrived at Consolidated to take Emily to lunch.

"Miss Maynard's office?" I asked the receptionist.

"Twenty-seventh floor," she said automatically; and then, "Oh, excuse me. Are you Miss Maynard's fiancé? We're all so thrilled, Mr. . . . Patterson, isn't it? Miss Maynard is a marvelous person, isn't she?"

"Sensational," I agreed grimly, and made for the elevator.

Miss Maynard's—darn it, Emily's—secretary was a small, pretty blonde who gave me an easy chair, a magazine and a warm welcome.

"I'm so glad to know you, Mr. Patterson," she breathed. "I think it's wonderful, really I do. Just like the movies. Miss Maynard is just the nicest person, she really is. Of course, some girls don't like to work for other women but—well, I guess Miss Maynard is different. So friendly."

"Really?" I said. "Confidentially, can't you give me the name of just one person who can't stand the sight of her?"

Two small blue eyes widened at me. "Oh, *no*, Mr. Patterson. She's the most popular person ——"

And at that moment Emily herself sw through, pursued by a pack of newsmen.

"The press," explained my fiancée's retary knowingly. "It's always like this a a news conference."

Emily, I said to myself, *Emily, what's h pening to us? Where have you gone? T isn't my world—and I didn't dream it yours either. Up in Connecticut, you were ferent there. Human. A pretty girl fallin love. And what are you here? The perso assistant to the president of Consolidated P tics. A success. And what am I? A strugg engineer. With plenty of ambition, but much else. Why did you fall in love with my darling? How can you possibly stay love with me? What have I got to offer when you've already got so much? Oh, Emil wish you'd been the illegal immigrant.*

SHE came out of her office in a rush. "I ling, I'm sorry to have kept you waitin

I took her to lunch at a restaurant wh I'd eaten once before—when I had an pense account to entertain a client. Emily had to have the best.

"I like this place," she said innocen and that decided it. I knew what I had to

Over coffee, I suggested breaking our gagement. "You can't really want to m me," I said. "It must be an infatuat What can *I* give you, when you've alre got everything?"

She corrected me. "I've got everyth now I've got you. Oh, darling, don't realize that nothing else means anythin me any more? I love you. I'm twenty-e I know my own mind and I *do* wan marry you. Besides, I'm giving up my j

"That's nonsense. You can't throw a a career like yours."

(Continued on Page 94)

Duet in Cotton Yarn



FOR about $1.16 and very little time, you can make this chic beret and matching shopping bag. The secret: inexpensive cotton yarn and a large crochet hook. The bag will carry a surprising quantity and may be slung from the shoulder for easy carrying.

By Nora O'Leary

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More swiftly than the eye, more clearly than the spoken word, this sweet and gentle fragrance tells the story of your charm. None can forget its haunting perfume . . . nor resist the appeal of the one who wears it.

BOURJOIS

(Continued from Page 92)

She smiled. "I can if you'll support me."

I was telling her that I couldn't support her on blue points and caviar, and she was telling me that she hated sea food anyway, when a shadow loomed over our table—a shadow belonging to a big, handsome man. So big and handsome that I winced slightly.

"Darling, do you feel all right?" asked Emily.

"No," I said.

"Do you want a drink of water? An aspirin?"

"No," I said. "Just introduce me to the gentleman."

She did, and he was George Cunningham, and the name meant something, but I couldn't place him immediately. What I could place was the fact that he was in love with Emily.

He sat down and they talked about people they knew and places they knew and every few minutes Emily looked across at me anxiously and said, "You know the Haskells (or the Chalmers, or the Westlakes), don't you, darling?" and I said, "No."

As I was taking her back to her office, Emily said, out of a cool silence, "You weren't very nice to George, darling."

"I hope I was obnoxiously rude," I said.

"Didn't you like him?"

"No, Emily, I did not. He's in love with you. He's obviously very wealthy. He's too darn sure of himself. What's more, he's the man people will say you ought to have married."

I didn't hear from Emily for three days after that, and I suffered all the tortures of jealousy, misery and rage, not helped by the fact that I discovered George was executive vice-president of Associated Newsprint.

When she called me, her voice was as calm and unruffled as if we had parted on the best of terms half an hour previously.

"Mark," she asked, "could we be married on April twenty-fourth?"

"We could," I said. "Only . . . a month? Is that long enough?"

"Quite long enough," she said. "I ordered the invitations this morning and they'll be ready next week. Did you know invitations have to be sent out three weeks before the wedding? I had no idea until George told me. George," she went on, "is being very helpful. In your absence," she ended pointedly.

Emily went into the business of organizing the wedding with the same drive, enthusiasm and ability she had used in organizing Consolidated Plastics. She drew up beautiful, readable lists of things she had to do and things I had to do. After dinner in her apartment, I would spur myself to action. "Tomorrow I must call the people about the cars for the wedding party," I would say; or, "On Saturday, we'd better go and see about the flowers for the church." And she would smile at me and say, "That's all right, I did it this morning."

And then, three weeks before the wedding, the boss sent for me. The company had to build a bridge in Mexico. In the wilds of Mexico. I was to help the company build it. Just like that. Oh . . . and I was to leave in three weeks. That was all. Thank you, Patterson.

"A minute, sir," I said. "I'm being married in three weeks."

"Well?" Gray eyebrows beetled at me.

"Well—my wife ——"

"Take her along," said the boss amiably. "It's pretty rough territory, but wives are allowed and the company will pay her fare. Make it a honeymoon."

"But ——" I said.

"Don't you want to go?" he asked me.

"It's not that I don't want to go, but ——" I said. Two months earlier, I should have been crazy to go.

"Now listen, Patterson," he said. "This is a ticklish job. It shows our confidence in you that we have chosen you. If you don't want to go you can stay here, but you will, I tell you frankly, be passing up your big break."

I got up. "All right," I said, "I'll go."

Your Shoes are Showing



Embarrassing, isn't it

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FOREVER FIRST WITH FIRST QUAL

would go, but Emily should not. I
ld simply refuse to take her with me. I
ld not take her to the wilds of Mexico.
d an afterthought. Emily, of course,
d not want to go.

told her about the job. "My whole
er's at stake," I ended. "I can't refuse to
But I won't take you into the jungle. I
not."

But, darling," said Emily, "it's a won-
l opportunity. I always did want to go
lexico."

Emily," I warned, "you won't like it.
be hot and uncomfortable and there'll
osquitoes and ——"

wonder what clothes I should take,"
d Emily. "You'd better ask your boss
clothes women wear in the jungle."

d so, when he was telling me what I
ld need, I did.

Your fiancée ask you that?" he said.

Yes."

gave me the sort of look that told me
plainly that he was ashamed of himself
utting the Mexico project ahead of my
nal interests.

What else did she say?" he asked.

Nothing."

Nothing?"

Nothing."

H'm-m-m," he said. "Remarkable girl."

ople began to give parties for us, parties
h were all much the same, with mobs of
le screaming, "Isn't Emily marvelous?"
orge's grandmother, with whom he had
as a boy, gave a party for us at her
on Park Avenue. House on Park
ue. H'm-m-m. I was reassured when
ent inside to a gloomy room, liberally
kled with bric-a-brac. Even the
res on the walls were dull and mid-
rian looking.

er two minutes, I lost Emily. That was
table. It always happened. Hoping to
unobtrusive, I went up to one of the
st-looking pictures and had just dis-
ed that the signature was Whistler
a hand tapped me on the shoulder.

"Aren't you Emily's young man?" asked George's grandmother.

"I'm her fiancé," I said.

George's grandmother scowled. She had stepped straight out of 1899, complete with silver-topped cane and black-velvet choker. "That's nonsense," she said. "Emily should be marrying my grandson."

"Your grandson may want to marry Emily, but Emily wants to marry me," I said.

"Can you support her? Do you think you can make her happy?" she demanded.

I said, "I'm very doubtful."

"I understand you're going to drag her off to Mexico. Do you think it's fair to her? She'll be lonely; she'll be bored. She may catch some jungle disease. Her brain—I understand she has a brain—will rot away. Do you really think it's fair?"

"No, I don't," I said. "But Emily wants to go, and I'm going to take her."

George's grandmother cackled. "Young man, I like you. You've got spirit. I shall congratulate Emily." She turned.

"Just a minute," I said. "Do you think Emily is marvelous?"

She smiled at me, and for half a second she was the most fascinating woman in the world. "I think she's a very nice little girl," she said.

I charged across the room. "Emily," I said, "we're leaving. I feel like talking to you. Alone."

Emily's eyes widened. Then she smiled. "Oh, good," she said.

We had our blood tests. We got the license. Everything was ready. Pamela Thompson was to be matron of honor, Jim Thompson best man. The president of Consolidated Plastics was to give Emily away.

And then, the afternoon before the wedding, I called her up.

"Emily," I said, "have you seen the evening papers?"

"No. Why? What's happened?"

"They've had an earthquake in Mexico. We can't be married."

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

VICE falling on a child divides into
hree parts: some evaporates, some
quickly away from the surface, some
down to the "advice level."

e eternal triangle: mother, son, dog.

ening a child's mail or his diary may
his heart.

ere's no such thing in marriage as sob
ology.

y is it that when anything goes without
g, it never does?

e more imperfect a parent's education
een, the more determined he is to make
ligy out of his child.

oman should dress with a full amount
de, then, just before leaving home, do
French woman does with jewelry: re-
some of it.

e to brides: Always come to the break-
able looking your best, because on the
ou fail to do so the boy may be late
he morning paper.

often in ironing out trouble someone
corched.

siders must never be introduced to the
ng of the wheels of the household ma-
y.

woman wants a man to appreciate
housework is like, let her turn him loose on washing the pan in which mush has been cooked.

Hanging a bridge across the Grand Canyon would not seem any more difficult to an engineer than hanging his pants across a hanger does to our son.

Whenever anyone praised my grandmother's cooking, she always said, "I'm glad you enjoyed it. I didn't think it was as good as common."

My husband's idea of trimming the yard is to cut down a tree.

After having G. I.'s for students, one professor wishes marriage might be made an entrance requirement for college.

In disciplining a child, just as in cooking greens, the shorter the boiling period, the better.

Success: The ability to hitch your wagon to a star while keeping your feet on the ground.

Telling a child only what is agreeable for him to hear makes him far more difficult to rear.

A good friend is one who dares to take dog hairs off your coat.

"The Lord has been good to us," said an elderly woman, counting her blessings. "He has never let both of us get down sick at the same time."



Nelly Dons

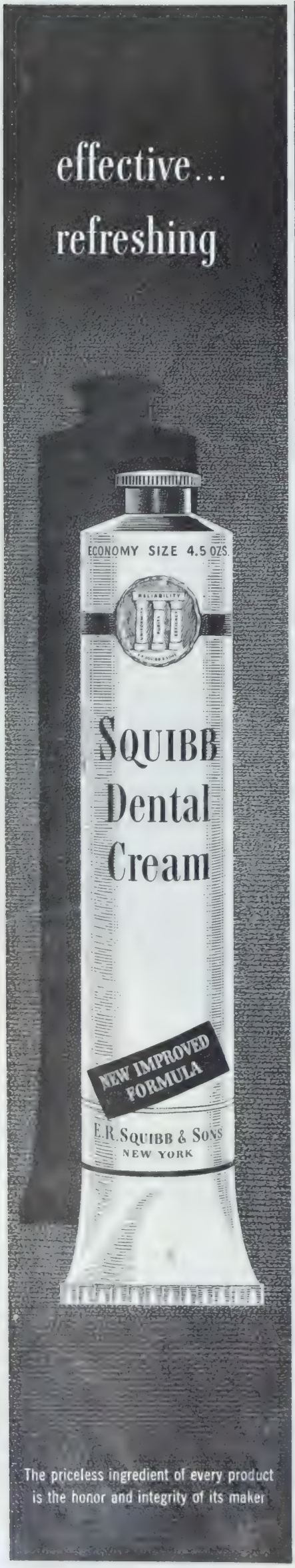
can go anywhere

Basic good lines, like good manners, adapt themselves to any setting. Here—photo'd by Rawlings—the new soft-shoulder Nelly Don in Evertru worsted jersey.

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"That," said Emily icily, "is what we of Smith would call a *non sequitur*."

"Emily," I begged, "be reasonable. I can't take you to a place where they have earthquakes."

The telephone exploded. After announcing that she wouldn't marry me if I were the only man on earth, she hung up. I hurled myself out of the apartment and into a taxi.

The door of Emily's apartment was ajar, so I walked in. And there on the couch sat George, with Emily's head buried in his shoulder. She was crying.

I ignored George. I said, "Emily, don't cry. You don't have to marry me. I'm glad you found it out in time. Darling, lots of people call it off at the last minute."

Emily looked at me, looked at George, and began to cry again. "There," she wailed, "you see."

George leaped up with a howl of rage.

I was patient. I said, "I can't let Emily make such a terrible mistake."

George said, "Listen, you punk. Emily wants to marry you. I like to see that Emily gets what she wants. And I personally will see that she does marry you. Or I'll blacken your name in every newspaper in the country. I'll fix it so you can't hold up your head in decent society."

I said, "Oh, you will, will you? And in six months I suppose you'll see that Emily gets a divorce nicely and quietly, without any publicity?"

"If necessary, I'll see to that too," said George. "In fact, I'd be glad to. . . . Emily, if you have any more trouble, let me know." He glared at me. "You be at the church by ten to four," he growled.

"You be there!" And then he left.

Emily got up from the couch and came over to me. "I love you," she said. "I won't lose you. I won't let you lose me."

"George won't let you lose me," I said, putting my arms around her.

"Oh, George." She snuggled her head into my shoulder. "He's just impulsive. Sit down, darling, I'll fix you some coffee."

She went into the kitchen and I began to pace around the room. It had a bare, empty look because all her belongings were packed—packed in the neat, air-weight cases that stood stacked against the wall.

Emily came back into the room. Her eyes followed mine.

"Yes," she said, "those contain all my belongings. Doesn't look much, does it?" She smiled.

"What's in the little one?" I asked, pointing at a small crocodile case, perched on top of the bigger bags.

"That's my make-up case." She opened it, and showed me the small pink jars inside.

I began to laugh. Somehow it was so unlike Emily. "Do you really use all those things?" I asked her.

"Yes." She showed me, one by one. "This is cleansing cream and this is foundation cream and this is some sort of stuff for stopping your neck getting wrinkled. I don't use that yet."

"They smell kind of nice," I said, feeling acutely masculine and inadequate. "And I suppose it's useful for traveling?"

"Oh, yes. I keep all my make-up in it, and then there isn't any risk of the jars' being broken. It goes everywhere with me."

"On your honeymoon, for instance?"

"But certainly."

"DIDN'T you have it that week end in Connecticut?" I asked, suddenly remembering the little case she had forgotten to take from me; remembering how I had taken it back to the doorman and had stood out on the sidewalk, wondering if she were thinking about me.

She nodded. "Yes. This is the one I forgot to take from you because I was thinking how much I loved you."

"Oh, Emily," I said. "Emily. Darling."

And then the doorbell rang, and Jim and Pamela arrived, and then Vandyke, and all of a sudden the evening turned into a party.

And at four o'clock the next afternoon, I saw Emily. Emily, a misty whiteness. Emily looking . . . well, Emily. My love. My darling. My bride. Her bouquet was trembling. I took her hand and it was cold and damp like the hand of a little girl who is scared. The minister began to speak. . . .

And then the reception, with Emily at my side. . . . "Isn't she marvelous?" said corporation presidents, kissing the bride rather more energetically than I felt necessary. "Isn't she marvelous?" said George, shaking my hand like an old friend, darn him. "What a *lovely* bride," cooed the presidents' wives, wearing the mink and jewels that, as my wife, Emily would probably never wear. *Oh, Emily,* I thought, *and you should always have the best, the best of everything.*

WE got away at last, and out to the airport. It was my first flight, and I wished that it was Emily's too. She sat there looking calm and serene and I knew that I was much too excited—yes, and scared too. Just before we took off, she grabbed my hand. "I always hate this bit," she said, but she didn't fool me. She was holding *my* hand in case *I* was scared.

We were over New Jersey, I should think, and the stewardess had just handed round little packs of chewing gum, when Emily said, "Oh, my goodness! Oh, *Mark!*"

"What is it, darling?"

"I've forgotten my make-up case. I had it ready to pick up after I changed, and I forgot all about it. Oh, Mark," she wailed, "what shall I *do?*"

I said, "Really, Emily, a little thing like that. You can get more, can't you?"

She looked at me as if I were a weevil. "In Mexico? In the jungle? Don't be crazy. It would take *weeks*. Mark, I can't come. I've got to get off this plane. I cannot go to Mexico without any make-up."

"But, darling ——"

"Don't 'But, darling' me," said my bride. "You don't understand. You don't understand anything about women. You don't know what a difference lipstick makes. I'd be lost without it; I wouldn't have any self-confidence; I'd feel just as badly as if I didn't have a skirt on."

"You would?" I said weakly.

"I certainly would. Oh, it's the most awful thing."

"But, darling ——"

"Stop saying that!" snapped Emily. "Can't you see how upset I am?"

"Well, don't blame me," I snapped back. "It's not my fault."

I looked at her. Her face was pink and she looked small and tearful and—well, defenseless. And all of a sudden, I knew. I knew that I had no business to be keeping her way out of reach on a pedestal. She wasn't unassailable and untouchable. She was just a girl, after all. Smarter and prettier and sweeter than any other girl, but still just a girl who made mistakes and was lost without her lipstick. And she loved me.

"I can't," she said pathetically, "I just can't go to Mexico without any make-up."

"Oh, yes you can," I said. "And to Tibet, too, if necessary. You're my wife and wives are supposed to go wherever their husbands have to go. Remember?"

She looked up at me and she smiled. "Yes, Mark," was all she said. "Yes, Mark." Just like that. Meekly.

In a minute I would finish what I began to say with "But, darling." In a minute I would say, "But, darling, we can stop over in New Orleans and you can get some more make-up." But first, I was going to enjoy the way I felt. Masterful, that was it, masterful and protective and possessive all at once, and it was a pretty good way to feel.

And from Emily's shining eyes and her smile, I think she thought it was a pretty good way for me to feel too. Marvelous woman, my wife. THE END

Really good manners spring from the heart. Thus a selfish person never has good manners. If you always have consideration for others, you always have good manners.

—OSCAR WILDE.

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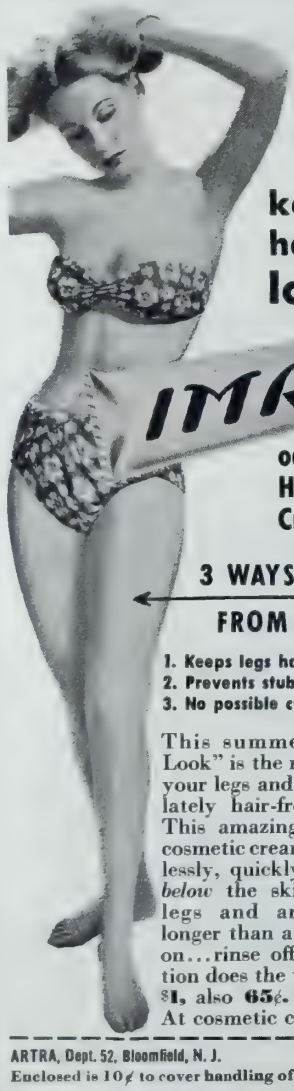
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The water of the trout stream is colored with amber and gold, and the little meadows beyond are filled with birds.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

ITH an Irish setter named Maeve, lightning never strikes twice in the same place. She looks so big we forget she is just a puppy still, but we remember it when she lopes by with a piece of slip cover in her smiling mouth. Last we we had guests for dinner and it was one of those lovely, peaceful summer evenings. Ruth and Henry had come up from Long Island on their way to Boston. This explained their very dress-up clothes.

Ruth was doing flower arrangements in the back kitchen and Henry was getting something from the car when Jill came over to me and hissed under her breath, "I must see you a minute." I couldn't understand the look on her face, a cross between grimness and despair. We went out the back door and she whispered loudly, "Do you know whether any of the people here have a Fox hat?"

"Why, I don't know," I said, "unless it is Henry."

"Well," she said, "I don't know what we can or do. Maeve has been eating it!"

"She can't. She was only in the house a minute!"

"A minute was long enough. Here it is," said Jill, fishing a gray lump of felt from the grass.

"Well," I said, "you can't conceal that kind of thing."

We went back in. Henry was innocently munching salted nuts.

"Henry," I said, "did you have a felt hat?"

He smiled. "Yes," he said, "I got it last week."

This was a terrible moment. Maeve merry and relaxed, eyes bland, the hat a chewed, sodden morsel, Henry all unknowing.

"Henry, how much was that hat?"

He looked surprised, as well he might. Men aren't used to being quizzed about the prices of their outfits. "Ten dollars," he said. Ruth made me get it."

"It's gone," I said. "Maeve has eaten it. Wholly."

Ruth went into hysterics. It didn't seem funny to me. Henry looked stunned.

"Ruth made him get it," said Ruth finally, wiping her eyes. "I told him I wouldn't go to Boston with him unless he had a new hat!"

"Oh, dear," said Jill, "oh, dear me." She vanished to the kennel with Maeve.

"He loved his old hat," said Ruth, going into another peal of mirth. "It took me months to get him to get that new one! I made him have his initials put in it," she added, "so he wouldn't lose it in the hotel."

Henry had the relic in his hands now, turning it around and around. "The lining could be put back," he said doubtfully, "but I guess with the brim chewed off it couldn't be fixed. Not really."

"No. It couldn't," I said.

So Henry went hatless to Boston. But he said, comfortingly, he hardly ever wore a hat anyway. It was just Ruth getting at him so over it. And she had thrown away the old one.

"Now, Jill," I said, "when Maeve gets up in the morning, she is *not* to have Henry's hat!"

"Discipline," said Jill, "is a wonderful thing."

One thing we do know: with puppies around, there is never a dull moment. It isn't that Maeve is bad; far from it. Her conscience is as clear as a crystal ball. She never does what she has been forbidden to do. It was just our mistake not telling her about Henry's hat.

We have slip covers that are very tough and will wash on all the sofas and chairs at Stillmeadow. And then we have a way of laying an extra layer of India print over the seats for muddy paw marks. Then for company we can take them off. We were getting ready for a party one day when Johannes was around to help. I heard him talking to himself. "Why," he said in surprise, "this is a very fine sofa when you get to know it!" He had worked down two layers and was uncovering the French tapestry on the big sofa by the fire.

We did have the house on parade when there was one of those tours of old houses and Stillmeadow was "toured." After we had polished and waxed and washed and cleaned and uncovered, the house looked strange and prim. All the dogs and cats were shut up in the kennels. I walked through, admiring the lovely effect. Not a

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stray slipper, nor a dumbbell nor a magazine anywhere. Clean ash trays. Flawless flowers. Yes, it looked better than I had ever seen it, I thought. I sat down very gingerly, being very careful not to lean against a plumped pillow.

"Some people," I thought, "keep things this way all the time."

In a few minutes, I began to feel restless. Depressed. There was a kind of empty feeling. Maybe I had eaten too much creamed chipped beef for lunch. Jill makes our own dried beef and I love it too well. The only sound was the breathing of the freezer in the cellar, a cold and lonely breathing. I went to the window and parted the crisp, spotless curtains and looked through plainly, for the nose marks were all off the pane.

Then I saw a row of cocker faces and one eager setter nose sticking through the fence of the long run.

"Well," I said, "I'll certainly be glad when this thing is over and the dogs can come back in the house. It's too darned lonesome in here."

And after the last of the tour people drove away it wasn't five minutes before the French tapestry went back into the silence under the slip cover and Little Sister was bouncing up and down on the sofa, Honey was climbing to the love seat and Maeve was standing on the window sill, pressing a moist nose on the clean glass and looking down the road for George.

We had eggplant pancakes for supper, after Mrs. Wallis' wonderful recipe. To make them. I pare and cube and parboil until tender enough eggplant to make 3 cups of cubes when well drained. Then I mash the eggplant, add 2 beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper and ½ cup flour. Mrs. Wallis adds ¼ teaspoon nutmeg to hers, but Jill is allergic to nutmeg, so we leave that out. The cakes are fried in butter or margarine, and they cook very fast and are lacy and crisp at the edges. Delicious with cold sliced ham or a roast, for those who like eggplant.

Another good recipe from Mrs. Wallis is her whipped-cream cake.

Beat 3 eggs very light and add gradually 1½ cups sugar. Continue to beat until sugar is well blended with the eggs. Whip 1½ cups heavy cream. Fold in egg-and-sugar mixture and 1½ teaspoons vanilla. Sift together 3 times 2¼ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Sift small amounts of flour over cream mixture and fold in until all the flour has been used. Pour into two 9-inch layer-cake pans which have been greased, lined with wax paper and greased again. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in a moderate oven, 375°F.

Cooking is a wonderful adventure because there is always something new around the corner. Like this week when we glazed a ham with a pint of last year's peach preserve, because the new peach season is at hand. This ham was the best we ever ate, the peach segments candied on the surface and the juice was sweet and spicy.

THIS is the heart of vacation time, and last year when we went to the Cape we sorted and packed and unpacked and re-sorted interminably. I always wonder why some firm doesn't put up a vacation special of staple foods for campers, cottagers or travelers on the road. And a set of cosmetics and medicines. The regular cosmetic kits don't do much good for me, because all that wrinkle cream and conditioner stuff I never use at any time.

One firm, I am glad to say, puts out a Cape Cod broom closet which has all you need taking care of your summer cottage: brush wax, window clean, mops, polish. You everything in a couple of cartons and y can start for the cottage with a mind ease.

August is a lovely time of the year in N England. It can be horribly hot and stea and enervating in the daytime. As a rewa for this discomfort comes a night that is pu enchantment, flooded with cool, silver moo light, sweet with flower scent, quiet deep-running rivers. In fact, I sometim think that you never get a perfect summ night without having a hot day first. F the heat mellows the land.

WE PACK our supper and go to Roxbu just before sunset. The water of the tro stream there is colored with amber and gol and the little meadows across are filled wi birds. A very cool, special odor comes fro the pine woods on the hill.

Bacon and eggs cooked over a low fire apple-wood sticks are about perfect, wi rolls toasting on the hot stones at the si of the fire.

We pack a bowl of fresh garden lettuce a put whole ripe tomatoes, crisp onion slic and carrot slivers in it, and dressing is in smaller bowl. We c it a finger salad; y dip your tomato in t garlic dressing or ju salt it and eat it o of hand.

For dessert we c have ice cream wi fresh peaches carri in the insulated ba or just a bowl of bl berries and cream. a plate of mixed che and crisp wafers a early sweet grapes.

Vacuum-bottle co fee is fine when don't want to cook over the fire. Mamm used to boil hers a blue enamel p over the picnic fi dropping an eggsh in at the end. Th was coffee!

The new plast cups are good for pa nics and the little plastic bowls are perfect delightful. They weigh nothing and will pra tically fold up if you want them to. And th are in such delicate pale blues and pinks an greens that the picnic looks pretty when yo use them.

Expensive picnic kits always look fascina ing in the magazines, but we just use an o basket and pop everything in; no sticking each spoon in a slot or arranging plates compartments. I use a separate basket t pots and pans, with an old newspaper on t bottom.

Fancy food is not necessary at any picn because simple dishes taste better anyway the open air, and if you season your foo with sunset you have a meal to dream abo anyway.

Coming home, the villages are dreamin under the moon, and the old white hous look as serene as if time never set his mail boot on the flagstone paths. The maple above Stillmeadow are heavy with summe the pointed leaves of the lilacs quiver with wind blowing.

Honey barks absently as she comes acro the terrace. Barking is just a habit with h when she has nothing special to do. Th youngest puppy in the kennel answers wi a soft, excited yip, and every dog on the pla lifts a noisy muzzle. When the barking di away, they all settle down again and t summer night is still.

Honey looks smug with that very spec smugness a cocker can have. "Now ever thing is taken care of for the night," she te me.

And the sapphire eyes of a Siamese nam Esmé are shining, shining blue in the silv night as we go in, with another day fold away into yesterday. THE E

À Minuit

By Rhina P. Espaillat

Something brought me back from slumber:
Subtle touch of finger tips,
Hands, familiar, dear, insistent—
Sudden warmth upon my lips.

Darkness could not hide your presence,
Straight to me your love came winging,
And over all the bitter ocean,
I heard you singing.



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Mum safer for skin — Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

Mum safer for clothes — No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick; easy to use, even after you're dressed.

LOOK THE MONEYLENDERS OVER!

(Continued from Page 45)

of the Pennsylvania Company, says it is easier to collect loans for which there is no collateral, for the people then feel morally obligated to repay.

Because they are long-established and generally respected and their overhead is absorbed in many other sources of income, the banks are in a favorable position to do a thriving business in small loans. Their rise in the field has been spectacular. In dollar volume they now do twice the amount of business done by small-loan companies.

For several decades the small-loan or personal-finance companies, operating under uniform small-loan laws, have made loans at the rate of 2½ to 3½ per cent per month on the unpaid balance. There are now some 5400 such organizations operating under state laws.

It is commonly stated that these businesses charge 30 to 42 per cent *interest* per annum. This is misleading. By the system of installment repayments and charges on unpaid balances, without other fees of any kind, the customer does not pay $42 for an original $100 loan even though the *rate*, in places where 3½ per cent per month is permitted, is 42 per cent per year. The interest charge applies only to the unpaid balance, which diminishes with each monthly payment. The actual cost of a $100 loan is $22.75 when the rate is 3½ per cent per month and the loan is repaid in 12 equal monthly payments. This makes the cost of money borrowed from a finance company still considerably more than the cost of a similar amount when the borrower can get it from a bank.

Most licensed lenders insist that both husband and wife sign for a loan, or at least they write the other partner a tactfully worded letter. It is almost impossible to borrow from an honest, responsible finance company or a bank without your mate's knowing about it. Agreement of husband and wife on the need for the loan is double guaranty of its repayment, and there is greater probability that the loan will be used for the constructive improvement of the family situation.

Children are love made visible. —NOVALIS.

Dr. M. R. Neifeld, vice-president of the Beneficial Management Corporation, which operates personal-finance companies in hundreds of cities, reports that about 85 per cent of their loans are made to married people, the wife initiating the loan in nearly half the cases. Regardless of which partner seeks the loan, both are usually committed to its repayment.

THE method of borrowing money is simple but not foolproof. An applicant expresses his need, usually in person; trained interviewers and investigators decide whether they think he can carry the loan. (The less scrupulous do not care whether he can or not.) He receives a sum of money and pays back a larger amount in small installments over a period of time.

Generally, qualification for a loan, from either a bank or a finance company, depends upon each individual interview and application. Certain obvious qualifications are necessary. The applicant must have steady employment and be in good standing with his company, or have other reliable sources of income. Some consideration is given to his health, age, physical ability and number of dependents. It helps if he already has a good credit rating. He must be personally reputable.

But no hard-and-fast lines are drawn. An applicant is not granted a loan which the lenders think he is unable to handle; but one person can manage repayment of a $300 loan with a $3000 yearly income more reliably than another with a $6000 yearly income, depending on his habits, standard of living and previous commitments. Banks are more conservative than loan companies and sometimes ask a wider margin of assurance that the principal and interest will be paid on schedule.

Wise moneylenders like to deal with responsible parents of happy families. The officials of lending institutions often serve as ex-officio family advisers about affairs seemingly unrelated to money (but what is not?). The best of them give wise counsel to the advantage of their clients. Handling people courteously and kindly is no mere technique with them—it is a definite financial asset. Apparently many people feel it is well worth the charges to be able to unload their tales of woe. "You think you have troubles?" one interviewer said. "We hear some beauts!" It is a part of their business, also, to be impeccably discreet, and their knowledge of a client's affairs is held in the strictest confidence.

LOAN sharks most often tell relatives, neighbors or employers, blackmail, use other strong-arm methods, or even sue when borrowers are slow to pay, and they are masters of legal technicalities. Such is the law and the commitments of the borrower that they are able to win cases. The legal, stringently regulated personal-finance companies now lending money in thirty-one states at a maximum permissible rate of 30 to 42 per cent, and an actual rate much lower in most cases, are deadly enemies of the illegal, unregulated 240 per cent loan sharks.

The Russell Sage Foundation, an independent philanthropy specializing in social research, was the first to do something about the exorbitant rates of unregulated moneylenders. This organization recognized the people's need for a way to get small loans. In 1916 the Foundation drafted a model uniform small-loan law, since amended six times, which applies to lenders of $300 or less, except banks, credit unions and institutions regulated by other laws. The uniform small-loan law requires lenders to be licensed, bonded, and supervised by the state; imposes careful tests of character, fitness and resources; and stipulates the maximum rate of interest and provides criminal and civil penalties for infractions. All except five states—Kansas, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota and South Carolina—have adopted some kind of small-loan legislation. In twelve of the remaining states the small-loan laws are wholly or partly inoperative; thirty-one states have effective small-loan laws. The application and enforcement of the law varies greatly from state to state, and the mere presence of legislation does not eliminate the loan shark.

Because of the high costs involved, only a legal rate sufficiently high to provide a profit will attract honest lenders. The best protection the people have against irresponsible moneylenders is to encourage the legislation and enforcement in their state of a uniform small-loan law which provides for reasonable but necessarily high rates. In unregulated states, and in some which have inadequate legislation, loan sharks still carry on their underhanded lending at enormous rates.

One victim in Dallas, Texas (still a profitable state for sharks), borrowed $20, to meet the costs of hospital care, from an illegal lender who charged him $2.25 a week. That was in 1929. By 1938, having renewed his note every month, the borrower had paid $1053 for the use of $20, and he still owed more than he had borrowed. He had paid interest at the rate of 585 per cent a year!

In several states, the loan sharks escape regulation by means of the salary-buying dodge. Actually, they lend money; technically, they merely buy the right to part of the victim's wages. This is not possible in states which have a *complete* small-loan law, for Section 16 states that a salary purchase is a loan and subject to all provisions of the law. Wherever the loan sharks succeed in having Section 16 omitted, they are free to manipu

(Continued on Page 102)

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(Continued from Page 100)

late the salary-buying dodge and charge whatever they please. Here is an actual case uncovered by the Kansas City Bar Association:

Mr. Jones, 34 years old, earns $190 a month as a railroad mail clerk. He is married and has a seven-year-old son. He has gone over his head in debt in the last few years. He borrowed $25 from a salary buyer. The immediate need was to help with expenses at his mother-in-law's death. He later increased the loan to $35, and paid interest totaling $80 before he came to the bar committee for advice. Jones belongs to the post-office credit union. He knew he was borrowing from a bootleg company, and said that he was willing to pay for the lender's "accommodation," but he has been unable to pay off the debt in one lump sum. After borrowing from the salary buyer, he made a $200 loan from a bank to consolidate some other delinquent accounts. Jones had other sources of credit when he borrowed from the salary buyer, but he was in debt and chose to get the money the easier way rather than to go to a licensed lender for the small amount which he needed immediately.

He threatens who is afraid.
—FRENCH PROVERB.

Public opinion and alert legal action have since improved the situation in Missouri.

As things stand, you, the consumer, are faced with the age-old but brutal injunction, "Let the buyer beware." How can you tell a loan shark? That is a question that honest lenders would like to answer concisely for everyone. Obviously a loan shark is most successful when he looks honest.

If you live in a state where moneylenders are well regulated by law, you can ask to see the license of the lender—but, unfortunately, crooks can easily come by pretty bits of paper covered with suitable script. Generally a large organization with many branches comes easily under the surveillance of law enforcers. In many cities there are legal-aid societies to advise or assist, and in about seventy cities there are Better Business Bureaus which will answer inquiries. When borrowing money, the best advice is to be calm, and shop around openly for the best value. A commercial moneylender should be selected with the same care and in the same manner one chooses a doctor or a dentist in a strange town. Only a false sense of pride can prevent the person in need of cash from asking several informed citizens where to go to get it. The borrower is most vulnerable when he is in need of a very small loan, which he likely cannot get from a bank. Of 300 people victimized by loan sharks in a study made by a lawyers' association in Kansas City, 79 were employed by companies having credit unions, and several were employed by banks. The average loan was $19.50.

Certainly if you are a member of a credit union you should take advantage of its low rates. If you can qualify for a bank loan, and have no special reason for going elsewhere, the small-loan department of a commercial bank is a good place to apply. Licensed personal-finance companies give personal attention and consideration to loans of almost any size. Of course, if your income is insufficient to cover adequate payments, or if you are destitute and *really* need money, you will not get it from anyone who lends commercially for an honest profit. It is perhaps wiser to seek help from welfare agencies supported by the community.

Occasionally it is uneconomical *not* to borrow, and certainly crises, medical care and educational plans cannot be postponed. But when it comes to unnecessary borrowing or the indiscriminate purchase of goods "on time" it is usually better to count your riches among the things you can do without.

HOMES . . . MILLINOCKET BUILDS

(Continued from Page 23)

tradition. There is about the town none of the dispirited sameness of row upon row of identical dwellings, so typical of industrial towns and cities.

The paper mill is the town's largest industry and chief source of employment. Before the war it was not hard to find a place to live in Millinocket. There were homes to spare, for rent or purchase. "But when we vets got back," explains one of the residents in the new settlement, "things were different. There were so many new employees at the mill, so many new families, the town fairly bulged. Lots of people had to go to Mattawamkeag for houses, or get rooms at the local hotel."

The townspeople met the usual difficulties in seeking a solution to the housing problem. A housing committee appointed by the town selectmen brought in contractors from near-by Bangor. They submitted plans for five different kinds of houses. Everything looked fine until the committee discovered the big gap between what contractors wanted for building such houses, and what prospective owners could pay. The contractors' price was between $8000 and $9000. The people who needed homes could raise an average of $4000 to $6000. And the insurance companies approached to finance the project decided against accepting quitclaim deeds, the only type available.

All over the country, other towns have similar housing problems. But in Millinocket, the Great Northern Paper Company owned land which could be used for residential development. The company was willing to sell lots to anyone interested in building without relation to employment at the mill. It was even ready to build houses to rent or sell. But the majority of the Millinocket citizens who needed homes wanted neither to pay the contractors' price nor meet the company's profitless rent figure.

According to John Tracey, who was interested in the proposed new housing section from its first suggestion, "It didn't take much investigation to discover that if a man could cut out the cost of labor, he could shave down the building price two or three thousand dollars." There was an obvious answer. The people of Millinocket who wanted homes badly enough must do their own work. And that is what they are doing.

Early in 1947, the Great Northern Paper Company made 51 lots in this new section available to anyone who wished to buy, and also released seven other lots scattered through the town. The company helped build 57 cellars. Ground for the first house was broken in April, 1947, and construction has now started on all but six lots in the development.

When the company laid out this section, it planned streets with sewer and water facilities. The streets and sewers were built by the municipality at a cost of $10,000. Water mains and hydrants were installed by the Millinocket Water Company without any assessment on individual house lots. The company made a very reasonable price of $240 per lot (this worked out at four cents per square foot), with corner lots priced at $25 more. The local bank joined forces with the company, offering loans for building at 5 per cent interest, mostly "on character."

A minimum of skilled assistance has gone into the Millinocket building. Local contractors were secured to give absolutely necessary advice and supply the more difficult labor for plumbing, heating and electrical installation. When needed materials could not be secured individually, the company put its purchasing department at the disposal of local merchants.

"Sometimes I doubt whether we could have gone ahead without the company's help," one new home owner says. "For instance, the company furnished a bulldozer and operator to clear the ground, excavate and fill in. We owners had only to pay the operator's overtime. All the engineering services of the mill, including the drafting depart

(Continued on Page 105)

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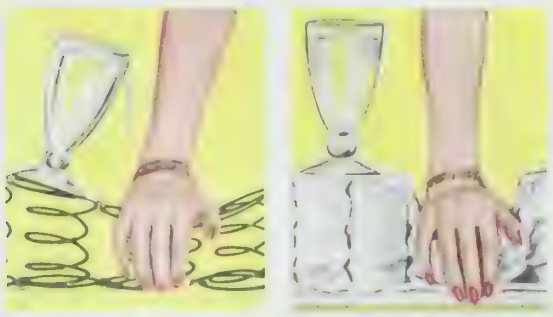
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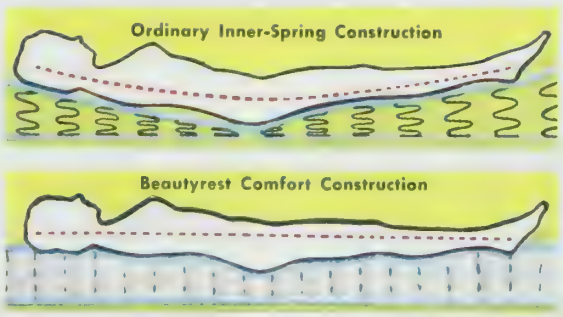
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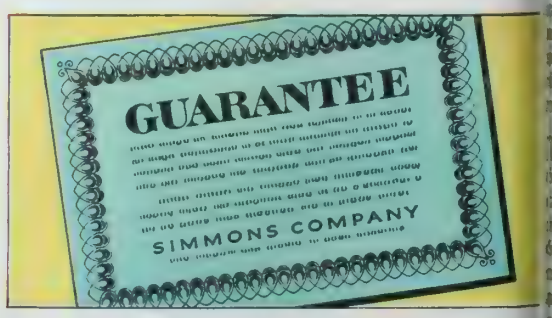
2. **Compare the construction:** Left, notice how springs which are *wired together* in *ordinary* mattress *go down together* under pressure—forming a hollow. But, see how Beautyrest's *individually pocketed* springs act on their own, do NOT sag together!



3. **Compare the comfort:** Above, see how *wired-together* springs in *ordinary* mattress can sag deeply beneath you. But, below, see how Beautyrest's 837 *individually pocketed* springs "give" only in the *right* places—offer you *firmer, more natural support.*



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(Continued from Page 102)

ıent which helped us with blueprints, were urs for the asking. They also supplied us ith several sets of wooden form panels for ıe concrete cellar walls, and a cement mixer. hey sent an operator to supervise the mixıg and pouring. Those of us who went into ıe forest to cut our own logs could use the ompany's horses and trucks at a special rate. rank Rush set up a portable sawmill on the evelopment where we could take our lumber ıd have it cut to specifications. He made us good price too."

Charles Carrier, now superintendent at the ast Millinocket mill, organized the comany's participation in the project. He says, The boys gained experience and learned ills from one another. They developed a irit of comradeship which was fine to see. ow they have their own homes."

Some owners readily admit that the going as not all smooth. "We dug holes, shoveled rt, sawed planks and pushed wheelbarrows. didn't matter whether the work was for our vn homes or for a neighbor. Many of the eople of the town came out to watch and ayed to help. We sawed pieces out of our ıgers and squashed a few. But no landlord ın tell us what to do now, and we can kick a ole in our walls if we feel like it."

Pouring concrete for the basements proved hold more interest for volunteer workers an any other phase of the construction. eams of six or eight men were originally anned to work on one basement. But when ord was passed around Millinocket that a llar was to be poured next day, there were ways more workers on hand than were eded. One day, forty-two men gathered for asement "pouring." Even the kids wanted help. One mother prosted, "The children were o everything including e cement mixer."

Today twenty-two fames are living in their own uses. The variety in size d plan is pleasant to see. The houses are not e identical shell after another. They have aracter and individuality. Some have one ory, others two. Some are Colonial, others nd toward more modern types of architecre. They are as different and as varied as e work which went into them.

Improvements for the grounds will come xt. The company is planning to send out a dscape gardener to help plan a park enance, and will supply two trees for each lot. e local garden club, recently organized, is aking plans to guide the homeowners in nting flowers and vegetables best suited to llinocket's sandy soil.

The people who live in these houses today, d those who will move in as soon as their mes are completed, are like those you see in ur town every day. They are the veterans o came back with wives, and had to eeze in with the in-laws. They are the fam- s who could find nothing but one room in a el, and put the baby in the bathtub beıse there was no floor space for a crib. They the young couples who paid exorbitant ces for the hastily "furnished" rooms, and ared a bath with others. No wonder homes an so much to them.

THERE were many families like the Carl V. ockwell, Jr.'s, who, with two active little ys and a third baby on the way, found livıı longer with his parents impossible. The ockwells were one of the first families to ve into the new section. They bought a tially completed house when Mrs. Stockwl came home from the hospital with a v baby daughter. They have completed interior of their home themselves.

"We didn't have a chance to get lonely out e," pretty Mrs. Stockwell recalls. "Many our future neighbors were beginning to ld. Our house was the only source of electity in the area, so we rigged up outside ts for the nightwork. You should have n the thick black cords hanging out of all windows. Our bill was so big that the al electric company investigated. When y discovered the reason for our using so ch electricity, they reduced our bill to the ular monthly rate."

Bryan Seelye, company auditor, explains that people desiring to build immediately are given first choice at the lots. No interest is charged for time payments unless they stop for an insufficient reason. "For instance," he points out, "if sickness or some other emergency comes up, we charge no interest and give a man all the time he needs. But if we find out that payments have been discontinued because a man buys a new car, then we add five per cent interest."

If prospective builders change their minds about investing in a lot, they can get their money back, even though the foundation is already laid. "In such a case, we buy back the lot and pay the man what he has put into the foundation—minus the value of supplies, time and man-hours which our company made available to him," the company official added. There have been few instances of this, however.

THE John Traceys are a typical housing-project family. They started gathering materials for their home back in March of 1947, and bought a corner lot the following August. They worked as fast as possible from August to November, when Maine's bitter weather set in. For nightwork they strung lights from the roof of a near-by house to make time count. John had his father to help him.

Although there is some work still to be done on the Tracey home, the family—consisting of the young Traceys, their fifteen-month-old son and John's parents—has moved in. "The floors don't look pretty," John laughs, "but we've got our own roof over our heads."

John Tracey is a finisher for the paper company. Not long ago he wore the uniform of an Army sergeant and served in Germany and Czechoslovakia.

"I'd never built anything before, but I can drive a nail straight," he tells you. "Dad had to take over the sawing, though. Mine wasn't straight. Figured labor represented about half the cost of a house. We believe we have saved at least $1000 already. We have spent $4000 on supplies, including lumber for inside and outside. The only further expense will be about $500 for flooring."

The Tracey house contains four rooms downstairs: living room, bedroom, kitchen and bath; upstairs there are two more bedrooms. They expect to have their home completely finished in another three months. "Those months will seem like years," they prophesy.

A few families in the new section paid for the construction work. Where money was available, some of the owners hired contractors and let them do the building. The Joseph Tuckers did this. Tucker edits the weekly local paper. "We've spent $6000 and will spend about $1500 more. We're going to have our newspaper plant in the basement," he explains. Their house plan includes a downstairs living room, bedroom, kitchen, sun porch and bath. Upstairs are two bedrooms.

The paper mill built five houses at a cost of $8500 each, and offered them for rent at $45 per month. The newly married C. H. Ferris, Jr.'s, consider themselves lucky to have secured one of these. They were among those given first choice because Ferris is a veteran. "Our little home looks mighty good to us after the hotel room we had for five months," Mrs. Ferris says.

Even this ambitious building program has not quite satisfied the total demand for new houses in Millinocket. There are 15 applications for lots still on file at present. The company plans to release 12 more lots for sale within a few months. There are no new requests for "rents" at the Veterans' Information Center, however. "After being deluged by people who wanted to rent houses," says Frederick McInis, a worker at the Center, "we haven't had one this year."

What price your own hearthside? The people of Millinocket found that individual initiative plus industry's co-operation paid worthwhile dividends. They think the price of hard work, sacrifice and a great deal of pulling together is not too much to pay. THE END

The worse the carpenter, the more the chips.

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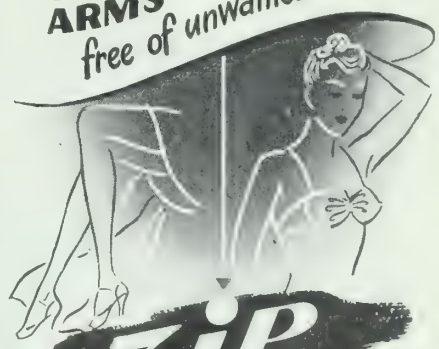


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PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER

This attractive room for young marrieds and others is furnished with low-cost auction bargains repaired or done over by amateurs. The color scheme of almond-green and bittersweet is taken from the Modern Museum's twelve-dollar print, Derby View, by Fausett, which hangs above the fireplace.

This Room for $395.14 at Auction

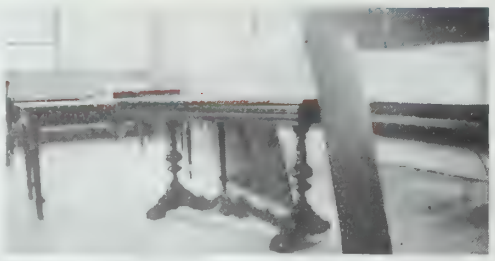
BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

AUCTION shopping is the most fascinating pastime we know. Can you think of anything more delightful than coming face to face with the sofa of your dreams, the wanted club chair or a charming table, at a price you can afford? Such treasures can be yours for a fraction of their original cost if you learn how to shop at auctions. If you are not auction-wise, here's how to go about finding such usable, resold merchandise in both towns and cities.

Auction houses in larger centers have regular scheduled sales, and nowadays a considerable quantity of auction merchandise is being taken by trucks to smaller towns and even country crossroads, where sales are held from the trucks. Articles go for less at these auctions, and you can get exciting bargains.

There are several price levels and grades of auction merchandise. Out-of-town antique dealers make regular trips to big cities to buy for their particular clientele, and to them and the local antiquarians go the rarities, the fabulous things you see in museums. The real bargains are not antiques, but date from the late Victorian era to the early '30's. They are pieces with good lines, structurally sound and needing only such repairs as you can make yourself. If you have in your town one of those good, old-time furniture finishers who do work reasonably, then you can venture a bit further and buy interesting pieces needing professional skill to repair.



Secondhands with good possibilities.



Auction furniture before remodeling.

FURNITURE. In the room pictured, we bought furniture for which there was not much competitive bidding, as we expected to do the remodeling ourselves and wanted good values for a really low-cost room. There was nothing wrong with the upholstered furniture except its shabbiness. This is an important point, for a chair or sofa isn't a bargain if it requires major repairs. Look at the *(Continued on Page 115)*

"I was all at sea - but not for long!"

To a couple of Easterners like Bill and me (I love saying it together—we're on our honeymoon), California is sort of overpowering at first. Big trees, big open spaces, big waves at Catalina. But the *people* are so helpful and hospitable you don't feel at sea very long!

Our get-acquainted call on Bill's second cousin Helen in L.A. ended up with us enthroned in her dream of a guest bedroom. With—I *notice* these things now that I'm going to keep house myself—luscious percale sheets on the beds. "Cousin Helen," I sighed, "I *love* being a guest. Real percale! Wish *we* could afford 'em!"

"But, honey! Don't you know?" Cousin Helen laughed. "These sheets that you're admiring so are *Cannon* Percales! They cost only a *little* more than heavy-duty muslins! Just *everybody* is buying them—for every bed in the house!" My eyebrows went up to my topknot. "You mean these Cannon dream-sheets are practical *too?*" I asked.

Cousin Helen led me to her linen closet. "I've had these Cannon Percale Sheets since *I* was married," she told me. "Wonders for wear! And see how fine-woven—with 25% more threads than best-grade muslins! So light that bedmaking and laundering are easier!" I learn fast. "Come visit *us*," I invited—"by then, *I'll* have 'em too!"



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helena rubinstein

655 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

PARTY DRESS

(Continued from Page 39)

"What's all this about?" asked Steve, gingerly lifting the patterns. "Somebody fill me in."

"Class prom Saturday," said Pamela. "Big night. Marybeth has a date with a senior. Don't you remember your first date? Your child is growing up."

"Date?" said Steve. He stood up and looked wonderingly at Marybeth, who had stepped on the footstool while crossing the room and was apparently stuck there. "Is all that ours?" he asked. "All that long, tall kid?"

"It isn't sectional," said his wife. "As a matter of economy, I'm trying to make something out of that old velvet job of mine."

"That old beanbag," he said. "Why fool with that?"

"It's a perfectly marvelous piece of transparent velvet. The first time I wore it you were goggle-eyed. The second time you proposed. It's been in retirement since then. It will make a lovely formal."

"Who's supposed to propose to Marybeth? Why don't you buy her a dress?"

"Oh, dad-*dy!*" Marybeth whirled through the patterns. A chair fell over and the chandelier tinkled. "Could I really have a new dress?"

Trapped, Steve tried to think, but it was too late. "I don't see why not," he said weakly.

Marybeth and her mother exchanged long, shining glances.

"She can wear it next year," Pamela said quickly. "I'll fix it so it can be let out in every direction." She made a sweep at the table and the scattered patterns seemed to dissolve.

Marybeth made another motion and the table appeared. She did a brief pirouette at the sideboard and came up with a handful of silver. "Knife, fork, spoon," she said. "Knife, fork, spoon."

Pamela faded through the swinging door.

In a slight daze Steve wandered into the living room, picked up the paper and sank into a chair. Almost instantly Marybeth materialized at his elbow.

"Where are the twins?"

"Skating," said Marybeth. "Mother baked a gorgeous lemon pie and you're having steak. We're eating meat loaf."

"This is a democracy," said Steve. "Why do I get steak while the rest of you eat meat loaf?"

"You're our father," said Marybeth. "It says in the Bible 'Honor thy father and thy ——'"

"I don't get this," said Steve. "One minute the kitchen is cold and the next it's producing lemon pies and steaks. Sounds like some sort of a conspiracy to me."

"Dad-*dy!*" Marybeth slid from the arm of his chair and pivoted into the center of the room, her pleated skirt whirling about her long, shapely legs. "Of course there's no conspiracy. Anyhow, I really get a new dress, don't I? You won't renege?"

Steve heard the broiler door open in the kitchen and the first delicious sizzle of a steak. "Nope, honey," he said. "I won't renege. Rather cut my throat first."

At ten o'clock the next morning the buzzer in Steve's office rang imperiously. A split second later the telephone whirred into action. At the other end of the buzzer lay the heavy thumb of J. C. Kingery, president, Kingery, Carr & Conner, Inc., Builders. At the other end of the telephone lay—what? Romance, perhaps. Steve answered the telephone.

"Sweetheart," said Pamela in her best Sunday voice, "I wouldn't bother you except the darnedest thing happened. I was supposed ——"

"Can I call you back?" asked Steve quickly. "J. C. is sitting on the buzzer in his office. He's probably discovered the world will end at noon. I won't be more than ten minutes."

He hung up, lifted a sheet of tracing paper from the drawing board, and went down the hall. "Go on in," said Miss Patton, fluttering her hands helplessly in the outer office.

"I'm in," said Steve as he pushed through the door. "Hi, chief," he said to the big man behind the desk.

The big man clattered a phone into its cradle. "Stop calling me chief," he said. "After all, you're practically a member of the firm."

"Thanks," said Steve. "More money?"

J. C. Kingery stood up and banged down a near-by sash. "Can't hear a thing with that confounded window open. What did you say?"

"Nothing," replied Steve. He spread the tracing paper on the desk. "If this is what you want, I'm not quite finished."

"Put that thing away. What's the use of talking about it if we can't get lumber? That's what I want to talk to you about—lumber. Ever hear of Pudge Harkness?"

"R. J. Harkness? We burn joss sticks to his image every day. He's a lumber king. Why, chief?"

"He's coming to town," said J. C. softly. "I happen to know he's got a hundred thousand board feet of lumber that isn't earmarked." The chief leaned back with a small, grim smile. "Funny thing. I once dunked his head in a bucket of library paste. Fraternity initiation." He leaned forward again, and the smile disappeared. "How did I know the oaf would inherit a lumber mill?"

"Tough luck, chief. He's probably never forgotten."

The grim smile came back. "I don't know. As a matter of fact, he sounded pretty friendly over the phone. He's coming up from this little town in Arkansas with his wife. Called long distance and wanted to know if I could arrange some night life for them."

"Can do," said Steve. "That should be no great problem."

"It isn't that simple." J. C. drummed on the desk top. "Steve," he said, lowering his voice and looking around nervously, "do you happen to know any nice-looking young girls? Something around eighteen or nineteen?"

Steve's eyebrow slid upward sharply. "So that's it," he said. "The old boy's a bit of a wolf."

"No, no, no," yelled J. C. "It's not that at all. He's married to a battle-ax who won't let him out of her sight. Trouble is they've h issue. A son. And I'd bet my bottom dol he's just as much of an oaf as his fath He's coming along and Pudge particula asked if I could fix up a date for him."

"I'm married," said Steve. "I don't kn any young girls. Pam absolutely refuses let me run around with them. I've begg and begged."

"All right, all right," said the chief. "Le not horse it up too much. I'm serious. You the youngest member of the firm. Could Pamela dig up somebody? Surely y people ——" He waved his hand in the vaguely.

"I'll try," said Steve sincerely. "That's I can say, boss."

"Stop calling me boss. Go try. Let know before five."

"Okay, chief."

Steve bowed out, flicked a smile at M Patton, and went into his office holding head.

"Pamela, doll," he said over the pho "do you think you could line up a beauti girl of eighteen who likes to go dancing? hope you understand. This is important.'

Pamela choked slightly. "I've tried understand everything, dear," she said. "I you'll have to admit this is a little odd af fifteen years."

"Wait a minute," he said, and explair the situation.

"Oh," she replied. "Let me work on it. the meantime, this is the important thi Marybeth is downtown going berserk. I w supposed to go with her to the beauty par and then to buy the dress, but I'd forgot our club meeting. Are you listening?"

"Go ahead," said Steve. He picked u pad and began figuring what a handso thing the firm could make out of one hund thousand feet of lumber.

"She's at the beauty parlor now. She'll at Mason's around three o'clock. Is th any way you could meet her and help pick the dress?"

"I'd rather have a major operatio groaned Steve.

"I know, darling," said Pamela. voice took on a secret inflection known only themselves. "You'll do it, won't you, dear

"Uh—yes," said Steve. "The beau parlor at three. What beauty parlor?"

"No, dear. Mason's department store three. West entrance. You can't miss h She slipped out wearing my red coat and new snakeskin shoes. I could brain her. knows where to go. Fourth floor." There a small kissing sound and the line went de

At ten minutes after three Steve stood the west entrance of Mason's departm store, whistling tuneless *Thousands of 'em,* he said himself as he watched crowds surging up and down street. *And I don't know o* You couldn't just walk out, your hat and introduce yo self. All kinds. Brunettes, r heads. Take that beauti blonde with the upswept h do. The one looking in the w dow. If he could just go up say ——

The blonde turned sudde and came toward him. She wearing a bright red coat snakeskin shoes. With a li chirp she bowled through crowd and grabbed his a "Dad-*dy!* What are you do here?"

"Holy leaping grasshopp Marybeth," he said. "W in the world has happened your hair?"

"It's the new Manhattan sweep," said Marybeth, pro ling him through the entra "Like it?"

(Continued on Page 110)



"Don't touch me, mom! I've been sunk by an atom bomb an' I'm still radioactive."

Girls *will* talk... about these



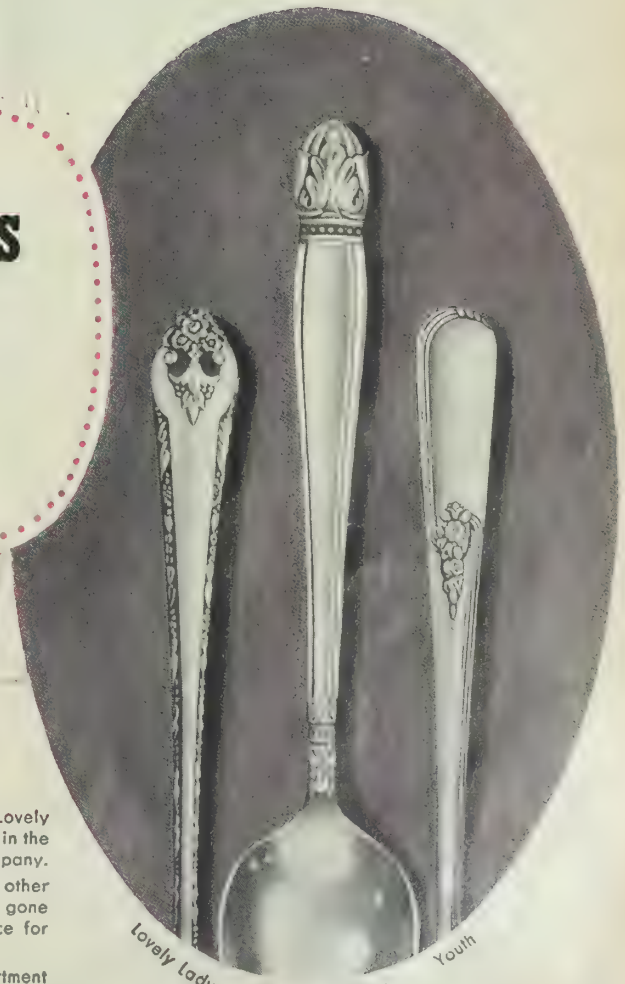
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★ Amazingly economical because they're longer wearing!

(Continued from Page 108)

"No kid of fourteen ought to be wearing that bunch of spinach on her head. Does your mother know about this?"

"Do you think she'll be purple?" asked Marybeth, tugging him skillfully toward the elevators.

"Either purple or some other primary color," said Steve. "And another thing, baby, you'd better rub that make-up off before you go home."

"But that was accidental, daddy. After Mr. Nick fixed my hair he asked if I'd mind posing for a picture. So he fixed my face and took my picture. I didn't have time —— Here we are, daddy. Fourth floor."

Steve stepped cautiously into the cathedrallike hush of the dress department. He stood for a moment uncertainly and then headed for an annex labeled "Junior Miss." A beautifully coifed clerk, who looked as if she lived under glass, came gliding up. "Yes?" she said, with a minimum of curiosity.

"I—uh—wanted something for my daughter," said Steve, looking off over her left shoulder. "Some kind of a party frock, I believe you call them." He waved vaguely toward Marybeth, standing thirty feet away admiring a silver-garbed wax manikin.

The clerk took a look at Marybeth and made a quick estimate. "Yes, sir," she said. "Step over here. This department is for youngsters around fourteen. I'm afraid it would be a little juvenile for your daughter."

Steve started a protest and then swallowed it. Meekly he followed along, dropped into a deep chair and closed his eyes. Minutes later he opened them, stared briefly, and then sat bolt upright.

In front of him Marybeth turned slowly, her arms extended. The dress, a shimmering lime green, started at a breath-taking distance below her bare shoulders. It gathered speed, raced smoothly over her hips and exploded in a burst of sequined glory. In spite of himself, Steve whistled softly. It was Pamela all over again. Pamela at eighteen. He had a peculiar feeling in his chest.

THE clerk was speaking. "It's positively the only model of its kind in the store," she said. "Very few college girls can wear anything quite as extreme as this." She smiled engagingly. "Your daughter happens to be the type."

"College girls?" said Steve. "But she's only ——"

Marybeth quietly maneuvered closer and managed to plant one snakeskin heel firmly on his toe. "Isn't it gorgeous, daddy?"

"Yes," said Steve definitely, "it certainly is. Get off my toe." He stood up and circled around her. A small plan formed in his head, went away and then came back again. "We'll take it," he said abruptly.

The clerk controlled herself admirably. Marybeth began to shake. "Mother'll kill both of us," she whispered.

"I'll handle mother," said Steve calmly. "I've had fifteen years' experience."

Somewhere around seven-twenty that evening Steve looked at his reflection in the bathroom mirror and wondered if, after all, fifteen years is quite enough time to study women. He adjusted his tie for the tenth time and cautiously stepped into the bedroom. "I can't find my studs," he said hollowly.

Pamela didn't look up from the dressing table. "Left-hand corner of the bureau drawer," she said in a monotone.

"Br-r," said Steve, and opened the drawer. "Look, Pam, after all, this is just like a little family party. We'll be with Marybeth all evening. J. C. and his wife will be there. What can happen?"

PAMELA turned from the mirror. "She's just a baby, Steve. Only after searching my soul have I allowed her to have a date with some boy she's known all her life. On top of that, anyone who would permit a child to buy a dress like that must have rocks in his head."

"Okay," said Steve miserably. "I rattle when I walk. But there isn't anything we can do about it now. We're due at the Empire Club in thirty-five minutes. Marybeth ready?"

"She's been ready for an hour. She's downstairs propped against the ironing board reading the funnies."

J. C. Kingery, president, Kingery Carr & Conner, Inc., had prepared well. They were handed smoothly through the foyer of the exclusive Empire Club, across an inland sea of heads and shoulders to a large floor-side table. Their hosts were, at the moment, seated alone.

Helen Kingery looked up and smiled gaily, tugging Pamela into the chair next to hers. "Pam, you look gorgeous as usual. And Marybeth—good heavens! It can't be, but it is."

Across the table Steve picked up J. C.'s hand-tooled cigar case and removed an imported Havana. "Thanks, chief. . . . It was my idea, Helen," he said solemnly. "Pam's suing in the morning. Charging reckless abandon and conduct unbecoming a father."

"Steve, that's not —— Helen, these two got loose downtown and went absolutely mad. Imagine a fourteen-year-old in a dress like that."

"It's luscious," finished Helen. "She looks like a slice of summer moonlight. But," she added wistfully, "it makes me feel like I should be home with a shawl and a hot-water bottle."

"Woman's place is in the home," said J. C. in a monotone.

"Home, my eye!" said his wife. "Pam this is the third time this week. Last night it was a plumbing person, and the night before a dinner for somebody who has loads of door knobs."

"Finish hardware, dear," said J. C. "Not just doorknobs."

"Well, whatever they were. I thought you wanted doorknobs you just called and they sent them along—but no."

"These are strange times," said J. C. leaned toward Steve. "It's worse than I thought, Steve. I had Barret and Lyn check that clause on the completion da Charley Barret says it's as rigid as the de of the South Dakota. We're definitely co mitted. If we don't get this lumb well ——"

(Continued on Page 112)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Notations for Midsummer

By Gladys McKee

Little boys of three or four
Never ask a day for more

Than hammer and nails and bread and butter
And all the praises you can utter.

They start to dig, then tire of this
And want an apple and a kiss.

They take their treasures all apart
And end up with your time and heart.

Their appetites present a riddle,
Always hungry in the middle

Of an afternoon or night
And at mealtime, eating light.

They wrangle endlessly with bath,
And all the patience woman hath

Is tried in waiting, wafer thin;
First, she tries to get them in,

Then at last she starts to doubt
She will ever get them out. . . .

And all of the above notations
Apply to fathers on vacations.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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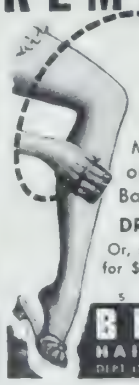
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(Continued from Page 110)

"Let's talk about something pleasant," said Steve. "Like train wrecks. . . . Oh-oh, is this the source of supply?"

"Yes," said J. C., looking around. "And it's going to be as bad as I thought."

Steve and J. C. stood up abruptly and turned toward the headwaiter, who was leading a large man and a small, but energetic, woman toward the table. In a moment of doubt Marybeth started to push back her chair.

"No, no, moon child," said Pamela, placing a toe firmly on her foot. "Ladies don't stand. Tomorrow," she murmured, "pigtails again."

"No-o!" quavered Marybeth, raising her hand protectively toward the upswept hair-do.

The introductions were completed with just the right touch of confusion. The Harkness family was obviously out for the evening and determined to let nothing interfere with their having a good time.

"Chip will be along in a minute," said Mrs. Harkness. She raised her eyes heavenward. "That boy! He's decided he wants a plane, and salesmen have been tearing through our suite all day."

"A plane?" said Helen Kingery. "Isn't he a little young?"

"Hah!" boomed Harkness senior. "Down where we come from, Mrs. Kingery, they start young. Chip's been driving a car for the last six years—ever since he was twelve. Smashes 'em up as fast as I buy 'em. Kid's crazy about anything mechanical. Quite a boy."

"Yes," said Helen and Pam simultaneously. "He must be."

"We couldn't keep him in school," sai Mrs. Harkness. "He's very impulsive, an every time something went wrong the blamed Chip. We simply decided he'd be f better off not going to college."

"Can't say college did a lot for me, roared Harkness senior. "Made my pi without worrying about who signed th Treaty of Ghent. Here's the boy now, by th way."

Thrusting through the crowd came a ta thin youth in white mess jacket, maroon ti wine-colored sash and knife-edged trouser He nodded absently at the introductions an waited until the waiter had adjusted h chair. Flipping open a wallet, he casuall passed a bill over his shoulder. "Buy house," he said wearily.

"Chip, dear," his mother called across th table, "you haven't excused yourself to M Kingery for being late."

Chip, dear, mumbled an indifferer apology. His eyes roamed the room res lessly, came back to the table, and fixe suddenly on Marybeth. Without changin expression, he managed a long, low whist and stood up.

Walking carefully around the table, h tapped Steve on the shoulder.

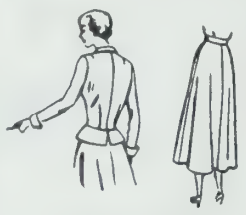
"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but the seems to have been a mistake in the seatin arrangements. Could you be persuaded t change places?" He looked at Marybet from another angle. "I don't think you' the type," he added.

"I'm not," said Steve tonelessly. "I'm h father."

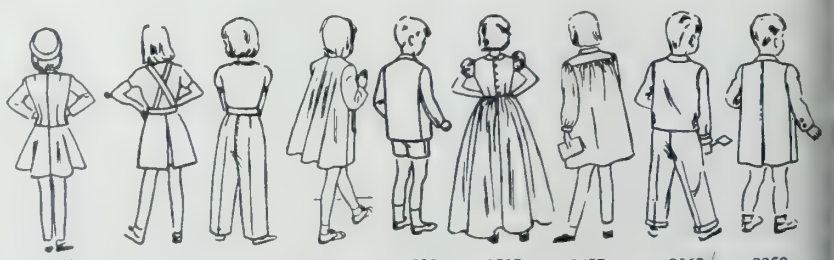
"Good enough," said Chip. He slid in the chair and leaned toward Marybeth. "A I had this figured for a dull evening." Cas

Back Views and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 62 and 63

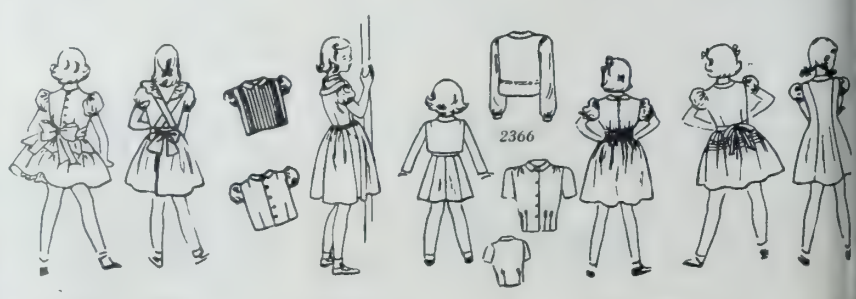
Vogue Design No. 6402. Jacket, 12 to 20, 30 to 38; 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6521. "Easy-to-Make" skirt, 24 to 34; 40c.
Vogue Design No. 2462. Suit, 4 to 12; 40c.
Vogue Design No. 2500. "Easy-to-Make" skirt, 2 to 12; 35c.
Vogue Design No. 2512. Girl's slacks, 3 to 14; 35c.
Vogue Design No. 2447. Coat, 4 to 12; 40c.
Vogue Design No. 2310. Boy's suit, 4 to 10; 35c.
Vogue Design No. 2517. One-piece dress, 4 to 10; 40c.
Vogue Design No. 2457. "Easy-to-Make" smock, 3 to 10; 35c.
Vogue Design No. 2163. Child's overalls and jacket, 1 to 14; 40c.
Vogue Design No. 2258. Boy's or girl's coat and hat (leggings included in patter but not illustrated), 1 to 6; 50c.
Vogue Design No. 2524. One-piece dress, 4 to 10; 35c.
Vogue Design No. 2454. Pinafore, 2 to 10; 35c.
Vogue Design No. 2519. Jumper-dress and blouse, 8 to 14; 35c.
Vogue Design No. 2366. Blouse, 2 to 12; 35c.
Vogue Design No. 2326. Suit and blouse, 4 to 12; 35c.
Vogue Design No. 2455. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dre 4 to 12; 35c.
Vogue Design No. 2526. One-piece dress, 4 to 10; 35c.
Vogue Design No. 2450. One-piece dress, 4 to 12; 35c.



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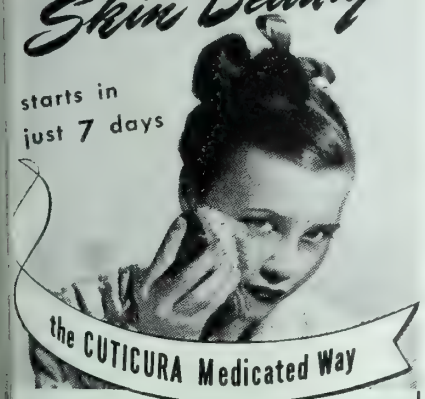


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ally he extended one arm around the back of Marybeth's chair. "Let's dance."

Marybeth tipped her chair ever so slightly and the extended arm fell on empty air. "You've talked me into it, Mr. Harkness," she said, and stood up smoothly while Pamela held her breath.

"Such a pretty girl," glowed Mrs. Harkness. "Chip's taken on so much polish lately that it scares me. They dance beautifully together."

"Yes," said Pamela vaguely. "I can't understand it. At home Marybeth knocks over everything that isn't nailed down."

Waiters placed the first course and Mrs. Harkness sighed extravagantly. "Of course, we've tried to give Chip everything without spoiling him. Now daddy's starting him in the firm right at the top and letting him make some pretty important decisions."

"Remarkable," breathed Helen Kingery, and pressed Pam's toe under the table.

The party moved smoothly into gear. Across the table, Chip and Marybeth maneuvered for position. The nearest available common ground was the dance floor, and their squab grew colder as the music grew warmer. After the third set Chip seemed to be moving on the edge of a trance. "This is heaven," he said. He disappeared from the table and returned with an orchid in a plastic box.

"Thanks," said Marybeth calmly, and pinned it in her hair.

With ice cream plentiful again, you may be frequently going to the soda fountain for a "sundae." Perhaps you have wondered at the odd name. It seems that about 1875 Evanston, Illinois, passed a regulation forbidding the sale of ice-cream sodas on Sunday. Someone thought of serving ice cream with sirup, but no soda water. This "Sunday soda" soon became popular, and on weekdays plenty of customers asked for "Sundays." The city fathers objected to naming the dish after the Sabbath, so the spelling was changed—and "sundae" it has been ever since!

—WEBB B. GARRISON.

Five minutes later a surprised cigarette girl disposed of her entire quota of carnations for the evening. "I love to do it," said Chip. "Anything else you want?" His arm dropped on the back of the chair and this time it stayed there. Marybeth smiled serenely. Pamela tore a small corner from her handkerchief.

"Chip is so thoughtful," sighed his mother. "Of course, he's had his own checking account for years. We believe he can handle his own money."

Handling isn't the word, thought Pamela. *He barely touches it.*

Over coffee, the subject of lumber was gently introduced into the conversation. J. C. thoughtfully brought it up and then, with a magnificent display of nonchalance, changed the topic. Inwardly rigid, Steve acted his part and kept bringing back the subject. At peace with the world, the lumber king smiled and surveyed the long ash on his cigar.

"Well, gentlemen," he said finally, "it really isn't up to me. Chip, here, is sales manager. What he says goes. I believe in letting the boy have some responsibility."

At the mention of his name Chip turned dreamily from Marybeth. "What's up?" he asked.

"Mr. Kingery's firm needs some lumber, Chip. Around a hundred thousand feet—mostly flooring. It's up to you."

Chip tilted his head, half shut one eye and pondered. Suddenly he turned to Marybeth. "What do you think, dreamboat? The men need a little lumber. Think we ought to let 'em have it?"

Pamela shut her eyes. When she opened them Marybeth's shoulder was snuggled securely against the white mess jacket. The

(Continued on Page 115)



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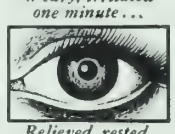
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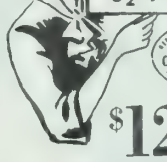
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aming blond head tipped back and her
s half-closed.
"Don't be a square," she said softly. "Of
rse we'll let them have it."
Chip looked across the table and grinned.
's a deal," he said. "Just to make it legal
ouldn't object to something on account."
"Naturally," answered Steve and J. C. in
breath. A pen scratched across paper and
C. passed over a check. "That should hold

Chip accepted the check carelessly. "How
you like that, kid?" he asked Marybeth.
ve thousand bucks just like finding it."
stuffed the check into his wallet. "What
acket," he said. "Let's dance."
The evening coasted to a successful finish.
e party came out into the clear, warm
t with a silver moon riding high.
I have my car," said J. C. "Suppose
rop you at your hotel?"
No thanks," said
s. Harkness. "It's
a lovely night
only a step. We'll
lk. Coming,
p?"
ttention suddenly
sed on Chip and
ybeth. The lum-
heir, leaning close
Marybeth at the
nd of the canopy,
ed up.
Toddle along,
s," he said.
e're going for a
ride in the park."
No," said Pamela
enly and a little
ly. "I mean it's—
it's awfully
" She looked at
e desperately.
Yes," said Steve weakly. "It's really
y late. That is ——"
arkness chuckled amiably. "Wouldn't
ll being young myself on a night like
u."
A cab whirled up and the Carmichaels
shed in frozen silence as their daughter
isappeared with a gay little wave of her
ar.

Twenty minutes later Steve let Pamela in
the front door. Their sitter, Mrs. Patch, came
out of the kitchen where she had been having
a little snack.
"The twins were wonderful, Mrs. Car-
michael," she said. "Not a whimper out of
them. They sleep like little logs."
"That's fine," said Pamela dully.
Mrs. Patch looked at her. "Something
wrong, Mrs. Carmichael? You look a little
pale."
"Nothing, Mrs. Patch. Nothing at all. Good night and thanks for everything." The door closed on Mrs. Patch and a deadly silence.
"Well," said Steve finally, "no use worrying."
"Oh, Steve," groaned Pamela. "Why did we ever let her go? Of all the stupid, idiotic things. Why didn't you stop them?"
"Stop them? How could I without throwing myself under the wheels of the cab?"
"My baby," said Pamela. "My little baby out alone with that—that young timber wolf."
"I, for one, am not going to worry," said Steve, pacing rapidly up and down the floor. "After all, Marybeth is sensible."
Silence fell. A deep-blue silence. An occasional car whirred up the street and passed. Aeons later, tires scraped the curb and footsteps tripped rapidly up the steps and across the porch. Marybeth swept into the room, tossed her wrap in the general direction of a chair, stepped out of her slippers and slid onto the piano bench.
"Hi, everybody," she said through a yawn. "Creepers, am I sleepy!"
Pamela walked slowly across the room. "Baby," she said, "are you all right? I mean ——"
Marybeth looked up wide-eyed. "All right? Why, mother, of course I'm all right." She reached up and unpinned the orchid. "Mother, do you suppose if I put this in the refrigerator it'll keep for the prom?"
"Maybe," said Pamela. "Marybeth, what did you do with that awful boy?"
"Do with him? I told him to get lost. Mother, wasn't he an incredible drip?" She stood up and started for the kitchen. Pamela followed doggedly.
"He won't be back, will he, Marybeth? I mean, did he try to make another date?"
Marybeth opened the refrigerator and stood pensively taking inventory. "Huh-uh," she said. "I told him I was only fourteen and he lost interest. I'm starved. Mother, can I have this piece of lemon pie?"
From the doorway Steve yawned suddenly and expressively. "I, for one, am going to bed."
Pamela pivoted slowly and started toward him. "And I for two," she said, "before my knees give out." THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Girls With Hoops

By R. H. Grenville

They race together through the park,
The golden sister and the dark,
Blue eyes and hazel equally
Intent upon a wavering arc,
Being too young as yet to know,
Unless some elder tell them so,
How, faster than their flying feet
The days of childhood go.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THIS ROOM FOR $395.14 AT AUCTION

(Continued from Page 106)

ding to see that it isn't lumpy, an indi-
tion of cheap quality when new. Well-made
es, even when old, will retain their smooth
pe. The webbing may have to be replaced,
at n amateur can do this satisfactorily.
The big green club chair cost $6.00, and
e fabric to cover it came to $13.00. We up-
olstered it ourselves, but a slip cover would
ser quite as satisfactorily and be a bit
s double. If new, such a chair would sell
r ll over $100.00.
To Italian-style armchairs, for $12.00
ch had their tops cut down to modernize
em and were slip-covered in coral to use
a air. The fabric came to $28.00, so that
total cost of $52.00 we had two chairs
ich couldn't be duplicated for $200.00.
Our sofa is about twenty-five years old,
t well made we had only to plump the
springs before upholstering it. We put the
w chintz right on over the original wool
ver, after giving it a good shampoo.
If buying a sofa to do over at home, choose
e th simple square lines, for it is easier to
re and stays in style longer. A new sofa of
ir quality would sell for $250.00 in mus-
. It this one cost only $27.50 at auction.

Our tables are made from really out-of-date old ones. The tops were very handsome walnut and mahogany, scratched a little and covered with old varnish put on over dirt. We removed the objectionable finish and sanded them to smoothness, revarnishing evenly and rubbing down with pumice and linseed oil. We took off the old pedestals, which gave them a dated look, and bought new legs.

Did you know that you can buy all styles of table legs at the retail lumber stores in cities and big towns? You go in and pick out what you need, just as if you were buying groceries. These stores also have knobs, moldings and other helps for the amateur handy man. Legs cost from $1.00 up, according to style and ornament. You finish them yourself.

The long console in the window is made from the leaves of an old dining table which cost $12.00, with $4.00 more for new legs. It would be a custom job if new, costing at least $150.00.

The carpet is new, for it pays to get the first year's wear out of a carpet yourself. There are good carpets to be had at auction

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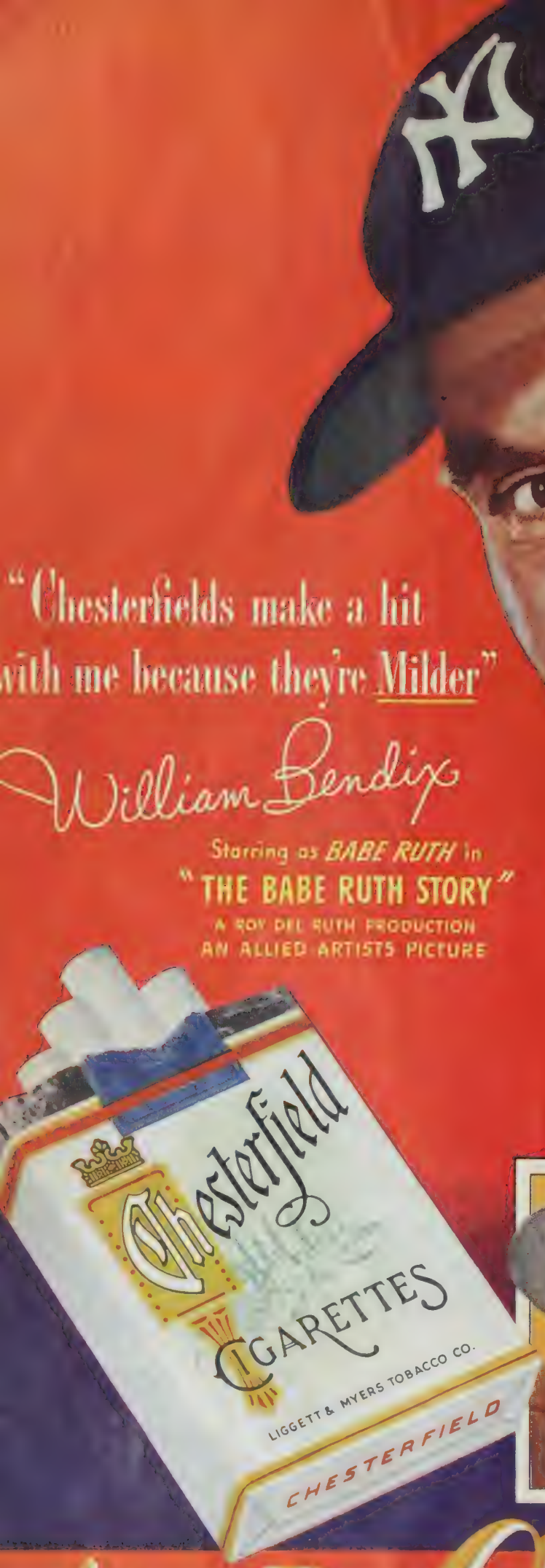
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THE ROODS' PROMISED LAND



Henry and Vera Rood, of Wahoo, Nebr., worked off a $12,800 mortgage in 6 years instead of 40.

For farmers in the state that "the weather runs," the soil is both a way of life and a livelihood.

PHOTOS — ESTHER BUBLEY

by HARLAN MILLER

WHEN the poker stirs up the embers in the twenty-year-old gray-enameled kitchen range at the Rood farmhouse, the hand on the poker is Vera Rood's, not her husband's. She stuffs in some corncobs and scurries back to bed, for it is 6 o'clock on a cold winter morning.

"Daddy loves that last fifteen minutes in bed so much," she confesses a little guiltily, "that I just let him sleep."

When a louder clank and clangor float up from the furnace in the cellar at 6:15, that's Henry. By the time the four children leap to the hot-air registers or huddle around the stove to dress, there'll be warmth in the air. Thus the Rood family goes into action as a team:

At 6:20 son Don, the blond 17-year-old six-footer, hits the cold linoleum. In ten minutes he meets his father in the cow barn.

By 6:30 Vera is back in the kitchen. In a few minutes merry-eyed, round-cheeked Marjorie Anne, with dimples and the cutest tilted nose in the township, is downstairs too. She was 14 a month after she became a freshman at Wahoo (Nebraska) High last autumn. If she doesn't need the time with her books she helps her mother get breakfast and pack four lunches.

Until 7 o'clock the two youngest will remain curled up in the big double bed in the southwest bedroom upstairs. Sound sleepers, like all the Roods, they haven't heard the clanking and the bustle of early morning. Then comes the inevitable summons. Norma brushes her blond hair with 13-year-old awareness, alert, withdrawn and watchful as a fawn. The youngest, 7-year-old Deanna, is last out of bed in winter. She is the family darling, the sitter in every lap, a self-assured but elusive pixy.

At 7:15 the milkers are back from the barn. Vera takes the glasses off Henry's thin, bony nose, wipes the mist off carefully, puts them back on for him; he hardly notices. They sit down to their well-earned breakfast.



Hen session: Deanna Rood is the family sleepyhead but, at 7, has learned to follow the rule that chores belong to everyone. Gathering eggs—about 55 a day—and helping out with the dishes are her current specialties.



Cleanup campaign: Deanna takes a scrubbing in washtub near the kitchen stove. Because new machines mean increased income, Roods have waited to modernize their home and spent most of their savings on farm equipment.



Though Roods have two cars, Bess is preferred conveyance when Marj does postal duty on mud-blocked Nebraska roads. A star member of the 4-H Club and top date-rater at Wahoo High, she plans to study for nursing career.

"Farming's a family enterprise— it draws us all together."

In summer all this happens forty or fifty minutes earlier, but less painfully; on Sundays, perhaps an hour later.

The Rood family is worth inspecting as they eat breakfast around the kitchen table. For the first time in his life Farmer Henry Rood is a $10,000-a-year man, give or take a few hundred.

"We grossed $14,000 last year," he told a caller recently, "and I guess our net income was at least two thirds, or around $9333."

Eight years ago Henry was a tenant farmer. All he owned was his furniture and some pots and pans. When he borrowed $12,800 to buy this 160-acre farm, he got forty years to pay it off. The lean thirties had eaten up his $2000 savings.

"We agreed to live on $1510 a year," recalls Henry. "All money over our expenses was to go on the mortgage."

They paid it off in six years instead of forty. A miracle compounded of war and high prices, good crops here and scarcity abroad, caught him off guard. One day in the late summer of 1944, when Patton's soldiers were at the German frontier, their good fortune dawned on them. It

"He gets absent-minded around machinery"; but Don, 17, would rather drive the new corn picker than go to the movies. Last year, in addition to work with father, he rented and farmed 40 acres on his own, made $1300 profit.



It's a table of plenty but, remembering the "lean '30's," Vera holds bought-food bills to $45 monthly, puts up 400 jars of fruit and vegetables each summer.

was the year of victory. "We suddenly realized," Henry likes to recall, "that the way things were going, with good crops and good prices, we'd pay it off in 1946." Their hearts soared.

This prophecy came true. One spring day in 1946 they drove into Wahoo, made the final payment, and got the papers. They looked at each other almost in disbelief and were too dazed to celebrate. Not even some pie à la mode at the neon-trimmed City Café in the whitewashed three-story brick building on the main street.

Now they are a family of substance, and Vera insists that Henry put on a freshly washed pair of overalls every day. They own a farm worth $32,000, and besides that they've bought more than $10,000 worth of Government bonds. Henry also owns six neckties, and two suits: a blue and a gray. He has four dress shirts.

Vera figures she has five different costumes she could wear away from the farm: "My suit and four dresses." Young Don, who farms 40 rented acres cornering on his father's farm, netted $1300 last year and paid $138 income tax. He has a new suit, a handsome sports coat, and four neckties.

"If he wears a necktie to school," explains Marjorie, giggling, "somebody's sure to come up to him and say 'I work on the railroad, I pull ties.' Then they yank his necktie till he's almost choked." But she thinks the boys should dress up occasionally. Sometimes they do, by agreement, neckties and all. "Then they look real snitzy!"

At this high praise Don wriggles a little.

Marjorie, who is pretty enough for any magazine cover as the All-American girl, boasts the big wardrobe of the family. She claims fifteen separate and distinct costumes. This variety she achieves by artful blending of sweaters, skirts, sweat shirts, slacks and blue denims. And dresses, naturally. She has a figure which transforms a flannel shirt worn with shirttail hanging out into a Bendel creation.

After breakfast the four young Roods in pairs take off for school in opposite directions. Until the new Chevrolet four-door sedan finally arrived this spring, after eighteen months of waiting, Don and Marjorie walked the gravel road to the paved highway to catch a ride into Wahoo with friends. But now they drive to and from Wahoo High in style,

Horses and music are Norma Rood's hobbies, with Home on the Range the first piece she learned to play. Once a week, she and her mother drive over to Wahoo for an evening's piano workout with teacher, Alice Bader.



Beauty—junior grade: the largest red ribbon on Norma's mirror was won 11 years ago in the Saunders County "better baby" contest. Other prizes are for her sewing prowess. Says mother: "She'll make a good farm wife."



"Today, we don't have to budget every chocolate bar."



"We hate to miss church." But demands of farm life often mean 7-day work week for senior Roods. Marj is leader in Wahoo Methodist youth fellowship.



Shopping in Wahoo: good crops make farmers good customers. In 1940, Henry was tenant farmer, living on $1500 a year. Now, net income is over $9000.

Recipe for a happy evening: Chinese checkers and chocolate cake. Roods are "great for visiting," like to have company in at least once a week.





Eight-party line is better than th paper for gleaning the local gossi

in the 1935 Chevvy coach Don has inherited from his dad.

But even two cars haven't solved the transportation problem entirely. For twenty-two days in a row the new sedan couldn't be backed out of the garage. The farmyard was a bottomless mire. (Henry plans to pave it next year.) And the old Chevvy had to be left half a mile away where the gravel road intersects the paved U. S. hig way No. 77 into Wahoo. Don and Marjorie either trudged the deep mu and ruts or cut across the fields. They could have used a version of sno shoes to advantage.

This mud road incited Henry Rood to his first burst of extravaganc He has spent $300 of his own money grading and graveling the road th county tries vainly to maintain from his farm to the highway. Now he grimly convinced it'll cost more money. And worth it. When he has a litt spare time he drags it with his own road drag attached to his tractor.

Like so many farmers, Vera and Henry Rood look solemner than th are. Both of them are lean and thin and angular. Like so many wives a husbands, they have come to resemble each other a little. Vera is wi and underweight. Her thin, sympathetic face looks at you with deferen and compassion and her overstrained eyes seem somber. Henry, who is ov six feet tall, tilts his head back to gaze at you thoughtfully. These two, wi their deceptively serious son Don, mind you of Grant Wood's rollicki friends posing in American Got solemnity with their pitchforks for h famous picture. In reality, their fac mask a natural gaiety and a talent f quick mirth, gentle and never violen Their solicitude and sweetness are s dom in repose.



Henry and his barber discuss what's new with farm products and prices.

One of their friends recalls a typic example. When he dropped in o morning Vera was complaining swee that she was tired of that untidy pile brush seventy-five feet away from h kitchen window.

"It ought to be burned today," she suggested meekly.

"I'll get at it in a few days," said Henry. "There's a lot to do."

After lunch their friend happened by again and was surprised to s Henry tending the big brush fire. The yard was tidied up. Henry looked him with a poker face.

"Never underestimate the power of a woman," he said quietly.

Almost all their arguments (if that isn't too violent a word) are strang reversed: She argues that he ought to have *his* way, while his contenti is that *her* way is better.

In the younger Roods, the three daughters, the solemnity is abse They missed the rough, lean times of the thirties, or can't remember the

"It was doggoned tough going," Henry Rood told a visitor recently. "V almost went under, between the low prices and the small crops. I remember those dry years. The blackest day was March 4, 1933, the day the banks closed. I got a small check from the grain elevator. We went to buy some groceries, but they couldn't cash our check. We just about hit bottom. Our second baby was on the way. I went back to the grain elevator and they gave us a little cash."

All told, the Roods—he is 45 and she 40—were tenant farmers twelve years. In the better of those years, they grossed around $2000. In the worst



Dominoes before supper: if fathe tired, Deanna reads him Three Be

Four-o'clock coffee, like the Englishman's tea, is a must custom on a farm. If Henry is unable to come home for his, Vera brings it out to the fields.

they lived on less than $1000. More than half of their twenty years of marriage was like that.

"One very bad day," he reminisced over afternoon coffee, "was the day I took Vera to Lincoln General to have her tonsils out. At the hospital my appendix flared up, and they had to cut it out. I'd expected to be away from the farm three hours and I was gone three weeks. My brother came and took care of the farm. I thought I'd never get those hospital bills and doctor bills paid."

Vera still winces and looks agonized when they remember the November day in 1945 when Henry lost the three middle fingers of his left hand. His mangled hand remained tangled in the gears of a hoist at the corncrib for twenty minutes while a panicky hired man fumbled with the lever.

"It was a moment of carelessness," he admits, while Vera looks at him sympathetically. "The gears of the wagon hoist caught a new glove and dragged my hand in. I had to direct my helper how to go about releasing me. That time I was disabled almost three months."

Rood has at least nineteen different pieces of machinery on his farm. Virtually every one of them is a mantrap unless operated with extreme



Henry bones up on farming know-how through state and govt. extension services. "Extension" okayed tenant-purchase loan which staked him to land he owns.

At daybreak or dusk—
to each hour its own labor.

caution. The mechanized farm is a dangerous place, and Henry is worried about Don's tendency to let his thoughts wander. He reminds Don of the gash on his head; the gash over one eye; the time he stuck a finger into the gears of the washing machine (that's almost healed), and the time Don thrust his foot into the wheel of the seeder.

"And remember when Norma jumped in front of the disk harrow when it was moving?" reminds Vera with a shudder. "If she'd missed her grip it would have run right over her."

Frequently Henry and Vera like to dwell on the genesis of their good fortune. "We owe it all to Extension," they say, and their tone puts a big capital *E* on extension. By Extension they mean the extension services of Saunders County, the University of Nebraska and the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Henry freely and frankly gives these services all credit and gratitude for his success.

(Continued on Page 156)



No more dustbowls: (Above) Henry goes to work with the sun, terracing his land to save the topsoil. (Below) Marj drives cows home for evening milking.

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Everywhere women are singing the praises of the outstanding features that distinguish Gibson Freez'r Locker-Fresh'ner Locker refrigerators and Gibson Kookall Automatic Electric ranges! . . . Here, truly, are the modern miracles—the twin wonders of kitchen convenience—you've been waiting for. Visit your nearby Gibson dealer and see these beauties today—see for yourself *why* so many thousands of women say Gibsons out-feature and out-perform all others! Buy Gibson and you'll buy the best! Models for every need.

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4 surface units OR 3 surface units and deepwell—either combination in a jiffy, and both on the same range.

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Cooks entire meals while you do something else. Just set it and forget it!

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Helps eliminate smoke-stained walls cuts down cooking odors.

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Banquet-size for complete meals extra oven large enough for most cooking needs.

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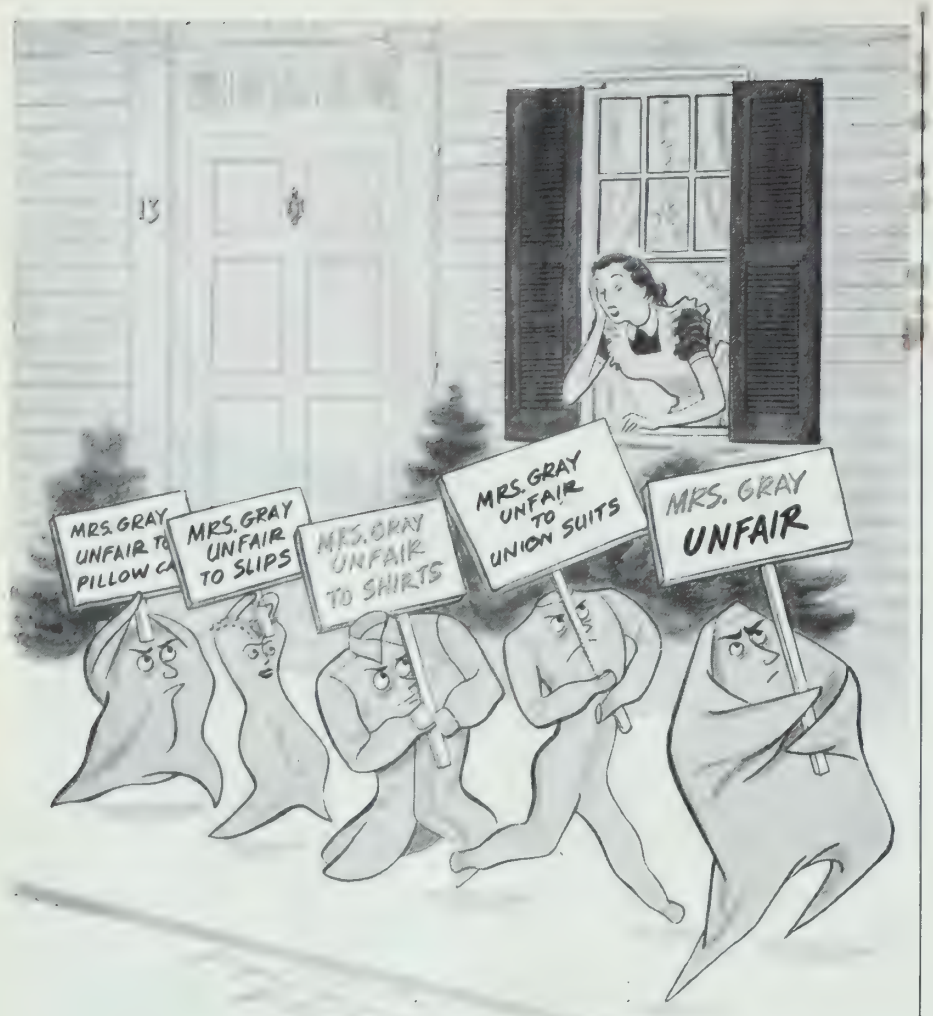
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GIBSON HOME FREEZER
Upright design for downright convenience. Freezes and stores huge quantities of frozen foods. Buy when prices are low and qualits high. Enjoy favorite delicacies in season or out.

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GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN

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This is the Fable of Mrs. Gray
and the WASHDAY REBELLION . . .

Mrs. Gray was a careful housekeeper—except on WASHDAY.
Any SOAP, real or imitation, that made SUDS suited her. . . .

When neighbors whispered, "TATTLE-TALE GRAY," she wasn't worried.
Even when best friends mentioned FELS-NAPTHA SOAP,
she ignored them. . . .

One day Mrs. Gray hung out her HALF-CLEAN WASH and went
inside to REST. Suddenly she looked out the window—
and was HORRIFIED! . . . she was being PICKETED! Her neglected
clothes demanded BETTER WASHING CONDITIONS!

Mrs. Gray hustled the INDIGNANT PICKETERS down to the LAUNDRY. . .
for some COLLECTIVE BARGAINING. Then she flew to the 'phone.
Ordered LOTS and LOTS of FELS-NAPTHA. In a RUSH. . . .

Next day Mrs. Gray's WASH swung gayly on the LINE—
CLEAN and WHITE—just like her neighbors'!

Moral—Don't let your wash line become a picket line.
Change to golden Fels-Naptha—bar or chips, today.



Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

HOW TO CONQUER SHYNES

By Irma Simonton Black

LIKE all psychological problems, shyness may be the result of a variety of causes. Some are superficial, and relatively easy to change; others are embedded deep in the child's personality.

One kind of shyness is a natural part of growing up. A typical example of such "normal" shyness may be seen in the baby a year or a year and a half old who cries and clings to his mother when a stranger tries to be friendly with him. That baby is no problem—he is simply learning. He no longer accepts people indiscriminately. He wants only his mother or his father.

Another kind of shyness that is part of the growth process is the kind that arises from lack of social experience in the preschool years. At first, the baby's social contacts are limited pretty much to his immediate family. It is only gradually that he comes to accept other people as friends, that he learns to feel safe and happy even when he is temporarily away from his parents or his home. In the early years the child stands between the outside world, with its attractions of new friends and new adventures, and the safe, smaller world of home. It is certainly natural that sometimes he should hesitate to take the step away from the known to the unknown.

If a child continues to be markedly timid and shy when (1) he is four or more and (2) has had normal opportunities for pleasant social contacts, or (3) has other definite problems such as bed wetting, nail biting, or other emotional difficulties, or (4) has a history of problems such as tantrums or night terrors, his parents are wise to seek professional help.

Have you all the attributes you are looking for in your friends?
—WARREN HENRY GOLDSMITH.

General timidity may occasionally result from a major fright in early childhood. The youngster who has been knocked down by an angry dog may at first be afraid only of animals. In time, however, his specific fear may become a generalized anxiety that makes him uneasy and shy in many situations. A parent who suspects such a basis for timidity should also seek professional guidance.

Deanna Rood is an excellent example of one of the less serious types of shyness. It was because of her timid, retiring ways that the editors of the JOURNAL asked me to visit the Roods.

I visited the Roods at an unusual time. Seven-year-old Deanna was just recovering from a mild case of chicken pox. Norma, thirteen, had come down with a full-blown case the day before, and that very morning Mrs. Rood had noticed some tiny but suspicious-looking red marks on Marjorie. Donald, the eldest of the Rood children, had had it the week before.

Mrs. Rood told me the situation as we sat in the kitchen, which, as in farm homes all over the country, is the center of most of the activities in the Rood family.

Donald came in as we talked—a good-looking, poised and friendly boy. Then we went upstairs to see the girls. Marjorie, her mother explained, was still hoping that she could go to the school music festival that night. Marjorie lay in bed looking about as ill as a fireman waiting for an alarm. She greeted us cordially, and chatted with complete ease.

In the next room Norma and Deanna lay in a big double bed. Deanna was there more for company than anything, as she was allowed to get up if she felt like it. Norma welcomed us and said she'd be delighted to have us visit.

Deanna said nothing. She looked ple ant enough, but she just lay there and e me carefully. After the genuine natu ness of the three older children, Deann aloof quietness was the more conspicuo

I stayed with Norma and Deanna w Mrs. Rood had to go down to put so thing in the oven. After the first words, I could see that it would be b tactless and useless to try to talk direc to Deanna without an introductory int val. I noticed that she had a book n to her and asked if she'd like me to rea story. That brought a very prompt a definite "yes." After the story the mosphere was a good deal less chilly. I Deanna, though she smiled and answe questions, still confined her answers t monosyllable if possible, as if she felt sa when she limited her verbal contact w strangers to a minimum.

Norma took an almost maternal int est in her little sister. We talked about puppy, Skipper, who had met me ga and who has a regrettable fondness chasing chickens. We talked about Ju the doll, and about school. Rather, Nor and I talked and Deanna listened and s "yes" or "no" occasionally. Mrs. R had said that Deanna loved to read, sc last I asked her about her favorite boo That took more than a syllable in re and it seemed difficult for Deanna to co mit herself to several words at once.

"You liked the Bobbsey Twins, did you?" Norma suggested gently, and I anna was able to ag with a nod.

Later, Mrs. Rood t me that as a baby Dean had been the easiest of all the children. had had no feeding di culties, no temper t trums, no marked fea She had been outgoing and friendly u the toddler stage.

When Deanna was a small baby three older children were delighted by h They tended to spoil her and to make a of her. We must remember that by time Deanna was a year old, the ol children were seven, nine and eleve from a baby's point of view they m have seemed almost like grownups. A as so often happens in such situations, Deanna grew older and began to around under her own steam, she seem less and less like an enchanting pet a more like something of a nuisance. T older children were never mean to D anna, Mrs. Rood said, but they tended boss her rather than to coddle her.

"She's had too many bosses," M Rood said. "I've always thought that h a lot to do with her shyness."

Deanna, moreover, was in a situat where she had no children her own age play with, to soften the impact of ol children and grownups. There were, course, visits to and from other famil with young children, but these were sporadic to have any consistent effe In fact, Deanna had no regular cont with children her own age until she w to school last year. But there wasn't mu the Roods could do about it.

Deanna is not shy with children— deed, she is pretty bossy with the Though this causes Mrs. Rood some sli embarrassment, it is a healthy sign. Deanna had been completely beaten do she would not dare to be even mildly gressive. Deanna is doing exactly wha child with too many bosses might be pected to do: she's trying the same te nique on someone else.

Another characteristic that is marked in eanna's personality is an uneven, temper- nental streak. Deanna is supposed to ack or dry the dishes at dinner. "It works th ways," her mother said. "Sometimes e will join in and do a good job. Other nes she tries to get out of it. And some- nes the older ones will excuse her. 'Oh, e's just little,' they say. 'Let her play.'" This same uneven quality is characteris- of Deanna's play. Sometimes she will ay quietly alone for hours. At other times e tags after her mother with the classic What'll I do now?" In her schoolwork, eanna is bright and capable, but she tends rush from one job to another, so that the sults are not always up to the level of her ility.

Both Deanna's shyness and her tempera- ental ways appear to be the result of one sic cause: a genuine uncertainty about ere she fits in, what role she should play th strangers, what their reaction to her ll be. Her isolated childhood kept her m opportunities to make tentative, trial- d-error social contacts. The varying atti- des of the older children gave Deanna od reason to be uncertain as to the reac- ns of strangers. And the fact that she s—and still is—far and away the smallest d least capable of this family of six added her own doubts as to her ability to take e lead in new situations.

Mr. Rood takes Deanna's shyness calmly, d I think he is right. "She'll work out of " he says. "I've always been sure of at."

Deanna is one kind of shy child. There e other types of shyness and other reasons y children become timid in new situations.

Rule I. The shy child needs particu- ly mild and friendly discipline. ysical punishment or extreme dis- proval may be the cause of shyness.

Parents do not always realize how fright- ng an angry grownup can be to a small ld. Take the mother who gives her two- ar-old a hard spanking for writing on the ll of his room. The child may honestly know that he isn't allowed to indulge in t particular indoor sport. Severe spank- for innocent mistakes of this kind will ke a child fearful of any action that might ult in even more severe punishment.

Mothers should be particularly careful in ndling a small child's early and awkward empts to fight back in his play with other ldren. Practically all youngsters push l hit when they are introduced to social y. Of course they need guidance and gestion. But severity at this point may ke a child give up all attempts at even lthy aggressiveness.

Rule II. Constant warnings may be important factor in the develop- nt of shyness.

There are not many American families ay who thoughtlessly tell a small child t the policeman will come and get him if sn't good. Such gross and untrue threats definitely and blessedly on the decline. even scrupulous parents may inadvert- ly make their children timid by constant nings. "Watch out, you'll fall!" . . . e careful, you'll get run over!" . . . on't get your feet wet, you'll get sick!" l similar admonitions may add up to an nishing bulk of quite frightening sug- tions. Children must be kept safe, and y must be taught to be careful. These ons can be on the child's level of under- nding, however. The wise mother will p her child in the yard until she can trust to stay out of the road.

Rule III. Shyness may be the result basic doubts about being wanted, or rs of being loved less than other mbers of the family.

The child's family is the only world he ows, and he needs more than anything to safe and wanted there. It is natural ugh for a child who imagines he is un- nted or unloved to have a deep distrust of all human [illegible] even when the child's suspicions are completely groundless, as in the case of the older child who unjustifiably thinks his parents have given the bulk of their affection to a new baby. Only warmth and reassurance can dissolve the child's fears and give him the self-confidence he needs.

Rule IV. Extremely high standards may have the effect of making a young- ster unsure of himself even when he is actually capable.

I remember a four-year-old whose par- ents constantly talked about his high I. Q. and his superior ability, until the child got the idea that he was loved because he was smart and superior. Other parents may ex- pect youngsters of preschool age to have the airs and graces of adults with years of social experience. In any case, the child usually has a sense of failing to meet his parents' expectations for him. He doesn't realize that they are being unreasonable. He sim- ply feels strained, and uneasy—and shy. Sometimes a child sets excessively high standards for himself as the result of trying to keep up with older, more skillful children, as in Deanna's case.

Rule V. Inconsistent, uneven treat- ment may be the basis of timidity.

If parents jump from one method of han- dling to another, a child literally doesn't know what's coming next. Take, for in- stance, the poor eater who is bribed one day, scolded the next, and diverted the next. At last, in desperation, his mother spanks him to make him eat. It's natural enough that such a child will be leery of new people and new situations. He hasn't the solid, reassur- ing background of consistent experience that would give him faith in the future.

Rule VI. The shy child needs regular social life with children his own age.

This is perhaps the most important op- portunity for the parents of a shy child to provide. It is far easier for a timid young- ster to get into play with other children than to carry on a conversation with grownups. A good deal of mild shyness, like Deanna's, is largely social ineptness. The child, not knowing what to do, does nothing at all. Day-to-day social play provides a young- ster with a life of his own in a group where he is the peer of the rest instead of being al- ways the smallest and least capable of a family group. The halting, often wordless social contact that is characteristic of the preschool years is a solid foundation for later poise.

Rule VII. The first social contacts will be slow, but they should not be hurried.

Parents of a timid child are often fooled because the child pointedly stays out of group play and seems to prefer watching from the side lines. That does not mean that a youngster is not interested in play- ing. The shy child has the same basic needs for friendliness and human warmth that all of us have—child or adult. He is simply not sure of himself. He needs to look before he leaps. Thoughtful parents will let the timid youngster take his own time about joining other children in play. But they will see that the opportunity is available where it is humanly possible. The very shy child may prefer just one playmate at first. That's all right, too—group play will come later.

Rule VIII. Encourage the shy child to independence in many small ways.

The shy child is often the one who runs to mother for protection, for whom a mother feels especially sorry, so that she gives him protection in larger doses than is good for him. The child of preschool years may be encouraged to many small acts of independ- ence through praise. "That was a fine job" will give a youngster the good feeling of being appreciated—and capable. He



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The soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use!

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"If a girl isn't dainty, no other charm counts, and a daily Lux Soap beauty bath makes you *sure*. The rich creamy lather swiftly carries away dust and dirt, leaves skin fresh, *sweet*. Perfumed with a delightful fragrance you'll love!"

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YOU thrill when he whispers "You're sweet!" There's appeal men can't resist in skin that's fragrant with the delicate Lux Toilet Soap perfume that *clings*.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap— *Lux Girls are Lovelier.*

RAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

Teen-Agers Do Their Own Hair

For most teen-age girls, hair is an invaluable asset to be cared for and coaxed into a major expression of their own good looks. Here are six girls—Margie Rood, who lives on a Nebraska farm, and five teen-age models—who prove that home-grown hair-do's can achieve a variety of special effects! All of them shampoo and set their own hair. One girl may shampoo as often as once every five days; another, once a week; still another, once every ten days. They use bobby pins or rag curlers for "setting"—depending upon the results. The only established rule, according to the girls themselves, is to "know" your own hair. Then you'll know how much shampooing, brushing and combing it takes to maintain healthy, polished and pretty locks! ★ By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN

Beauty Editor of the Journal



Rood, 14, has brown hair and bright blue eyes. "I soap, use it as a liquid shampoo," says Margie. od for oily hair." For softer curls Margie lets her almost completely before she pins up the ends.

★ How America Lives ★



Eunice Ward, 19, says, "My short hair is versatile. One day I can have curls—the next, a page-boy with bangs!" Between shampoos Eunice uses a dry shampoo.



Bobbie Shaw, 17, "pushes" her waves into place with the sides of her hands when her hair is still damp after her shampoo; rolls ends under.



m, 17, has shoulder-length blond hair which braid and roll over her ears in two minutes. goes diagonally down the back of her head.

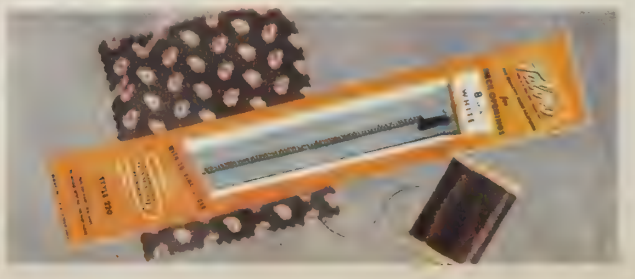


June Thompson, 19, puts the ends of her long, red hair up on rag curlers. For her Alice in Wonderland hair-do, she brushes the sides back, fastens with bobby pins.



Helen Sinclair, 16, brushes all hair back, secures close to the head with an elastic band. Equal sections of hair are rolled toward face and pinned in place.

Big attraction for every little girl... Like dolls and dress-up . . . like party pumps and playing house . . . the Talon slide fast
fascinates the ribbon-bow crowd. It's a new idea—and a wonderful idea—to add these famous fasteners to little girls' v
robes. Children love their speed and sparkle and grown-up air. Mothers dote on their dainty neatness . . . on the way
wash, and wear, and stand up to tugging fingers. Look for little girls' dresses and skirts with Talon slide fasteners: so s
fine . . . yet so inexpensive . . . that they *couldn't* be more practical!



Ideal for home sewing, too! You can buy smooth, perfect Talon slide fasteners at notion counters everywhere, complete with sewing directions. At the right, you see the neat neckline fastener—it's in the ORANGE package.

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THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

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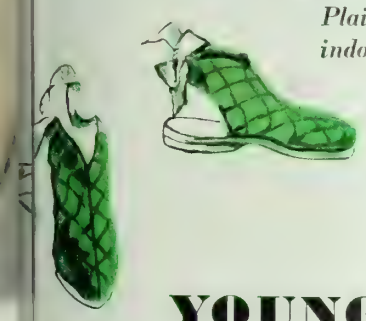
PHOTOS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

Quilted velveteen collar and cuffs, 2510; and muff, 2511, brighten up last year's suit; in matching or contrasting color.



Margie dressed in her favorite school dress. Quilted blue wool-jersey bolero with matching jersey skirt . . . quilted pockets. Worn with a crisp white cotton blouse. 2509, 10 to 16, 25¢.

Plaid quilted wool or cotton topcoat to wear outdoors in the fall, indoors in the winter. Pattern also has sleeves. 2508, 10 to 16, 25¢.



Cozy velveteen tops attached to leather soles. (Soles about $1.50.) 2514.

Quilted hat with cuff effect; matching shoulder bag with double pockets . . . make each in a different color. 2512.

YOUNG IDEAS . . . for quilting

Margie Rood is as pretty and as typical a high-school freshman as we have ever seen. Besides all her school activities, she finds time to make most of her own clothes. Margie, like most teen-agers, goes for fads and sometimes finds herself creating one. Take quilting. Margie discovered the possibilities were endless. A quilted velveteen collar, cuffs and muff made last year's suit look new. A quilted basque worn with her favorite dirndl and peasant blouse looks very grown-up. A quilted wool-jersey bolero with quilted pockets on a matching wool-jersey skirt turned out to be her favorite school dress. Her sleeveless topcoat can be worn outdoors in the fall or indoors as a smock or housecoat . . . perfect for doing homework on cold nights. (Pattern also has sleeves if you prefer.) You can buy many quilted fabrics by the yard. (Look in the upholstery departments too.) Or you can quilt them yourself by hand or sewing machine—we'll tell you how. ✦ BY NORA O'LEARY

All accessory patterns are 15¢; dress and topcoat are 25¢ and must be ordered in your own size. Send money and state size required to Journal Reference Library, Philadelphia 5, Pa.



Quilted red velveteen basque laces tightly to make the most of a tiny waistline. 2515.

How America Lives



PHOTO BY SQUARE



DI

Setting up small models helped Mrs. Rood to see how c pact and convenient her new kitchen would be. "It wi wonderful to get a meal without walking around the tab

KITCHEN ON THE FARM

By Gladys Taber

When I was little, we used to visit my Aunt Tunie on her farm in Iowa. We always visited there in August, for some curious reason, when the days were hotter than burning anthracite and at night you could hear the corn grow. Over the big black range on those steaming days, Aunt Tunie would stand feeding dry corncobs in and I would stand there, too, sniffing the heavenly smell of roasting chicken.

Like Mrs. Rood in her Nebraska farm kitchen, Aunt Tunie in Iowa fed the farm hands, raised her family with three generous meals a day and sent mid-afternoon coolers and sandwiches to the hayfields. Had church suppers too. Did all her own baking, naturally. Who would buy store bread even if they could use the horses to drive to town?

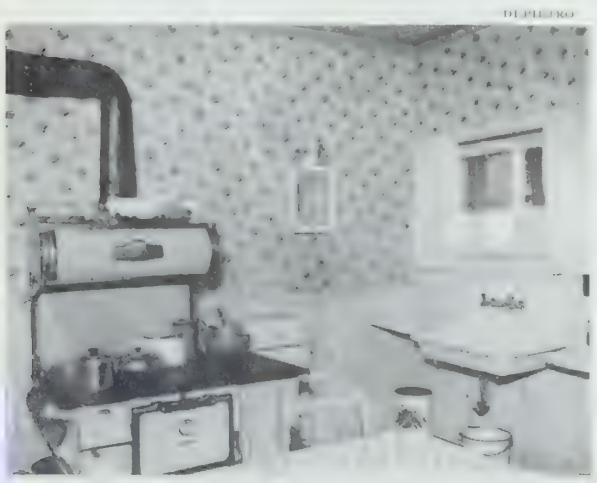
In that day, nobody ever thought of getting any special equipment for the kitchen. A big stove, a big table, a few high cupboards, a sink with a hand pump—that was the kitchen. The farmer took to tractors, stalk choppers, corn pickers, straw bailers, milking machines, automatic drinking troughs for cows, and his wife went on heating water in the reservoir at the side of the stove. This was partly because the man's end brought in the cash and the cash paid off the mortgage.

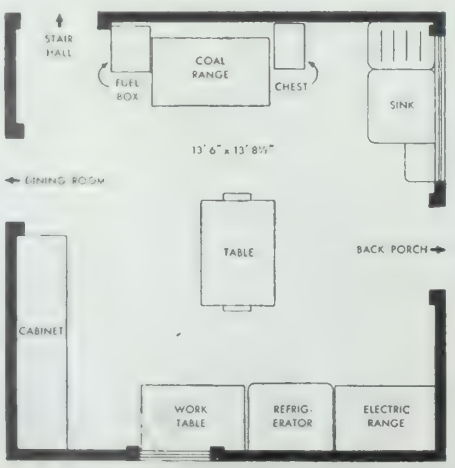
Now on the 160 acres that the Roods own, there is no shadow of debt, the equipment for farming is modern and efficient, and so the kitchen comes into its own at last.

The Roods began their modernization by bringing running water to the kitchen, wiring the house and installing the electric refrigerator, a big one to accommodate large containers of milk and cream and supplies brought weekly from town.

The electric range came next, and was connected with an extra-long cable so its location could be changed when the kitchen plan was complete. Mrs. Rood kept on feeding cobs to the old range for several weeks until she got used to the idea of the electric range,

(Continued on Page 166)





AS IT WAS *Mrs. Rood cooked the hard way in her awkwardly arranged kitchen. The coal range, with its box of corncobs, dominated one wall, the sink with its inadequate drainboard was tucked in a corner, and tall, deep cupboards with no working space lined the dining-room wall. Across from the coal range, an electric range and refrigerator were temporarily installed side by side. At the small work table under a low window and at a drop-leaf eating table in the middle of the room, Mrs. Rood prepared the food. As in any farm kitchen, this room is the hub around which family activity moves—family and guests gather there. The new plan streamlines the arrangement on the light side of the room across from the old coal range.*



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MADE ONLY BY
General Motors

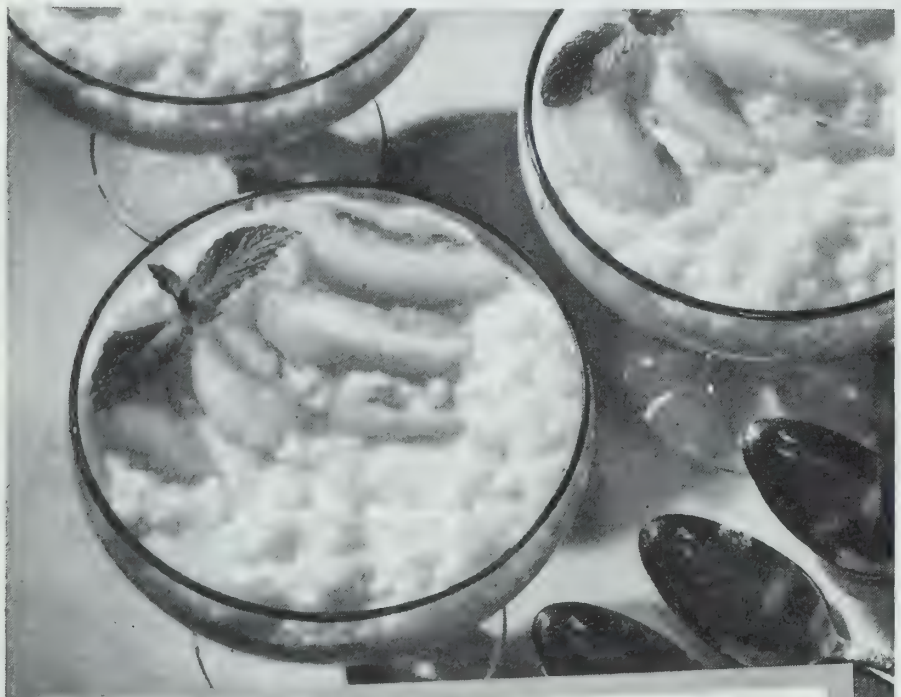
See your Frigidaire Dealer. Find name in Classified Telephone Directory; or write Frigidaire, Dayton 1, Ohio, Leaside 12, Ontario.

Listen to Frigidaire's "Man Called X," Sunday nights. See newspaper for time, station.

Frigidaire Cold-Wall Imperial is combination refrigerator and home freezer. Locker-Top holds up to 70 lbs. of frozen foods. Cold-Wall compartment below protects foods, uncovered, in moist-cold. Full-width Super Moist Hydrator for fruits, vegetables. 10 cu. ft.

GET SET FOR RAVES! MINUTE TAPIOCA IS BACK!

(REAL PREWAR TAPIOCA - GENUINE MINUTE TAPIOCA)



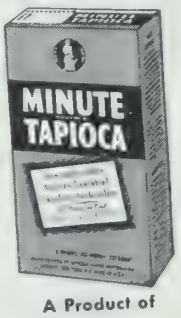
Hear the cheers for PEACH-Y TAPIOCA!

1 egg yolk
2 cups milk
3 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
1 egg white
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
Sweetened fresh, canned, or quick-frozen sliced peaches

Mix egg yolk with a small amount of the milk in saucepan. Add remaining milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, salt, and Minute Tapioca. Place over medium heat. Cook until mixture comes to a full boil, stirring constantly—this takes 5 to 8 minutes. (Do not overcook . . . mixture thickens as it cools.) Remove from heat.

Beat egg white until foamy throughout; add 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, and continue beating with rotary egg beater until mixture will stand in soft peaks. Add hot tapioca mixture, stirring constantly. Add vanilla. Cool, stirring after 15 to 20 minutes. Chill. Garnish with sliced peaches and mint leaves. Makes 4 or 5 servings of luscious Tapioca cream—sure-fire magic for frequent encores.

More rave ideas! 86 servings in every thrifty Minute Tapioca box! And every one a cook's helper! Use Minute Tapioca to make a meat loaf that never crumples, to thicken soup, to prop up fluffy omelets. See recipes on box.



Note to Brides!

The boss to dinner . . . your mother-in-law? For those command performances when nothing but your best will do—serve Minute Tapioca! Your reputation is made the instant you appear with a proud Minute Tapioca dessert! Superbly glamorous, delightfully refreshing!

A Product of General Foods



FOLEY SIFTER

Jr. Miss of sifters, holds 2 cups. Cone-shaped, sifts right into your measuring cup . . . Aluminum . . . 96¢ at DEPT. HOWE. STORES or send coupon

FOLEY MFG. CO., 3440 N. E. 5th St., Minneapolis 18, Minn.
Enclosed is 69¢ for one "Jr. Miss" Foley Sifter, postpaid.
NAME
(Write address plainly in margin)

"Be FOLEY Equipped" with FOOD MILL, CHOPPER, SIFTER, BLENDER

MAKE MONEY EASILY

Take easy, big profit orders from friends, others. Show Christmas Cards with name—big line, selling at 50 for $1.00 up. Amazing designs, gorgeous papers. FREE SAMPLES. Also sell $1.00 assortment of Christmas Cards, Gift Wrappings, Everyday Cards, Stationery on approval assortment on approval. Write

Sell Name-Imprinted CHRISTMAS CARDS 50 for $1 Also Assortments

Southern Greeting Card Co., Dept. A-21, 216 S. Pauline Street, Memphis, Tenn.

Want Extra Money?

Quick CASH Earnings are yours—for showing fast-selling Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, Box Assortments, Everyday Greetings, Gift Wraps. Amazing values sell for 60c and $1.00. FREE SAMPLES Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards and Assortments on Approval. WRITE TODAY!

SELL CHRISTMAS CARDS WITH NAME 50 for $1

FREE SAMPLES

CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN, Dept. H-71, 117 W. Pearl St., Cincinnati 1, O.

PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETRO



During the school months Mrs. Rood packs two lunch boxes every morning—plus the afternoon lunch for the men in the fields.

LUNCH BEFORE BREAKFAST

By Louella G. Shouer

SCHOOL bells will soon be ringing. That means lunches to pack in the morning, *unless* your children are fortunate in attending a school which has a hot-lunch program. The Rood girls go to a district school, 1½ miles across the fields from the farm, and carry their lunches each day.

Six o'clock is getting-up time for the Roods. From then on, it's a busy bustle. By 7:30 Mrs. Rood has a hearty farm-style breakfast on the table. Before that, she packs the girls' lunches.

There are just three things to remember when you're putting up a lunch, whether it's for a man or a child. Make it nourishing and filling, make it taste good and pack it so it will have eye appeal.

To save precious time before breakfast, plan your daily lunches by the week. Sandwich fillings, if they are favorites, may be made in quantity and used in sandwiches on alternate days. Do your baking in batches. Having a freezer helps too. Sandwiches, cookies and so on can be made ahead and frozen, ready to pack into the boxes each morning. Packing the lunch box the night before is not practical. Sandwiches tend to stale, flavors mingle. Packed lunches have a long enough stand as it is.

PREPARATION AND PACKING POINTERS Plan the lunch so there will be a pleasing combination of color, flavors and textures. Sandwiches are the main dish of the lunch box. . . . Rather than make one sandwich at a time, lay out all the pieces of bread on the table in front of you. Butter all the slices, spread with filling and cover. It goes faster this way. . . . Never melt butter or margarine for spreading sandwiches. It soaks into bread. But have it soft and spread it clear to the edges. . . . Jelly's a soaker too. If your small fry are fond of jelly sandwiches, cream the jelly with butter or margarine before spreading. . . . Skimpily filled sandwiches are dry. Hit a happy medium. Wrap lettuce for sandwiches or crisp raw vegetables in wax paper. When you send along a red apple, tuck in a chunk of good cheese. Use waxed cups or containers with lids or small jars with screw tops for carrying such foods as salads, condiments, fruit desserts and so on. Be sure lids are tight. Raisins or salted nuts are good after-lunch surprises.

LUNCHES FROM THE FREEZER. If you have a freezer, freeze some of your lunch-box specials *now* and save many early-morning minutes next month when the children start to school. It's usually the baking of cakes and cookies and the making of the sandwiches that take the real time. This can be done once a week or once in two weeks if you have a freezer. Foods packed frozen will thaw out just in time for lunch—in about three hours.

No special recipes are needed, but there are certain do's and don'ts in freezing cooked foods. First of all, be sure the food you pack is fresh: the cakes and cookies freshly baked; the bread for sandwiches fresh. Be sure to use moisture-vapor-proof papers and containers and package correctly, using the heat seal with a warm iron. Date what you freeze and label it. Cheese, meat and nut sandwich fillings freeze well in sandwiches. Mixtures with egg and celery usually do not, but we were most successful with one egg filling which I'll tell you about later. Pudding desserts, such as chocolate or vanilla pudding and rice pudding, do not freeze successfully, but there are many other sweets you can freeze. Pack desserts in individual containers. Wrap sandwiches separately and pack in containers of suitable size and shape. We have found that baked apples, applesauce, tapioca pudding, fruit cup, tarts and turnovers, cupcakes, brownies, cookies and apple-crisp pudding freeze successfully.

Here are two sample menus made up of foods packed frozen from the freezer, just to show you how easy it is:

Egg Sandwiches on Whole-Wheat Bread
Peanut-Butter-and-Bacon Sandwiches
Brownies
Container of Applesauce

Tuck in a bundle of crisp raw carrot sticks and fill the vacuum bottle with hot soup or milk. This makes a satisfying lunch and it takes almost no time to pack, as the sandwiches, brownies and applesauce were prepared and frozen in advance.

Deviled Fried Chicken
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Double Stuffed Celery
(2 pieces of celery put together with cream-cheese filling—not frozen)
Cupcakes
Hot Soup, Milk *or* Fruit Juice in vacuum bottle

CONTINUED ON PAGE 159

★ *How America Lives* ★



Marjorie and Ann carry lunches to school—walk 1½ miles each way.

Top off egg salad with cool-tasting

Treet!



How smart of you to have Treet as handy on your pantry shelf—ready to add meat to your meals in the easiest possible way! You'll add a cool look and a cool taste to summer meals, too, with Treet—the refreshing Armour blend of tender pork shoulder and sugar-cured ham. Treet is always considerate of your budget, too!

IT'S ANOTHER ARMOUR STAR PANTRY-SHELF MEAL!







Treet Tray for a Summer's Day

This gay lunch or supper keeps you cool as can be in the kitchen, for there's hardly any cooking to it! Simply make egg salad according to your favorite recipe and heap it on trimmed bread slices. Slice the meat from one tin of Treet and place on top. Arrange these delicious sandwiches alongside pineapple and cherry jellied salad molds. There, your whole meal's ready—so cool, so good and so good-looking!

For additional recipes for Pantry-Shelf Meals write Marie Gifford, Dept. 279, P. O. Box 2053, Chicago 9, Illinois.

Tune in HINT HUNT—CBS Monday through Friday afternoons

The best and nothing but the best is labeled ARMOUR



"Satina in my starch makes ironing *3 times easier!*"

WRITES MRS. FRANK H. McCUE, PITTSBURGH, PA.

MRS. McCUE, far right in the snapshot of the McCue family above, writes:
"I make sure I am never without Satina. With Satina in my starch, the starched clothes are more than 3 times as easy to iron!"

Satina is a wonderful ironing aid that you add to boiled or unboiled starch. It dissolves easily in boiling water or the boiling starch solution.

Satina not only makes ironing *lots easier*, it makes clothes *smell fresher. look newer, stay clean longer, too!*

FREE
FULL-SIZE PACKAGE



WE'RE SO SURE *you'll* love Satina, if we can just get you to try it once, that we're offering you a *free* full-size package. Enough for 4 big starchings. Just try it and judge Satina for *yourself!*

SATINA, Dept. 53, Battle Creek, Michigan

Dear Sirs: Satina sounds good to me. Now I'd like a free full-size package to see how much easier it makes *my* starched ironing.

NAME

STREET

CITY STATE

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

Women say: "Put SATINA in your starch! It makes starched ironing 3 times easier!"



The kitchen sink is the wash-up center for the Roods. Water is warmed in range reservoir and a near-by chest holds toilet articles. They have an unhea basement bath, an outdoor toilet, but a modern bathroom is on the "want" l

"CAN WE AFFORD A NEW BATHROOM?"

BY MARGARET DAVIDSON

MANY people, like the Roods, are dreaming of new or additional bathrooms and lavatories. When plans call for installing them in an old home, it's often a case of fitting them into minimum space.

Then it does take thought to make the most of the room available. A compact two-fixture lavatory with a toilet and washbasin can be installed in a space as small as 3½ by 5 feet. A complete three-fixture bathroom, including a tub, can be set up in an area no larger than 5 by 6¾ feet. Of course, more space is desirable to provide room for easy movement and for added conveniences that mean more comfort.

The three main bathroom fixtures of basic design can be purchased for less than $200. Units of better quality, of larger-than-average size, with more deluxe fittings and better design, are priced higher.

The cost of putting in a bathroom will vary with each installation, for it depends on such things as the construction of walls and the availability of plumbing connections. For the budget-minded, walls finished with a good quality semigloss paint can be maintained inexpensively for long periods of time. Wall linoleum, coated-fabric wall coverings, washable papers, tile or tilelike finishes are appropriate for bathrooms, and can be used to add to the decorative effect. If a shower is installed over a tub, special attention is needed to be certain the wall surface is watertight.

For floors, a properly installed, good waterproof surface such as linoleum, enameled or printed floor covering, asphalt or rubber tile is desirable.

In many new homes, more than one family bathroom or supplementary lavatories are provided to take care of several people's needs at one time. Family-style bathrooms sometimes have two lavatories.

Some new modern bathrooms are even divided, with tub or shower and toilet in separate compartments with separate entrances, providing privacy for several people at any time. This arrangement is less costly than duplicate bathrooms, and does ease the before-breakfast rush as the family prepares for the day.

A CHECK LIST FOR BATHROOM PLANNE

● ***Is there space between and in fr of the fixtures to allow unhamp movement and easy cleaning?***

Minimum space is listed—more is d able.

Between front of any fixture and wall across from it	2
Between front of lavatory and front of toilet	1½
Between sides of lavatory and wall	6 i
Between sides of lavatory and toilet tank	2 i
Between toilet tank and tub	3 i
Between toilet tank and wall beside it	4 i

● ***Are fixtures on an inside wall?***

Where winters are severe, pipes in ou walls may freeze and burst.

● ***Are fixtures placed satisfactoril relation to window?***

A tub under a window is objectior because of drafts and lack of privac window is desirable in free wall space side lavatory or over dressing table.

● ***Have fixtures been located plumbing connections in mind?***

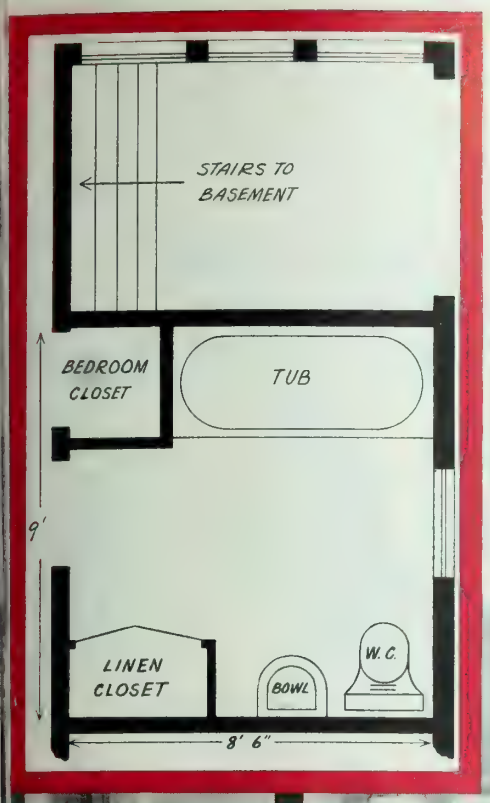
Three fixtures on one wall is usually most economical installation, with loc on two walls ranking next and on t walls most costly. Access to drain e tub is necessary for future servicing. contractor about location of hot- and water pipes, drains and ventilation p

● ***Has the door swing been conside***

The door should not bump into an using a fixture, it should shield or co the toilet and should be placed so it m opened in summer for ventilation.

● ***Is the bathroom as safe as it sh be?***

Bathtubs with flat bottoms and firm grab bars at tubs and showers are sa first features. Nonskid bath mats are i ance against falls. Faucets that mix ho cold water save burns. Switches for l and electric outlets located out of by anyone using a faucet or in the tub help prevent electric shocks. Mec



Roods dream of a new bathroom on the old back porch—the only usable space. Enclosing 8½ by 9 feet provides room for fixtures, linen and clothes closet—needed since door to bath will be through old closet. Two of three windows in porch wall will be closed. Basement will be reached through present outside door and reopened inside stairway. Water heater and furnace connections will bring year-round comfort.

DI PIETRO



ts should be out of reach of children. aters well shielded.

irror lighted to avoid shadows?

t should shine on the face, not the Lights on both sides of the mirror ter than one centered above it, which part of the face in the dark.

a place for medicines and toi- been planned?

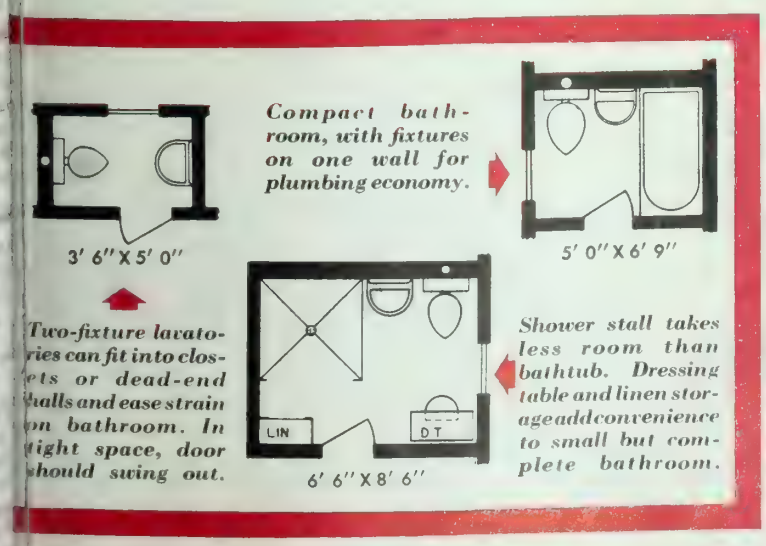
ored-door medicine cabinets can be recessed in walls to save space, or n walls if wall depth is limited. Cabi- by 15 inches with two adjustable helves are useful in small homes. ones with toothbrush brackets and elves for tall bottles are available.

plenty of towel racks included vatory and bathtub?

Each member of the family and guests need places for their own towels and washcloths. Bath towels, folded in thirds, need 8 inches of towel-bar space and 24 inches free below. Large face towels, folded in thirds, need 7 inches of towel-bar space and up to 18 inches free below. New-designed racks have bars arranged to give maximum hanging space in limited wall space.

● ***Have accessories that add convenience been provided?***

Holders or a shelf for soap, toothbrushes and tumblers are needed near the lavatory. A toilet-paper holder should be within 30 inches of the toilet and between 28 and 30 inches from the floor. "Nice to have" accessories which may be portable or built-in include: a full-length mirror, scales, hamper, dressing table with planned space for toilet articles and supply closet.





The most important feature of this Iron is invisible!

When you buy your new iron, look for the streamlined beauty shown here.

It has a most important feature that, unfortunately, you *can't* see. This built-in feature is *dependability*. Famous General Electric dependability!

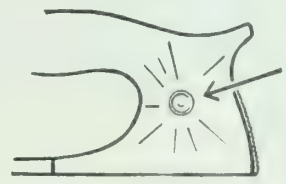
This new General Electric Iron is the latest of a long line of dependable General Electric Irons. For more than a generation, millions of women have known how satisfactory the General Electric Iron is, *year after year*. Many women vote it America's *best*.

Look at all these worksaving, timesaving features.



With this famous "Dial the Fabric" Control, you just tune in to the correct temperature for each fabric.

This remarkable Iron has the Calrod* unit that heats the iron rapidly. It is *cool* to work with, too. Between the form-fit handle and base, there's space for circulating air to keep the handle c-o-o-l.



This temperature-indicating light tells you the instant your G-E Iron is ready. No guessing, no testing.

There are double button nooks . . . built-in thumb rests . . . and a large ironing surface 27½ sq. in. Yet this General Electric "*Visualizer*" Automatic Iron weighs only 2¾ pounds.

See it at your General Electric retailer's.
General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

COTTON CLASSICS FOR FUN AND FASHION!

Their Creator *Dorothy Cox*

agrees: **"In dress designing . . . and in choosing a cigarette, too . . . EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"**

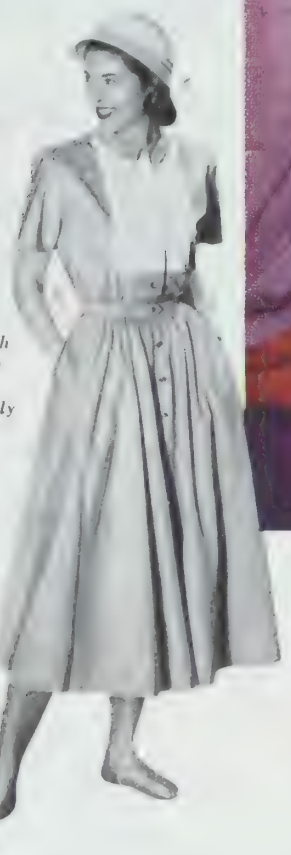
DOROTHY COX, shown here in her salon, developed her keen color sense, her regard for detail, through the study of portrait painting. Now she lavishes all her talents on day-in, day-out, typically American fashions. Outstanding achievement? . . . That classic favorite, the shirtwaist dress! Her designs, as tailored by McMullen, create a twice-yearly fashion stir – not for just a famous few, but for Miss and Mrs. Average American.





● *Dorothy Cox mak this strapless sun-see ing Saturday-Sund dress with its own sho der kerchief to whi on or off. Notice h beachcomber plaid c ton becomes a form fabric in this undec rated style!*

"Of all the different brands of cigarettes I've tried and compared, cool, mild Camels suit me best!" says Dorothy Cox



● *Palest grey chambray is beguilingly feminine in this gently styled shirtwaist dress with its immaculate white tucked bosom and subtly flared skirt.*

More people are smoking Camels than ever before!

City or country, at work or at play – wherever you turn, you'll find more and more people smoking Camels.

Why? Let your "T-Zone" tell you. (That's T for Taste and T for Throat.) Let your taste tell you about Camel's marvelous flavor. Let your throat discover that wonderful Camel mildness and coolness. See why, with smokers who have tried and compared different brands of cigarettes, Camels are the "choice of experience."

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Three leading independent research organizations asked one hundred thirteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven doctors what cigarette they smoked. The brand named most was Camel.



Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!

T for Taste...

T for Throat...

that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

I SAVED $8 ON MY MONTHLY FOOD BILL

(Continued from Page 37)

rch 30. Served MPF hash—few pieces o neat loaf left, browned it with onion, 2 up cooked diced potatoes, 1 cup cooked M F. With stewed tomatoes as a sauce this w quite something. For dinner I made a st fing of cooked MPF for my pork chops. P s chops flavored the stuffing—good.

rch 31. Made a soup of the left-over v tables and tomatoes and added ¼ cup M F. Only objection to MPF in soup is that it ttles in the bottom of the bowl. Had M F sausage patties—1 pound sausage does at least three meals, sometimes four, with ed MPF, whereas 1 pound sausage alone ly did me two meals.

il 1. Made our favorite MPF fish cakes fr one small piece of left-over fillet. These sh d be shaped into croquettes and fried in de fat, garnished with fresh parsley and w ges of tomatoes for a company luncheon or inner.

il 2. Extended my ½ pound sausage wi 1 cup MPF to serve with pancakes for su per. I prefer sausage mixed with MPF to ma ng it plain. At the supper table, I asked Bo to tell me honestly what foods he would lik to go on using MPF with, as today com- ple s four weeks' experimenting with MPF. He old me that he liked fish mixed with it be —in fact, much better than fish alone. Ot er favorite dishes were meat loaves and ch ground-meat patties. He doesn't care ab t it served plain as rice. Other foods h he isn't very fond of he found he lik l when mixed with MPF—like luncheon me , and lamb. I like it particularly in ham- bu ers, meat loaf, sausage. Asked Bobby how he been liking the food; his answer was ch acteristic of Bobby: "I don't know—I eat t, don't I?" Little Chuckie, bless his he t, eats everything set before him. And so MPF will remain on my pantry shelf, an on our table. Just think, I've saved al- mo $8 this month. We've had no colds, even tho gh we skipped the vitamins—and we've ac ome new and good meals.

Th here's the way my food budget looked:

$	$80.36 month by average
	70.15 this month—with MPF
	$10.21 saved on food
	.80 saved on vitamins
	$11.01
	3.10 minus cost MPF
$	7.91

Recipes

MPF STUFFED PEPPERS

cup cooked MPF
½ cup ground lamb or beef (cooked)
onion cut fine
¼ teaspoon parsley
Salt and pepper

Mix all ingredients together, stuff halves gr en pepper (split lengthwise) and bake ov n, 350°–375° F., thirty minutes.

MPF SHRIMP CASSEROLE

Combine 1 cup cooked MPF, 5-ounce can shr p (try salmon or tuna), 1 medium onion ch ped, 1 cup peas, ¾ teaspoon salt, dash pe r, 2½ cups tomatoes, 2 tablespoons margarine. Place in casserole, cover and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., about 40 minutes. Serves 4 to 5.

MPF MEAT CAKES IN CASSEROLE

Mix 1 cup cooked MPF, 1 chopped onion, 1 beaten egg, ¾ pound ground meat, salt and pepper, little parsley. Shape into balls. Brown lightly in a little fat, put in casserole and cover with 1 can condensed tomato soup. Bake in moderate oven, 350°–375° F., thirty minutes. Serves 4–6.

MPF TUNA FISH SALAD

½ cup grated or flaked tuna fish
1 medium onion chopped fine
2 stalks celery cut fine
1 cup cooked MPF

Mix well with mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce or as a sandwich filling.

ROAST LAMB—MPF STUFFING

Have the butcher put a pocket in a shoulder of lamb and stuff with the following:

2 cups bread crumbs
1 cup cooked MPF
1 large onion
1 tablespoon poultry seasoning
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
Salt and pepper

Moisten with hot water to desired consistency. Stuff shoulder and sew opening securely. Roast 3 hours at 375° F.

INDIVIDUAL SAUSAGE PIES

1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon shortening
Scant ½ cup milk
¼ pound sausage
2 tomatoes
1 cup MPF
Small onion, grated

Sift together dry ingredients. Add shortening, mix in thoroughly with fork. Add liquid to make stiff dough. Turn out on floured board and knead lightly until outside looks smooth. Roll ⅛ inch thick. Cut into 4 four-inch squares. Mix sausage, grated onion and 1 cup cooked MPF together. Divide sausage mixture into 4 flat cakes. Put one sausage cake on each square dough; fold edges of dough around sausage. Sprinkle tomato with salt and place on top of sausage (tomatoes cut in halves or canned tomatoes may be used). Bake in hot oven, 425° F. about 25 minutes. Serves 4.

MPF MEAT LOAF

1 pound lean beef ground
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
1 egg
1 onion, chopped fine
1 cup MPF
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup chili sauce
⅛ cup milk

Mix thoroughly. Shape in roll and bake 40–60 minutes at 350°. Baste often. Serves 4–6. For a larger loaf, and more tasty, add ¼ pound ground veal, ¼ pound ground pork.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Thought for a Friend

By Julia Collins Ardayne

ow warmly the lamplight falls
upon your face as you sit reading!
ou do not know that I have stolen
cross the several hundred miles
between us
o stand beside your chair
o close that, with a hand out-
stretched,
touch your hair.
speak—
ou think my voice the throbbing of
the rain outside;
Yet you do not close the window.
Rather do you pause as though you
listen to its falling.
I am here within your silent
room
Saying your name ever so softly.
Your eyes have left the page—
And, as I speak again, you smile.
Dear, distant friend! How blest are
those whose miles
May hold no separation—only
tenderness.



YES, I'M JEANNIE. Together, Fred and I turned out songs . . . about love and moonbeams. To annoy me he sometimes whistled "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair". . . for *my* brown hair was nothing to dream about. It was just dingy-looking and unruly.



BACKSTAGE ONE NIGHT, [illegible] Magic told me the secret of [illegible] "Lustre-Creme Shampoo [illegible] Mr. hairdresser uses it. It's not a soap and a liquid but a new *cream* shampoo with [illegible] Use it at home, too, and *keep* your hair lovely!"

Jeannie with the dull wild hair... now a "LUSTRE-CREME" Dream Girl



WHEN I GAILY ARRIVED at our studio next day, Fred whistled in amazement. "Hold it, Gorgeous!" he cried. "Your hair! It's wonderful! If Stephen Foster could write lyrics about lovely brown hair, so can I. What rhymes with glisten, glamour, sheen, and pays off with lovely Dream Girl?" Thanks to Lustre-Creme Shampoo, I rated a love song after all.



For Soft, Glamorous "Dream-Girl" Hair

Whether you prefer the TUBE or the JAR, you'll prefer LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

YOU, TOO . . . can have soft, glamorous "Dream Girl" hair with magical Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Created by Kay Daumit, to glamorize hair with new 3-way loveliness:

1. Fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
3. Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme is a blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers richly in hard or soft water. *No special rinse needed.* Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Dream Girl. 4-oz. jar $1.00: smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 49¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters. Try it *today!*

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor) 919 N. Mich. Ave., Chicago, Ill.

OUT-PERFORMS ALL OTHER SHORTENINGS !



So differe
it's making fo
history! Actual
Swift'ning* gi
you a combinat
of import
advantages
get in no ot
shorteni

Swift'ning is superb in any recipe!

Try Swift'ning in all your favorite recipes, new or old. Try it for cakes, pies, light digestible fried foods. See if you don't get finer all-around results than ever before.

PEACH-PECAN SHORTCAKE MARTHA LOGAN'S

"HELPING HAND" RECIPE POINTS THE WAY TO SURE SUCCESS

Here's something *new* in shortcakes . . . new, and *marvelously* good to eat. It's easy to make. Just watch the little "helping hands" they point out where mistakes *might* be made. And, of course, use *Swift'ning*. Tests *prove* it makes tenderer, flakier shortcake than any other type shortening.

Preparation: Preheat oven at 425°. Flour bread board so *lightly* the board shows through. Grease cooky or baking sheet.

Ingredients: (Use standard, level measures.)

- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
  Be sure to sift flour before measuring.
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 tbsp. sugar
- ⅓ cup Swift'ning
- ½ cup broken pecan meats
- ⅓ cup milk
- 1 egg

Sift dry ingredients together; cut Swift'ning into flour mixture with pastry blender or 2 knives until mixture is the consistency of cornmeal. Add nuts. Combine milk and slightly beaten egg. Add to flour mixture all at once while stirring with a fork.

Turn dough onto lightly floured board and knead *gently* two or three times. Roll dough ¼" thick, cut into 3" rounds with floured cutter.

Lightly tap cutter to dislodge any extra flour before cutting.

Knead dough *trimmings* together and roll out and cut as above until dough is all used. Place 2 rounds together on prepared baking sheet. Bake about 15 minutes. Serve with sweetened peaches and whipping cream between and on top of biscuits. Top with pecan halves.

PURE, TASTELESS SWIFT'NING COMES IN 3-LB. AND 1-LB. TINS, AND 1-LB. CARTONS.
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**ONLY IN SWIFT'NING—THIS SPECIAL "QUICK-MIX" I
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will be high, light and handsome. Snow-white, delic
Swift'ning contains an exclusive ingredient that makes it w
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**FLAKIER PASTRY THAN WITH ANY OTHER TYPE
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more tender made with Swift'ning than w
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**HIGHLY DIGESTIBLE! EXT
NUTRITIOUS!** No other t
of shortening is more digesti
than Swift'ning. And it
tains a combination of imp
tant nutritional essentials
supplied by shortenings
other types.



THE QUARREL

(Continued from Page 52)

night before; there were two dozen people
ne who had been there since six in the
ning; the advertisement had been a mis-
e, there was no vacancy. When Ken came
ie from the office in the evening he would
ly as not find her stretched out on the
in the hotel room, exhausted, depressed,
with the memory of shabby rooms al-
ly taken, sinister superintendents, bitter,
ting applicants. Once she witnessed a
-pulling match between two well-dressed
s who each claimed to be first in line, and
went away trembling, her heart heavy,
dering what had happened to all the
ency in the world, the ready laughter and
clean eyes of the people she had known
ore the war.

I'm so tired of being unhappy!" she told
, crying one evening in his arms. "There
sn't seem to be anything in the world but
ible! And everybody is so hateful!"

en took her down to the lounge in the
l, a dark little room in imitation leather
worn oak, and
to laugh.

I just want to be
erable in my own
," she told Ken,
ing a smile. "I
en't got room to
unhappy about
sia or the atom
b, or the U.N."

was at the end
he third month
Ken found the
-water flat. Jane
e back one day at
htime to find a
sage waiting for
to call him. He
quite excited over
telephone, even if
oice was carefully
h. She could see
at his desk, "mak-
like a business-
," as she teased
his hair brushed
smoothly, his
hest, wonderful
that was en-
ed on her heart,
clean, square
s quiet, always
t, so that some-
s she knew she
dn't exist unless
ouched her. She
d fly to pieces
rwise.

Al Mott told me about it this morning,
I went up there right away. It's a tene-
t, darling," he added, making his voice
er-of-fact. "The neighborhood isn't
, and there isn't any heat." It was then
ber. "That's what a cold-water flat
s," he explained. "There is hot water
e tap, but there isn't any steam heat.
s three rooms," he said, saving the line,
unch line, until the very last.

Oh, Ken!"

s nothing to get excited about," he
quickly. "Don't expect anything. I'll
you the address. The superintendent is
ng it, and if you like it, it's ours."

e went to the address immediately. It
n the East Side, near Ninetieth Street.
he started down from the corner she
see a thread of bridge hanging before
ver the East River like a loop of tinsel
Christmas tree. The building was even
than she expected. She went into a
hole of a doorway, cool with stale air,
p three flights of musty stairs. There
were, the three rooms, tiny, like boxes,
leading into the other: living room,
om, kitchen. The bathtub was in the
en; it had an enameled cover over it.
oilet was in a closet.

Of course we'll take it," she said to the
intendent, a thin, grimy, disgruntled
man. She went out to telephone Ken, her voice light with excitement, and then she bought a galvanized bucket and a scrub brush and a box of soap powder, and climbed back up the three flights of stairs to her home.

The war is over, she said.

AFTER she had scraped the peeling walls she painted them over again, herself, with bright water paint. Primrose yellow in the living room, light blue in the bedroom, white in the kitchen. She foraged in the secondhand stores on Third Avenue and bought rickety chairs and painted them, too, after Ken had nailed them back together again, and she bought a bright slip cover for an old, lumpy sofa she found. The slip cover, the curtains and the bed linens were the only new things she bought. Everything else, even the flower prints on the walls, came from the secondhand stores. Lamps, china, rugs.

"We don't want to invest any money," she would say. "Not until we find a real place. A place of our own."

As the days went by, days which she tried to fill with work, and bargain hunting, and recipe collecting (she was learning, now, to cook with wine), she fought desperately against a returning depression which began to mount in her again, seeping slowly upward, like damp. In Chicago she could look out her windows and see trees; at twilight they could watch the sun set. Here there didn't seem to be any light, anywhere. The window of the living room faced north, so that sometimes she got a little light in the morning, but the kitchen and bedroom windows faced on a narrow court, and there was never any light. Even fixing her makeshift wife's lunch, of whatever she could find in the icebox (there was no electric refrigerator), she would have to turn on the light. When the days grew colder she heated the rooms by lighting the gas grate in the living room, and the stove in the kitchen, leaving the oven door open. Neither had a flue, and the grate was faulty, so that just about the time the rooms became warm she would have to open the windows to let in the fresh air.

When she went out to shop, the cold brutality of the street hit her with an almost physical impact. The sidewalk joined the paving of the street to the dingy stone and brick of the buildings, so that nowhere was there so much as an inch of earth exposed. (Once, when she wanted to move a begonia slip to a larger pot, she had to buy a little bag of earth at a florist's shop, and she ran her fingers through it, thinking how clean it felt.)

The street, the whole scene was alive with children. Pathetic, frightening, raucous children, with pinched, soiled faces and harsh voices, thin but filled with hysterical energy. They fought, pommeling one another in the gutters, or spilled over the worn doorways of buildings, eating bread from dirty hands. The block in which they lived lay at the bottom of a slight hill, and the children had a game they played: sitting, balancing themselves on a single roller skate, they careened down the incline, so that often she

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Magic Lens

By Mae Winkler Goodman

Love is a crystal glass that magnifies,
Making far things suddenly glow clear.
As with a telescope pressed to the eyes,
The velvet sky, star-studded, will come near.
Love is a lens through which we clearly mark
What heart and eye had missed . . . small, golden things:
Firefly lanterns strung across the dark;
The rainbow shining on a robin's wings.

Love magnifies the good, the beautiful,
Focusing the ear, the eye, the heart,
Yet love can minimize almost as well,
Dwarfing to their dim, remotest part
Ugliness, and hate, and all thereof;
Such is the magic telescope of love.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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Make chopped meat a company dish with a rich sauce of BinB Sliced Mushrooms.
Delicious—Ready to Use! No Waste—No Loss!
Choice hothouse mushrooms—tender, meaty—are picked when their flavor reaches perfection! Then they're rushed to our spotless plant, broiled in finest creamery butter and packed in their own luscious broth, to add appetite appeal to *hundreds* of dishes.
B in B MUSHROOMS
now packed in 3 different styles for every mushroom use!
Whole Crowns
Sliced Crowns
Chopped Mushrooms

had to jump quickly out of their way or be knocked down. She did not like to admit to herself that she was afraid of them. There was too much bitter knowledge of the world written on their young-old faces, and she was so terribly sorry for them that she averted her eyes when she passed them, not wanting to know anyone by sight, so aware of her inadequacy to help them that the thought of one on whom she might fix her compassion was not to be endured. Was this the world in which she could have her baby?

THERE was a baby across the hall from them. Sometimes in the morning she could hear the wonderful, meaningless talk and laughter of the bath, and her heart, her breast would ache with longing and loneliness. She knew that the couple who lived there were young, like themselves. The husband came home in the evening before Ken; she would hear the door slam, and their loud gay voices speaking together. She wanted, so much, to know the girl, but even though she tried to make opportunities, she never met her in the hall. She always heard her neighbor going out after she had come in, or else she left just as the door closed.

One day, unable to bear her loneliness any longer, she stifled her shyness and stepped out into the hall and knocked on the kitchen door opposite hers. When the door opened she said quickly, "I am Jane Malcolm, across the hall. I just wanted to say hello."

Her neighbor smiled, suddenly and shyly, and Jane had a sudden memory of those other faces she had seen on the street, a little pinched, suspicious, the friendliness waiting to be released.

"Oh, please come in," she said. "I am Nancy O'Connor. I'm so glad you came."

Jane went into the tiny kitchen, exactly like her own in reverse. But there was a warmth in this literally overheated room which was not in hers. She sat down at the table, on the chair which Nancy pulled out for her, and looked up at the pink-and-white canisters, the pink-and-white shelf paper, the clutter of baby bottles, formula cans, funnels, nipples in a rack on the table.

"Oh, it must be nice to have a baby!" she said.

Nancy smiled shyly, proudly, as though it were something very special, personal, not given to everyone, to have a baby. "He's kind of cross today," she said, not even trying to deceive herself with the mock disapproval in her voice. "I think he's catching cold, or cutting a tooth, or something. Would you like to see him?"

"Oh, yes!" Jane exclaimed. "But I don't want to disturb him if he's sleeping."

"We can peek at him."

Silently they tiptoed into the darkened bedroom and stood beside the baby bed.

"His name is Mike," Nancy whispered. She said it as though it were really extraordinary, as if no one had ever been named Mike before. "He looks just like his father."

"Oh!" said Jane. Then she couldn't say anything else. She thought she might cry if she did.

Mike slept on his back with his fat arms above his head, his legs drawn up, apart. There was a bubble of milk in the corner of his mouth, and the light, thin hair was damp on his forehead. Suddenly Jane wanted to put her arms around Nancy. It was very strange. She wasn't a demonstrative person with strangers, she always told herself, but she wanted to hug Nancy as she might have hugged a sister if she had ever had one. And then tell her all about everything. Her loneliness. How much she, too, wanted to have a baby, but how hopeless everything seemed. No real home. No prospect of one. No solid future to plan on because the world was suddenly such a difficult, frightening place that maybe it wasn't even right for people like them to have a family any more.

"Would you like to see the rest of the house?" Nancy asked.

Jane followed her happily into the tiny living room and admired the overstuffed sofa with the chair and hassock to match. There were a fern stand, a table with an embroidered runner under the lamp with its parchment shade, and over the sofa on the wall was a colored picture of an English cottage covered with roses.

"Oh, it's nice!" Jane said. "It's a real home, isn't it?"

"We were so happy to find it," Nancy said eagerly, pinching a dry frond from the rather tired-looking fern. "We had to live with my mother when Dan came home from the Navy, and we thought we'd never find a place. I was working, and Dan was working, and we didn't have time to look, and then I had to stop working—on account of the baby, you know." Nancy paused; she looked suddenly wistful, and her eyes avoided Jane's when she spoke again. "Dan and I were both born and grew up in this neighborhood. We sort of wanted to live someplace else, you know, when we got married." She stopped again, but then she smiled and looked at Jane. "Dan found this place just two weeks before the baby came. So we had our own home to bring him to, after all."

"We had the same trouble," Jane said. "About finding a place, I mean." And that was all she was able to say, about everything, even though there was so much she wanted to say.

"Will you have a cup of tea?" Nancy asked.

"I'd love it."

They went into the kitchen again, tiptoeing past the sleeping Mike, and Jane sat down at the table. There was hardly room in the kitchen for the two of them unless she sat down at the table. While Nancy busied herself with the kettle and the teapot, Jane noticed with concern how thin and tired she seemed, beneath the brave smile and the quick movements. She was a slight girl with dark hair and the sort of transparent white skin that sometimes goes with Irish coloring, but there were no roses in her cheeks, only a flush of heat from the stove.

"I wish you'd come and see me," Jane said. "I'd like to show you my house."

The response was so quick that she knew she had said the right thing.

"Maybe after tea you could leave Mike alone for a minute."

"Well," Nancy said, "maybe a minute."

They drank the tea and Nancy looked again at Mike, and then they slipped out the door quietly and went into Jane's kitchen. As they went through the absurdly small rooms Jane didn't know whether to be proud of her efforts or not. Somehow it all suddenly seemed empty, unworthy, a little pretentious. She had looked at pictures in decorators' magazines for tricks to achieve the illusion of space, and now her bright walls with their prints, the scrubbed bare floor, the few pieces of furniture looked not smart at all, but just rather cold and unfriendly and superior.

Nancy didn't say very much. It was "nice," and then it was "awfully nice." She went here and there quietly, her eyes missing nothing, standing in front of the prints, feeling the fabric of the covering on the sofa, studying the arrangement of flowers in the old yellow bowl on the walnut table under the window. Jane had bought the bowl and the table, which she had rubbed down to its original finish, from a secondhand dealer.

"I hope you will be my friend," Jane said suddenly. She surprised herself by saying it; it was as close as she had ever come to sentiment, but she wanted to dispel the uncomfortable feeling that was growing between them as Nancy looked at her house.

Nancy turned to her and smiled shyly. "I'd like to be," she said.

They were friends. After that they took to shopping together, and they would open their kitchen doors in the morning and call back and forth to each other as they washed the breakfast dishes. Sometimes Jane sat with Mike so that Nancy could go on errands, and they always had a cup of tea together in the afternoon, sometimes in one apartment, sometimes in the other. When Nancy would get Mike dressed, before his father came home, she would bring him over and lay him on Jane's bed while they sat and talked. It was as if they had stumbled on a new world together, a world waiting, not for any girl, but for wives only; yet it was curious, because their husbands were excluded. Jane knew nothing of Dan, and she never spoke to Nancy of Ken. What disturbed her, however, although she did not really permit herself to think about it, was that she began almost to dread seeing Ken come home in the evening. He seemed to bring the weight of the world's weariness with him, in spite of his determined cheerfulness, and all Jane's despair would settle upon her again.

SHE couldn't remember, exactly, when they began to quarrel. Alone, she would grow weak with fear, trying to remember how it had started, and what it was they argued about. They had never quarreled in Chicago. Oh, now and then there were, as the saying is, "words." But what young married couple does not have them? And the "words" were almost worth it, because afterward they had to find each other again, coming, it seemed, each time closer to each other. Yes, it was almost worth it.

But these new quarrels drove them apart. They never seemed to come to anything but a truce. They would say "dear" to each other a great deal while getting ready for bed, but even when Jane knew that Ken, too, lay awake beside her, she couldn't turn to him because inside she was so hurt and lonely.

Maybe it was inevitable that all this must burst at once into flame, as if a slow fuse had smoldered to a store of powder. It happened the night she burned the steak, in the inadequate gas oven, and then she cried.

"Everything is wrong!" she said. "Everything!"

But Ken did not come to her to comfort her. He just stood in the kitchen door, cold, his face set, the flesh about his mouth white with anger. "My big girl," he said. "My big, brave girl."

He had never spoken to her that way before. She had never heard in his voice that tone of bitterness and sarcasm, and she stopped crying, frightened. But when he continued to stand there, his arms folded, she was filled with cold fury, and she ran to him and beat at his chest with her fists. "I hate you!" she cried. "I hate you!" Somewhere within her was a void, filled with fear, and disbelief, and shock at her behavior, but she was powerless to control herself.

"You must hate me," Ken said, holding her wrists with a painful grip, "to do what you're doing to me."

(Continued on Page 144)



"Good heavens, I don't know. I thought it was you."

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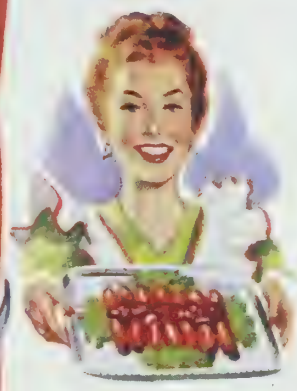
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(Continued from Page 142)

"What I'm doing to you!" she said, starting back from him, staring up into his face.

When he answered her his voice was choked, as though his feelings had been pent-up for so long that he could not release them. "The office may fail," he said. "Do you understand that?" His face was close to hers and she could see shadows of fatigue under his eyes, but the eyes were filled with anger. "Did you ever ask me about it? Do you ever ask me what *I* am doing? How *I* am feeling? Do you care?"

She was beyond reason now. "I'm too tired. I slave in this dirty, stupid place, and what do I ever get out of it? Nothing! You come home and eat, and you don't even talk to me. I have to stay in this miserable slum all day, cold and lonely!"

"You could be cheerful about it!"

"Cheerful! What have I got to be cheerful about!" She was shouting. She pulled away from him, and stood there, defiant. "I wanted to be a wife to you," she said, forcing scorn into her trembling voice. "I wanted a home, and a baby—something to live and work for! But I have to stay here. Maybe I'll die here! Maybe I'll never get away from this terrible place!"

Ken's hands dropped to his sides. She looked at him, standing there in his neatly pressed gray trousers and vest with the fountain pen and pencil in the breast pocket. He was wearing a conservative foulard tie, but the city's grime was on the turned-back cuffs of his shirt, and at his collar. The city's grime and weariness were in the shadows under his chin, and in his hands which suddenly looked defenseless and beaten.

"You mean I'm not a good husband," he said quietly. "I can't find a proper home for you, and maybe my job will fold up, but I think that all of it might work out if I had the right kind of a wife."

He turned then and went back into the bedroom. Jane watched him as he picked up his coat and put it on, and walked into the living room, and out the front door. After that she found that she could move again, and she went into the bedroom and flung herself on the bed.

She had lost everything. Burying her head in the pillow, she tried, like a child, to sustain her anger and righteousness, but all her conviction subsided with her sobs. She told herself that she had behaved no better than a common shrew, and it came to her, with dismay, for the first time in her life, that she might after all be just like other people, given to error, full of common weakness which she was not big enough, sometimes, to recognize or admit. Her whole life was Ken; how could she have treated him so badly? Even in her anger she had known somewhere that it was not directed toward him; but if not, then what was the basis of her unhappiness?

Suddenly she sat up in the darkness, pressing the palms of her hands against her eyes. For her, she knew all at once grasping at a thought so tenuous that it threatened to elude her, the war was not over! She began to laugh to herself, crazily, with exhaustion, remembering how Ken had said that they did not need to be rehabilitated—old married folks like them! But this was their rehabilitation; they were going through it, and she had not recognized it. It was a long process, painful, she could see now, like being born again. They could not take up just where they had left off; too much had happened to them—to them and to the world. They had to take into account all that enforced loneliness and separation, the dreadful unrest of the world, the bitter unhappiness of a line that was broken, the groping to find the two ends and join them together again. They had had a piece taken out of their lives: the years during which, living quietly together, they would have grown in tenderness and knowledge of each other. Her mistake had been in thinking that she could start being a wife again, like a little girl playing house; that she could ignore all the grim reality outside.

In the midst of these reflections she was conscious of the sound of voices raised, and she realized, abruptly, that across the hall the O'Connors were quarreling too; they had been quarreling for some time, she knew—she had been hearing their voices in the back of her mind. Through the thin, cheap walls the sound came to her: Nancy's shrill cries, and Dan's angry bellow. There was something disgraceful about it, as though the long heritage of the streets had grown into something destructive and shameful. She began to tremble, knowing in her heart that she and Ken had sounded no better. Perhaps the O'Connors had heard them, too, if they were not too engrossed in their own quarrel. She put her hands over her ears, but just as she did she thought she heard her name.

She got up quietly, feeling sick and shamed, and went to the kitchen door and put her ear against it. They were quarreling about her!

"I forbid you to see her again!" Dan was saying. "I do my best, and that's got to be good enough!"

Jane leaned against the doorframe, stunned by the bitterness and venom in his voice. What had she done? Her answer came quickly, in Nancy's tearful voice.

"She has everything so nice," she said. "She has such nice clothes, and all her furniture is different, and she goes to a beauty parlor to have her hair washed."

Dan's reply was mystifying. "But I don't like it!" he shouted. "My mother never cooked with wine! Your mother never cooked with wine! Are you better than they were? Aren't we good enough for you?"

Oh, it was funny! It was terribly funny, if

(Continued on Page 146)

Is Your Child a Little Traveler This Month?

THE "watchbird" for the young traveler is the Travelers Aid Society. This nonprofit social agency helps all travelers who need help, regardless of race, creed, color or economic status. Here are some suggestions it offers for the occasion when it is absolutely necessary to let a child under twelve travel alone:

1. Provide the young traveler with an identification card bearing the names of parents or relatives, addresses and telephone numbers.

2. Be sure relatives or others at the destination know the arrival time, and plan so it isn't late at night.

3. Give the young traveler some books, magazines, puzzles or games for the trip. Something to eat helps too.

4. Be sure he has spending money to take care of necessities or emergency phone calls.

5. Tell the child about the Travelers Aid Society, which provides help at most large terminals and will meet and assist children at transfer points if notified in advance.

Any travel problem may be discussed with Travelers Aid.

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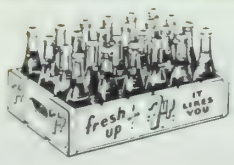
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(Continued from Page 114)

you could laugh about it! Nancy had cooked the beef in wine, as Jane had told her to do it. She could hear Nancy crying, great, dry sobs, and then she began to talk as she, Jane, had talked to Ken, irrationally, as all arguments are.

"I want to live somewhere else," Nancy cried. "I don't want my baby to grow up in this dirt, like we did! He won't have a chance! They'll turn him into a crook, just the way they did with my brother! He'll hang around the poolrooms, and learn to steal, and ——"

Then Jane heard a crash, as if a fist were brought down on a table. "Not as long as he has Danny O'Connor for a father!" Dan said.

Oh, it was funny, all right. Clothes, and furniture, and beef cooked in wine, and a baby growing up in the slums.

Nancy was crying quietly now; there was silence in the kitchen across the hall, and then Jane heard Nancy say, in a quiet voice, "I just wanted to be like her."

She clung to the door for support. It wasn't fair, Jane thought, to have all her dishonor shown to her at once! First Ken, and now Nancy. Had she only tried to be friendly, she wondered, or was it possible, honestly, that somewhere in an unworthy part of her mind she had enjoyed contrasting herself with Nancy, enjoyed showing off her taste, her skill with secondhand furniture, her recipes with wine and herbs? Why, even she could tell that Nancy and Dan must have paid far more for their overstuffed "suite" of furniture than she had paid for all her things, because she didn't want to "invest any money" until she found "a real place to live."

Oh, it was so wicked, so absurd, so small and stupid to have acted the great lady in a tenement!

"Why?" Dan was saying. "Why did you want to be like her, or anybody else, when I married you because I like you the way you are?"

SUDDENLY Jane knew what she must do. If she hesitated for a moment she would know that it was wrong to do it, and she would be lost. She wrenched the door open and stepped into the hall and pounded on the door opposite hers.

"You must let me in," she called, surprised at the volume of her voice.

When the door opened suddenly she stood there, defiant, forgetting her tear-stained face and disordered hair, facing Dan in his undershirt, his hair rumpled, surprise on his unhappy face; Nancy in the background, startled, her eyes streaming, the lipstick smudged about her mouth.

"You mustn't say that," she said to Nancy.

They all stared at one another for a moment in silence.

"You don't want to be like me, Nancy," she went on. "I'm not a good wife. My husband left me. I've been complaining and unhappy, and I haven't helped him, and I didn't like it here, and I cried, and argued with him. He left me because I deserved it." She was talking rapidly now, to cover her failing courage, hardly knowing what she was saying, and as she talked Mike began to cry in the next room so that she had to raise her voice to be heard. "I was showing off to you," she said. "I wanted you to know that I was better than this place, and that I didn't want to live here, and that I was dissatisfied with everything. And what if Dan *doesn't* like things cooked in wine, and what if I *did* buy different furniture than you did? It didn't even cost as much as yours did, and I'll go shopping with you, Nancy, if you like my clothes—they aren't expensive—and ——" But then she burst into tears, and suddenly she found that she and Nancy were holding onto each other, after all, like sisters. "He left me," Jane sobbed. "He walked right out the door!"

That was when Dan began to laugh. He said "Women!" a couple of times, as only a man who has been pressed too far can say it, and then he went into the bedroom and picked up the crying Mike and brought him,



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king, into the kitchen. "I want you to re-
nber this," he said solemnly to the baby,
ding him up. "Maybe this will make you
and think, when you want to get mar-
!"

was just at this moment, of course, that
came up the stairs and down the hall.
e heard him and went to the door and he
e back, wearing his politely baffled look,
ding a bottle of something in his hand.
re was something else in his face which
e, as a wife, knew, and she thought her
t would burst with love for him. He had
n to a bar; she could see him in her mind,
ng there, manly and angry but thinking it
and then coming back to her because
was his wife.

Jane," he said.

ane turned her tear-flushed face to him,
but trying to show her love in her eyes.

es, Ken," she said.

What is all this?" he asked, looking
r her head at the tableau in the O'Con-
kitchen, using his best office-manager
e.

Dan laughed again. "I don't know," he
. "He's wet," he said to no one in par-
lar, gingerly shifting Mike from one arm
he other.

My poor baby!" Nancy took him to her
disappeared into the bedroom.

This is Mr. O'Connor, dear," Jane said,
ng to save the situation with what dig-
she could muster.

Ken and Dan looked at each other. "It's
to know you," Dan said, and they shook
ds.

I have a bottle here," Ken said after a
ment. "The man said it was champagne,"
added, rather uncomfortably. "Maybe
will join us for a drink. We're celebrat-
or something."

Celebrating?" Jane blurted.

Ken looked at her, quieting her with his
s. "Yes," he said softly.

But even in her happiness and excite-
nt, Jane remembered. Wine, and the
Connors . . . it was all wrong again.

Dan saved her. "Come on, honey," he called into the bedroom. "We're going to have a drink. Bring Mike along."

When Nancy came out of the bedroom, carrying Mike, Jane wanted to laugh, with relief, and sympathy, and amusement. For just in that moment Nancy had accomplished the womanly miracle of changing Mike, and combing her hair, and powdering her face.

"How do you do, Mr. Malcolm?" she said demurely.

Afterward, in their living room, Jane sat with Nancy on the sofa and talked to her about upholstery, and materials, and shops, and other feminine things. She did it with the forepart of her mind, knowing that their woman's world was, after all, saved, but that their mistake had been in thinking that the other world, the world with their husbands, could be taken for granted. She could see all that ahead of her, happily, talking with Ken—or, rather, letting Ken talk. About the office, about his problems, about their life together. They would work it out, she knew; they had always done it before. And suddenly she found herself praying in her heart that the O'Connors would go quickly. She had almost forgotten how she used to feel that way at parties—happy, but wanting everyone to be gone, so that she could be alone with Ken.

She looked at him quickly, across the room: stanch, handsome, competent. He was laughing, and Dan was saying to him, broadly, with gestures:

"I guess you know that the Navy won the war!"

What did it matter where they lived, as long as they were together? What did it matter about the world if they had each other?

Oh, why didn't they go! she wondered, knowing that when they did she would go to Ken, and he would hold her, and she would tell him that now, at last, she wanted to have the baby. THE END





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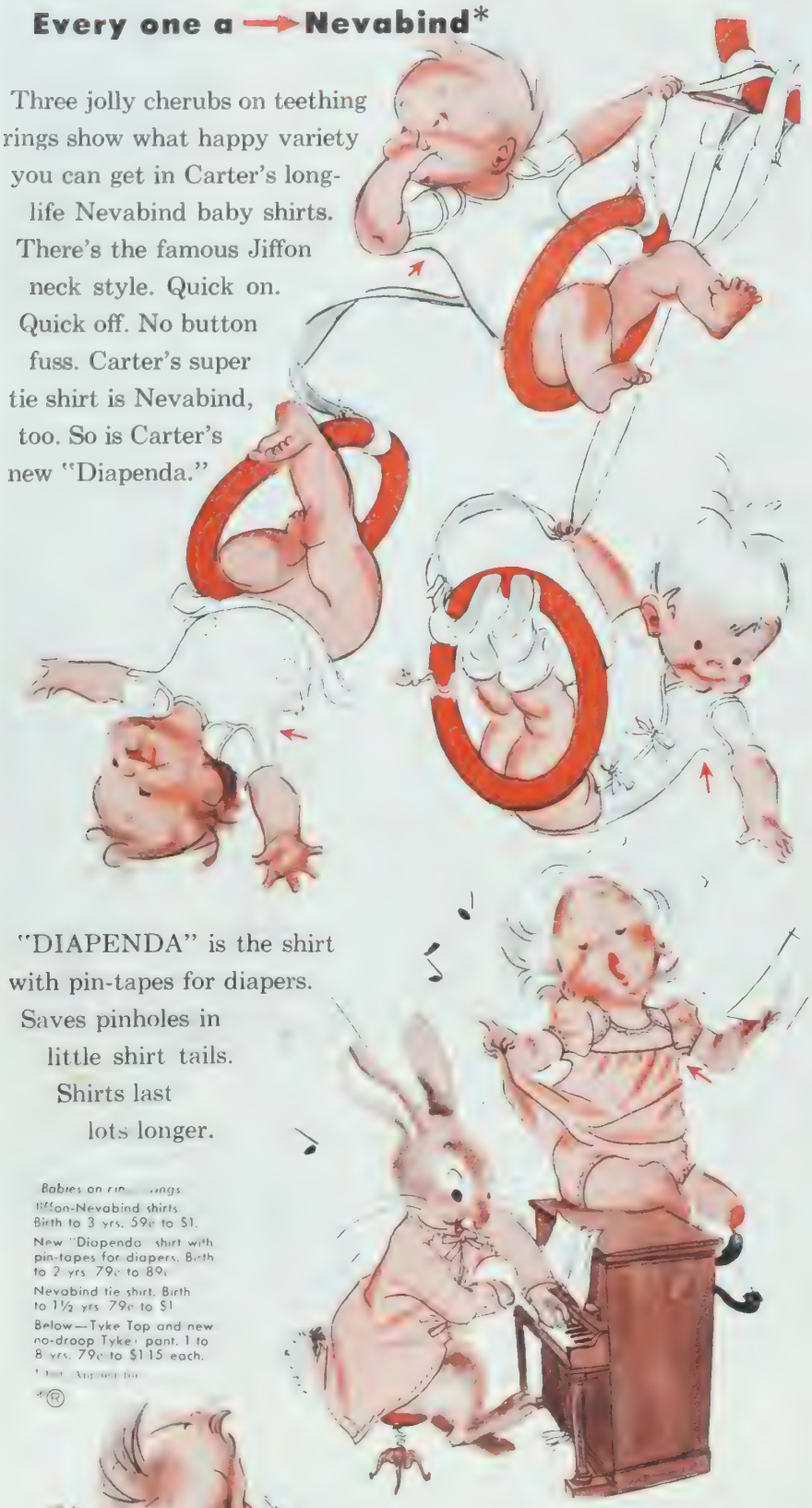
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TO CONQUER SHYNESS

(Continued from Page 127)

can be encouraged to self-expression through play, which also creates independence.

An older child may gain independence and self-esteem by acquiring skills of various kinds, from rope jumping to reading. Such abilities give a child a feeling of belonging.

Rule IX. Do not attempt to force a timid child to "stand up for his rights."

Timid youngsters need courage and independence, but these feelings must grow within the child. Many parents, however, sincerely believing that they are helping their child to overcome a serious handicap, insist that he fight back. I have even known parents to punish a youngster who let someone get the better of him. But let's see why the child behaves as he does. The basic reason is fear or a feeling of inadequacy and helplessness. If a child's parents turn on him when the rest of the world does, it will make him more panicky and helpless than ever.

Rule X. When strangers are present, pay attention to something the child has, rather than to the child himself.

Many children, though they crave attention under that veneer of reserve and aloofness that they acquire, cannot stand the full spotlight of attention all at once. Deanna, for example, was ready to show me her doll and the doll's clothes, but she would have shrunk from interest in her own clothes or looks. The doll was something we could enjoy together, and it was safely removed from Deanna herself. "Show Aunt Nellie your new blocks" is a much safer try than "Say hello to Aunt Nellie." Parents who are tactful try to give the child something to do and to talk about, and they also try to keep the full glare of adult attention from the child if it makes him uncomfortable.

> The best you get is an even break.
>
> —FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

Rule XI. The shy child should have many opportunities to express his feelings, even when they are hostile.

Temper tantrums, fears of many kinds, are often the forerunners of shyness. Psychiatrists tell us that it is often the child's fear of his own disturbing emotions that keeps him so aloof and rigid. He maintains his control by bottling up his feelings. Such children need materials that encourage free expression of feeling. Paints, hammer and nails, clay, and all sorts of toys that stimulate dramatic play are excellent. And if the child makes an interesting clay figure and then pounds it flat, don't reproach him. The expression of destructive feeling may be his way to a freer expression of all feeling. Children normally have moments of hostility toward brothers and sisters and parents. These feelings will be less disturbing if they are freely expressed.

Rule XII. Some shyness is a part of normal development, and should not be confused with shyness that is a persisting problem.

Parents often get alarmed when a baby who has been friendly and outgoing during the first year of his life suddenly becomes upset at the sight of strangers. This is a very usual development, however, and is associated with the baby's growing ability to discriminate between family and strangers rather than with any deep-seated fears. If this early shyness is treated calmly and patiently, if the child is protected from the more excessive outbursts of well-meaning friends, he will come out of it naturally to the spontaneous friendliness of the normal child.

THE END



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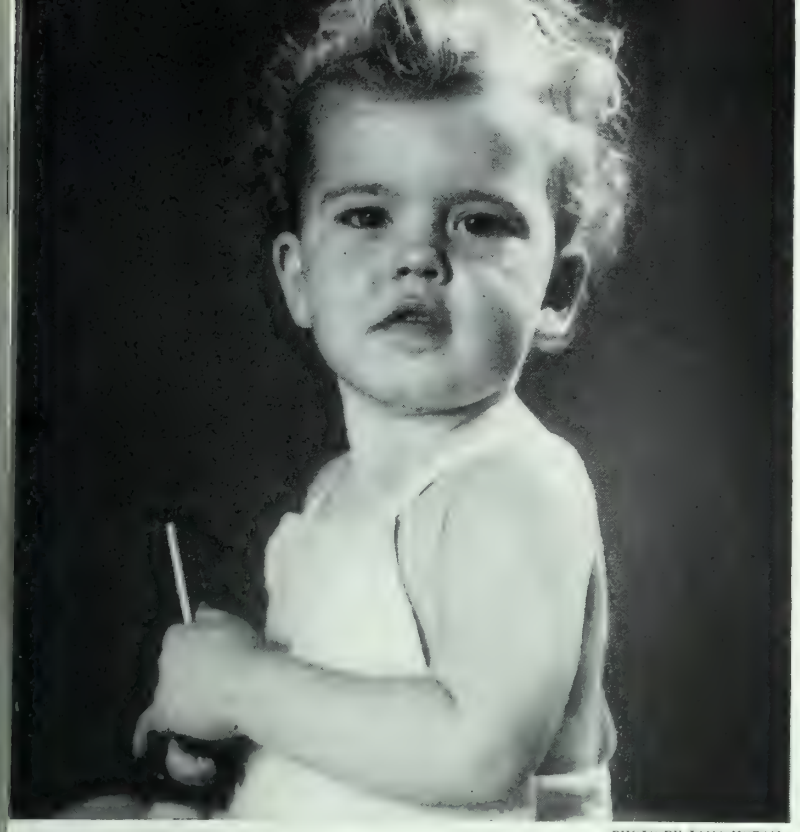


PHOTO BY TANY HOBAN

At about two, a child learns of "otherness," the possibility of disobedience. It is normal for him to exploit this new knowledge to the hilt.

That "I Won't!" Stage

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

At one time or another in the life of every young child there is likely to be a period when it seems that the easiest thing he does is to say "No!" This commonly occurs when the child is between two and three years old, although it may begin before two and last a little past three. This negative period is often a worry and a burden to mothers. I see it right now in my grandchild, who is now living at my home.

"We can't get Jimmy to do *anything!*" we heard distracted parents wail. "All we ever seem to hear is '*I won't!*'" When the negative response continues for weeks or months, as it sometimes does, the strain on mother may be severe. In many cases, mistakes made in handling the child during this period, which is a critical time, have a harmful effect that may be lasting.

It is important for parents to understand, therefore, that a certain amount of negative behavior is perfectly normal and occurs as a necessary part of the child's development. Only when the negative responses—the "no's" and "I won'ts"—are violent, and persist well beyond the six months or so of the normal negativistic phase, is there any cause for concern. In these cases, the reasons must be sought and eliminated before improvement can be expected. Often the parents themselves may unwittingly change the mild or normal type of negativism into the extreme type by using improper methods during this difficult phase of growth. But with wise, patient recognition, the child's negative period is likely to vanish quickly and be forgotten. Like the lisp and the first teeth, it is a natural part of passing babyhood.

Normal negativism appears because, at about two years, the child's developing mind first becomes aware of "otherness." Where his life before has flowed evenly along without much necessity for choice on his part, he is now confronted with opposites or alternatives. Shall he play with the train, or with the doll? Eat this food, or refuse it? As it does to all of us, the opportunity to exercise free will gives the child an exhilarating sense of power. For a while, it takes control of him, and his conduct is dictated by what looks like contrariness, or maybe pure cussedness, to his elders. When mother suggests that it is naptime, the opposite or alternative to napping—staying up—flashes into the child's imagination, and "No!" or "I won't!" comes out, in most cases without any conscious intention to disobey or refuse.

When this happens time after time, day after day, it is difficult for many a mother to remember that the child is not being deliberately perverse or wicked. Unfortunately, the parent's temptation to mete out punishment and to force compliance with suggestions may become almost irresistible. I have had toddlers—my own grandchildren—in my home a great deal in recent years, and I know how hard it is, especially near the end of a long day, to refrain from disciplining the child who keeps on saying "No" and refusing to eat his cereal!

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



"But Mom, what's the matter with lullabies?"



BABY: Now that you're being *me* for a day, Mom, I thought you'd *like* to hear lullabies. They're supposed to be *soothing!*

MOM: Honey, it's going to take more than lullabies to soothe *me!* I've been wriggling and twisting ever since I woke up. And my skin's so uncomfortable I could *howl.*

BABY: Can't sympathize, Mom. Maybe *now* you see that a baby's skin needs plenty of Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

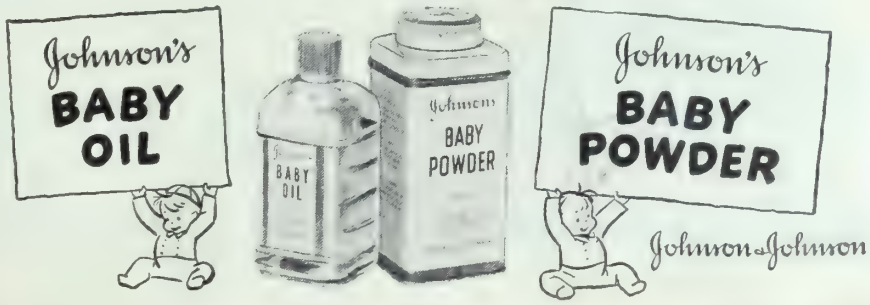
MOM: I'll listen to anything, lamb! Tell me—why do you need *both* Oil and Powder?

BABY: Mom, that's the secret: Pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil for after-bath smoothovers, more of it at diaper changes, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation."

And these hot summer days, I can use lots of silky Johnson's Baby Powder for cooling sprinkles that help chase little chafes and prickles. *That's* how to soothe a baby!

MOM: Angel, I guess your mother hasn't been quite hep! But you can put this on the record: From now on, it's Johnson's Baby Oil for you—Johnson's Baby Powder too!







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It is a mistake, however, to think that a child can be disciplined out of the negative reaction. As a matter of fact, any such attempt on the parents' part is much more likely to have an effect just the opposite of what is desired. Most small youngsters are incurable attention seekers, and the child who learns that the "no" answer attracts attention, even though it is unfavorable attention, may be more inclined to continue than to stop it.

As the negative habit grows, the unknowing parent thinks sterner measures are called for. Before long, the mother-child relationship (or, sometimes, the father-child relationship, or both) has become a series of clashes. A suggestion is made and refused. This is followed by an order and a threat, and another refusal. Then comes parental loss of temper with force or punishment and, finally, tears and resentment on the part of the child. I have seen the results of hundreds of these conflicts of wills between mother or father and child. Invariably, the result is a worried, unhappy parent and a sullen or belligerent child.

Except in the comparatively rare cases where negativism is caused by real emotional upset or instability in the child, there isn't any need for this to happen. After the child's second birthday, mother should be on the alert for the "no" response to appear. When it starts, instead of fighting it she should take pains to *avoid making direct suggestions or requests which give the child an opportunity for overt refusal.* Instead, offer a choice of desirable behaviors.

For the mother who knows that it is important, this isn't so hard to do. For example, instead of asking the child to eat his cereal, ask which kind of cereal he wants—this good kind, or this? Instead of announcing that it is naptime, ask him if he wants to nap with Teddy Bear or Fuzzy Elephant. This method will give the child all the opportunity he needs to exercise free will and indulge his newly acquired sense of opposites or alternatives, without inviting a head-on collision with parental authority, which, of course, must be maintained. When this course is followed, negativism soon dies a natural death.

An ingenious mother can develop this system of "favorable alternatives" to a point which will cover practically every opportunity the child has to say "No." Of course, there will be some occasions when both the offered alternatives will be flatly rejected, and possibly a few times when it is necessary to make a direct request, without offering any choice, and firmly but unemotionally see that it is carried out. On these occasions mother must be guided by her own good judgment and common sense, but she will be wise to bear in mind two important facts:

1. It is always better to avoid a frontal clash of wills with the child.

2. Discipline for discipline's sake is always wrong. The parent who insists on compliance with an order or suggestion just to "show who's boss" reveals weakness, not strength, and is in for a lot of trouble.

When negativism doesn't disappear under suggestions given above, or at least subside into infrequent and comparatively harmless outbreaks, it is possible that the child is emotionally disturbed and needs careful study by the family doctor—possibly aided by a psychiatrist. The repeatedly violent, hysterical "I won't!" may be closely related to temper tantrums and nightmares as a symptom of deep-set fears of some kind. Usually, investigation reveals that something is threatening the child's sense of security. The cause may prove to be jealousy of a brother or sister, or quarreling between mother and father, or an indifferent attitude which makes the child feel unwanted, or some other circumstance leading to subconscious feelings of insecurity and consequent negative behavior. Obviously, discipline or force will only make matters worse in any such case, and strategic avoidance of conflict will be difficult if not impossible.

What children with this type of negativism need is careful study to identify the cause of their emotional instability, then effort by parents to build a real atmosphere of love and harmony in the home. Negativism never lasts long in a truly happy environment.

TELLTALE HANDS

(Continued from Page 51)

"They're coming a week from Saturday, I guess," father said.

"I can close my eyes and just see her in some of those clothes, even now," mother said. "There was a powder-blue wool dress that somehow made her cheeks look pinker. Her eyes were blue and she had gorgeous long, black eyelashes, and beautiful hands. You know, long white fingers, and she was so graceful with them. Hands always tell a lot," she said. "You can tell a lot about people by their hands."

Pud had stopped playing with his cars and was standing looking at mother. "I bet she was your very best friend," he said.

"What?" mother said, looking away from the other side of the room and looking at Pud.

"I said she must of been your very best friend," Pud said.

Mother laughed. "She was a very beautiful girl," she said, starting to fill up a hole in another sock. "I admired her very much. What brought her up, anyway?" mother said. "I wonder where she is now."

"Where she is?" father said. "She's coming along, of course."

"Coming along?" mother said, looking at father like he had just come in. "Where?"

"Here," father said. "To live."

"Here!" mother said. "Here! You mean here?"

"Sure I mean here," father said. "That's what 'here' means. Here."

"Well, my goodness," mother said. "For heaven's sake, tell me about it. You never tell me anything. Here I am alone all day with no one to talk to and you come home in the evening and stick your nose in the paper. You know what I think? There would be less divorce if men would talk to their wives in the evening."

"Oh, my goodness," father said. "A-b-c-d-e-f-g."

"What?" mother said.

"And also h-i-j-k-l-m-n-o-p," father said. "The last thing we want is a divorce, I'm sure. From such a good cook. Q-r-s-t-u-v-w."

"Have you lost your mind?" mother said.

"Yes," father said, "and a very pleasant sensation it is. It seems to get me lots of attention from my wife. It does not matter what I say, does it? Just so I talk?"

"The man's crazy," mother said. "Plumb crazy. Talk sense!" she said.

"All right," father said. "We will try again. Let us start from the beginning." Father took a great big breath. "As I was saying," he said, "when you so rudely interrupted with all that vulgar talk about Helen Gleason's clothes, Ray Smith and his wife, the beautiful Helen, are being transferred. Here."

"For heaven's sake!" mother said. "Why didn't you tell me? When?"

"To repeat my second statement," father said, "a week from Saturday."

"For heaven's sake!" mother said. "Go on."

"With some slight encouragement, I will," father said. "Ray is getting Mr. Roody's job."

"Is that good?" mother said.

"Sure, it's good," father said. "All the jobs in my company are good. I think it would be very nice to have them over. Ray is a nice guy. I always liked him. They won't know anyone. Be nice to have them over for dinner or something. If it isn't too much work."

"Me?" mother said. "Have *them* over for dinner? They don't have any children, do they?"

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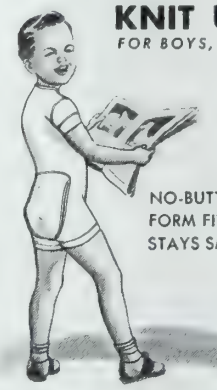
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New



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," father said. "They don't have any
n."
her was staring across the room again.
idn't say anything.
, well," father said, reading the paper
"I just thought it might be nice."

next day mother started doing things
house. You'd have thought the Presi-
as coming. She washed curtains and
ws. She got new curtains for her room.
t a lot of cloth and made a cover for
air in her room. She washed the floors
rs and waxed them. Every time you
in the house she was polishing some-
furniture and silver and copper things.
elled like wax and polish all the

w stay out of that room," she would
me and Pud. "I want to keep it clean."
e you going to have a party tomor-
Pud asked her.
course she is, dope," I told him. "For
well woman that's moving here."
e's not any
r than any of my
s," mother said.
I'm not having
ty tomorrow."
hen why are you
all that stuff?"

ou have to clean
," mother said.

he ads say you
ut it on in a
e of hours and it
right away,"
er said to father
ight. "Anybody
o it."
ut what on?"
r said.
hat new paint,"
er said. "I'll
you a picture of
he clerk said it
d take about a
n for that room.
there's a thing to
t on with. I got
I'll show you. It
rolls on."
Yeah, I imagine,"
r said.
What color do *you*
k would be
?" mother said.
What colors do
have?" father

Here they are,"
er said, and she
him one of those things with little
s of color on them.
think the peach is pretty," father said.
You do!" mother said. "The peach!"
t looks good to me," father said.
here were you thinking of putting it?"
Well, all over," mother said. "The living
and the dining room and the hall and
well. *I* think the green," she said.
th those hooked-rug colors and the
nial furniture and this woodwork. It's
a soft green, don't you think? I think
davenport would look well against it too.
n just *see* that room with green walls."

REEN it is," father said. "Maybe I can
a couple of days off sometime next
th and try it."
Next month!" mother said. "Next
th? Why wait till next month? Why
time off to do it? It only takes a few
of that thing. You can do it in an hour
two," she said.
ather took a big breath again. "Well,
see what I have to do Saturday," he said.
ou get the green if you want it. I still
k the peach is pretty."
I *got* the green," mother said. "I thought
be I could help you tonight. I can move
niture and wipe up the spots you spill."
Ye gods!" father said. "Tonight!"

t smelled kind of like sour milk when we
e downstairs in the morning. Mother
was standing in the living-room doorway all smiles.

"Doesn't it look grand?" she said. "You've got the smartest father in the whole world, I believe."

Father was drinking coffee. "Anyway the tiredest," he said.

"I don't suppose you have time to help me get the pictures back up before you go?" mother said.

"GOOD-BY, coffee," father said, and got up from the table.

"You know," mother said, "I think I'll have that old frame refinished. That one your mother gave me. And a mirror put in it for over the desk. It shouldn't cost much. And we saved a lot on that redecorating. I think I'll use a different color in the hall. I'll get that today too. What color do you think would go well," she said, "with the green?"

"Peach," father said. He was holding a picture. "Is this right?" he said. "I've got to get going or I'll miss my ride."

"I got yellow," mother told father that night. "The hall and stair well shouldn't take long."

"It was one o'clock last night," father said.

"Well, I know," mother said, "but that's a big living room. Then on Saturday you can do the dining room and it'll be all done."

"Won't that be dandy?" father said. "Everything fresh and sweet but father."

"Well, you *are* sweet," mother said. "And I'm crazy about it. Doesn't it make a difference? It's like a new room. Everything shows up better. It makes everything look better. Except that chair of yours. If you wouldn't sleep in it all the time you could keep it nicer."

"But then I'd wear out my bed," father said.

"I wonder," mother said, "if Mr. Bros could get it back in time."

"What?" father said.

"If he could get it back in time for the party," mother said.

"Are we having a party?" father said.

"Well, didn't you tell me to?" mother said. "You act as if you didn't know all about it. I try to do what you want me to and you forget what it's all about. Don't tell me now they aren't coming."

"Who?" father said.

"Ray and Helen Smith," mother said. "Remember? The party you told me to have for Helen?"

"Me?" father said. "A party? I thought a—just for dinner or a ——"

"You don't have people like Helen Gleason over just for dinner," mother said. "With the family."

"You don't?" father said. "Why not?"

"Try to remember," mother said through her teeth. "This is Helen Gleason. *The* Helen Gleason. Of the two fur coats." Mother looked funny.

"Don't you like her?" I said.

Mother looked down at me. Her mouth curled up on one side.

"You don't *like* people like Helen Gleason," she said.

"You don't?" father said.

"No," mother said. "You don't. *I* was *one* of the ones *stuck* with *gray shoes*. You don't like people with gleaming hair and bright blue eyes and two fur coats."

Texture

By Catherine Haydon Jacobs

There was a time when selfishly I sought
To weave life's pattern with a single thread.
Woman's career, irrevocably sped,
Scorned proffered help. Impatiently I wrought,
Day upon day, defiant and alone;
Until this web so pitifully mine,
Twisted and frayed within its pale design,
You mended with a stout thread of your own.

No longer is there need to reach above
This fragile pattern torn within my hands.
Miraculously lifted by your love,
I know at last my love for you demands
In all I think, in all I feel, and do,
Of me so little—and so much of you.



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these hot clothes
and into
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"And fluttery white hands," father said. "Well, I do. I always liked Helen. Ray wouldn't have married her if she hadn't been nice. She had something, Helen did."

"Indeed she did," mother said, biting off a fingernail she had torn on the baby's high chair. "Nice long fingernails, for instance. Sure she had something. An orderly house and redecorating every two years. I was there once. That time I visited Florence. She had a tea. Cateresses all over the place and maids opening the doors. You don't like people like Helen Gleason. You just try to impress them!"

"Yeah," father said.

"It's going to be puhlenty nice too," mother said.

"I'll bet it is," father said. "What is it going to be?"

"A luncheon," mother said. "A week from today. For twenty."

"Have you asked Helen?" father said.

"Well, naturally," mother said. "I called her at the hotel. I've talked to her several times. She's been very busy looking for a house. They're moving in today."

"Oh, did they get a house?" father said. "That's nice."

"It probably is," mother said. "It's over on the boulevard. I'm going to have deviled crab," she said, "and you know that salad we had at Stairs' that night they had the fish dinner?"

"I didn't like it," father said.

"*I* did," mother said. "And that cateress makes it to *perfection*."

"But can *you?*" father said.

"I've *got* that cateress," mother said. "After all, we saved a lot on the decorating."

THE next night mother brought in upside-down cake for dessert, father's favorite. "Everything's working out so well," she said.

"What is?" father said.

"Well, I can get it back Wednesday," mother said. "And he had a remnant that's perfect with the carpet. I know I'm going to like it. And I saved a lot having the remnant. And you wouldn't have time to sit in it anyway over the week end."

"Wouldn't I?" father said. "In what?"

"Your chair," mother said. "I'm having it redone. It's beautiful stuff—flowered and quaint-looking."

"I don't look good in flowers," father said, "and I'm not quaint at all."

"You are too," mother said. "You're darling. You're going to finish the hall and stair well tonight, aren't you? And the dining room tomorrow?"

"I thought I might sit down tomorrow night," father said.

"Well, sometime over the week end I thought you might help me wax the downstairs floors," mother said.

"Can't Edna May do that?" father said.

"She's changed days for me," mother said. "She's coming Friday instead next week and help serve."

"After all!" father said. "It's only Helen Smith. She's just a human being."

"Well, *all right,*" mother said. "All right if *you* don't care. I'm doing it for your sake."

"For *my* sake?" father said.

"We don't want them to think we're not getting on, do we?" mother said. "I mean you did graduate with him, didn't you? You want to look successful, don't you?"

"Well, sure," father said. "We *are* successful. We're darned successful. *Look* what we have—a nice home, a standing in the community, a darn good job, three fine boys ——"

"*Children!*" mother said. "Helen and Ray haven't any children. People like that just think children mess up a place."

"Then let 'em!" father yelled. "If they're going to think I'm a failure unless the floors are waxed, let 'em. I've got other plans for the week end."

He stamped down to the basement to mix his paint. Mother started to get Bumps ready for bed.

"Aren't you glad you've got children?" Pud said.

"Of course I'm glad," mother said. "Of *course* I am."

"Maybe we could go away till after the party," Pud said.

"Silly!" I said. "Where could we go?" Pud acts so young.

"We could put up the pup tent," Pud said.

Mother laughed and hugged him. "You're sweet," she said. "Your hair doesn't gleam and your eyes aren't blue and your fingernails are awful, but I love you, so stick around, won't you?" she said. "I couldn't even have a party if you weren't all here," she said.

"We'll help," I said. "Me and Pud can wax, can't we, Pud?"

It looked like a different house by Thursday night. Mother had baked stuff and she had icebox rolls set and it was *so clean* all over. And all of the stuff she had carried up to the attic! Rugs we have to keep the good rug from wearing out where we walk all the time, an old stool, two geraniums she was keeping to set out again in the summer, two chairs that me and Pud sit on when we eat, some cushions we have on the sunroom couch, Bumps' kiddie kar and some trucks and a steam shovel that are too big for the toy boxes and a few tobacco cans of my father's and that great big catalogue he has that he likes to look in and send for things because they did when he was a little boy, and a lot of other junk.

"Doesn't it look nice?" mother said.

"*Um*-hum!" father said. "Like no one lived here. And you look dead. Where'd you put the children?"

"Not out of the way," mother laughed. "Pud and Bumps ate early. They're in bed looking at books. We have to eat in the kitchen. I'm going to bed as soon as I get through with the dishes and get out the linen and dishes for tomorrow. I really think it's going to be nice."

"Yeah," father said. "I wonder if it's worth all the trouble. I still think we could just have had them over for dinner."

"And then the husband could of come too," I said.

"Men don't understand," mother said. "You have your good friends over for dinner. People you want to sit and talk to. People who like your children. People who like you even if your wallpaper is stained. If I wanted to be friends with Ray and Helen and see a lot of them, I'd have them over for dinner so we could talk over old times. This is different, see?"

"Yeah, I see," father said. "It certainly is. But just the same, I like Ray. He was about my best friend at one time. We like the same things. I used to use his darkroom. One summer we had a job together on a pump out at Kandiohi. We had to work shifts. One slept while the other watched the pump to see that everything was O.K."



"Here's an interesting article on what husbands do that makes their wives mad."

"That always makes for a lasting fri ship," mother said. "You get to know other so well sleeping opposite times that."

"Yeah," father said. "He's a nice guy, is."

"You said that," mother said. "M guys ought to be careful who they mar they want to keep their old friends. H Gleason was not ——"

"Yes," father said, "I know. She long fingernails and sand-colored sh Any dope ought to know better than marry into that."

It looked wonderful in the dining ro when we came home from school Fri noon. There were just beautiful flowers the middle of the table and the prett tablecloth we have. And in the sunro another table and more flowers. There a woman cooking and Edna May was dressed up in a white dress and apron a even a little kind of a nurse's cap on.

"You look wonderful," I told her, but said, "Humph!" and looked mad at the in the mirror.

"Do we get some of everything?" I ask mother. "Do we get some of that salad? we get some dessert?"

She was fixing some flowers in the livi room. "I have some nice soup for you a Pud," she said.

"I don't want soup," Pud said. "I wa some of that stuff she's making. I want so ice cream."

"THE ice cream can't be unpacked now mother said. "You'll get some of everythi tonight."

"We want it now," I said. "Why does t company have to have everything? I ha soup."

"Eat your soup like good boys," moth said. "Hilda's putting it up for you. A when you come home from school this afte noon she'll give you some ice cream."

"We don't have school this afternoon," said. "Teachers' meeting."

"Good grief!" mother said. "Eat th soup and let me think!"

Maybe it would have been all right if had been a nice day. But it was rainin Mother took Bumps up on the third floor f his nap because he'd never sleep with all th people talking downstairs. Me and Pud g all cleaned up in our best clothes and we wer going up there too. We were supposed t stay in the other room from Bumps, an mother got us a lot of books and games an comics and paints and crayons, and she sa for us to be quiet as mice so as not to wak Bumps and when he woke up to come dow and get Edna May to take care of him and do it quietly. And then we could come like gentlemen and meet the company so w must keep clean for it. And then there woul be some ice cream for us.

Mother had on her good blue dress an she was doing something to her fingernail and looking at them with her head on on side and we tiptoed upstairs.

Maybe Bumps hadn't ever gone to sleep yet. Or mayb Pud woke him up when he went in there to get a pencil. Any way, Bumps started crying. A first we just let him cry, but then I thought maybe I ought to do something about it so I went in. Bumps screamed harder than ever. There wasn't anything I could do that helped. He has a bed with sides on in his own room, but up on the third floor he was in just an ordinary bed. And I couldn't keep him there. So I thought it would be best to let him get up and I gave him an old coloring book and a great big paintbrush and some liquid paints that come in jars and it worked swell. He sat on the floor in his sleeper and painted purple all over the pages of the book and was good and quiet.

(Continued on Page 154)

THIS MONTH

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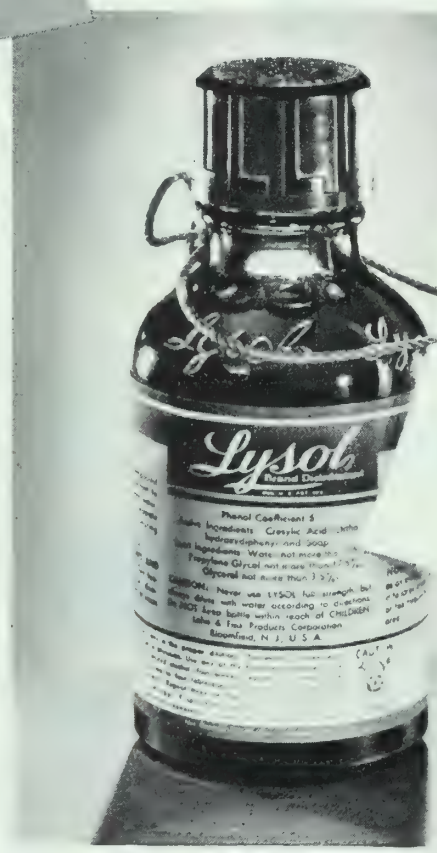






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(Continued from Page 152)

Pud and I were painting. We had great big sheets of paper and we were painting farms and I didn't notice Bumps was gone till all of a sudden it seemed so quiet.

"Hey, where's Bumps?" I yelled.

"He musta gone down," Pud said.

We dropped our paintbrushes and ran. It's a wonder we didn't fall sooner, because Bumps had taken the jar of purple paint with him and it was spilled all over. But anyway Pud did fall at the top of the second-floor steps. Bumps had spilled quite a lot right there in the hall and Pud slipped.

Most times I'd of been looking at Pud at a time like that. It's pretty terrible to fall at the top of the stairs. But something worse was happening downstairs.

Mother had just let someone in and was bringing them upstairs. I knew it was the lady because mother said, "Helen, dear, it's wonderful to see you again!"

AND on the landing was Bumps painting the new yellow walls purple, and his sleeper and his face were purple too. It was a mess! It wasn't only the purple paint splashed every place and Bumps screaming like mad because Pud had knocked him over. Or mother, white-faced and trying to see if Bumps was hurt and and trying to comfort him. But Pud wasn't crying. He was sitting very still on the landing and not crying. It was the first time I ever saw Pud get hurt and not cry.

It scared me. He just sat there with his face in his hands facing downstairs. The lady looked scared too. I started running downstairs.

"Are you hurt, Pud?" I yelled. "Hey, mother!" I yelled. "Pud's hurt!"

His hands were all blood. His face was bloody. The lady stooped down.

"It's only a nosebleed," she said, and her voice was soft and quiet. She pulled a handkerchief out of her bag and started to wipe his face. She had on a green suit with an awful pretty yellow blouse. Blood got on the blouse. "It's only a nosebleed," she said. "Get a wet cloth," she told me and I ran up to the bathroom to get one.

Mother had been working for a couple of weeks to get ready for that lady. We'd been tiptoeing around the house. We'd moved out a lot of stuff. We'd done all that painting. We'd had it looking about as slick as a house can look. It had sure been ready for a party. Even a party for a swell lady like that. And now look at it. Purple paint all over the walls, blood all over the steps and the lady. And the baby that mother had meant to show off after his nap when he was fresh and rosy and in his new white suit, with a big black-and-blue bump over his eye and a scratch on his cheek and all purple paint and in his sleeper. I was thinking all that while I was wetting the cloth in the bathroom. If only the lady hadn't come first so she'd seen all the mess. She would have to come early!

I gave the cloth to the lady.

"Get another one for the baby's head," she told me, and she was helping Pud with his nosebleed, having him lie back on the landing.

Mother looked stunned. She didn't seem to be able to move, except to rock Bumps back and forth a little bit. I got another cloth. The lady put it on Bumps' head and looked at Pud.

"It's stopping," she said. "Now," she said, "let's get at that wall. It's water-soluble paint, isn't it? Just put on? I can mix up a little and cover that in no time. Before anyone comes. It won't be dry, but it'll be better than it is now, and it's that side of the landing away from the railing. No one will brush against it there. You get the children back where they belong," she said to mother, "and I'll fix the wall. You must have some left over," she said to me. "Come on, show me where it is."

"O.K.," I said. "In the basement."

We started down the steps and mother came too. "Oh, you can't!" she said. "You'll just get your hands all ——"

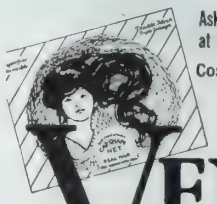
And that was all she said because she was staring at the lady's hands. I looked too. Good gosh, they weren't pretty hands at all! Her fingernails weren't long and polished.

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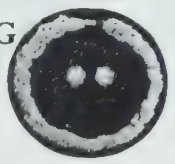
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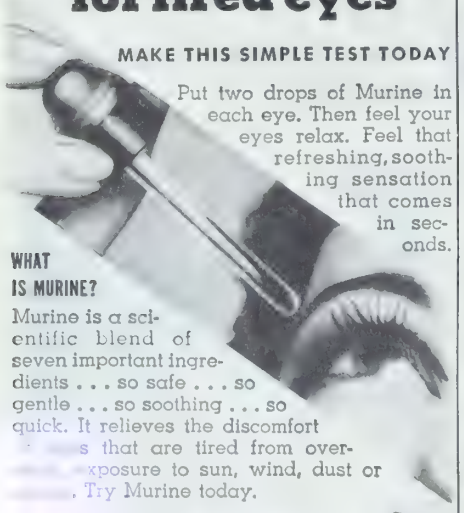
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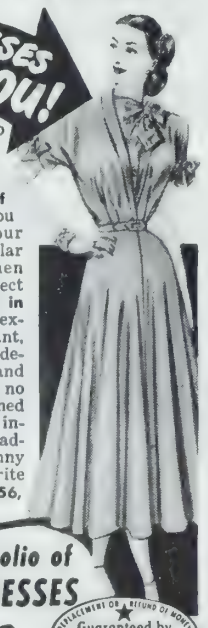
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Her hands weren't white. They were kind of red with paint marks on them.

The lady put her hands up and looked at them and laughed. "I couldn't get all the paint off," she said. "That house we got's a mess. I painted woodwork all morning."

That lady was wonderful. She fixed that wall in nothing flat. She wiped up what she spilled. She got Pud on his feet and smiling. All while mother washed Bumps and put him to bed again. The purple didn't show on the wall. Then she went in the bathroom and took off her blouse. She put on her jacket and buttoned it up to her neck. She looked even prettier than when she'd had it open.

When I came up from carrying the paint stuff down in the basement everything looked fine. Bumps was asleep. Pud was working a puzzle in the attic. And the ladies had started to come to the party.

I love to look at mother's friends. There were lots of ladies that day with new fall suits. They had pretty blouses, too, some with sparkly things on them and some that were wool and some that were silk. They all spoke to me and asked me about my school and my music lessons and my brothers and they all kept looking at the lady out of the corner of their eyes all the time they were talking. Mrs. Smith, I mean. She certainly looked pretty. Nobody could have guessed that a few minutes before she had been painting our wall in a bloody blouse. When I went upstairs to stay with Pud the ladies had all buttoned their suit jackets up to their necks and the pretty blouses didn't show.

That evening mother was humming and putting warmed-up deviled crab on the table when father came sneaking in the back way.

The lantern carrier should go ahead.

"Back to normal?" he said. "How'd it go? Did you impress her to pieces?"

"Almost," mother said. She arranged the flowers in the middle of the table and put father's napkin by his place. She stepped back and looked the table over, still humming. "It was fine," she said. "Sit down, everyone. We're ready. You're not doing anything Tuesday, are you?" she said, tying Bumps' bib. "I've invited Ray and Helen over for dinner."

Father dropped his napkin ring on the floor. "Huh!" he said. "With the family?"

"Sure," mother said. "With both families. Why didn't you tell me they were getting a child?"

"Ray and Helen?" father said. "What do you mean they're getting a child? When?"

"Tomorrow," mother said. "Put your spoon in the other hand, Bumpsy, dear."

"What!" father said.

"A child," mother said. "You know, like in high chairs?"

"Tomorrow?" father said. "How can they?"

"I don't know," mother said. "They're adopting it. It's a relative—I didn't quite get just how it happened. You didn't know?"

"No, I didn't know," father said. He wasn't eating. He kept looking at mother. "You mean you stopped hating her because of that?" he said. "Lots and lots of nice people don't have children."

"How you talk!" mother said. "Stopped hating her, indeed! Helen is one of my oldest friends. We went to school together, remember? We dissected frogs together and rode the same streetcar. On the same shift. We have a lot in common. I expect we'll enjoy the Smiths very much."

Father was still looking at mother from under his eyebrows. Like he was very confused.

So I thought I'd help him. "Her hands aren't a bit pretty," I said. "Red and two broken fingernails. And green paint in some places."

Father smoothed his napkin out in his lap very carefully. "You can tell a lot about people by their hands," he said real slow.

THE END

ON'T SHOUT!"



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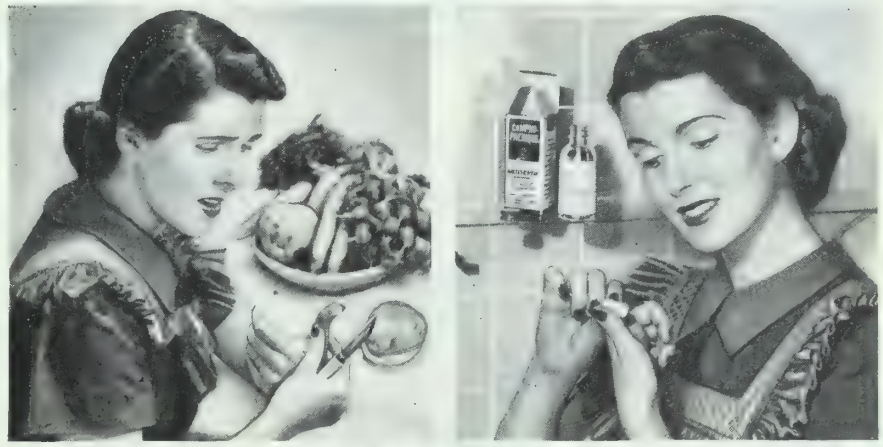
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Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS



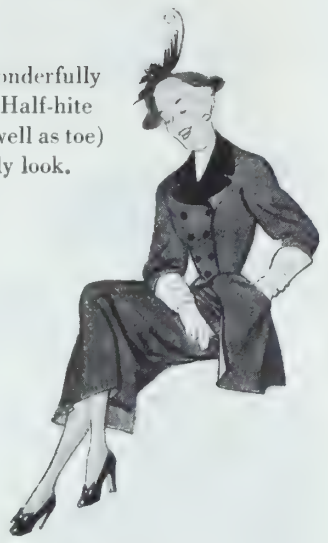
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THE ROODS' PROMISED LAND

(Continued from Page 124)

"There's nothing exceptional about me as a farmer," he recently told a guest in his house. "I'm just a middling good farmer. If I hadn't taken my work with Extension and if Extension hadn't okayed the loan, we'd be back where we were in 1938. It was a great day for me."

Some of his neighbors missed the same boat; half of them are still tenants.

Both Vera and Henry show their gratitude by continuing to work closely with Extension. Recently she has undertaken two projects—"Breakfast a Family Affair" and "Laundry Conveniences"—under Elizabeth Hornung, the home extension agent at Wahoo, among a dozen of her neighbors. Henry is noted for his zeal in terracing and contour plowing.

When the Roods moved into their present home it seemed sumptuous to them by contrast with their former abode. Its eight rooms allow a separate bedroom for each of the children (though little Deanna usually prefers to sleep with Norma, especially in winter; in her own bed she keeps her dolls). It is a white, square, solid structure, with large basement and attic and three large porches trimmed with brick.

"But it needed a lot," says Vera, "and it still does. We spent $170 to wire it for electricity the second year; we'd been using lamps and candles. And for five years we carried water in buckets from the pump till we piped the water into the house in 1945."

A gleam comes into Vera's eyes when she thinks of the next three steps: a remodeled kitchen, a new bathroom, a hot-water heater. She already has her new shiny white refrigerator and a shiny white electric range to match. Now she wants white metal shelves and cabinets in her kitchen, and a stainless-steel sink, and a new window over the sink. And she has finally decided to get rid of the twenty-year-old kitchen range.

"I've stuffed enough corncobs into that stove to last a lifetime," she says. "I'll miss it, but I'm gradually getting acquainted with the electric range."

Vera expects to spend about $1100 on her kitchen, but she won't be too surprised if it costs more. So far they can't even get an estimate on the bathroom. There's a bathroom of sorts in the basement, but it freezes in the cold months, no matter how they try to drain and warm it at night. So they still rely heavily on the portable tub in the kitchen and on the well-built two-holer seventy feet behind the house at the other end of a concrete sidewalk.

This is an unusually sumptuous two-holer, more commodious than most. It is lathed and plastered, and has two large windo and stands on a concrete foundation. N it is the new septic tank they installe 1945. This will be connected to the new b room on the porch behind the kitchen, w and if.

But gradually the Roods realize the run into a log jam on remodeling and provements. They aren't the only farm who want to remodel their kitchens and stall bathrooms. It is difficult to lure penters and plumbers out into the cour for such work. They have all the work t want to do right in town. The Roods' g income for 1947 wasn't far above the aver gross income of $11,300 across the Miss River in Iowa. Most of those farmers w new bathrooms, too, and can't get th Many thousands are competing for them

"Maybe we could tempt a carpenter plumber with a quarter of beef," says on their friends ruefully.

They don't want to dicker with an Om contractor to send out workmen the fo miles. "We'd have to buy the equipm through him too." This would be dislo they feel, to their friends in Wahoo.

All four of the Rood children have trud toward education down the C. & N. W. sin track that bisects the mile-square sectio land, to the white one-room country sch house of District 64. The Rood farm is northwestern quarter of this square m the schoolhouse is cater-cornered at southeastern tip, within sight of Do rented 40 acres. In bad weather that r road track is a godsend.

Now that Don and Marj have gone on Wahoo High, the two remaining Roods m up one sixth of the student body of twe boys and girls. Of the other ten, four brothers and sisters from one family. Thi pretty Georgia Ruzicka's second year teaching all eight grades, and it's been lark. She's quitting this summer to ma a young farmer on the other side of Wah and can't keep her wedding out of thoughts. She has taught all three Ro daughters.

This is the last hour of school on Frid afternoon, and the pupils are devotin weekly period to the pursuit of art. With five older children on one side of the roo on low seats huddled around a low ta against the wall, heads bent low, is Nor the oldest pupil. They are painting sm ready-made plaster figures of animals bright, metallic colors, and quietly absorb at it too.

On the other side of the room with seven younger pupils is Deanna, sharing

How the Roods Spend Their Money

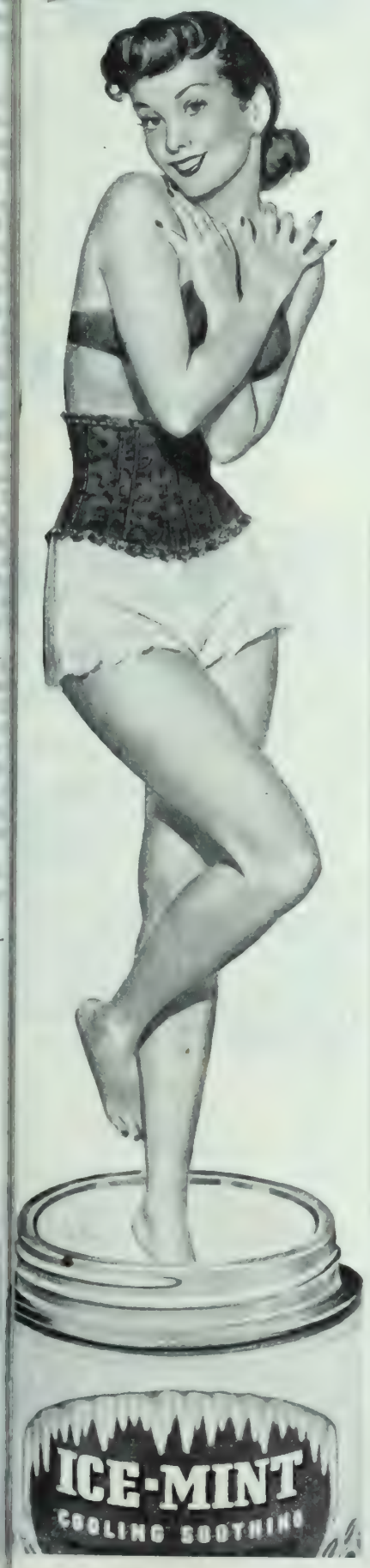
Note: **This table of annual expenses and savings is based on a *net income* (estimated) of $9333 a year. Rood admits he's a $10,000-a-year man, with his 1947 gross income of $14,000.**

Church and charity	$385.00
Electricity and telephone	85.00
Medical	280.00
Food	660.00
Clothing	322.00
Car upkeep	233.00
Insurance	164.00
Fuel	35.00
Books, magazines and newspapers	40.00
Recreation and gifts	209.00
Taxes	1533.00
Miscellaneous household operation	83.00
Household equipment	533.00
Total	$4562.00
Capital investments	2530.00
Savings	2241.00

5.3% of American families have incomes of $6000–$10,000 a year.

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school seat and desk with a small boy; animated and mischievous, not too intent at drawing a crayon sketch of a rooster. All eyes are darting toward a visitor today, sitting on a kitchen chair, a self-conscious mother, a two-year-old on her lap, trying to watch her young artist impersonally.

A frieze of cutout paper hens and chicks rims the blackboard. On the rack of the well-scuffed upright piano the music book is open at a Dvořák song. Deanna almost pushes the tow-haired little boy off the seat and scampers out for a drink from the blue-and-white earthenware water cooler, in the anteroom behind the partition. She takes her own cup from a row of tin or enamel cups hanging on hooks identified by red-bordered stickers, each with the name of a pupil.

Her towel also hangs on a labeled hook, [illegible] do her coat and scarf on another, all in a ro[illegible] In the corner stand a shovel, spade, bro[illegible] and two baseball bats, and near the [illegible] bucket are two gloves and a ball, besi[illegible] clutter of tin lunch boxes. On the [illegible] ground beyond the pump is a bobtailed [illegible] ball field, with a big tin home plate. I[illegible] corner are those two small white rural C[illegible] structures, the demure one-holers, [illegible] feet apart, one for the boys and one f[illegible] girls.

When a pupil wants to leave the ro[illegible] doesn't need to raise her hand and a[illegible] mission, as her mother and father di[illegible] day is gone; this younger generation [illegible] another notch of freedom. Freedo[illegible] embarrassment too.

Outdoors against the wall, newly [illegible] stands the brown enameled oil heat[illegible] disguised as a cabinet radio. This la[illegible]th the old black cylinder stove with [illegible]t-black pipe was on the job again, [illegible]y, the ditch is a resultant pile of ashe[illegible]

On a colored chart on the inner [illegible] cupboard door at the back of the sc[illegible] is ruled off, in yellow, red and g[illegible] tangles, the prescribed hour-by-ho[illegible] ulum for Nebraska's rural school[illegible] done well by Don and Marj, if [illegible] typical. But the three rows of d[illegible] spaced to keep the lower, middle [illegible] grades apart; the young girl tea[illegible] grades; the torn shades on the eig[illegible] and the whole Lincoln log-cabin a[illegible] are a far cry from $10,000 incom[illegible] splendors of the consolidated scho[illegible] some miracle Norma and Deann[illegible] and Marj before them, seem to [illegible] as much that sticks to the ribs [illegible] pupils.

After breakfast, with the ch[illegible] school, Vera tackles a chore she [illegible] the washing of the milking mac[illegible] ing is a way of life, and the [illegible] are inextricably interwoven w[illegible] life.

"It takes so long!" she say[illegible] humored despair. "And there a[illegible] and I have to wash them twic[illegible] when we get hot running wa[illegible] to do it in one fifth the time."

For some reason clear only [illegible] thinks she isn't a high-grad[illegible] spoken praise and evidence in [illegible] fill volumes, but that's her [illegible] sticks to it.

"I'm just a plain cook," sh[illegible] who was eating at her table w[illegible] "For instance, the children li[illegible] and I can't make it as good a[illegible] Wahoo. So when we eat ban[illegible] store cake."

Vera is self-effacingly mo[illegible] and her cookies are minor tri[illegible] apple pie (which she makes [illegible] ranks with the banana cake a[illegible] ite. Yet she splurged at a [illegible] plowing exhibition and boug[illegible] once.

"Hers are better," says I[illegible] air of gallantry.

Vera bakes not only pies, c[illegible] ies, but virtually all their sav[illegible] Roods are strictly a fried-c[illegible] except for Henry, who prefer[illegible]

In deference to the rule of [illegible] family needs at least a quart of

ir mother's
She always
try making
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unches. . . .
y well. The
nd children
the ingredi-
The whole
t once.

ogether 1½ g powder, ½ tmeg and 6 tablespoons r until mix-dlightly and d liquid all ir together for biscuit. -cake pan.

ith a fork ¼ r, 1 teaspoon g and 1 table-Bake 25 min-

Sift together our, ¾ tea-aspoon bak-t. Add ½ cup om tempera-teaspoon va-cup crushed gether until hen stir in 1 ght be added esn't. Drop rt on greased derately hot akes 4 dozen.

back empty.
ou can have.

THE END

DRINK GOLDEN-RIPE CALIFORNIA APRICOTS!



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Heat 1 cup apricot whole fruit nectar with ¼ cup sugar and few grains salt. Soften 2 teaspoons plain gelatin in 1 tablespoon lemon juice and dissolve in hot nectar. Cool until slightly thickened. Fold in ½ cup pastry cream whipped until stiff. Chill until firm in 1-pint mold. Unmold and garnish as desired. Serves 4.

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RICHMOND-CHASE COMPANY, San Jose, California

Conversation Piece



The essence of outdoor cooking, as well as eating, is informality. Everyone will want to help—and should. That's all part of the general merrymaking.

BY RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

EVER since we came to live at River Farm I've wanted an outdoor grill—and every year we've planned one. I've had a perfect spot picked out near the pool, with a steep wooded slope at the back and our noisy brook in front. But every spring during the war years the local masons were either busy with more essential work or had actually gone off to the Army—and the grill never got built. Gradually, too, it dawned on me that the spot I'd picked was more

(Continued on Page 162)



xtra-hearty menu for outdoor eating: ham-rger specials, sweet potatoes Hawaiian, ixed green salad, and French bread buttered nd popped into a warm oven until heated.



ream tart, a luscious and fairly rich, heavy, windup for an outdoor meal.

PHOTOS BY ST



Outdoor cooking calls for a good dose of advance brainwork. This is insurance against last-minute confusion.



ked I remove the cheesecloth, rim with white of egg and return to the oven for a few minutes to

take cinnamon apples, peel and enly sized apples and cut in half se. Boil the halves until tender up made of ⅔ cup sugar, ½ cup red ion drops, 1 cup water and 3 table- lemon juice. Cook a few at a time, hen they are done transfer carefully pancake turner to a flat-bottomed If you crowd the pot you're apt to the apples when you move them. all are cooked, pour the remaining over them, cool and put in refriger- Do this the day before.

lling. This recipe will fill a deep 10-inch t. In the top of a double boiler scald cups milk. Mix ¾ cup sugar, ½ tea- on salt and 7 tablespoons cornstarch to- her. Blend to a smooth paste with ½ cold milk. Add scalded milk gradually. ok over hot water until thick, stirring stantly. Continue cooking until no e of cornstarch remains. Add corn- rch mixture gradually to 3 well-beaten yolks. Return to double boiler and ook 2 or 3 minutes, stirring constantly. emove from heat and stir in 3 table- poons butter or margarine, 3 teaspoons anilla, 1 cup broken nut meats, and 1 envelope unflavored gelatin which has been softened in ¼ cup cold water. Stir until gelatin is dissolved and cool as quickly as possible by setting pan in cold water. Stir occasionally during cooling, scraping sides and bottom of pan so that mixture won't congeal. Cut ½ pound dates into small pieces—I use scissors for this—and whip 1 cup heavy cream. When pudding is cool, fold in whipped cream; and now we're ready to fill the shell.

Put in about half the filling and cover with the chopped dates. The dates taste wonderful, but they wouldn't look pretty mixed with the filling, and that's why we're hiding them. Spoon in the rest of the pudding, or almost as much as the shell will hold. The apples will displace some of it, and you must allow for that. If you have any of the filling left—and you may have, because it's difficult for me to judge just how high your pie shell will be—have it for dessert the next day with some chocolate or caramel sauce.

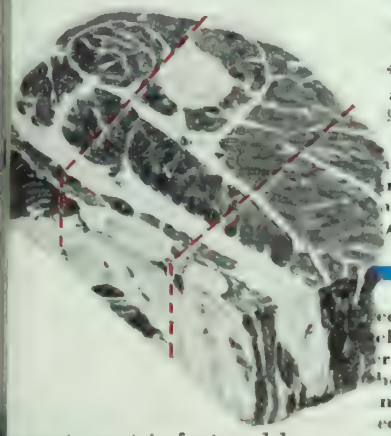
Now to the apples. The sirup you poured over them will have jelled a little, and if it has filled the holes in the apple halves, poke it out. Put one apple half in the center of your tart, cut side up, and press it down until it is even with the top of the filling. Using the same technique, make a ring of apple halves around the center one. As you press, the filling will rise up through the holes in the apples and look very pretty. If there's room for it you can add a little more filling here and there, but be careful not to get it on the apples. Chill in refrigerator until ready to serve.

When I serve apple cream tart, I bake the crust, prepare the cinnamon apples, cut the dates and break up the nut meats the day before, but I make the filling and put it in the crust as early as possible on the morning of the party. It's such a delicious dessert and it's worth that much far-from-last-minute effort.

errice. The kitchen work involved in the reparation of this meal is really easy, and ou'll be free to spend as much time as you eed to make your out-of-doors arrangements omplete. As I said, this is manageable food, oth for cooking and for serving, but it won't anage itself. You're the boss, and you'll need have everything under control. When you your guests are gathered around the fire g fun—it is no time to remember what ot. Maybe that hasn't happened to me, but *has* happened to me, and I don't

Engineering a smooth-running party is a real challenge to ingenuity, but it's gratifying might on and come off with me

e's how it's done . . .



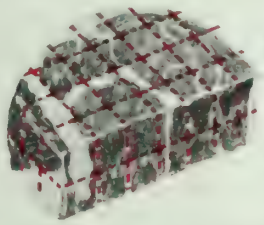
E CHILDREN

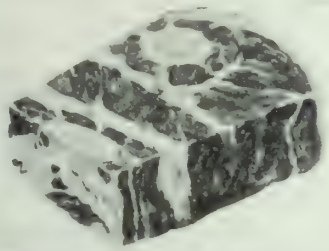
sh," said our seven- l continued, "but I sing."

a very good house— king."

don't have grand- mmies miss a lot of nd they don't have others and fathers."

ATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.





Pot Roast. Cut a piece from the center to roast. This gives you a nice, chunky piece cook and carve well.



Swiss Steaks. With a sharp knife, and a saucer ler your hand for safety, you can easily split the haining piece to make two attractive Swiss steaks.

en pot roast is featured by your et a thicker-than-usual round bone. P- ar in m for

es d : .

Beef Stew. At home, cut a piece off the divide it into uniform cubes. You co better boneless beef stew meat.

to be as good with **Meat**



Spreading ham, or other cold cuts, with Best Foods or Hellmann's *Real* Mayonnaise mixed with Best Foods Mustard-with-Horseradish is an idea born in gourmet's heaven. This delicious mayonnaise has no sissy sweetness. Not just "salad dressing," it's *real* mayonnaise.

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OR

HELLMANN'S

Real Mayonnaise

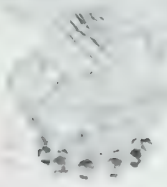


AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MAYONNAISE



Thirst Quenchers

NO MATTER how hot it gets, you can keep your family refreshed. Here's how . . . take a 5¢ package of Kool-Aid. Make a big, two-quart pitcher of delicious, cooling, full-flavored beverage. Keep it handy in the refrigerator. Serve refreshing Kool-Aid whenever thirst calls. Enjoy all SIX of Kool-Aid's zestful, tangy flavors.



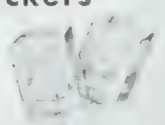
Frozen Desserts

1 package Kool-Aid (any flavor); 1 cup heavy cream; 2 cups milk; 1 cup sugar

(1) Dissolve Kool-Aid and sugar in milk; turn into freezing tray and freeze ¾ to 1 hour (until slushy). (2) Whip cream (well chilled) until stiff. (3) Add partly frozen Kool-Aid mixture to whipped cream and whip just enough to mix well, but keep as cold as possible. (4) Return quickly to freezing tray and freeze at coldest point. Requires no more stirring. When frozen, set control back to normal. Makes over 1 quart. If desired lighter, beat 2 egg whites fluffy with 2 tablespoons sugar and fold into above mixture before final freezing.

Frozen Suckers

No wonder children have made Kool-Aid Frozen Suckers their favorite. They know that only Kool-Aid gives them that taste-satisfying, home-made goodness that hits the spot.



SIX FLAVORS
KOOL-AID KID



For this kind of party I've learned to have a good, quiet pre-session with paper and pencil, and I find that it pays fine dividends. With my menu before me I plan when each item of food is to be prepared, and write this down. Then I visualize the party, step by step, exactly as I want it to be, and make a schedule. I write a list of everything I want at the scene of action, from flowers to cooking tools. Once the brainwork is done I can relax in the knowledge that if I follow my schedule and use my lists, there'll be no last-minute confusion to upset my plans.

A few last words and I'm off. The essence of outdoor cooking is informality, and everyone will want to help—and should. That's much of the fun. But if everything ne is ready at hand, at the right moment— result of your planning—the volunteer will fall naturally into a useful though pattern instead of disrupting the proceed And you'll be able to say truthfully, a paper in my little home town used to o social event, "A good time was had by

NOW IS THE BEAUTIFUL MONTH OF AUGUST

(Continued from Page 65)

that doesn't mind waiting through these hot August noons. Only they smell—if it's possible—sweeter for the sun.

Each is complete. Each of these beautiful salads is the center of interest and reason for being of all the dishes that surround it. The menu for the luncheon is the salad. You add nothing, unless it's coffee or iced tea or sherbet for cooling off, and there isn't anything you can take away without somehow spoiling that August look, that real summer look.

Fruit and more fruit. This is the most elaborate salad, so should come first. It's definitely party fare. What is known as "important." Has just about everything. And this is the way it's put together. Looks a good deal more formidable than it is; in fact, it's our old friend shrimp all dressed up and ready to go places. Have everything very cold and put it in its place at the last moment. Except potato chips. Heat them up to a second blooming, and the same goes for nuts and such. But not for salad. That's a last-minute lady and comes in fanning herself with her hat, as it were. All set? Let's go.

CURRIED-SHRIMP-AND-MELON SALAD

To 1 pounds shrimp, cooked, shelled and cleaned (or enough canned shrimp to make 1 cups) add 1 cup mayonnaise, 1½ tablespoons grated onion, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1½ cups chopped celery and 1½ teaspoons salt. Blend 1½ tablespoons curry powder into 6 tablespoons sour cream. Mix all together. Chill several hours in the refrigerator. The longer, the better—for cold loves salads, and vice versa. Remove the seeds from 3 large honeydew-melon halves. Scoop out balls with the ball cutter and marinate them in an oil-and-lemon-juice French dressing. Scrape out remaining melon down to about ½ inch from rind. Chill the shells. When ready to serve, fill the shells with the curried-shrimp salad. Garnish with salad greens and melon balls marinated in French dressing. Serve with the following accompaniments: chopped cashew or pistachio nuts, grated fresh coconut and chutney. Some will prefer nuts, some the coconut sprinkled over their salads. Some will prefer to eat a bit of chutney along with the salad.

Potato chips are nice with this salad, and so are hot toasted and buttered crackers. And cassava cakes if you can find them.

What is so fine? I suppose that there are few things in the sea—unless it's a few fish I could name—that come anywhere near a lobster. No fish can share his "reflected glory." At home among his fellow citizens, he's only another breadwinner, another fellow with a dinner pail. Besides, he isn't very bright. But when this king and his queen get out of the sea and begin to go places, then they don their scarlet coats and arrive to become of all honored guests the most honored. Such is their compensation for an otherwise drab and colorless existence.

I know of no better eating for an August meal than a lobster salad, served very cold with crusty rolls. And for dessert, I want nothing more substantial than a lime sherbet with iced coffee.

LOBSTER SALAD

Remove the meat from 4 cold boiled lobsters of medium size, saving the fine-looking pieces of claw meat and the coral (if such there be) for garnishing. For the dressing, add 4 hard-cooked-egg yolks, sieved, to ⅔ cup mayonnaise. Thin with ⅓ cup cream. Add ¾ teaspoon grated onion and ¾ teaspoon salt. Mix with the lobster. Fill lettuce cups, place in a salad bowl set in a bowl of cracked ice. Celery hearts are served with and not in this salad.

LIME SHERBET

Squeeze the juice of 6 large limes, and strain. There should be about ¾ cup. Add ½ teaspoon grated lime rind and 1½ cups sugar to 1¾ cups water. Bring to a boil and cook 3 minutes. Sprinkle 1½ teaspoons unflavored gelatin over 2 tablespoons cold water. Let it stand 5 minutes. Add to the hot sirup and stir until it is dissolved. Cool and add the lime juice. Color light green with vegetable coloring. Set up the refrigerator to the coldest position. B-r-r-r! Pour the mixture into a freezing tray. Freeze it to a mush. Beat 2 egg whites with a pinch of salt to a stiff peak. Add ¼ cup sugar a tablespoonful at a time, beating well after each addition. Scrape out the partially frozen sherbet into a chilled bowl. Beat quickly with rotary beater. Don't let it become liquid. Fold in the egg-white meringue quickly. Return to the freezing tray. When half frozen, beat the mixture in the tray with a spoon. Continue freezing until firm. A little lime sirup in each glass is a nice touch, but don't overdo it.

Simple but satisfying. And what now? It's our old friend the "mixed" or "chef" salad. You toss everything up together and

> Man is the only animal that blushes, or needs to. —MARK TWAIN.

see what you get, or you may take some of this and some of that. There's lots to choose from. Better try them all.

MIXED SALAD

Cut ¼ pound sliced Swiss cheese, ¼ pound sliced boiled tongue, ¼ pound sliced boiled ham into thin strips. Slice 4 hard-cooked eggs and 1 bunch radishes. Slice ½ cucumber. Cut all the slices into quarters. Cut 2 tomatoes into quarters or eighths, depending on the size. Line a salad bowl with a good bed of crisp assorted greens. Arrange the above ingredients in groups on the greens. Have a good big bowl to begin with, as you're going to toss it at the table with the following dressing: Mash 1 clove garlic to a pulp with 1 teaspoon salt. The salt hurries things up. Add ½ cup salad oil and 1 raw egg. Now beat with a fork. Add 3 tablespoons wine vinegar, 4 anchovies, finely chopped, 2 tablespoons chopped water cress, ¼ teaspoon paprika and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Beat again to blend smooth. The egg gives this dressing body, but it shouldn't be thick.

Peaches are ripe. Driving along, you come across one road stand after another devoted and dedicated to peaches. Nothing else to sell. The whole stock in trade is peaches. And toward night, if you're coming home this way, most of the stock will be gone. But if you're lucky you may get just enough for peach pie and peaches and cream. Or perhaps peach fritters, dumplings, ice cream. All these won't make much of a dent in the crop, but the rest we enjoy next winter.

PEACH PIE

Prepare pastry for 2-crust pie. Line 9-inch pie pan with pastry. Chill while filling is prepared. Slice enough peeled fresh peaches to make 1 quart. Mix 1 tablespoon cornstarch and ½ teaspoon salt with ¾ to 1 cup sugar, depending on the sweetness of the peaches. Mix the dry ingredients with the fruit. Add 1 teaspoon almond extract and mix well. Arrange in the pastry shell. Cut the rest of the pastry into ½- to ¾-inch strips and lay over the top of the peaches in lattice fashion. Seal the lattice strips to the rim with cold water. Crimp the ed Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., 10 minutes. duce the heat to 350° F. and bake 50 m utes longer. During the last 10 minut baking you might brush the lattice st with cream, to give a nice brown. If *want* a nice brown, and I'm sure you

Speaking of cheese. So long as my mir on that tantalizing cheese salad—and I sure you I'm particularly devoted to ch at the moment—I may as well get going not keep you out here fanning yoursel day while I cultivate the lilies. But c what may, those lilies have got to run sm into the early chrysanthemums, or I'll k the reason why.

But come on in. My, it's cool inside. N let me see—yes, I'll give you "the works, young Phil says. And when you serve you might as well invite me. I'm coming a way, especially if you have nut-bread sa wiches with your salad.

ROQUEFORT-SALAD RING

Sprinkle 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin ½ cup cold water. Let it stand 5 minu Drain the sirup from 1 No. 2 can crus pineapple—and be sure it's really drai Takes a while—like dripping jelly, know—drip, drip—my, but it's slow. enough water to the pineapple sirup make 1 cup of liquid. Bring to a boil. solve gelatin in the hot liquid. Ad tablespoon sugar and 6 tablespoons li juice. Chill until it is the consistency unbeaten egg white. Add the gelatin m ture gradually to 1 package cream che blending smoothly. Then add ¼ pou crumbled bleu or Roquefort cheese. F in the drained crushed pineapple, ½ t spoon grated lime rind and 1 cup he cream, whipped stiff. Tint a delicate gr with vegetable coloring. Pour into a 9-i ring mold. Chill until firm—leave in refrigerator overnight. Unmold on a ch plate and fill the center with sliced fr peaches or apricot halves. Garnish w other fresh fruits.

Dressing: **Mix together 1 tablesp sugar, 1 tablespoon cornstarch and a pi of salt. Stir into 1 egg, beaten. Comb with ½ cup orange juice, ½ cup pineap juice and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Ad little grated lemon rind. Cook the mixt over low heat, stirring constantly u thickened. Chill. Put together with ½ c heavy cream, whipped.**

NUT BREAD

Sift together 3⅓ cups cake flour, 4½ t spoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt a ½ cup sugar. Stir in 1 cup chopped nu Mix 2 eggs, well beaten, with 1 cup milk a ½ cup melted shortening. Add to the fl mixture, stirring only until well mix Turn into a greased loaf-bread pan, a bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 1 ho Turn over on a rack and let it cool. Bet make this the day before serving. Slice thin and spread. Make into sandwiches

Then and now. A miserable winter was f lowed by a spring so cold it was no spri just weather, any old weather that was l lying around, that nobody wanted, and w put together with some nonwaterpro stuff.

Then summer took over. She of the lo slung chariot and the lace parasol. Sumn waved her magic wand and what has be happening seems to happen every year. F now it is August again. A long, hot, la month, and make the most of it. Already t days are shorter and the evenings have brooding stillness that whispers, "Good-b summer, good-by, summer, good-b good-by."

And, by the way, the sweet peas are goi great guns.

THE E

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FRESH PEACH ICE CREAM

1 can Ten-B-Low
1 cup water
1 cup crushed sweetened Peaches*
2 teaspoons vanilla

A CAN MAKES A QUART

A Set refrigerator controls at coldest temperature. Place Ten-B-Low in mixing bowl and gradually add 1 cup water and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Mix thoroughly. Transfer to freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze until completely frozen.

B Spoon frozen Ten-B-Low into mixing bowl. Whip until slightly softer than creamy mashed potatoes. Stir in crushed, sweetened peaches.* *You need add only water and flavoring to Ten-B-Low because each can contains all the sugar, heavier-than-whipping cream, milk and egg yolks you need for extra-rich ice cream.*

C Return to freezing tray and freeze. *That's all there is to it—nothing to add but flavoring and the water we've removed!* Ten-B-Low is NOT a powder, NOT a so-called "mix", NOT a gelatin, but a genuine ice cream in heavy concentrated form. Get several cans of Ten-B-Low today!

*Any fresh, frozen or canned fruit may be substituted for peaches in above recipe.

There are so many wonderful flavor combinations that go with Ten-B-Low. For a free recipe folder, drop a card to Sally Ross, Ten-B-Low Company, Dept. S, Columbus 16, Ohio.

also available in jars in some localities



Ten-B-Low
CONCENTRATED REAL ICE CREAM

KITCHEN ON THE FARM

(Continued from Page 132)

and then she followed the instructions that came with the new one and was delighted with her results.

The Roods have ordered new double windows—wider for more sun and air and to give the cook that lift of the spirit that comes with a view of woods and sky and rolling fields. These windows will be set higher than the old ones so the sill will come above counter height. Next, an electric water heater will be installed in the basement, and a coal-burning room heater will take over the heating of the kitchen in winter in place of the corn-fed stove.

At this point, Mrs. Rood confessed she was confused. She couldn't see just how it would work out in the end. When Margaret Davidson, of the JOURNAL staff, arrived at the Rood farmhouse she unpacked a set of kitchen-planning models and tried several possible arrangements, which Mr. Rood and Mrs. Rood both studied. Now they could see how it would look. They selected the plan which fitted their family life best, and the model kitchen will eventually be a life-size reality in that pleasant farmhouse in Nebraska!

The kitchen plan the Roods liked best is L-shaped, with sink at midpoint under the windows. Their refrigerator with the door hinged on the right will go next to the dining-room door; the range fits beside the sink. Mrs. Rood chose a cabinet to the left of the range in preference to a counter between sink and the range, because she had already found that using a range tucked in next to the wall didn't give her elbowroom. Under the high window opening onto the porch, where [illegible] sink formerly was, the table and chair[s] comfortably, convenient for eating and [out] out of the way of the kitchen work.

Tall storage cupboards will go between [the] room heater and table, one for dishes [and] the table, and cleaning supplies in the ot[her]. No more diving to the back porch when [it's] below zero for the mop and broom. The ir[on]ing board comes down from upstairs, [and] and Mr. Rood's farm records have a spac[e in] the built-to-order storage cabinets.

On the floor, a marbled-tan linoleum [will] be used, so the muddy farm boots won't le[ave] too obvious tracks. Mrs. Rood decided o[n a] good inlaid linoleum "because we have [so] much traffic in the kitchen."

On the kitchen sides of the room, she want[s] easy-to-clean wall linoleum, and straigh[t] hanging washable curtains. But to a[dd] homeyness to the room, she decided on [a] gay colorful wallpaper for the wall behi[nd] the eating table. The painting and paperi[ng] will be a family project, after the ba[sic] changes in the kitchen are completed.

I only wish Aunt Tunie and I could dr[op] in on a summer day and visit Mrs. Rood [in] that new kitchen—chicken and fluffy dum[p]lings on the electric range, fresh peach [pie] chilling in the new refrigerator, and plenty [of] conversation at the eating table while t[he] corn cooks just tender.

"I always said living on a farm was t[he] best in the world," Aunt Tunie would sa[y], "but this is as near to heaven as a woma[n] would want!"

WHAT KIND OF HIGH SCHOOL DO YOU WANT?

(Continued from Page 48)

normal conditions, in good jobs immediately on graduation. Other high schools have given their pupils an exceptional command of the facts of American history, or have made them unusually good at mathematics, or have turned large numbers of them into amateur (and sometimes professional) athletes.

It is important, therefore, to consider whether the educational job our high schools are now doing is the job we most want them to do. The fairest test of that job is the kind of boy or girl the schools produce or help to produce. What kinds of young people are our high schools now producing?

Shortly before the war there were a number of large-scale studies of the results of high-school education. Several were state-wide studies—in Maryland, New York, California, Massachusetts. The war itself provided a crucial test of what the high schools had done and had not done for the boys and girls who had been their pupils. Taken together, the conclusions that may fairly be drawn both from the prewar studies and from the experience of the Army and Navy with the young people who came to them as recruits throw a searching light on the work of our schools.

The studies showed that the boys and girls graduating from our high schools had, in general, a fair command of academic subject matter. The graduates were not equally well educated; the schools had let appreciable numbers slip by who, for example, could not read or spell or use arithmetic as well as they needed to, or as well as they could have been taught to if the high schools had given more painstaking attention to deficiencies in these subjects. For the average pupil finishing high school, however, it could be said that he was reasonably well acquainted with books by standard English and American authors—Shakespeare, Scott, Cooper, Poe, and others; that he was much better versed in the facts of American history and the operations of our national Government than are the great majority of adult citizens; that he knew a good deal about elementary science; that he had learned the rules of personal hygiene. Depending on the special courses he had chosen, he might be expected to have other more or less formal accomplishments to his credit—acquaintance with the rudiments of a foreign language, for example, or some facility [in] mathematics beyond arithmetic, or a sp[e]cialized vocational skill.

In addition, the schools (elementary as we[ll] as secondary) had helped directly or ind[i]rectly to equip their pupils with a conside[r]able number of nonacademic interests an[d] habits. Most high-school graduates ha[d] formed the habit of reading a good dea[l] chiefly in newspapers and the lighter maga[-]zines. At the time they left school, they wer[e] likely to be at least superficially acquainte[d] with current national and internationa[l] events. They had formed reasonably clea[r] notions of the rights and privileges of citizen[s] in a democracy. They had become habitua[l] movie-goers and listeners to the radio. The[y] had developed a great variety of individua[l] hobbies. They had come to the conclusio[n] that the most important thing about schoo[l] work was the help it would give them in get[-]ting a job or going on to a better one, and[d] that they intended to continue with school o[r] college if and when they could. And in the[ir] main they had either become or continued to[o] be good-humored, well adjusted emotionally, pleasant in their relationships with one an-other, and somewhat more democratic in those relationships than most adults outside the schools.

Obviously not all these results came from the work of the schools alone. The nonacademic interests and habits of young people, in particular, had clearly been influenced by their homes, their experience with church and Sunday school, newspapers and magazines, radio and the movies, and their day-by-day association with adults and with one another.

Whether the results which the studies showed had been brought about or merely confirmed by the schools, it is noticeable that many of those results were good. The war provided a four-year test of some of them. We can certainly be proud of schools which gave their pupils the fundamental tools of learning, and the confidence in their ability to learn, that enabled a citizen Army and Navy to master the most complex military machinery the world has ever known. We can be proud of the schools' contribution to the resourcefulness, the initiative, the determination and the willingness to take responsibility that

were shown by American soldiers and sailors of every rank. We can be proud of the schools for having encouraged the good humor, friendliness and decent human fellowship that characterized Americans in uniform all over the world.

Nevertheless, beyond the academic knowledge and skills that our high schools have given their pupils, and beyond the nonacademic attitudes and interests that they have produced or encouraged, there are important items of knowledge or skill or point of view which many of our schools have not yet touched. The prewar studies showed some of the lacks in high-school education. Wartime experience brought a number of them into clear relief.

Boys and girls graduating from high school were found, for example, to have no strong sense of their responsibilities as citizens. Faced with peacetime situations that called for some individual sacrifice in behalf of the common good (sacrifice of comfort, or freedom of action, or personal convenience), they preferred to "let George do it," or "not to stick their necks out." For many, the overwhelming challenge of the war obviously overcame these attitudes, but it can hardly have overcome them completely.

Again, the high-school graduates had little notion of how or where they might lend a hand in behalf of any common good. They knew little about the problems facing their own towns and cities—problems growing out of bad housing, for instance, or changes in industrial opportunities, or municipal debt, or a need for improvement in public health. As to state and national problems, though they were familiar with "names in the news" they seldom had any real grasp of the important issues or programs lying behind the names. It was their ignorance on this latter score that led members of the Army and Navy command, and many civilian observers, to doubt that the millions of recruits had any clear idea of what they were fighting for.

Also, the majority of the boys and girls graduating from high school, even of those who were not going on to college, had left school without having acquired any usable vocational skills. The peacetime studies brought out this fact; the wartime need for trained specialists emphasized it heavily. The Army, for example, found most high-school graduates to be what it called "basics"—young people with some general education, able and willing to learn, but having had no sort of training that would equip them any better for one kind of job than for another. The armed forces had to work from the ground up with such youngsters. So must peacetime industry. And the prewar studies showed that for peacetime employment these boys and girls were at a further disadvantage. Not merely had they mastered no marketable vocational skills; they knew little or nothing about working at an adult job. They had had no opportunity to discover the kinds of work at which they were most likely to be successful; they did not know where or how to look for jobs; they had no clear idea of how to get ahead in the jobs they eventually took.

One further fact was underlined during the war: many of the graduates of our high schools are not so healthy as they ought to be. Acquaintance with the rules of personal hygiene obviously does not make up for bad teeth that have not been filled, for the lack of glasses to correct poor vision, for faulty posture, flat feet and plain undernourishment. Few young people possess or need in peacetime the kind of physique that the Army required of its infantry and its paratroopers. Disturbing numbers of young people lack the sound health that is as important for peacetime living as for fighting a war.

This is not the whole of the balance sheet on which the results of our high-school programs need to be added up; other facts have a proper place in any complete accounting. But any such accounting would justify the conclusion which is already sufficiently apparent: *Our high schools are for the most part doing only a limited educational job.* They are turning out boys and girls who are more or less proficient in academic subject matter, who have learned to get along well with one another, and who think that schooling is a good thing.

In the main this is a bookwork job—one confined to introducing pupils, in appropriate surroundings and with necessary help from a teacher, to the kind of generalized knowledge that can be largely mastered by reading. It is an important job, but as even a brief accounting shows, it leaves too much on the minus side of the ledger.

The ways in which we might take care of some of the important minuses in our present school programs are not matters of mere speculation. There are high schools here and there all over the nation which are already going far beyond proficiency in academic subject matter in the results they achieve with their pupils. What many of these schools have accomplished all our schools can accomplish—if their communities really want them to do so. The methods these schools

Continued on Page 169)



"We have four teen-age daughters."



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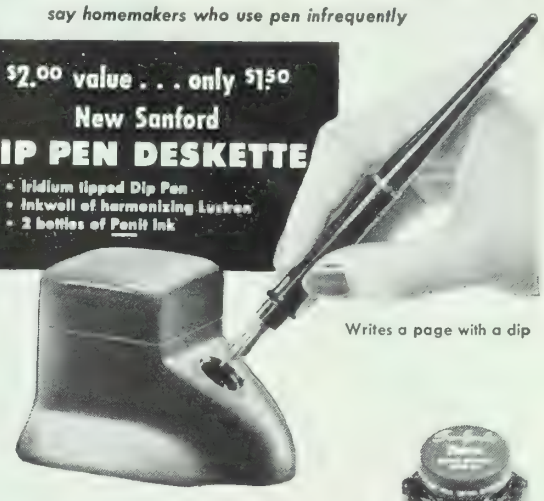
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(Continued from Page 167)

ed are open to high schools every-

ols in general can give first place in ograms, as some schools have already preparing their pupils for active and ble citizenship. This will mean much an seeing that their graduates are ac- d with the facts of United States his- d the structure of our national Gov- .. It will mean giving their pupils a preciation of the natural resources, ls of people, the institutions, the cus- d traditions, and the ways of living ke up the United States—especially ed States of today, in contrast with r major nations of the world. It will inging them face to face with the im- problems for which their towns, their d their nation are seeking a solution, such homely and near-at-hand mat- ow to provide decent houses for ev- who needs them, or how to keep pay in some sort of line with the cost and in such far-distant matters as our with Russia and our responsibilities nited Nations. It will mean giving girls a chance to consider these prob- dults must consider them, and to gain through doing so—not just to read e problems abstractly, but to deal immediate reflections of them in

rs and maga- l over the ra- lks with Gov- officials, and nt and debate emselves, es- n controver- s. And it will viding them experience in of democratic p that will be em as adults, ng them re- for managing more of their airs, and by ng them to ctive part— gh they lack in getting de- ings done in nunities.

chools can also, that not graduates but all their pupils have before they leave, the tools of learn- are necessary if they are to go on fectively by themselves. Reading, English and a command of arithme- less important today than they most of the elementary-school was devoted to the three *R*'s. ls will need much more skill than hese subjects. The skill that the l provides for the average boy or ting the eighth grade can fairly be a minimum that all pupils will oo many high-school pupils do not this minimum, in any permanent could do so, if our high schools it beside preparation for citizen- al to be sought for everyone.

high schools can see to it that ev- nd girl—who is not going on to o a specialized vocational school d, by the time he leaves school, tion he will need for beginning to g. Preparation of this kind need tting up highly specialized voca- ing programs. Highly specialized ay, in fact, be wasted for large boys and girls, since the great jobs open to young people just high school do not require skills more than a few weeks or at most s to develop. What these jobs do ough experience with adult work and girls do not have to learn for e on the job what is meant by a ork for a fair day's pay; enough n working with other people so e already accustomed to getting ith adults under working condi- h experience with the basic op-

erations of various kinds of jobs to have given them practice in learning on the job. Experience of this sort can be made available in any school which can equip itself to furnish—either inside the school, or outside in co-operation with local business or industrial establishments—a parallel to the working conditions and the job requirements for beginners in the more common occupations in its own community.

Without describing the further contributions that individual schools are already making to their pupils' readiness to get the best out of life—contributions to their pupils' health, for example, or toward a better use by young people of their leisure time, or toward their realistic planning for further education or for jobs—it will be apparent that *high schools need not confine themselves to the limited educational job that most of them are now doing.*

THE decision as to the kind of job that high schools are to be expected to do rests primarily with the public which supports the schools. To get a broader job done will obviously require a high degree of imagination, resourcefulness and technical skill on the part of teachers and school administrators. But the broader job can and will be done if the public wants it done. The issue which the public must face can therefore be very simply stated: What kind of high schools do we want?

Dean Gauss has pointed out that the proper aim of education is to make it possible for each boy and girl "to get the best out of life for himself, and to make the greatest contribution within his power to his country and his time." That aim is wholly achievable. To accomplish it, however, certain major changes in public thinking will be necessary.

Perhaps first and most important, the public will have to become accustomed to judging the work of the schools in terms of ends, not just of means. School marks, or the ability to pass school examinations, or even the subjects which pupils study as a part of their schoolwork, are significant only as they have a bearing on what boys and girls are likely to do when they come up against the real test for which the schools ought to be preparing all their pupils—the test of living outside of school. And in that real test the passing mark is set not by what these boys and girls *can* do if they are obliged to, but by what they *do* do of their own accord. The soundest measure of a high school's effectiveness, in other words, is an accounting of how its pupils behave outside of school as citizens, workers on jobs, members of families and decent, self-respecting people. Such an accounting ought properly to be asked for from every high school. It deserves far greater weight in the public's judgment of a school's success than does any record merely of college entrance examinations passed, or scholastic honors achieved, or games won on the athletic field.

Second, the public will need to give its support to other kinds of teaching than the kind that consists chiefly of studying books. For high-school boys and girls to learn how to live in the world of today means becoming acquainted with much that can be found in books, but it also means becoming acquainted with many things that one cannot master merely by reading. The ability to deal with contemporary issues, as high-school pupils will be obliged to deal with them almost as soon as they leave school, cannot be acquired solely from books, or from the history of issues that have stirred people in the past. It must be based on experience in facing issues that are colored by the controversy of the moment. The ability to succeed on an adult job cannot be gained without direct experi-

COSMETIC

The origin of the modern term cosmetic, which in Greek meant "skill in decorating," is the word *kosmos,* meaning "world, order." Thus cosmetics are aids to put one in order. They were not always acceptable, as witness the bishop who advised a communicant that he was neither for nor against cosmetics, but would take a middle-of-the-road course and permit her to rouge one cheek. In 1770 a bill was introduced in Parliament "That all women . . . that shall . . . seduce . . . into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by the scents, paints, cosmetic washes . . . shall incur the penalty of the Law in force against Witchcraft."

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.



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ence with that kind of job. Reading from Cooper, Hawthorne and Poe can hardly be expected alone to provide an adequate background for a boy or girl who is to get the most out of the newspapers, magazines and radio programs of 1948. In much of its work, in short, the school must have opportunity to go far beyond conventional academic methods and materials of teaching, if it is to do more than a conventional academic job.

Third, the public which supports the schools will need to recognize that every hard-and-fast requirement imposed on the schools will lessen by just so much the flexibility that the schools may need in doing the best work they are capable of doing. If schools must spend a prescribed amount of time in "covering" a fixed list of English classics with their pupils, they will have that much less time in which to give those same pupils some sort of acquaintance with the books and magazines they are likely to encounter outside of school today. If schools must require pupils to memorize the names, dates and life stories of all the persons who have at one time or another been prominent in American history, they will have that much less opportunity to deal with the problems which face America at the present time. The demands on the high school of today are extraordinary in their scope and variety. They can be met if the schools are permitted to readjust their programs. But no school can be expected to meet them if, in addition to teaching what is most needed now, it teach also everything it once used to t

Finally, the public will need to reco that the effectiveness of the schools wi pend, in the last analysis, on the quali their teachers and on the appropriaten the equipment which these teachers ha their command. So much has been sai written in recent months on this matter it hardly needs elaboration here. But it be well to emphasize that to help boy girls get the best out of life and give thei to it is a task which calls for teachers a as the ablest we now have, and for m more of them. It may be well also to out that even very able teachers cann that task well without the unconven teaching materials—the visual aids, th cational-training equipment, the cu books and magazines and recordings— are needed to transform a school into s thing else than a place in which chie read, write and recite.

If we truly want our high schools to fu boys and girls with a major share o preparation they will need for gettin best out of life and contributing as mu possible to it, it is clear that the work schools must be radically changed. It seem equally clear that a necessary con for that change must be a change in t sults demanded of the schools, and th given them, by the public to whor schools belong.

Bringing up Parents

DR. BARBARA BIBER, CONSULTANT
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

One time or another in their young lives, most children have frightening dreams. That's natural—for in the life of even a happy child, there are many things that disturb him. For example, a youngster dominated by an older brother may have a dream that he is being run over by a car. Thus, what a child accepts as a matter of course in waking life is translated into something terrifying in the world of dreams. It may take a child longer than an adult to dismiss his nightmare as "just a dream," because only repeated experience can teach him that he won't be hurt by what he is dreaming. It's a good idea to try to understand what's behind a bad dream—but *not* in the middle of the night. At the moment of waking from a nightmare, what the child needs most is his parents' comfort and reassurance.



"Daddy said mommy looks like a dream but I think she looks very nice."

ES' HOME

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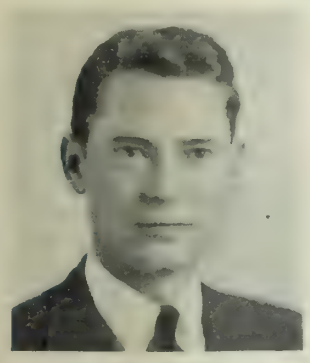
"I was born and raised in Pennsylvania, and my grandparents were obviously the progenitors not only of me, but of my Grandmother and Grandfather Ruddyfuddy stories. (Now showing: *The Ninety and Nine.)* Grandfather Earnest looked like Santa Claus and liked to tinker. Grandmother, while perhaps not quite the six feet two and one half inches of Grandmother Ruddyfuddy, certainly looked that tall when she was racing me for the funny papers, as she often did."

DOROTHY WILDING



CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

Cornelia Otis Skinner leads a life busy enough for three people. Entertaining audiences across the nation with her monologues, she often *is* three people. She has starred in Broadway plays and on radio. She has written several books. Perhaps most well known is the collaboration with Emily Kimbrough, Our Hearts Were Young and Gay. Reasons for Miss Skinner's prolific talent can be found in *Family Circle* (page 36), the story of her family life before her debut on Broadway.



LIONEL WIGGAM

"When I was thirteen a pulp magazine bought my first story, Thick Ankles, about a tragic burlesque queen. *New Man in Town*, which the JOURNAL is publishing, is one of many that have since appeared, as well as a volume of poems, Landscape with Figures. After graduating from Princeton I went to Hollywood for screen tests. But I couldn't get used to the dental caps they made me wear: during love scenes my teeth kept falling out. So I became a screen writer, for whom teeth are not so important."

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The LION'S ROAR

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When "The Green Years" appeared on the screen a few years ago, it was hard to imagine there could be another story so wonderful.

★ ★ ★ ★

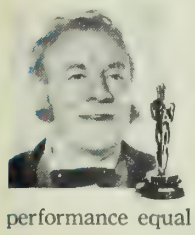
But M-G-M found such a narrative in "Hills of Home" and has now dramatized it magnificently in Technicolor.



The story was fashioned from the well-known sketches by Ian Maclaren, called "Doctor Of The Old School". William Ludwig did a screen play that really tugs at the heart, and the director Fred M. Wilcox wielded his megaphone superbly. Robert Sisk, the producer, had the guiding hand in the production.

★ ★ ★ ★

It has been cast with skill. No one but Edmund Gwenn could play so brilliantly the beloved Dr. MacLure who shared the joys and heartaches of his people. It is another Academy Award performance equal to his well-remembered "Miracle on 34th Street."



★ ★ ★ ★

Only Lassie could portray so intelligently the dog who at first outrages the Scottish homeland with his cowardice and ineptness in the stern tasks of the hillside. His attachment for the old doctor, played by Gwenn, leads to what in human terms would be called regeneration.

★ ★ ★ ★

For the character of the Highland youth whose courage overcame great obstacles —the natural selection was Tom Drake, young hero of "The Green Years". His sweetheart, and most attractive, is talented Janet Leigh.

★ ★ ★ ★

Nor can one fail to mention the performance of Donald Crisp, an actor noted among actors and the public alike.

★ ★ ★ ★

You will want to visit the "Hills of Home" because, as Tom Drake whispers to his sweetheart in the picture: "The very hills of the Glen are special hills. The sweetest hills of all. The hills of home."

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M is proud of this motion picture because it lifts the screen a notch. It is important because it is good.



—*Leo*

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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Our Readers Write Us

Saved Her Marriage

Eugene, Oregon.

Dear Editor: For the first six years of our marriage my husband was unbearable. He ridiculed me, laughed at my confidences, accused me of spending money on things I couldn't have done. My face became a smiling mask to hide my inner fear and instability.

After my husband was in bed, I would read or write letters. I began making up things, writing poems, short stories and articles. I was actually mentally sick. And without quite realizing, I began writing about situations like mine, studying my husband and wondering if his attitude toward me was a reflection of someone's attitude toward *him* before I knew him.

We are a happy, loving family now due to that discovery. I did not let it hurt me when he said sarcastic things. Instead, I laughed and agreed with him. I found many honest things about which to compliment him, and never missed a chance to let him know that I thought he was wonderful! My husband's feeling for me has grown into a sincere love. He no longer "belittles" me. He's glad I have an interesting "hobby," and proud when I receive notice for my writing.

So, I agree with Jane Allen that "true love is love at first sight—strengthened by second sight." Second sight being in my case "insight!" Sincerely yours,

ALPHA SAMPLE.

Matter of Life or Death

Orlando, Florida.

Dear Editor: Would you chop down a fruit-bearing tree because the tree, itself, was not edible? Let's not criticize nurses who give time and energy training more nurses, and acquiring more education themselves. Good nursing often means the difference between life and death—and prospective nurses should be given the best training possible. Sincerely,

BEATRICE C. BARNETT, R.N.

We love nurses. We just want them to be superhuman is all. ED.

Veteran Remembers England

Highland Park, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Kahler: Five years ago I was in England flying B-17's in the middle of a war. That was the summer of 1943, when the American Eighth Air Force was just beginning to push the air war deep into the heart of occupied Europe. A lot has happened since that summer—both to me and to England.

I would like to go back to London, to Rule's, the restaurant in Maiden Lane, to Kempinski's where a fellow named George used to play the piano for a lot of homesick American fliers. I'd like to go back to Odinino's, just off Piccadilly, where the "men under stress" used to forget about their friends who had been shot down the day before—or try to forget about them.

I'd like to take a train from London up to Peterborough, to see the old cathedral where a lot of us went to church on Easter Sunday, the first Easter Sunday, that one in 1943, since the beginning of the war that they rang the church bells, and then I'd like to take a bus, if they're still running to the air base where I was stationed. Polebrook, it was called, because it was near a little cluster of red brick houses that went by that name. Not much of a town. Not even a village. But there was a pub there and a barmaid who, if she's still there, would remember a lot of the guys that the rest of us have been trying for five years to forget.

There are a lot of other things I'd do too. I would take a train, as I did once before (right after three rough missions in three awful days), up to Nottingham. Nottingham is where Robin Hood used to hang out, and five years ago it was where a lot of Americans used to hang out too. I'd stay again at the Black Boy Hotel and have another drink in the American Bar. Only it would be different. A lot different. Because the last time I was there, the bar was crowded with people in uniform—men and women in uniforms of all kinds. And also because I wouldn't be wondering this time how many days I had left on earth.

There's a pub in Nottingham that they say is the oldest pub in England. It had its grand opening sometime in the year of 1189. They called it "Ye Olde Trip to Jerusalem" in those days, because a lot of people were going off to the crusades. They called it the same thing in the summer of 1943 when I was there. And it was still a pub, too, though you'd have thought it would at least have become a museum by that time.

Five years ago the people I talked to in that pub were glad to have us over there helping them. They thought that we were a brave lot, going out to bomb the Germans in the broad daylight. We let them think that, most of us. But secretly, we were glad we didn't have to go out at night the way their RAF boys did.

Five years ago there was a family in Peterborough that thought they would like to have a labor government. I'd like to look them up again and find out what they think now.

Last time—five years ago—I didn't know anything about England. There's still a lot I don't know. But there is one thing I do know, and that's about the people in England. I like them. During the war, when I was over there, the English were a lot of things, and, to me, most of them were good.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM E. PETERS, JR.

Corn is Where You Find It

San Francisco, California.

Dear Editor: I suggest that a part of each movie theater be enclosed in soundproof glass and reserved solely for those patrons who feel the need of cracking popcorn through the picture. Sincerely,

JEAN VERCHER.

Personally, we'd hate to give up popcorn—if it's hot, well buttered and salted. Have some? ED.

God Blessed America

Voorburg, Netherlands.

Dear Sir: I renewed my subscription the very first day after the war, when American periodicals again became available in Holland.

I am very interested in the housewives' department. I read all the articles which give me an insight into the way of living in America, and naturally I compare. You can scarcely sufficiently realize how fortunate you are. You can get whatever you need whenever you are able to spend some money. You have a large choice. I do not know how long it will take before we are as far as that over here, but this is not meant as a grumble.

My colleagues in America surely will not think it presumptuous if I advise them to value the fact that they live in America and all it means for their homes.

Truly yours,

MRS. L. TRIENCKENS.

It must be remembered, too, that it was Americans who made America what it is—it wasn't all an accident. ED.

Protect Those Eyes!

New York City.

Dear Editors: Contact lenses have already proved their worth, but the public, educated to accepting and wearing these lenses, is not yet educated to the danger of entrusting their fitting to amateurs. There is no Federal legislation specifying definite training for the fitting of contact lenses. Because of this, money-hungry persons have taken to making nation-wide tours annually during which time they train "experts" in two days. At the end of "training," these teacher-salesmen arm their newly created technicians with blank sets of lenses of the teacher's own manufacture. The two-day experts open shop and another pair of eyes is in danger. They use a trial-and-error method of fitting.

But to do its job correctly, the contact lens must fit the eye as though it were a part of it; it must move with the eye's every motion, it must lie evenly over the sclera (white portion), and must give

Keep your color forecast bright and sunny

You're fashion-right if you're color-bright . . . so give gay summer clothes the care they deserve. Keep them far away from strong soaps and rough handling. Remember—one wrong washing can fade and shrink them. Instead, wash nice clothes the *right* way with pure, mild Ivory Flakes. Then you *know* they'll come out dazzle-bright . . . fitting right.

Keep your washables lovelier with this special care



GO TO TOWN in a dress of pure silk shantung—give it Ivory Flakes care to help preserve its glowing colors. Ivory Flakes is one soap that fashion experts advise for all nice washables.

YOUR SUNDAY BEST slips need Ivory Flakes care to help 'em stay blossom-fresh. No soap gives nice washables finer care than pure, mild Ivory Flakes.

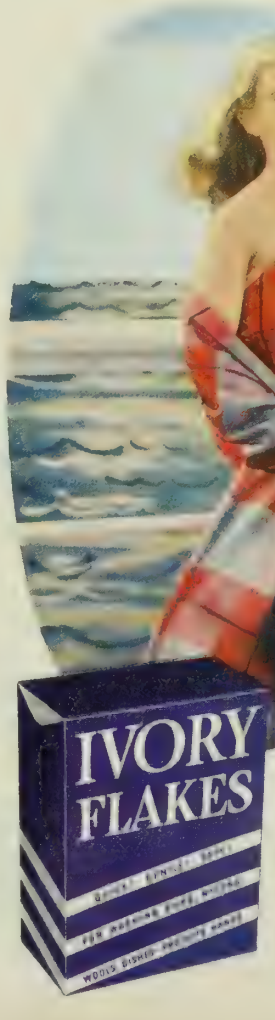
WANT LONGER WEAR from your nylons? Then suds them nightly in Ivory Flakes! You'll find, too, that Ivory Flakes care keeps stocking colors newer-looking up to *twice as long!*



Dress by Maria Krum

Sun dress by Frances Sidel

YOUR BALLERINA sun dress needs Ivory Flakes care to help keep its colors dancing. Colors perk up when you suds them in Ivory Flakes.



If it's lovely to wear...It's worth

Ivory Flakes care

The fast flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory . . . 99 44/100 % Pure



plenty of room for all corneal movements so that the cornea never touches the plastic lens. Looseness or tightness over the sclera causes irritations and blurrings. A too-small corneal hollow will cause erosion, scarring and even blindness.

Reputable lens technicians insist that their patients first see an ophthalmologist who, by training, is also a medical doctor. Certain types of ailments absolutely prohibit the use of contact lenses (*i.e.*, all systemic illnesses such as TB and diabetes) and only a medical doctor can detect the presence of these. The person then visits a technician who, *in the presence of a doctor*, anesthetizes the eye and makes a mold or casting. The procedure is painless and takes but a few minutes. Castings are shipped off to a laboratory together with the ophthalmologist's prescription. In the laboratory the mold is translated into plastic lenses—unbreakable, feather-light, carefully ground and shaped for an individual pair of eyes. Returned to the technician, they are fitted on the patient. A few drops of fluorescin are slipped behind the lens and studied under a cobalt-blue light. Loose areas show up a brilliant yellow-green. Tight areas can be detected in the daylight. Competent, reputable technicians, using a series of fine, power-driven instruments of varying abrasive quality and delicate polishing disks, make whatever adjustments are required.

WARNING: Never have eyes fitted without seeing an ophthalmologist (oculist) first.

Never permit lenses to be fitted unless they have been made of a mold or casting made specifically for your eyes. Buying ready-made lenses is as foolish as buying eyeglasses over the counter, and far more dangerous.

If lenses do not feel comfortable, bring them back immediately. A slight deviation may make the difference between good sight and blurriness.

Contact lenses are used by three types of people:

1. For cosmetic or occupational convenience (actors, actresses, speakers appearing before groups; divers, professional athletes, aviators, boxers.)

2. Those who have a neurosis about wearing eyeglasses. (These make up the largest group and include people who, because of extremely poor sight, need thick lenses in eyeglasses, those who have scarred eyes, albinos, and so on. For albinos, corneal portion of contact lens is tinted to give iris color.)

3. Those who can see *only* with contact lenses (persons with conical corneas; those with irregular astigmatism which may be the result of an accident or wound, corneal ulcers, malformation in the development of the cornea; those who've had one eye operated on for cataract while retaining perfect vision in the other eye).

Sincerely yours,
MURIEL PATCHEN.

Paging the Lorimers

Springfield, Missouri.

Dear Editors: Whatever became of Maudie Mason? I grew up with Maudie and Davey and shared all their trials. Now I'd enjoy reading again of Maudie's efforts to cope with housing problems, food bills and mischievous children. Sincerely,
E.G.H.

At the height of Maudie's popularity the Lorimers, who created her, decided not to write any more Maudie stories. Fans say the stories reread amazingly well. ED.

Sirs, Our Mountain...

Tacoma, Washington.

Dear Editor: I am wondering, and so are thousands of others of our glorious state, what meanness or ignorance was back of your publishing that picture of a messy cloud and labeling it Mt. Rainier. Mt. Rainier is the outstanding peak of the whole coast and does have clouds over the peak part of the time, as do all our coast peaks, but there are so many gorgeous views of it that there is no excuse for such a miserable attempt at being funny.
Sincerely,
ETHEL C. McCUNE.

We, too, have seen Mt. Rainier on a clear day and happily attest to its stunning beauty. ED.

(Continued on Page 8)

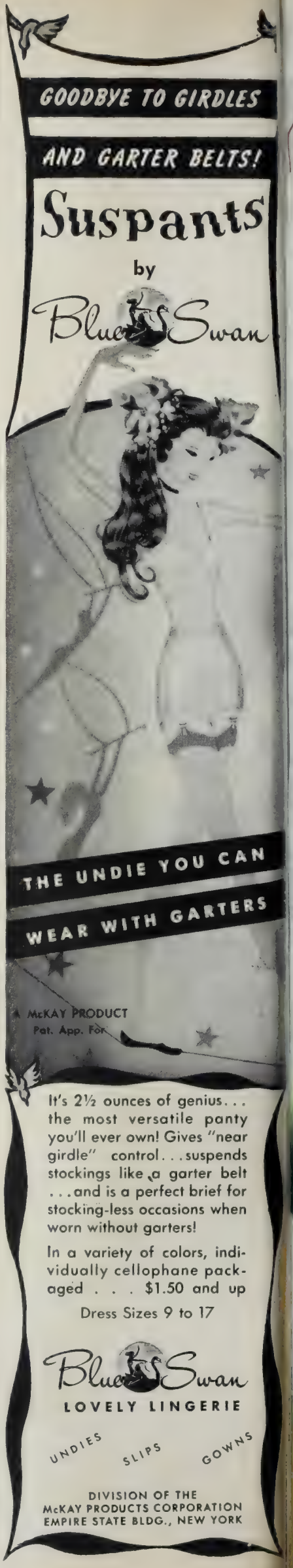
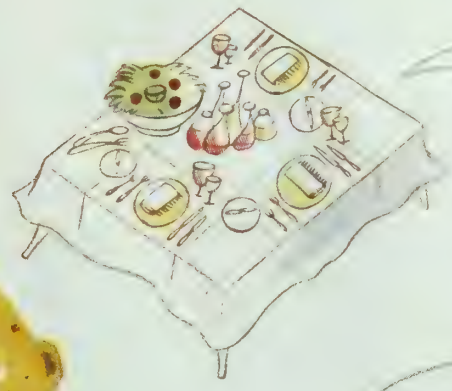


Table talk... about these



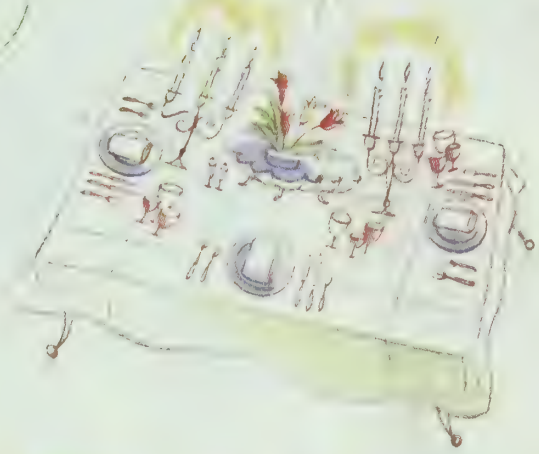


"What a beautiful table am I. How my spoons and forks sparkle! They're Holmes & Edwards, you know . . . the kind with these"

"They do things for a table. This silverplate is invisibly INLAID with two blocks of sterling silver at backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks."

"Only Holmes & Edwards is good enough for me. It stays lovelier longer because it's Sterling Inlaid silverplate . . . a far cry from the kinds that are only extra-plated (overplated)."





HOLMES & EDWARDS

STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

WHICH PATTERN? Three to choose from. Danish Princess, Youth and Lovely Lady, all made in the U. S. A. by The International Silver Company.

HOW MUCH? Surprise! Unlike so many other things price of Holmes & Edwards has not gone up! Still only $68.50 for 52 pieces, service for eight with chest. (No Federal Tax.)

WHERE TO BUY? At jewelry and department store silverware counters.



Danish Princess Youth Lovely Lady

Copyright 1948, The International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. Sold in Canada by: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. °Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FOR YOU...FOR ROMANCE...

that Always-Fresh Look



LIZABETH SCOTT
Starring in
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Try Lizabeth Scott's DEEP-CLEANSE FACIALS

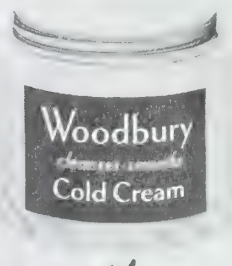


Cuddly armful! Early play hour—and Lizabeth's skin is a-sparkle! "Easy," says she, "a quick Deep-Cleanse with Woodbury rouses my skin, wakes beauty-fresh glow!"

"You're lovelier—in seconds," promises Lizabeth. "Just smooth on Woodbury Cold Cream . . . its rich oils cleanse deep to the pores. Your tissue whisks away grime, make-up. Then comes more Woodbury—to smooth dryness with four special softening ingredients. Tissue again. Add a cold water splash for rosy color. *Just see . . .* the clear-clean silken look of your skin. It's Woodbury-wonderful!"



Delightful eyeful! . . . to make you stop, look and LOOK! "Film day done," says Lizabeth. "I first date Woodbury – *rich and soothing*. Leaves skin soft, simply velvet!"



Woodbury Cold Cream

(Continued from Page 6)

Permission to Live

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

Dear June: Mary gets home next Saturday, with two coal black little children. But she assures me it comes off in the wash. Apparently the water soon gives out on the Families Train.

I do wonder what you'd make of England now, and whether you realize how fortunate you are to be out of it. You might keep your eyes open for a nice little farm in Virginia, for me, for I too long to be gone! I have just had a nice instance of the sort of afflictions we all suffer. One Government Department has refused over and over to give me a permit to mend a broken drain—meanwhile another writes me that I shall be prosecuted if I don't.

With no time to enter endless correspondence, and get, or be refused permits to do up Mary's cottage, I up and did it myself. Do you remember how I learned to paint years ago, when we took the lodge over at Knightons—and how Snelling, who had been in the navy, put me through it good and proper. It has turned out to be one of the most useful lessons I ever learned, for now I can hold a brush without getting painters' arthritis, and do a ceiling without getting distemper in my hair. Lots of love, darling,

MOTHER
(Dorothy Black).

Children Forgetting War

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: I am sending you a picture of the little girl, Monica Long, who went shopping one Christmas here, and was hit by a bomb. She has grown into such a pretty little girl, bright as a new



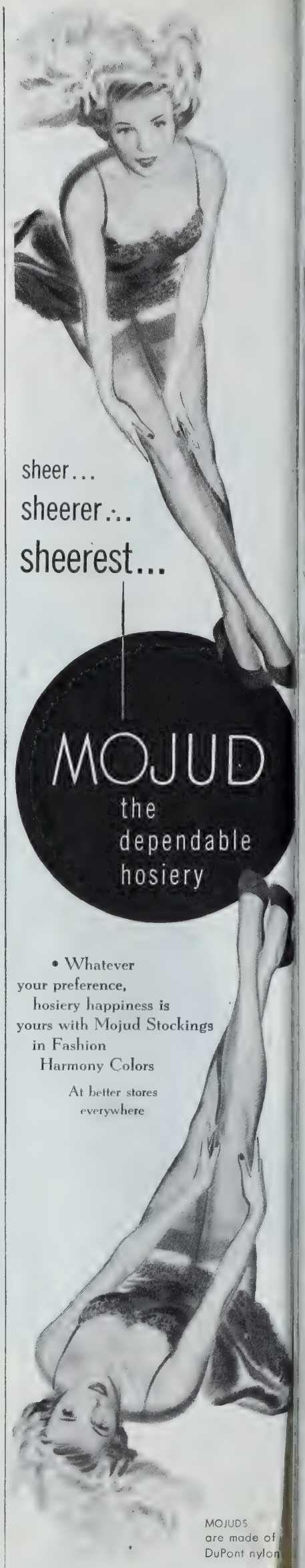
Monica Long . . . she may have to wear the patch all her life.

penny, but as you see, she must still wear the patch and the very uncomfortable headband, for her brain is practically exposed. When she is older, the doctors rather hope to do some sort of operation, I believe. A prospect that seems to daunt Monica very little. She goes to school and leads quite an ordinary life, playing with other children.

It is rather wonderful how little effect the war has had on these children. The horror is all forgotten, and I am interested to note that little boys playing battles round haystacks have all gone back to bows and arrows. What a good idea. If only we could sell it to their elders!

I have just learned to make cheese by means of trial and error. (Some of the errors were pretty sinister!) Now, hanging in rows on a line in a secluded spot, are what look rather like decapitated heads! They are *dripping*—stage one. After which we have to *press* them in curious homemade presses because it's impossible to buy proper ones. They are all, so my friend in the Farm Stores tells me, going for export. A queer idea, when we are the ones who need the food. My love to you both,

DOROTHY BLACK.



TRADE MARK REG. ©1948 MOJUD HOSIERY CO., INC.,



A Darling goes to her Doom

It is the party of the year . . . her night-of-nights Down below are dozens of girls who will envy her looks . . . dozens of men who will cut in endlessly . . . and one in particular who will press her close when the lights are low and whisper "Darling!" . . . *So she thinks.* Unfortunately, it isn't going to be that way. There's a fly in the ointment as big as a blackbird. Instead of eagerness and attention she will meet indifference and neglect. Tonight will be one of the grimmest nights of her life . . . one that it will take a long time to live down. And she won't know why*!

All too often it happens that way; on the very night you wish to be at your best you may be at your worst without realizing it. Unfortunately, halitosis* (unpleasant breath) doesn't always announce itself to the victim, but it invariably shouts its presence to others. They are likely to hold it against you for a long time.

Isn't it foolish to risk putting yourself in the worst possible light when Listerine Antiseptic is such an easy, quick and wholly delightful precaution against simple, non-systemic bad breath? You merely rinse your mouth with it and instantly your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. So . . . when you want to be at your best, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date . . . it's an *extra-careful* precaution against offending. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

HOW THE WORLD
A LOVELIER SKIN!

BIGGER—LOTS BIGGER!

MORE LUXURY!
MORE LATHER!

SAME FINE,
SMOOTH TEXTURE!

DELICATE,
FLOWER-LIKE PERFUME!

BE LOVELIER—
HEAD TO TOE!

OF BEAUTIES
NG
RAISES!

CAMAY

aking a Sensational Splash!

Everybody's talking about the new Bath-Size Camay.
Buying it. Trying it. Praising it to the skies! Because this bigger Camay
makes every bath a luxurious beauty treatment. Bathe with it
every day of your life—and your skin will be lovelier from head to toe.
And you'll rise from your bath just touched with the delicate,
flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!

CAMAY
IN 2 SIZES!
e Regular Camay for your
plexion—the new Bath-Size

Bath-Size Camay

FOR YOUR
AMAY BEAUTY BATH

LADIES' HOME Journal

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Proposed Home for Jews

THE young Jew from Lodz, Poland, said, "*What we want is to live like other human beings.*" . . . "*What we need,*" another said, "*is a chance to be productive on new soil under new skies . . .*"

Among the homeless of Europe, cast adrift in the backwash of World War II, are 1,250,000 Jews. And of these, 250,000 live in displaced-persons camps in Germany, Austria and Italy. These people belong to no place on earth; no place on earth belongs to them.

"*What we need is a small corner of God's earth . . .*"

Pleas like these pour into the Freeland League's New York headquarters at 1819 Broadway. All these people could not go to Palestine if that were possible. They want to get out of the D. P. camps and far away from Europe.

The Freeland League, through the efforts of Dr. I. N. Steinberg, has found a place for 30,000 homeless European Jews. The new land is Surinam (Netherlands Guiana), with an area of 55,000 square miles, approximately halfway between the Panama Canal and South America's easternmost bulge. The Dutch government welcomes the homeless Jews to this sparsely populated territory, which has a climate similar to Miami's.

EWING GALLOWAY



Homeless Jews in D P camp breadline.

The land that the Freeland League proposes to colonize has been a haven for Jewish refugees for nearly 300 years. About the year 1660, hundreds of Jewish families, exiled from Spain and Portugal and later driven from Brazil and Cayenne, found haven at last in Paramaribo. Their descendants live in Surinam.

(Continued on Page 222)

The Climate of a Free Press

By Dorothy Thompson

VARIOUS polls taken in various parts of the world reveal that the freedom men most cherish is freedom of speech. Closely allied with this is freedom of the press: freedom to publish both information and opinion; freedom to enlarge the audience for speech, whether by the written or the broadcast word. Here we come into a more complicated field, where there are rival interpretations of what freedom is.

In communist ideology there is no "free" press, for it is the instrument of "capitalist ownership and interests." Many besides communists have taken up this cry. I remember discussing press freedom on the air some years ago with the late Mayor La Guardia, of New York, who expressed the view that the American press was entirely dominated by the advertisers; and "the kept and corrupt capitalist press" is a favorite slogan of the followers of Henry Wallace.

In Britain, too, there is such widespread discontent with the press that a commission is engaged in investigating its ownership and control, and particularly the influence exerted by the great chains.

There are reasons for the prevalent doubt and discontent. There seems to be a law by which as civilizations grow and progress they tend toward centralization. While anyone in this country still may set up a hand press and publish his ideas, it takes vast amounts of money to produce a newspaper or a magazine in any great center of population. It also takes a great deal of money to maintain staffs of reporters, editorial writers and foreign correspondents throughout the globe; the tendency, therefore, is to make these workers serve more than one publication, so everywhere we have seen the growth of news services, serving hundreds of subscribers; of syndicated columnists, feature writers and cartoonists; and the consolidation of newspapers, to an ever-decreasing number.

TODAY there are cities of over a hundred thousand population in America which have, in effect, only one newspaper, since the same interests own what, to the casual observer, may seem like rival publications, one appearing in the morning, the other in the afternoon.

It was also true that during President Roosevelt's administrations the press was editorially out of line with public opinion. Editorially, the daily press was in large majority against a President who won despite it, and this naturally gave rise to the question whether so many editorial writers were expressing their own untrammeled opinions or those of the ownership.

Now, I have been engaged for twenty-eight years in journalism in the United States, and working for American newspapers and magazines abroad, and I have tried to ask myself with honesty and candor to what extent these doubts and criticisms are justified. The centralization that has

Chiffon Cake

so light . . .
so rich . . .
so delicious

made with MAZOLA* salad oil

YES, it really *is* the "cake of the century". . . and it's baked to perfection when you use pure, golden MAZOLA* Salad Oil as the shortening. MAZOLA makes it richer in color, richer in flavor . . . with a divine texture.

For *perfect* results when you make Chiffon Cake, make it with MAZOLA—America's finest oil for shortenings, as well as salads and cooking.

MAZOLA is sold in both bottles and tins...at all grocers.

© C. P. R. Co., 1948



CHIFFON CAKE

- 1⅛ cups sifted cake flour (1 cup plus 2 tablespoons)
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1½ teaspoons double-acting baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup MAZOLA Salad Oil
- ⅜ cup water (¼ cup plus 2 tablespoons)
- 2 egg yolks
- ½ teaspoon each, vanilla and lemon extract
- ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
- ½ cup egg whites (about 4)

Mix and sift first four ingredients. Make a well and add MAZOLA, water, egg yolks and flavoring. Beat until smooth. Add cream of tartar to egg whites. Beat until egg whites form very *stiff* peaks. Gently fold first mixture into egg whites until well blended. Fold, do *not* stir. Turn batter into ungreased 9-inch tube pan. Bake in moderate oven (325° F.) about 1 hour or until cake springs back when touched lightly with finger. Immediately turn pan upside down, placing tube over neck of bottle. Let hang, free of table until cold. To remove from pan, loosen with spatula.

Berry or Peach Icing: To 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar add ⅛ teaspoon salt and 3½ tablespoons crushed berry juice or mashed peaches. Mix until smooth. Spread on cake.

Orange Icing: Substitute orange juice for berry juice in above recipe. Add 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

NOTE: Use the two leftover egg yolks for custard sauce, or in making your favorite mayonnaise with MAZOLA Salad Oil.



* A registered trade mark of the Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N. Y.

taken place in the press has occurred everywhere else—in government, industry and labor unions. But the American press is by no means uniform, and syndicated editorialists compete with one another and differ radically.

And we should ask, it seems to me, "What is the *function* of the press?"

Its function is, first, within the limits of its means, accurately to report the important facts about the world we live in. It cannot possibly do this except on some collective or partially collective basis.

Its second function is to interpret those facts and draw conclusions from them, which is the work of the editorial writer.

Beyond these functions the press seeks to gauge the interest of the public and amuse, entertain or otherwise engage its attention in order to sell the paper.

The cost of printing and distributing newspapers and other publications does not begin to be met by what the consumer pays for them, whether it is a nickel for a newspaper or fifteen to fifty cents for a national magazine.

But do the advertisers "control" them?

From my own experience I think this is perhaps the least justified of the charges against our press.

The advertiser is quite as dependent on the press as the press on the advertiser. And the advertiser, as a businessman, is not interested in the public views of the newspaper or magazine. He may abhor the editorial policy and general contents of the latter, but what he wants to know is: How many and what kind of people do you reach? Department stores, which advertise heavily in the daily press, want to sell dishes, linen, clothes, furniture and all sorts of things in every price range, and are quite uninterested in whether the customers—or the advertising medium—lean right or left.

Luxury goods—sellers of diamonds, mink coats, the more expensive motorcars, and the signatures of famous *couturiers*—favor the publications preferred by the rich, which are likely to be conservative. But the economy of America does not rest on luxury goods.

Producers of household products wish to reach large numbers of women readers and favor the publications these prefer; producers of durable goods do not want their advertisement thrown out with the daily newspaper and prefer publications that will lie on the sitting-room table for a week or a month; and a fall or shift in circulation influences them far more than any opinion expressed in the contents.

It is true that there is an unwritten law of newspapers and periodicals not to attack the products of advertisers. But is that their function? The prevention of misleading or untruthful advertising and the protection of the public from harmful or adulterated products are the functions of government.

Actually the press has taken the lead in pressing for the raising of standards and for pure-food-and-drug acts. A number of women's magazines have established their own tests and standards and producers have been eager to meet them.

ADVERTISERS do not, therefore, control the content of publications. I doubt whether any other form of financing would exert as little pressure. In twenty-eight years of active journalism I have had exactly one conflict with an advertiser, when my publisher supported me good-temperedly—and did not lose the advertiser, either.

And what is the aim of the publisher?

Like the advertiser, he wishes to sell his paper, for he is primarily in business. If he doesn't get circulation he won't get advertising, and if he doesn't please the public he won't get circulation. So, actually, it is chiefly the readers who control the press.

In my experience, it is often the readers, especially organized claques among them, who exercise the greatest intolerance ward opinions they do not like. Often very people who are most suspicious "control" by advertisers or "capitalist terests" are most actively set on stopp the typewriters of those writers with wh they disagree, organizing letter-writ campaigns to the editor, threatening boycott the paper if this or that writer is dropped.

Now, what is the proper attitude of *writer* under these conditions? Is it to his cloth to please the public?

I do not think so. Indeed, I believe journalism, no writing on public affair of any value whatever if it is exercised der any pressure, whether from public from private interests. Unpopularity is occupational hazard and the journal whose goal is anything other than truth, so far as *he is able to discern it*, is not, in opinion, worth his salt.

Now, that doesn't mean that the jou nalist, however much fidelity he may ha to this ideal, is always going to tell t truth, or make correct deductions fro established facts, or wise interpretations them. In the realm of ideas, error perpet ally contends with truth, and in the realm events, facts are often obscured. Furthe more, there is no such creature as an utter unbiased individual, and there is therefo no such thing as purely objective journa ism.

I can say with absolute truthfulness th in the ten years I worked as a foreig correspondent for two American newsp pers, the *only* instructions I ever receiv were to get the fac straight, and if possib before anyone else; countercheck source when there was an doubt; to keep my ow opinions out of the re porting of facts; and—c course—never to cabl what could be sent b mail.

Doing an injury puts you below your enemy; revenging one makes you but even with him; forgiving it sets you above him.

—B. FRANKLIN.

That was not characteristic then, and i not now, of all American newspapers. know two organizations whose reporter must rig even their news reports to suit th policy and prejudices of their publishers Neither organization was—or is—popula with the best journalists.

But it was—and is—more characteristi of the American press than of any other The British press—the best of it—is more literate than ours. But the British reporter in my experience, is more closely tied to the policies of his paper or government than ours, and less individually free.

As for the European continental press it has always been almost exclusively a party press. In totalitarian countries, whether Fascist or Communist, it is purely a public-relations outlet for the party and clique in power. A journalist may, out of conviction, propagandize for a candidate or a policy, but a propagandist, committed to any person or policy his masters may promote, is not a journalist.

But even in continental European countries where there are numerous political parties, most newspapers are party organs, supported and subsidized by political parties and engaged in promoting party policies, from news columns to editorials. Under such conditions you are bound to get a minimum of objectivity and a maximum of prejudice.

When I was a correspondent abroad, I made a game of clipping and pasting side by side news items—reports, presumably of facts—as they appeared in the Social Democratic Labor press, the nationalist conservative, and the bourgeois middle-of-the-road paper. When I would read in one paper that thousands of men had demonstrated in the streets, and in another that two hundred had participated, in one that the police had been forced to interfere, and in the third that they had dispersed quietly, I wondered what the business of the reporter was, since anyone not deaf and blind could

(Continued on Page 222)



★BAKED HAM SLICE

with a pineapple lei! Two wonderful treats merge their glorious flavors here . . . savory, smoked ham and the new crisp-cut Dole Crushed. Just sear an inch-thick slice of ham on both sides, then bake slowly until done. Place on hot platter and encircle the ham with drained Dole Crushed heated in a little of the ham fat.

It's golden – it's glorious – it's the new



★PINEAPPLE-GOLD ICE CREAM

It's yours to enjoy in a matter of minutes. On top of snowy mounds of vanilla or coconut ice cream heap spoonfuls of the new Dole Crushed. That's all there is to it—except to marvel with each taste at the exquisite combination of the ice cream and those flavor-rich, crisp-cut pineapple morsels that Dole alone brings you.

crisp-cut **DOLE** crushed!





★SUPER STAND-BY DESSERT

. . . or breakfast fruit. Reach for a can of the new crisp-cut Dole Crushed. Spoon out those sparkling tender pineapple morsels into dishes that are appropriate for the occasion. Then watch those first-taste smiles expand into genuine delight at each spoonful of this tropic treat.

★*By Patricia Collier*
DOLE HOME ECONOMIST
Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd.
215 Market Street, San Francisco 6, California

Test your wax paper 3 ways





1. AFTER 3 DAYS SEE WHICH KEEPS BREAD FRESHER! Cut-Rite is waxed through and through—not just surface-waxed—to protect expensive foods. Wrap good dinner leftovers in extra-heavy Cut-Rite the moment you clear the table. Cut-Rite keeps air out . . . fresh, moist food flavor in. You'll have more delicious dishes all week long.

2. SEE HOW CUT-RITE FOLDS WITHOUT SPLITTING! Fold it, twist it—pliable Cut-Rite doesn't crack or split. Wrap small things small and tuck in corners to save ice box space and extra dishes. Wrap flavor-strong foods—onion, cucumber, fish, cheese. Odor won't smell through, moisture won't soak through extra-heavy Cut-Rite.

3. SEE HOW CUT-RITE TEARS OFF QUICK AND CLEAN!



...'s famous ...dge makes ...onvenient ... to use. A ...per Product.

...



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

One way of looking at a picture. Three-year-old takes upside-down view of painting at sidewalk art exhibit.

UNDER-COVER STUFF

By Bernardine Kielty

HOW is a painter going to show his pictures if he's poor? And if no one sees his pictures, what is the use of painting? One gallery in New York has an answer to this age-old question, and there is no reason why other large cities shouldn't look into it. On 57th Street, New York's famous Art Boulevard, lined with galleries where art and furniture and antiques from all over the world are sold at fabulous prices, this one modest gallery is there to remind us that artists still live and paint in unheated garrets, and that most of them are men whose names we have never heard. This is The Artists' Gallery, recently moved up from Greenwich Village.

One of its contentions is that most art today is sold not for its intrinsic merit or for the pleasure it gives, but for the name of the artist, the price commensurate with his fame. As a test, this gallery once held an exhibition of drawings by famous artists from all over the world with the name of each artist covered up, the idea being that you should buy what you liked and not what critics and salesmen have been telling you to buy. In line with this theory, The Artists' Gallery exhibits the work of men practically unknown, exhibits without any cost to the artist, and takes no commission for the pictures sold—contrary to the custom of practically all other galleries.

It's a small gallery and doesn't advertise, but the news has got round. Museums and collectors feel that they can't afford to miss any of its shows, and besides individual buyers, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Chicago Art Institute, the Whitney Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, the Barnes Foundation, and many well-known smaller museums, have all bought pictures. The Artists' Gallery is supported entirely by individual contributions and is a nonprofit enterprise.

"Art," as a Chinese once said, "is what one might call an essential luxury. A rich man with no appreciation of art becomes unbearably poor: while a poor man, with an inner delight in art and the outward ability to express beauty, becomes immeasurably rich."

If you are interested in modern art and what it is trying to say, we recommend **BEST IN ART,** by ***Emily Genauer,*** art critic, who has chosen 50 out of the 50,000 pictures she looked at last season in various galleries, reproduced them, and discussed the artist's intention, his method of painting and his place in the art scheme. Miss Genauer insists that every artist represented is a serious, sensitive person who paints because he has something to say, and not, as so many seem to think, just to irritate the public.

If, on the other hand, you want a close-up of an old master, there is JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, by *James Thomas Flexner,* a biography of the early American painter illustrated by many of his masterly portraits—the aura of the Founding Fathers. Practically all that an artist of Copley's day could paint was portraits. He couldn't do religious pictures because the Protestants in those days objected to religious art; landscape painting suffered because "the early American God did not express Himself through nature, but stood back and judged nature, usually to its disadvantage." Genre painting, such as the Flemish were doing, was out of order in a country where social symbols were changing so constantly. But portraits were in perfect accord with Puritan thinking, which laid such stress upon the individual. To perpetuate themselves, in the absence of photographers, ministers and merchants and statesmen had to call upon the painters. Hence Copley, and Gilbert Stuart, and the Peales—Charles, Rembrandt and Raphael.

Everyone knows how American tourists used to fan out over Europe before the war, bent for all the art galleries. But do these same art enthusiasts ever think of going across their own country to look in at the many and very good art

(Continued on Page 16)

HARVEST GOLD HAM

Here's how to reap a harvest of applause! Glaze a Swift's Premium Ham with brown sugar and honey (*do* make sure it *is* Swift's Premium, *America's traditional favorite*). Surround with these tangy poached orange "flowers": Cut 4 oranges in half; cut down part way into 10 petal-like sections; remove cores. Heat 1½ c. light corn syrup in large skillet; arrange flowers in it, filling center with mincemeat. Cover; cook over mod. heat 15 to 20 min. (or bake in mod. hot—400° F.—oven) till rind pierces easily with fork. Serve hot. To bring out all Swift's Premium's mellow flavor, *follow the easy cooking directions on the tag that comes with every ham.* Then count on pleasure in full measure, for Swift's Premium Ham is *truly* the *best-liked* ham in all America!

BRIGHT IDEAS FOR THE DAY AFTER

Martha Logan's Ham Stuffed Apples: Add a stick of cinnamon broken into small pieces to syrup left from poaching oranges. Core apples and bake in syrup, basting occasionally. Fill cavities with minced baked ham 15 minutes before end of baking.

Ham Biscuits: Mix ½ to 1 c. minced ham with dry ingredients in your favorite baking powder biscuit recipe calling for 2 c. flour. Small biscuits are delicious teamed with fruit or vegetable salad. Or bake in shortcake layer for creamed vegetables.

Matchless flavor, mild yet zestful...
America's traditional favorite is

Swift's Premium Ham



2 STYLES! The Red Label brings you ham that's fully cooked—ready to eat. For easy cooking at home, look for the Blue Label. Both kinds are Brown Sugar Cured and smoked Swift's special way over genuine hardwood fires.

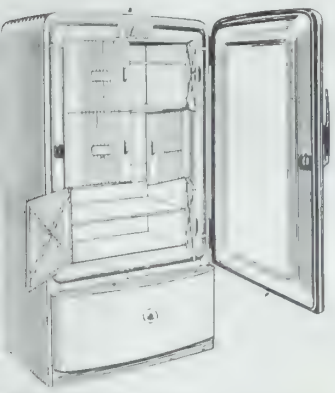


ose who *think* they can't afford a Norge freezer, we'd like to say this:

aps you can't afford to be *without* a Norge freezer."

Norge freezer *pays for itself!* It pays back its initial cost in a surgly short time. Then it goes on "paying"—by saving you money year of its life. Look at it this way:

certain perishable foods are plentiful and at the peak of perfechey are least expensive. That's the time to buy 'em. That's the time epare 'em and pop 'em into the freezer. Other foods are always ostly in wholesale quantities—meats and poultry, for instance—and where the *real* saving comes in!



ERTICAL FREEZER - Roomy compartments ehind individual doors—each with card older. Refrigerated shelves for constant emperature in each compartment. Storge: approximately 210 pounds.



HEST TYPE FREEZERS — For storage of arger quantities of food. Refrigerated alls *and* bottom; counterbalanced lids vith lockable latches. Three sizes: 10½-, 8-, and 26-cubic foot capacities.

Buy In Quantity When Prices Are Lowest

Your freezer can be the difference between *ordinary* meals and *selected* meals—between ordinary living and luxury living. For with a freezer in the home your daily menu knows no season: summer-picked fruits and vegetables all winter . . . fall-killed game all the year 'round. You'll set a table that will be the envy of your friends. You'll be known as the family who "really knows how to live"!

So—why deny yourself any longer? Why not make a date with friend husband to meet you at the Norge dealer's? "The best dealer in town sells Norge" and he's listed in your classified telephone directory. It won't take long to convince yourself that you really *can* afford a Norge freezer! Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26, Michigan. In Canada: Addison Industries, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

A BORG-WARNER INDUSTRY

SEE NORGE BEFORE YOU BUY

...ranges • ...ers • ...Freezers
... • ... Coolers

(Continued from Page 14)

galleries on the way? Not a bit of it. THE ENJOYMENT OF ART IN AMERICA, by ***Regina Shoolman*** and ***Charles E. Slatin,*** covers the work of the permanent collections in America and Canada. It is a fine job. You can put your finger on just what city contains what picture, you get the history of art from Egypt on down, and reproductions of the best in each period that can be found in this country's museums. It is a big book and expensive, but for the student of art who has a car it is a wonderful short cut to a course in art appreciation, and as such a real money saver.

• • •

CATALINA, *Somerset Maugham's* latest novel, is, in this department's estimation, one of his best. It takes place in Spain during the Inquisition, and is concerned with a miracle. It is a sort of about-face Bernadette. Catalina Perez is a young girl, crippled by an accident. Her lover has turned from her and she is deeply unhappy. Before the altar of the Virgin she prays for help, and lo! the Virgin appears and tells her that she will be healed—that by "the son of Juan Suarez de Valero who has best served God," a miracle will be performed. In those terrifying days, when Jews and Moors in self-defense sometimes turned Christian, when chance words by even the truest sons of the Church could be misinterpreted, when the torture chamber shadowed every home, Catalina's family begged the girl not to tell what had happened. But the secret burned in her breast, and before she knew what had happened the story was out and she found herself a *cause célèbre*.

MORGOLI-PIX



Somerset Maugham

The three sons of the de Valeros were the Friar Blasco, Bishop of Segovia; Don Manuel, captain in the King's army fighting infidels; and Martin, a baker. It is a perfect Maugham situation. The satire is flawless, the story-telling pure and simple and direct. Nowhere, outside of possibly CAKES AND ALE, do we have two personalities of such power and skill facing each other as the Bishop, who wants above all to serve his God, and the Prioress Doña Beatriz, who wants Catalina for her Carmelites. The fact that Doña Beatriz once loved the Bishop, before either he or she had entered the Church, adds a stiletto sharpness to her plotting.

Which son, if any, heals Catalina, and what, if anything, is the course of her own true love, is the story itself. But the overtones of ecclesiastical reasoning, the rivalry and ambitions among the religious, the contrast between simple people and mighty people, the unexpected clear vision of one unfrocked priest, and the direct rightness

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Heart's Delight

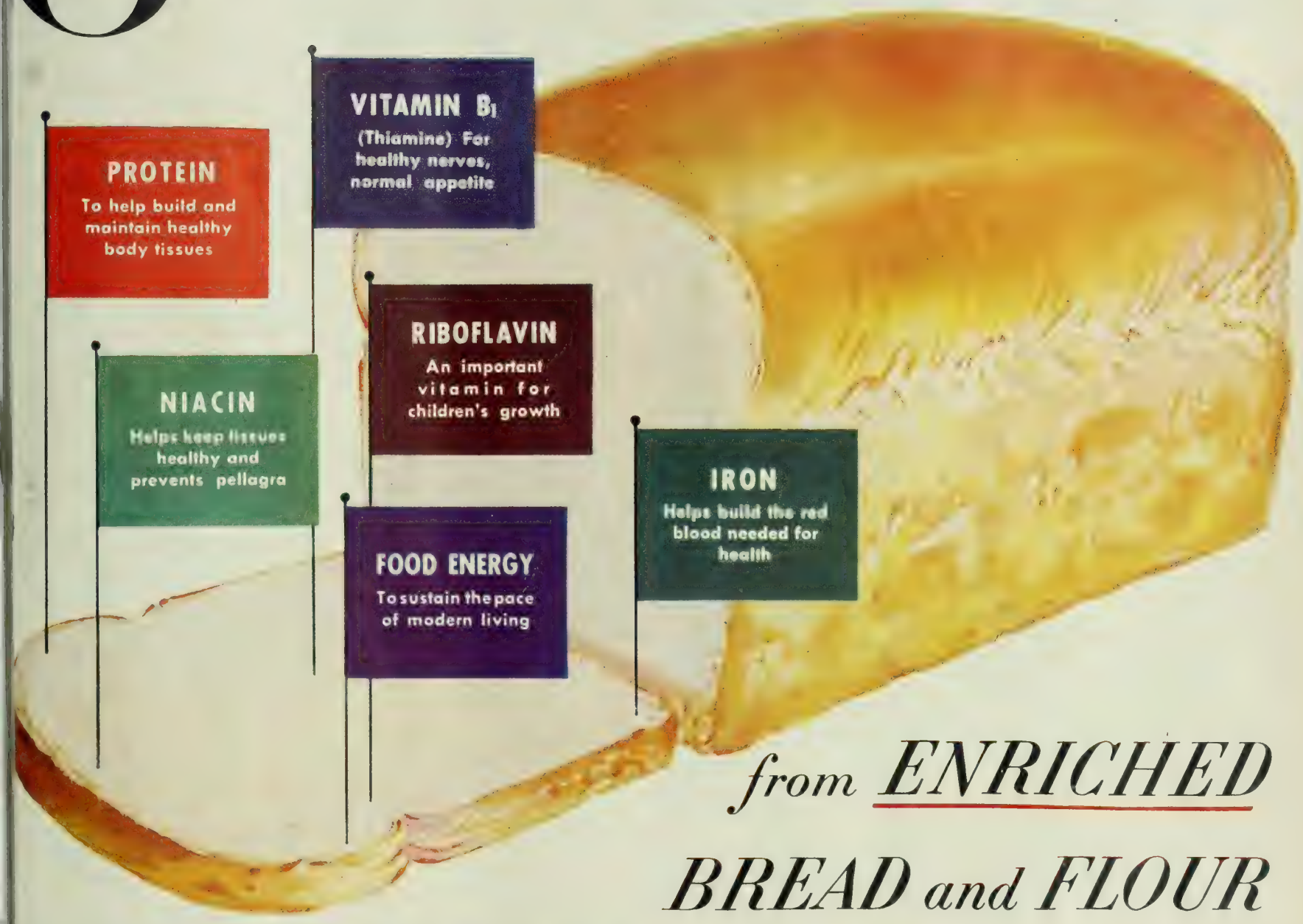
WHOLE FRUIT NECTARS
APRICOT · PEACH · PEAR

Whole fruit goodness! Whole fruit healthfulness! It's the original, irresistible "*Juicidrink*" for your whole family—bringing the zest of fresh, ripe whole apricots specially selected for nectar use.

Discover Heart's Delight Peach and Pear Nectars, too! Same tempting whole fruit quality! In a flavor-class by themselves, not only as a beverage, but also in alluring sherbets, salads, dressings, sauces, punches, desserts! Try the tested recipes on the back of every Nectar label.



6-way nourishment



from ENRICHED *BREAD and FLOUR*



What delicious variety you can have in breads...from the stores . . . or from your oven! Make your menus more interesting as well as more nutritious.

OUR MODERN BREAD! Think of it no longer as just an inexpensive way to get food energy . . . important though that *is* when we're living at so fast a pace. Read those flags! They tell you what *enriched* bread and flour really *do* contribute to the all-round balanced diet you and your family need.

From modern enriched bread and baked foods made with enriched flour *you get 6-way nourishment!* Remember that . . . every day at meal time, at snack time.

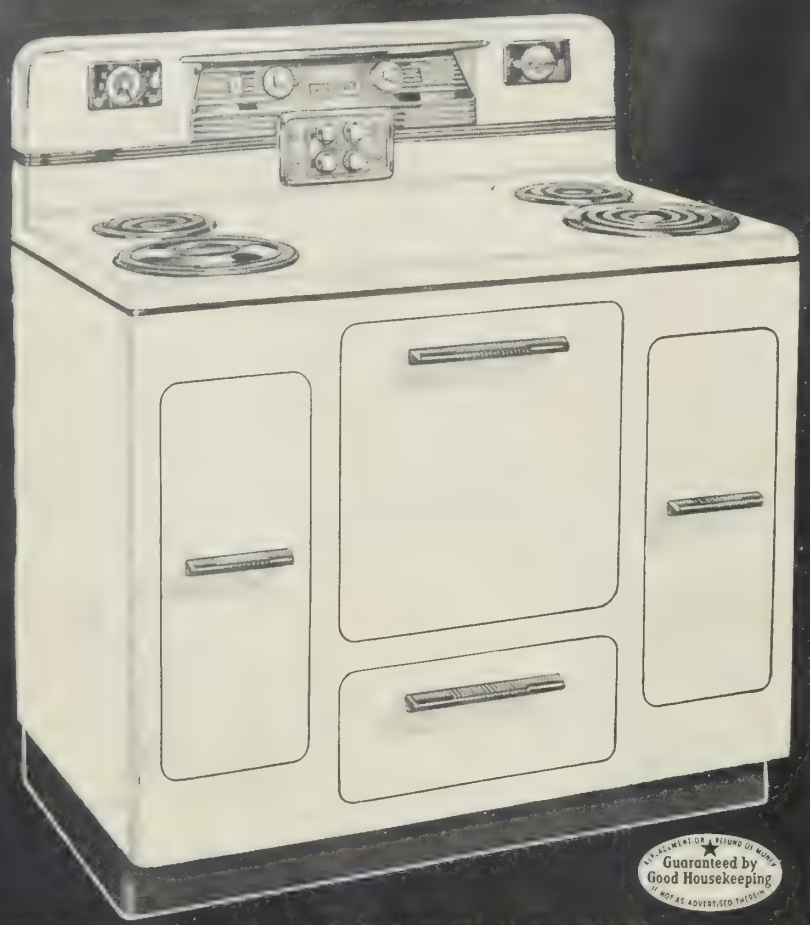
"IS BREAD FATTENING?" *No;* nutritionists tell us breads are no more fattening than any other food of equal energy content. The carbohydrates of bread are readily and easily converted into energy which is then used by the body as needed.

Copyright 1948 by Wheat Flour Institute

WHEAT FLOUR INSTITUTE

The nutritional statements in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

L&H Automatic ELECTRIC RANGE



Monotube hinged surface units, faster and easiest to clean.

Super "5000" Oven, extra large, recessed broiler and bake units.

Duo-Cook combination deep well cooker and surface unit.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

The range that makes good cooks better!



Your best recipes will be more temptingly delicious — your favorite pies and cakes even more luscious, every kind of cooking easier, faster, more fun — with an L&H! Its automatic wizardry is a boon to busy days. Its perfect performance a delight to jaded appetites. The most difficult dishes, the biggest family meals become suddenly easy under the magic of modern, high-speed units, and accurate time and temperature controls. You can bake, cook, fry, roast, broil faster and better than ever before. Flip a switch and it's all done automatically, while you do other things. Here truly is a range for luxurious living, for convenient, dependable meal preparation at its very best. See your L&H dealer. Write now for illustrated literature.

LINDEMANN & HOVERSON CO., MILWAUKEE 7, WISCONSIN

Also manufacturers of L&H Electric Water Heaters and L&H KEROGAS Oil Ranges

©1948

(Continued from Page 16)

of the Virgin over and above political machinations, are the strong fibers that bind the story together. The last third of the book will be a disappointment to some readers, and because of it—to our mind— CATALINA *just misses being Maugham's greatest novel.*

• • •

WE GATHER TOGETHER, by *Sara Jenkins,* is a good, sound, family novel that will be dearly loved by many readers. Sara Jenkins is daughter and granddaughter of Methodist ministers, and in her novel of three generations the six sons of the second generation are all Methodist preachers. "I wouldn't choose anything but a parsonage to grow up in," says Miss Jenkins, "because I got to know tramps, and prostitutes, and bankers and bishops, and once a dope fiend, right under my own vine and fig tree." The vine and fig tree of the novel are in a small Georgia town.

• • •

Another woman's book, this time not a novel, is ***Val Teal's*** IT WAS NOT WHAT I EXPECTED—about the joys and tribulations of having children and

REPRINTED FROM JOURNAL AMERICAN



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"Don't ask for a drink of water yet. They're still awake!"

running a house. Hilarious in spots, and true as diapers, high chairs and bloody noses.

• • •

Reviewing books gives you a wanderlust. You read a book on the Far North and you dream of fjords and the land of the midnight sun; you read about Africa and you feel there is nature in the raw, and you must see it before you die. But the book that really got us was THE HEALTHY HUNZAS, by *J. I. Rodale.*

There is a land! Hunza is a remote country of Northern India rarely penetrated by travelers. It lies at an elevation of five or six hundred feet from the bottom of a deep cleft between two towering mountain ranges, the average height of which is 20,000 feet. In summer and winter one is never out of sight of snow, but in spring, when the miraculous awakening takes place, the whole countryside is studded with the sparkling blossoms of apricot trees, pastel-tinted in pink and white in the radiance of bright sunshine and pure blue sky.

In this enchanting land live the healthiest people in the world. According to *Sir Robert McCarrison,* a doctor who worked in Hunza for many years, the people are "fertile and long-lived, and endowed with nervous systems of notable stability." He never found a case of asthenic dyspepsia, of gastric or duodenal ulcer, of appendicitis, mucous colitis or cancer. Cases of oversensitivity of

(Continued on Page 21)



EASY DOES IT!

FEATHER TOUCH "BEST" EGG BEATER



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

PERFECT GIFT for yourself . . . for friends

$3.95 at good stores, everywhere.

SAVES WORK—stands steady, without sliding around, in any size bowl. No arm fatigue with the Ekco "Best" Egg Beater.

SAVES TIME—whizzes with a light feather-touch. Gives mixer results by hand.

EKCO "BEST" EGG BEATER

ANOTHER GREAT PRODUCT BY EKCO

EKCO PRODUCTS CO., CHICAGO 39, ILL.



Youngstown Kitchens of white-enameled steel fit every kitchen plan—old home or new. You'll marvel at the low price!

Dream kitchens cost less than you'd think



the 48" twin-bowl Kitchenaider—a kitchen . Drainboard is sliding-removable. Second *tra* deep—11". Sink top of acid-resisting por- enamel. Doors and drawers sound-deadened. still greater utility with the new Mullinaider, tic waste-disposer unit. Fits all Kitchenaiders. optional equipment. Free home demonstration.

LOVELY, these Youngstown Kitchens.

But there's more to admire than their gleaming, efficient beauty. Just wait until you see the price!

The kitchen illustrated gives you an idea of what you can do with Youngstown Kitchenaider cabinet sinks, base and wall cabinets and accessories.

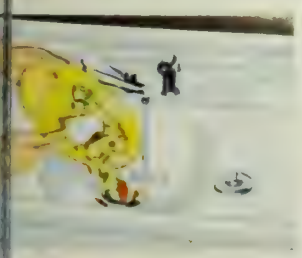
The 66" twin-bowl Kitchenaider speeds kitchen chores from food preparation to dishwashing. Like loads of work surfaces? You'll have them. How about storage space? Swing open the cabinet doors—open the smooth-sliding drawers. Indeed, here's a kitchen that only the leader, Youngstown, could build.

Best of all, this Youngstown Kitchen costs only about $16.00 a month (complete installation)—financing through dealer or bank. Others are equally low.

Your Youngstown dealer is the man with kitchen ideas—get acquainted! If you're building, specify a Youngstown Kitchen.

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
WARREN, OHIO
World's Largest Makers of Steel Kitchens

Youngstown Kitchens
BY MULLINS



agic! Mullinaider automatic sposer grinds away food scraps. n on cold water, flip Mullin- itch, scrape waste down drain . Sold as extra equipment.



See the swinging mixing-faucet and speedy rinse spray. Spray reaches all parts of sink top. Great for dishwashing and cleaning vegetables. Typical Youngstown value. See your dealer.

SEND COUPON TODAY!



GET THIS EXCITING BOOKLET!
20 pages featuring beautiful Youngstown Kitchens in color. Full details on Youngstown units and tips on arranging a new kitchen. Enclose 10c in cash. No stamps, please.

Please send me your Youngstown Kitchen booklet. I enclose 10c in cash.

I plan to remodel ☐
I plan to build ☐
I want Free Home Demonstration of Mullinaider ☐

Youngstown Kitchens
Mullins Manufacturing Corporation
Dept. L-948, Warren, Ohio

NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

COUNTY _____ STATE _____



What happens to LOVE on Monday?

On Sunday it was wonderful . . . her dearest love of a dress!

But then came Monday's wash-tub, and the love of a dress was gone! Nothing left but a sad and shrunken ruin.

But such a sad story need never happen! Get a dress with "Sanforized" on the label—and it CAN'T shrink out of fit, out of style!

Whether you're paying $3 or $30, look for the "Sanforized" trade-mark and live happily ever after with *every* cotton dress!

The style will never shrink away from the dress with "Sanforized" on the label.

•SANFORIZED•
TRADE ® MARK

. Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

Park Avenue
by Trifari

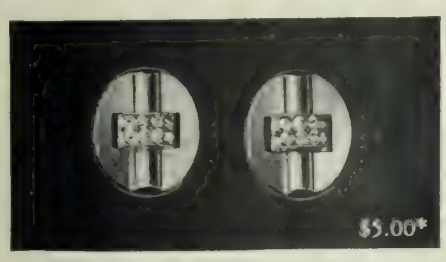
Jewels of inimitable chic, capturing the "400" air of New York's Park Avenue in their fashion-perfection.



Heavy links of gold-plated Trifanium pave their way to a magnificent medallion studded with rhinestones.



The wide bracelet repeats the same design, combining simplicity with elegance, good taste with richness.



"Park Avenue" by Trifari is typical of the exquisite workmanship and fashion flavor for which this house is famous. You'll wear this superb set with your most important Fall costumes. You'll find it at all fine stores.

Jewels by TRIFARI

design patent pending

*Tax Extra.

(Continued from Page 18)

the abdomen to nerve impressions, fatigue, anxiety or colds were completely unknown.

The Hunzas live right. They think nothing of walking sixty miles at a stretch, up and down the face of precipices. In midwinter one of their games is to make two holes in an ice pond, and dive repeatedly into one and come out the other. One Hunza made a two-hundred-mile trip by foot, which included crossing a mountain as high as Mont Blanc. He did the trip in seven days and returned fresh and untired. Their food is what Nature provides—milk, eggs, grains, fruits and vegetables. (In fact, it is the way their food is grown that started the whole thing: Mr. Rodale is the editor of ***Organic Gardening*** *and author of* **PAY DIRT.)**

To make his point about the relationship of food to health, Doctor McCarrison made a fascinating experiment: three groups of rats were fed on three different diets. The first group was fed the diet upon which the Hunzas live; the second group was fed the poor diet of the Southern Indians—Bengali and Madrasi—which is chiefly rice; the third group was given the diet of the lower classes of England (before the war)—white bread, margarine, sweetened tea, a little boiled milk, cabbage and potatoes, tinned meats and jam.

The results were terrific: at the end of two and a quarter years, among the Hunza rats there had been no case of illness; the Bengali rats suffered a variety of diseases which involved every organ of the body—nose, eyes, ears, heart, stomach, lungs, bladder, kidneys, intestines, blood glands, nerves and reproductive organs, also loss of hair, crooked spines, poor teeth, ulcers and boils; the English rats also developed most of these troubles, and in addition were nervous and apt to bite their attendants—they lived unhappily together, and by the sixtieth day began to kill and eat weaker ones among them!

• • •

We once produced some statistics about the size and shape of models' legs which, interestingly enough, brought in a stream of letters asking for further figures. The only additional fact we can produce right now is that seventeen of the Conover models stand six feet in their stocking feet.

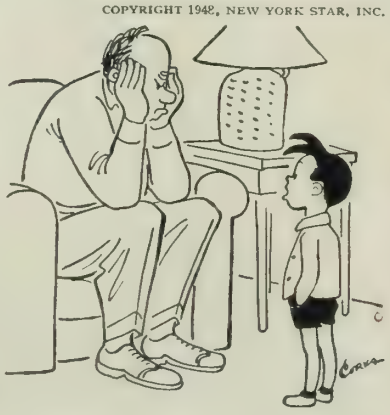
• • •

Did you know that Cary Grant once did stilt walking? Why, we wouldn't know.

• • •

The American Indians solved the mother-in-law problem. To show respect for her, the Indian bridegroom never talked to his mother-in-law or met her face to face.

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"Then don't think of her as your mother-in-law. Think of her as my grandmother."





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HOT SCHOOL LUNCHES... Idaho Provides

FOR HUNGRY SCHOOL CHILDREN

by MARGARET HICKEY

SCHOOL lunch is not a new problem for parents and teachers. Since schools began mothers have packed food into lunch boxes or paper bags for the noonday snack. Poor children came with little or no lunch at all, often eating it in secret so that none could see their meager fare. Little children often spilled theirs. Teachers shared their own cold meals with many a hungry child.

When children return to school this month, at least six million will be assured a hot lunch every day at nominal cost to parents—and without charge if they cannot pay. Public funds from state and Federal appropriations have made this possible under the National School Lunch Act of 1946, "a measure of national security, to safeguard the health and well-being of the nation's children." An additional million and a half children will benefit from free commodities purchased by the U. S. Department of Agriculture to support farm prices. Federal funds amounting to $75,000,000 will be divided among the states according to the number of school-age children and the per-capita income of the state. Until 1951 these Federal funds must be matched locally; after that states must put in $1.50 for every Federal dollar.

But the listless, tired child with a skimpy, cold lunch to eat will continue to dawdle over his lessons in thousands of schools. Two thirds of the children who live too far from school to return home at noon will still bring their lunches. Even though lunch programs have won general acceptance on both health and economy counts, communities that have them are still in the minority. So the cold lunch pail, which should have disappeared along with the dipper and water bucket and out-of-door plumbing, is still a part of the American school scene.

Nutrition studies made by the National Research Council in the past fifteen years have revealed that millions of our children are growing up with diet inadequacies. In a survey of over 2000 high-school pupils of low-income families in New York City, 74 per cent had a daily caloric intake below their energy needs. Other studies show that school lunches are a health aid for children from higher-income homes who spend too much on pop and candy bars. A canvass of one-day diet samplings in each of the 48 states showed that 45 per cent had no citrus fruits or tomatoes; 34 per cent had no dairy products; 25 per cent had no leafy or yellow vegetables; 12 per cent had no fish or poultry; 3 per cent had no whole-grain or enriched products.

Much credit is due the National Congress of Parents and Teachers for planning many of the best school-lunch projects. At their insistence officials have provided space, equipment, labor, supervision, with parents often helping out and also raising money to pay a part of the food costs. To state agencies and Federal government they have turned for the balance.

If your school is among the two thirds without hot lunches, there is work ahead for your local service club or women's group. Begin by making your community aware of the need. Organize a community nutrition council with representatives of schools, Red Cross, welfare, dental and prenatal clinics. Hot school lunches should be the concern of everyone.

Community groups may also work together to improve existing programs. With inflated food costs, the children most in need of a well-balanced meal will suffer if lunch prices are increased or the quality of the meals goes down. Since 42 state legislatures will meet in January, 1949, state programs can be expanded to give more assistance. Congress should be informed by interested citizens that it would be false economy to cut Federal funds for school lunches and risk impairment of the health of the nation's children.

THE END

IT is seven o'clock at night when Dorothy's father and mother return from a day's work at the laundry to their four-room shack near Fruitland, Idaho. Dorothy, who is 12, with eyes magnified to owl size by glasses on her pretty, pallid face, has supper waiting for them.

Her two younger brothers clamor for hamburgers. Dorothy shushes them angrily. "You know we don't have any meat—stupes!" She pours half a cup of fat into the pan, mixes it with flour and milk and pours it over boiled potatoes. She opens a can of peas and a can of peaches, piles a plate high with bread, and the Halsteads sit down to their usual meatless main meal, although this farm region is famous for its rich truck farms, superior cattle and fine orchards.

The Halstead children fix their own breakfast in the morning after their parents depart for work. Dorothy eats only cereal. She complains of a nervous stomach and says that she often loses her food.

Luckily for the Halsteads, they are among the 26 per cent of American school children who get a full-course, Government-subsidized lunch at school each day for the price of a drugstore hamburg. For 22 cents they have a meat dish, vegetable, dessert, all the bread-and-butter sandwiches they want and a half a pint of milk.

"When I went to school," a Fruitland farmer's wife recalls, "and times were bad, we took sandwiches of bread and lard." She grimaces at the recollection.

"Before the hot lunch was started here, some of my children brought plain bread, nothing else," quietly put in a teacher. "Now one child from a homesteader's family who gets lunch free eats 8 or 9 extra slices of bread a day."

Even in Fruitland's wealthiest homes, where home freezers bulge with luscious garden vegetables and prime beef the year round, the hot lunch at school has made a difference.

"My boy, now, he's the stringy type who always had sore throats and colds all winter," says a leader of the local P.T.A. "He hated cold sandwiches and I couldn't even fix a hot drink for his lunch box

(Continued on Page 253)

PHOTO BY HAROLD RHODENBAUGH—FPG



Lunchtime at Fruitland school. Young faces beam in anticipation of this tasty midday meal of hamburgers, potato salad, string beans, bread and butter, milk. A daily hot lunch provides each child with one third his daily food requirement.



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Hints for the Hostess

A LOVELY hostess, an attractive home, a party that is interesting and different—put them all together and you have the perfect combination for a successful year of club meetings and entertaining. September brings the beginning of these meetings and get-togethers, and the JOURNAL offers you booklets that will help make you one of the most popular hostesses in town! Use these suggestions to plan your entertaining schedule.

ENTERTAINING

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1512. THE BRIDE. Planning a wedding presents countless problems—and each one needs the correct solution. Includes forms for invitations and announcements; hints for all weddings. 15c.

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BEAUTY

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Making Marriage Work

Expecting too little of marriage is as bad as expecting too much

BY CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., The Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

YOUR PARENTS' MARRIAGE

OF all the factors influencing your chances of happiness in marriage, one of the most significant is the character of your parents' marriage. If your parents were happily married, then by precept and example you have been trained to have a happy marriage. Having enjoyed a happy family life as a child, you expect it as an adult—and are prepared to work for it.

The importance of this factor can be indicated in numbers. Suppose John asked us to forecast his chances of married happiness. If we disregarded the factor of his parents' marriage, we would estimate his chances of married happiness at 54 in 100. But, since John's parents' marriage was unhappy, we must reduce our estimate from 54 in 100 to 30 in 100. Similarly, by the factor of her parents' unhappy marriage alone, Jane's chances are reduced from 52 in 100 to 37.

These statistics are the first published results of a research project begun ten years ago, and unique in that the individuals involved were first interviewed before marriage. Subsequent contacts have traced the progress of their married lives, and investigated factors affecting their degree of happiness. The complete findings will enable us not only to appraise an individual's chances of married happiness, but also to advise him—or her—on the most suitable type of partner.

In what ways can your parents' marriage a generation ago so strongly affect your marriage today?

- First of all, by a process of unconscious imitation, you learned attitudes and habits from your parents which you will carry with you into your own home. If your parents talked things over, settled differences by compromise or persuasion, if they trusted each other, this will be your standard of normal behavior, and you will try to act the same way. On the other hand, if your parents attempted to settle differences by quarreling, if each was constantly trying to dominate the other, if the atmosphere was one of suspicion and distrust, these things will seem to you, if not desirable, at least normal, and your behavior is likely to mirror theirs.

- If you came from a happy home, you value your parents' opinion, and you are likely to choose a mate of whom they will approve. And this factor, too—parental approval of a match—is shown by the research described earlier to improve significantly chances of married happiness.

- If your parents achieved a happy marriage, they want and expect similar happiness for you. Since you value their opinion, you do not want to disappoint them. This single fact is a powerful deterrent to divorce. You go into marriage, not with the feeling that you have an easy out if things don't go to suit you, but with a powerful determination to make it work.

Children of unhappy homes are likely to develop one of two attitudes toward marriage. At one extreme, you feel your marriage must be successful, in order to compensate for your unhappy childhood. You expect much, you try too hard, and you are doomed to disappointment, if not divorce.

At the other extreme, you assume that because your marriage was unhappy, yours will be too. You are so bitter you decide not to marry at all. Or if you do, you reserve a mental rain check, so that you can go back to single life. Since you feel that your marriage will probably fail anyway, you make no special effort to make it succeed.

Neither attitude provides a favorable basis for married happiness. That is why it is so important for a person who has had an unhappy home background to select a mate whose parents were happily married. At least one of the two people involved will then possess many of the attitudes that go with successful marriage; perhaps, with patience and tolerance on both sides, the other can acquire them.

If you are already married, do your best to achieve a successful marriage, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your children. If you set them the example of a happy family life, you are passing on to them a heritage far more likely to ensure their happiness than any material estate.

ASKING TOO MUCH

A WIFE'S demanding attitude is easy to recognize if big issues are involved. But a steady procession of little demands can be equally troublesome, and can gradually destroy the happiness of a marriage. Unfortunately, many wives ask too much of their husbands without realizing it. Here are some of the "little ways" of asking too much:

Household chores, a source of relaxation to some husbands, are irritating and burdensome to others. Though any good husband will help out in an emergency, you should adapt your routine requirements to his attitude. If your husband detests mowing the lawn, fixing the faucet, painting the porch furniture, don't fill his evenings and week ends with too many such chores, or he may look for excuses for not coming home.

Evening checkup. Though it's desirable for a wife to be interested in her husband's activities, she should avoid subjecting him to a nightly catechism concerning details—whom he saw, where he lunched, how much money he spent, and why he was fifteen minutes late.

Complaint by comparison. Mrs. Jones has a new automatic washer, the Smiths have a new car, the Browns are planning a trip. The wife who dwells on other women's possessions may not criticize her husband in words, but her attitude implies an unfavorable comparison with other husbands.

Public Disparagement. A wife's criticism of her husband, in the presence of outsiders, is an upsetting performance to all concerned. Yet many a wife who deplores such behavior will humiliate her own husband by little efforts to "improve" him in public—correcting his grammar, jesting about his table manners, or supplying the punch line to his joke.

Little jabs like these, if continued, can rob a marriage of its sweetness. If too much is asked, in big ways or little, accomplishment is likely to fall short of expectations, and disappointment results. But if expectations are reasonable, both partners share the thrill of every achievement. Check yourself on these five points:

- What have you to offer? Are you sure *you* are giving as much as you expect from your husband?

- Do you praise your husband in some way, at least once a day? When he does something specifically for you, do you show your appreciation?

- Think of the men your close friends married. All things considered—income, ability, personality and disposition—doesn't your husband show up pretty well?

- How about you—how do you compare with the wives you know, as a cook, as a housekeeper, as a companion? Do you honestly show up better than they—or as well?

- How often do you admit that you are wrong, and that you sometimes fall short of perfection?

It is easy for all of us to project our failings upon the other. Maybe a little careful reflection will show you that you are asking too much. It's worth going over the list a second time, for this form of selfishness is one of the hardest faults to recognize in ourselves.

Is your home happy?

A happy home depends upon many things. If possible, both you and your husband should independently answer these questions with an honest "yes" or "no."

1. Is mealtime a pleasant occasion for all?
2. Do installment payments exceed 10 per cent of total income?
3. Is your home comfortable and satisfying?
4. Do you lack essential laborsaving conveniences?
5. Are birthdays and other important dates usually celebrated?
6. Does either mate drink or gamble too much?
7. Are over half of any misunderstandings largely your fault?
8. Is your home shared by friends or relatives?
9. Can you make a compromise on a "principle"?
10. Are there overdue bills that are difficult to pay?
11. Are both proud of the appearance of the home?
12. Is any member of the family in poor health?
13. Does the family usually attend church together?
14. Does your mate's lack of co-operation worry you?
15. Are both of you glad to have friends visit you?
16. Does your mate's attitude toward the opposite sex bother you?
17. Are you two good "matches" for each other?
18. Do you have many arguments about the children?
19. Do you two take time to talk things over?
20. Do you have a "problem" child?

Credit one point for each odd-numbered question answered *yes* and for each even-numbered item answered *no*. Your home is probably quite happy if your score totals 16 or more (or if the total for both of you is 33 or more). With a score of 13 or less (27 or less if paired) see if some improvement cannot be made.

DO YOU AGREE?

My wife admits I have been a good husband, but is walking out on our marriage of five years to pursue a career (and a man), possibly to remarry. She is leaving me the children. If I remarry a few years hence, could she regain their custody?

Since you are seeking the divorce, consult your attorney on how to keep the children. Under the circumstances you describe, she has no claim on them. The mere fact of having given birth to children does not guarantee a woman their custody.

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What's New—and What's News!

Look who's talking. . . . it's Sub-Debs reporting in a round-the-country, just-for-fun survey on the newest slanguage—what teen-agers *say* they're saying these days. These colorful new additions to the high-school dictionary range from variations on the familiar jive-talk oldies to an original and amusing kind of corner-casbah chitchat called the "few" language.

Slang expressions vary greatly from the East Coast to way out in the cactus country (and many fellows and girls still prefer to have their says in straight English); but just for instance, out in Wyoming a "buzz boy" might pick up his "neat deal" or "cream cutie" for a "rocky-doo" evening, unless he's too "bushed" or "feeling watery" and would rather just spend the time with the boys.

A girl from Wisconsin (according to her favorite fella) is a "cutie," and if she's had a good date, she'll tell you it was "hmmmmmmmm" or "rah-tee-dah." In Arkansas only a "knot-head" (that's a character from the carnival) would turn down a date with a "creampuff" when the chances are the evening would be "something to boing about."

And down in the magnolia country—Alabama, that is—any "steady Freddy" wants a "sweet sue" for his date so they can pool their fun in planning a "swoonful time."

And "ruff and ragged" Arizona is the state with a teen-talk all its own. It's called the "few" language and it has "few" rules—just one, to be exact. That rule states that the only adjectives allowed in teen-age conversation are "few" and "very." So if a local hombre out Arizona way happens to ask you, "How's the weather, bub?" the only possible answer is "It's raining 'few'" or "The sun is shining 'very.'" Sounds confusing at first, but it's just amusing—"very"!

And now for some miscellaneous translations to help your eavesdropping round any high-school hangout from coast to coast. In other words, "everybody's saying it!" and here are some of the newest, favorite slang terms: the opposite of B.T.O. (you remember—"big-time operator") is now T.W.O. ("teeny-weeny operator"); W.O.W. means "worn-out wolf"; and D.D.T., of the high-school variety, means just what you think it does—"drop dead twice."

That thirty-five cents an hour smart gals get for baby sitting is known as "hush money"; students begin to worry when their scholastic average drops "below C level"; a tightwad on a date is dubbed a "slow dough"; the family car is the "woo wagon"; to "rack up" means to keep quiet; a new love in your life is a "happy heart attack"; and any girl whose favorite subject is "boyology" will add "rugged," "royal," "sharp 'n' shrewd" or "peachee-keen" to her vocabulary to describe her favorite beau boy.

And for favorite make-it-mean-anything phrases, "For crying out soft!", "Dig a hole, mole" and "Bless your little pointed head!" lead the list. And if you're still just "crawling with curiosity" to know more of the newest slanguage language, keep your ears open round the local Cokery till you hear a Sub-Deb talking!

What's doing after dark? . . . With most teen-agers, the favorite dating pastime is still dancing—any kind of dancing from swing-your-partner numbers in the gym to a little sweet-and-slow waltzing at a school prom with such all-time favorites as Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Embraceable You and Stardust setting the background music.

But for a casual date, without the fancy trimmings, our Sub-Debs suggest two new smarty parties to give at home, with little work for the hostess, but extra fun for the guests. Make your plans around a serve-it-yourself menu for a "soda fountain" or a "Dagwood sandwich" party. For the No. 1 shindig put up a soda fountain made from a long table set with ice cream plus bowls of trimmings—everything from chopped nuts to maraschino cherries, pineapple cubes and plenty of chocolate and marshmallow sauce. Each guest gets a generous dish of vanilla ice cream and a crepe-paper apron as a starter, and then he's on his own to go wild in creating an individual super-sized double-whammy sundae! Only rule at the party: each guest must *eat* his own concoction. And don't worry about anyone's wanting seconds!

For even heartier appetites, how about starting this party in the kitchen, à la Dagwood, with all the makings on hand for giant three-inch Dagwood sandwiches? Each fellow and gal turns chef to make his own sandwich (have plenty of meat spreads, peanut butter, cheeses, and so on, ready), and no one is allowed to taste a bite until the sandwich has reached three inches by measurement! (To keep the cost down, cut the bread in three-quarter-inch slices to start with.) This is one party too many cooks can't spoil.

Fashion is funny. . . . Round the country, teen-age girls still have that look-alike pattern when turned out in their Sunday best. For schooltime, sweaters and skirts or full skirts with Gibson-girl blouses are rated tops, and it's still "dem golden slippers" that brighten up a date dress any evening. But as added fancy-nancy wardrobe touches, many Sub-Debs have fads of their own.

The Philadelphia gals pin their initials in gold on their wool socks, one letter to each sock (try any novelty shop), or wear two pairs of socks at once—one pair in each of the school's colors. With the tops of one turned down over the other, you have the school colors "from head to foot." The same crowd wears a double-ribbon bow tie, also in school colors, on tailored white school-day blouses.

Out in Arizona, when a girl is going steady she lets the world in on her secret by lacing her shoes upside down, and in Alabama a girl puts her heart on her sleeve by wearing a big bright bow tied at the back of her hair. The West Virginia peaches report that all the smoother honeychiles are wearing shorter hair-dos, and even the muscle men round school have taken to peroxiding "lucky streaks" in their hair. From Wisconsin comes a new friendship trick for girls—you wear one fancy earring and who wears the other? Why, your best girl friend, of course—just to show you *are* best friends.

Shirts and blue jeans (or Levis, if you live west of the Rockies) are still the favorite rompin' and relaxin' outfits for girls round the country, and the same blue jeans, worn with sport shirts or cashmere sweaters, are standard wear for many high-school fellows.

Along the West Coast, boys like Levis teamed with leather flying jackets, or well-pressed khaki trousers and shirts (picked up at war-surplus centers) for casual school wear. In Arizona, a smooth operator may pair his Levis with a gaudy shirt and high boots; in Los Angeles he paints them with the names of girl friends in bright paint; in Arkansas he rolls them up above the ankle and wears a striped T shirt or a gay tropical print; and in West Virginia no Levi combo is complete unless supported by bright-red suspenders!

Around Seattle, some of the gayer lads have sewed bits of lace on the cuffs of their cords to imitate the girls' ruffled petticoats; in Arkansas the boys go all out for that "bold look" by tying their ties in extra large knots and wearing old saddle shoes painted red, green and orange. In San Francisco and out that-away, the well-dressed chaps dye their shoes a deep, dark brown and shine them till they catch the sun; and down South black shoes, brightened with strips of colored celluose tape, are all the rage.

Around the Midwest (or so the Sub-Debs say!) all the boys like the school-sweater-and-corduroy-slacks combination for every-day wear, while an occasional character sports a sequined necktie and a bright-banded Panama hat, crown pushed in and brim turned up all the way around. Well, maybe fashion *is* funny—but in high school, it's part of the fun too.

Two's Company! Three's a Crowd!

. . . but four or more can be a Sub-Deb Club, a club that's fun for everyone! First get your best gal pals together to map plans, then write to Maureen Daly, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, and ask for all the information on forming a Sub-Deb Club all your own. We'll send you a membership blank, membership cards, club charter and Sub-Deb Club Handbook—everything you need to start the fun. And remember—everyone can be a Sub-Deb! Let's hear from you.

THE SUB-DEB . . . EDITED BY MAUREEN DALY

IN AS LITTLE AS 3 MINUTES!

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YOU'LL LOVE THIS AMAZING
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Procter & Gamble's Shampoo Sensation! Prell's exclusive Radiant-Creme formula leaves your hair more radiant than *any* soap shampoo, cream *or* liquid! And doctors' examinations *proved* that Prell removes unsightly dandruff in as little as 3 minutes. Think of it, hair shiningly radiant and free of ugly dandruff—just by shampooing with this wonderful new emerald-clear *Radiant-Creme!*

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For radiant hair—this Radiant-Creme. Leaves hair smooth, soft, shining, lovelier!



No embarrassing dandruff when you use Prell—regular Prell shampoos *control* it!



IT'S A NAUTICAL KNOCKOUT! That space-wasting "jog" is now a shipshape "study-cabin" for your young skipper. The "masts" dividing it from the "stateroom" are plywood pillars . . . the window curtain a discarded sail. But the ship's deck floor? That's the secret of this wonderful room! It's actually a Sloane random-plank effect in Inlaid Linoleum, pattern 1610, trimmed with Koroseal Cove base, pattern 4014.



IT'S A PLAY ROOM, it's a bedroom, for a lucky little girl! The lattice? That's 10-cent store ribbon. The lovely new rugs? They're not costly Axminsters. They're Sloane Resilient Enamel Rugs, No. 3196. Buy yours in sizes to fit your rooms. They cost so little and you just unroll them on your floors.



WASTE SPACE BECOMES A SEWING ROOM. Second-hand shut- ost 50 cents screen it from sleeping area. And *easily* afford the luxury of that beautiful wall-to-wall floor covering. It's inexpensive Sloane Resilient Enamel, 5257, a new Chinese matting effect with floral ed with Koroseal* Cove base, pattern 4008.

We do a Problem room 3 ways

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HAVE you a "space-waster" in your home? A room-with-a-jog like this? Here are three happy answers to show you how easy—how little it costs—to turn waste space into useful room—pleasingly decorated, color-perfect. Just do as decorators do—start with the floor—a new Sloane floor to inspire you. Try it! You can't go wrong!

See your Sloane-Blabon dealer. You'll find the perfect floor to please your taste and suit your home and your personality—Inlaid and Marbletone Linoleum with matchless, permanent colors . . . Koroseal,* the new, miracle plastic in Tile, Cove Base and Minicove—jewel-brilliant, mirror-bright—never grows old, never needs waxing . . . Asphalt Tile that wears and wears and costs so little . . . Resilient Enamel Rugs, Floor Covering and Wall Covering in stunning new patterns and designs. You've never seen anything like them!

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EVERYBODY GETS IT

By Irene McDermott

HAVE you ever had adolescence? Well, if you haven't, you're either under twelve or you're a parent. It's infectious or contagious or something. Practically everybody gets it. Except parents. It seems they *never* had it when they were young.

It keeps you in a sort of dither most of the time, like not knowing whether to go all out for pigtails, bobby socks and pop's plaid shirt, or slink around in a tucked-in sweater and mother's nylon stockings, your hair on top of your head. Of course it's practically impossible for *me* to express *my* personality (even if I knew which way I wanted to express it) with mother around being helpful all the time and wearing that "wringing her hands" look on her face.

It's the same way with Frank Sinatra and Butch Parker. I can't tell where Frankie leaves off and Butch begins. And Butch doesn't seem to know the score either. One time you'd think I was Betty Grable and Lana Turner rolled into one; the next time he sees me, I'm practically Cass Daley minus. But Butch is zingy! He panics me—but absolutely!

But to get back to adolescence; perhaps I can explain it better this way: *convalescence* is that time in between being sick and getting well; *adolescence* is that time in between being a child and an adult.

And I've got it. I don't hurt anyplace and I feel fine, but I've got it just the same. I wouldn't even have known it if I hadn't overheard mother tell Mrs. Curtis.

Janet Curtis, my best friend, has it too. She's all broken out with it. I'm not broken out any. I did have two bumps, but mother rushed me down to Doctor Adler. He shook his head and told mother, "Don't give her any more *chocolate!*" So mother clamped down, as only mother can. I had to depend entirely on outside sources for every bite of chocolate I got! But it worked. I didn't have any more bumps.

And adolescence is not being able to decide whether to go to the Dan Dailey movie at the Bijou or stay home and do your homework—when you practically know you'll have to do your homework, parents being what they are, always around in the ointment and all.

And you never know when it's going to hit you. Adolescence, I mean. Like the other night when I couldn't eat my dinner, mother simply let me go upstairs without a word about cleaning up my plate. I heard her whisper to father, "It's just adolescence." And all the time *I* thought it was the two double chocolate malteds Janet and I had after school, or maybe the bag of potato chips Butch gave me.

And the other day I got mad at Dody Chalmers and called her a low-down two-faced chiseler over the telephone just as mother came into the hall. When I ran upstairs bawling, mother just looked frustrated and mumbled something about adolescence. Any other time she would have given me a smack and made me apologize to Dody.

Then the next day she tried to draw me out v-e-r-y tactfully, as to what the rumpus was about. Said we should confide in each other and some more mother-and-daughter stuff. Why, sure, I tell my mother everything. Why not, for goodness' sakes? But do you think I'd let her, or anybody, know that sneaking Dody Chalmers had practically bribed Butch Parker to ask her for a date? Not me. That'll die with me. He'll suffer, too, you'll see. *She* can't write his English compositions for him!

But to get back to my adolescence. The other evening I came in and flopped in a chair and fairly groaned, I was so tired. Mother patted me on the shoulder and said it was natural for me to be tired—adolescence—and that I needn't help with the dishes. Sacred guppies, was I surprised! I thought I was tired from the baseball game Janet and I played with the Grim Reapers.

I'm not the rugged type, and ordinarily I wouldn't be drip enough to go out for baseball—but there's a new man in school, and he was catching. Ping (Rhodes is his name), he's a riot—actually.

But the very next night when I was just as tired—tennis that time (and can that man play tennis! I can see where he gets his nickname). He kept saying "love" all the time whether it was a love game or not. He's zingy! He panics me—but absolutely.

Where was I? Oh, yes, adolescence—and I was tired and I groaned like Bette Davis and gasped, "It's—my—adolescence again!" Mother just snapped her eyes and shut her lips tight and said, "Young lady, you get right out there and do those dishes!" So you see you can't even tell yourself when it's adolescence or something else.

My brother George tried it too—after he saw me get out of the dishes that night. He's eight. George, I mean. When father told him to rake up the leaves in the front yard, he made an awful face and said he had a pain in his back. He said he felt like he was getting adolescence from me. Father got his little stick (which he never uses, it's just for effect) and he said *loud*, "You rake the leaves young man, in the front yard *and* the *back!*" George gave me a dirty look, but I couldn't help it because he wasn't old enough to get adolescence.

BUT what curdles me is the attitude parents take about such things. You'd think I was still a child. The other night I was on the porch crunched down in the swing thinking about Mike Casey. He's simply zingy. He panics me—absolutely. But the folks thought I was over at Janet's and they were talking me over. Before I could cough or anything, father had practically blown a gasket about Mike hanging around so much—so then I had to keep still. Father was saying, but strenuously, "Week before last it was Butch Parker, last week it was that new Rhodes boy, and *now* it's—Mike Casey!" I heard mother shushing him with, "Don't get so wrought up, dear; she'll get over it—it's only adolescence."

Ye sacred guppies! So it's only *that* again. And I thought sure I was in love this time! THE END





Set No. 3462/5. Table size 34 x 62" extended, 34 x 50" closed. Choice of colors: Table: white or canary. Chairs: seats and form-fitting backs richly upholstered in canary, red or black; seat and back panels in gleaming white Arvinite.

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Fifty Years Ago in the Journal



In September, 1898, Wilhelmina began her fifty-year reign over the Netherlands. Fresh from its victories over Spain, the U. S. fleet steamed up the Hudson amid wild acclaim. Teddy Roosevelt was running for governor of New York and Barnum's fat lady (500 pounds) expired at the age of 44.

Writes Editor Bok on the subject of women's clubs in the September, 1898, JOURNAL: "As long as a women's club does not take up political questions, in which it can do no good, but effect much harm, it deserves a mighty purpose."

Etiquette: "Fruit stones may be removed from the mouth by the assistance of the fork, but it is in better taste to use one's napkin to conceal this act."

"The United States is often quoted as the land where a woman may travel alone without protection." Assures the writer of When Country Women Come to Town. She adds that rooms at the New York Y.W.C.A. cost 50 cents a night.

"I visit a great deal," says The Helpful Visitor. "I am not brilliant, but I can make good buttonholes."

"Queen Wilhelmina has been given a weekly allowance," announces the JOURNAL, *"for all of which she must render an account. When it does not suffice for Christmas presents, she purchases the materials and makes the gifts with her own fingers."*

Advises Ruth Ashmore in a piece for Business Girls' Evenings: "Now, my dear girl, while I do not disapprove of a simple dance in a real home, I must advise you never to go to a public ball."

Fashion note: "Little boys' bathing suits are made of black alpaca with sailor collar, short sleeves, and reaching to the knee."

"A red nose comes sometimes from indigestion, but more frequently from lack of circulation. Loosen your corsets or take them off entirely," proposes the fashion editor.



ACME PHOTO



Journal About Town

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.

WHAT with quite a few of the largest colleges in the country right here in town, and of course more public schools than any other city in the world, not to mention nearly 900 privately run schools of every known variety—from where you learn how to be a policeman to where you can become a hypnotist—over 2,000,000 students, or pupils, will be returning to their studies here in a few days from the time this issue appears. About 250 of them will be returning to the Professional Children's School, over on Broadway, a probably unique institution. Only kids who are working or studying in the theater, movies, radio or music go there, as you can just about tell from the picture. School starts at 10 and closes at 2:15, so the pupils who work at night can sleep late, and those with matinees can leave in time to catch a curtain. Only conventional school studies, no professional training. They're getting that outside—most of them in regular jobs.

Ten-o'clock scholars—only for them it's legal. They're pupils of the Professional Children's School.

Somebody has taken the slogan made famous by the JOURNAL*—Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman—and used it as the title of a song. You can get it on records.*

There's a little restaurant across town that ***Louella Shouer*** likes, where they give the waiters and kitchen help an extra night off once a week and let the regular customers come in for a pantry-raid evening. The bartender keeps an eye on things up front, the proprietor on things in back; four to five people are allowed at one time in the kitchen, and only long enough to whip up quick things like hamburgers, steaks, eggs and sandwiches, and clean up; then another batch moves in. Getting pretty popular with West Pointers, who are handy in the kitchen and like to make their spending money last. They're pretty popular with the proprietor—they're so neat!

ROY STEVENS



Where the patron cooks her own.

Hugh Kahler received a post card that read, "Please send me your formula for short stories." Hugh answered with what he claims is the only formula he knows: "They'd better be good."

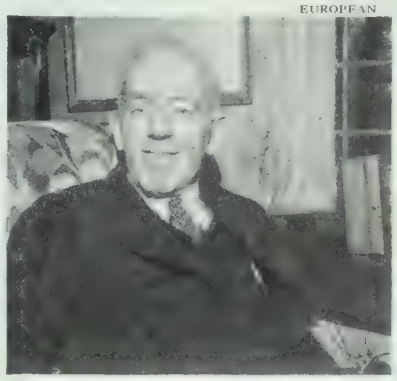
***George E. Vigouroux, Jr.**, a friend of **Bruce Gould's**, was telling him about all the articles of castoff clothing he and his wife had been saving in suitcases to be packaged for Europe, and how, arriving at a large country house for the week end, and opening his bag to dress for dinner, they found they'd brought—you guessed it—the suitcases with the castoff clothing.*

Both men and women are getting taller. The average height of draftees increased two thirds of an inch between World Wars. Older women today average five feet, three inches; college girls, five feet, five inches. . . . The ideal homemaker in the U. S., according to one survey, is between 40 and 49 years of age, a college graduate, and a person with a comfortable, medium income. In her premarriage days she was a librarian, teacher or nurse. . . . Each nickel costs the U. S. Government half a cent to make. . . . In A.D. 301 the Roman Emperor Diocletian issued a price-control edict which covered not only necessities and commodities of life and the wages of laborers, artisans and schoolmasters—but also those of *orators*. . . . In most fields of endeavor, women's greatest triumphs have come after the age of 40—George Eliot wrote Mill on the Floss at 41; Madame Curie won the Nobel Prize at 44; Clara Barton founded the American Red Cross at 59. . . . Overweight after the age of 25 shortens lives by adding burdens to the heart and circulation; 28 per cent of all Americans are 10 per cent overweight, while only 12.8 per cent are underweight.

*When **Alice Blinn** dispatched a boy for a centerpiece of chrysanthemums for a color food picture, the clerk at the florist told the messenger they'd have to send out for them. "Chrysanthemums are one flower we don't carry," she informed the young man. "Our manager is allergic to them."*

Louise Benjamin had an appointment with ***John Kieran*** at his home, which happens to be way, way uptown, at the far upper tip of the city. She phoned to ask him how to get there, saying that she planned to take a taxi from the Workshop, a plan which the famous answer man deplored as highly extravagant, urging her to take the sub-

EUROPEAN



Economy-minded John Kieran.

way instead, even though they'd raised the fare. "Why, do you realize," he told Mrs. B., whose magazine must spend half a million a year on travel expenses, "a taxi would cost you $2.85—and would the JOURNAL stand for that?"

A colleague came upon ***John Werner***, our copy editor, behind his high wall of reference books, as he was making a final checkup on the manuscript of ***Cornelia Otis Skinner's*** Family Circle, which you'll find on page 36. Seems in verifying statements of fact in the manuscript he'd used almost thirty books, including Who's Who in America, Who's Who (international), Who's Who in the Theatre, Encyclopaedia Britannica, World Almanac, Postal Guide, Shakespeare, the Bible, Dictionary of American Biography, Century Cyclopedia of Names, Cumulative Book Index, Webster's International Dictionary and a French dictionary. Asked how many serious errors he found in the copy, John replied, "Only two. But when Miss Skinner was queried about them, she dug back into her father's scrapbook, and what do you think? . . . We found the reference books were wrong."



"He's bringing the wherewithal to get to Reno," Willie gloate

THE PUMPKIN SHELL

In Willie's world there was only one way to do things—the easy way.

The Journal's Complete-in-one-issue Novel By Charlotte Armstrong

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER



IT was deep summer. The great window, the wall of glass, caught and framed its picture. Far off, the soft Connecticut hills rolled in a heat haze. Nearer, the old meadows, the weed-grown fields, baked and burned yellow. And asymmetrically across the foreground the pin oak on the terrace threw a lacy drapery of cut green leaves.

Inside, the room was both bright and cool. A flower-and-vine border, painted in naïve blues and reds and yellows, ran whimsically under the rafters on the white plaster walls. Yet the straw-colored matting on the floor, the whitewashed fireplace, the large and artful simplicity of the furniture seemed to invite cool air and encourage it to move.

Must have had the house insulated, thought Roger Lane, shifting his knees.

Willie said, "Gin!"

Willie had on a beautiful pair of pale green slacks. She was wearing her harlequin glasses with the Kelly-green frames today. Her narrow square-shouldered body was tossed into the chair any old way, Willie's way, and one long, slim, attractive leg was thrown over a chair arm and off the bare, unblemished foot her fantastic play shoe dangled.

"Gol fling it, Willie," said Roger, "you're too smart!" He drank down what was left in his glass and looked vaguely back of him toward the bar.

"Yes, I know," said Willie Peterson, yawning. "Too smart. Too smart." She leaned her head on the chair and seemed to doze, suddenly.

Roger looked at her narrow, clever face, her thin hands lying in her lap, and he thought that even with her eyes closed the mischief wasn't entirely gone out of her. Willie, he told himself again, must be forty. Or close to it. Her daughter, Jan, was seventeen. He thought, vaguely, *But it's Saturday afternoon.* He hadn't meant to find himself sitting indoors in Pete Peterson's fancy farmhouse, playing gin rummy with Willie. Not that it wasn't wonderfully pleasant . . . cool . . . lazy.

Roger shook his pale head. He rose and drifted with his customary slow and weary air to the bar.

"Am I keeping you up, Mrs. Peterson, ma'am?" he said amiably. "Just for that you can whistle for your fifty cents I owe you."

Willie, with her eyes closed, whistled. So he dug a fifty-cent piece from his pocket and threw it at her and she lifted her lids at the last possible moment and caught it. She bit it. She said, "Thanks." She put it somewhere in the green pants. She reached for a snarl of yellow yarn.

Roger mixed a drink, grinning to himself. Willie Peterson was something. He admired her. She was all the time so darned amusing. "Say," he asked, "what's that thing you're all the time knitting?"

"Crocheting, my ignorant pet. Known as a fascinator." She put the yellow stuff over her head and her green eyes, behind the glasses, mocked at herself and everything.

"Who you going to fascinate in that thing?"

"Myself, darling. It's all done with mirrors. . . . Mix me one, Roger."

He peered into the ice bucket. "No more ice. Shall I ring a bell, or what?"

"Dingle the dangle." She made her hand wag on a limp wrist.

"The h'm? Oh." Roger found the little bell and rang it. "What happens now?"

"A genie appears," said Willie.

Roger's mouth—Willie was always just a little too swift for him—fell gently open. The woman who came from the kitchen to answer the bell was big-boned, flat-chested, long-lipped. Everything about her—her skin, her graying hair, her decent cotton dress, everything except her bright blue eyes—seemed to have faded in many washings, as if a fierce cleanliness had left her immaculate and pale.

"Rang the bell, didn't you?" she said in a flat, accusing twang.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Hall. May we have more ice, please?"

Mrs. Hall looked skeptically into the ice bucket. "Guess so." She picked it up. "I'd like to know how many's going to be for supper." *(Continued on Page 162)*

"Sorry. Very sorry," said Pete, in a miasma of shame.

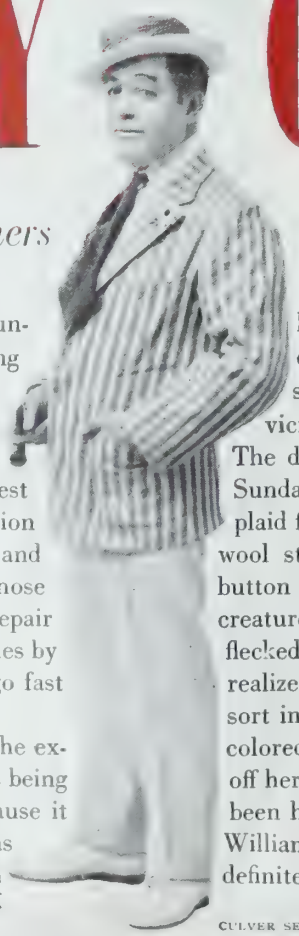


WIDE WORLD PHOTO

After watching Cornelia in a children's play, Otis Skinner turned to her mother. "Well, Maud, she has no talent—thank God!" Later he led Cornelia to the footlights for a bow on Broadway.

FAMILY CIRCLE

A successful theatrical family, the Skinners grew rich in everything but money.



CULVER SERVICE

Otis Skinner in Cock o' the Walk.

THE tracks of the Northern Missouri sprawl across the sun-baked surface of that midmost of Midwestern states, reaching out in one direction for the borders of Iowa and in another venturing onto the prairies of Kansas. Some fifty miles north of Jefferson City the roadbed branches apart at a junction in the heart of Daniel Boone's old territory and just west of the country of Mark Twain's boyhood. And at this junction there has grown up a town named Moberly. During the '70's and '80's it was little more than an overgrown railroad settlement whose chief activities centered about roundhouses and clanging repair shops. Life was regulated by whistles and people set their watches by the thundering passage of the St. Louis express or the Chicago fast [illegible]t.

In 1876, a very young couple stood inspecting with pride the ex[illegible]ation and rough superstructure of a frame house which was being [illegible]ted on one of the town's choice sites. It was choice because it bordered on the tracks, an elegant advantage. The back yard was walled at one end by the cinder bank of the roadbed, and a path led directly into the side door of the station. All this was to be of considerable convenience for the young man, who was stationmaster and chief train dispatcher for Moberly and the vicinity.

The day the young couple went to inspect the excavation was a Sunday. Trotting beside them was two-year-old Maud, in her best plaid frock trimmed with rows of white rickrack, her legs in red-wool stockings bulging out over the patent-leather tops of high button shoes recently arrived from Kansas City. Even as a tiny creature, she had the quality of loveliness. Her bright eyes were flecked with so many pigments, one had to be at a fair distance to realize they were lightish brown. Her skin was clear and fair, the sort in which color came and went easily. Her hair was chestnut-colored. At this period, the back portion had been pulled painfully off her small shell-like ears in two stiff pigtails, while the front had been home-clipped in a fashionable "fringe."

William Durbin, my grandfather, was tall, handsome and of a definite distinction, accentuated by the fact that he walked with a

Copyright, 1948, by Cornelia Skinner Blodget. This is a condensation of the book soon to be published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

cane. For a long time very few people, including his children, knew that he had a wooden leg. He was a native son, his grandfather having been one of the early pioneers to set forth from Maryland and settle in the wilderness. William Durbin was a smart young man, witty, charming and clever. When he was nineteen, he got a job with the railroad and was sent to Moberly, where his popularity was instantaneous. In no time at all he was elected mayor.

With him to Moberly had come my grandmother, barely sixteen when he married her. She was a gentle person, shy, plump and pretty. She always called my grandfather "Mr. Durbin," not "Will" or even "William," and certainly never anything so shameless as "dear." It was only in later years, when the birth of eight children had given her ample excuse for such audacity, that she made so bold as to call him "Dad."

The frame house beside the railroad tracks was regarded by the community as a triumph of taste. The front door, made distinguished by a panel of ground glass, led into a vestibule through which one emerged into a hallway tiled with black-and-white linoleum squares meant to be a dead ringer for marble. The parlor was so elegant it was used only for gala events—Christmas, New Year's or funerals.

The family moved in and began the business of filling the homestead at the rate of a new baby almost every twelve months. From her earliest school days Maud was a leader—although that word is misleading because it implies aggressiveness. For she led, she conquered and she ruled through charm. She simply and completely enchanted her companions so that they were only too pleased to submit to whatever she might suggest. Moreover, she could make up all manner of original and lovely games. The flair for acting was in her veins and she got up private theatricals: sketches she wrote herself based on historical incidents out of McGuffey's Reader, or dramatizations of Marmion and Excelsior, which she and her playmates acted out. Performances took place in the Durbin barn. The hayloft was the undisputed Lodge House for the leading grammar-school set, and Maud was Grand Master.

Wonderful things happened in that hayloft, pointing to a time when my mother's talent was to be recognized by more mature admirers. One of the first to appreciate her qualities was her cousin, May Franklin. She it was who paid for Maud to go to St. Louis for a number of months, live with relatives and study "elocution, deportment and oratory" with a certain Professor McDowell.

By then, she was a girl of seventeen, full of youthful and earnest ambition. Avid to know all she could about literature, history and drama, she haunted museums and libraries. And of course she bought gallery seats for every show that came during those weeks to St. Louis, for she knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that she wanted to go on the stage.

Those intoxicating days came to a close and Maud returned to Moberly and the family situation, which was critical. William Durbin had lost his position with the railroad and there had followed uneasy times of going from place to place, from job to job, none of which ever lasted for more than a few months. But something unusually promising had turned up in La Grande, Oregon, and out they journeyed, bag and baggage in a cluttered day coach, to a bleak land where they knew no living soul. This was the worst year of all. The winter was one of the coldest on record for the Northwest. There were days when the family had little fuel and no food. It was during this winter in Oregon that Maud started taking matters into her own young hands. The father had disappeared, leaving them stranded, and something had to be done. Maud was shy to a degree, but she was also desperate. She became a sort of professional social organizer. For modest fees, she arranged parties, dances and charity benefits, and whenever she could, hired herself out as professional entertainer to oblige with an evening of recitation in the plush homes of wealthy lumber folk. Off the pittances she made, the family was able to eke out a year's existence.

In the spring, William Durbin sent word that he had found work in Denver, where his sister lived. Once again the family packed up their dwindling belongings and made another long and miserably uncomfortable trip to settle in an unfamiliar locale.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

BY CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

"Say, ma," the little boy asked, "what's an Otis Skinner?" "I dunno, son," his mother serenely replied. "Probably it is some new kind of farm machinery."

In the early '90's, "The Queen City of the Plains" was a town of elegance. Italian villas and brownstone mansions rose beside ramshackle cassino cribs and gaudy saloons with silver dollars embedded in tiled floors.

Life for the Durbins was pleasantly exciting. Their father's moderately well-to-do and highly respectable sister, Aunt Mag, saw to it that they met the right people, and Maud, through winning a number of scholarships, was able to attend Wolf Hall, a fashionable establishment which specialized in "finishing" young ladies. She still dreamed of going on the stage.

In 1893 Helena Modjeska brought her repertory company to the Tabor Grand. Maud scrimped enough to pay for a gallery seat for As You Like It, and absorbed with breathless eagerness every word and gesture of the lovely Pole's joyous and poetic Rosalind. She also managed to pay for standing room for a matinee of Camille, although she kept quiet about that. The Dumas classic was still looked upon as extremely daring, and Modjeska had received considerable criticism for portraying that alluring creature.

Maud was carried away by the beauty and perfection of Modjeska's artistry. She hung about the stage door and haunted the pavement outside the Windsor, hoping for a glimpse of her idol. One afternoon she took her courage in hand, walked into the hotel and bravely asked the clerk to send up to Modjeska her calling card, on which was scribbled a palpitating request for an interview. Possibly there was something about the earnestness of the message that appealed to the woman's gracious nature; possibly it was because the weather was stormy and she could not go out for her customary long walk. Scarcely able to believe her ears, Maud heard the bellboy say that Madame would receive her. With racing heart she walked down the carpeted corridor. Her knees nearly buckled completely beneath her when a maid let her into a room and she got her first glimpse of the diva. Dressed in a lacy tea gown, the great lady was reclining on a chaise longue, smoking a cigarette!

Modjeska noticed the girl's astonishment, smiled and said in her beguiling accent, "You have never before seen a lady with a cigarette?"

"I've never even seen a cigarette!" came the blurted reply.

"So now you have," said Modjeska. "In my country we have the saying, 'One breaks bread with an Arab and

(Continued on Page 74)

New Man in Town

By LIONEL WIGGAM

TED CHARTERIS was happy. A good, warm glow expanded pleasurably inside him, nor was he drunk. The fact was he liked everything. He liked his job, he liked this town, and he liked these people—even the ones who were getting a little plastered and talking too loud.

Only one thing was missing, and that was love. In time, Ted supposed, that would come too. Meanwhile, he wasn't worrying.

It was his first dance at the country club, and he'd thought this would probably be the letdown, the disillusion. In two weeks the place had charmed him more and more. There had never been such kind people, nor such engaging ones. They all seemed determined to sell him both on their community and on themselves, to put at his disposal their good will, their business, even their wives and daughters—in a nice way, of course.

So God bless suburbia, Ted thought happily. And whoever thought he'd turn out a provincial? *Well, it's growing up*, he assured himself; *the war and then knocking about New York makes you appreciate simple things. Happy people and well-fed people; smug people, too, maybe, but kind and friendly.* Ted liked them.

"What are *you* looking so cheerful about?"

"Counting my blessings." Ted looked at the girl beside him and smiled. "You're one, you know."

"A blessing?" the girl asked. "Lovely! How come, Ted?"

"Well, because you've got shoulders like that and let people see them. It's awfully nice of you."

Polly Morrison returned his gaze skeptically and said, "Are you making fun of my freckles again?"

"No."

She grimaced, but her homely little face shone with pleasure. "Then I should have blushed and simpered and said, 'How you go on.' On my tombstone they'll put, 'Here lies Polly Morrison, who always missed her cue.' Are you getting tight, by any chance?"

"And please," implored Ted, "don't ever blush and simper." He stood up. "Will you risk this rumba with me? As a matter of fact, one thing I *can* do with my bad leg is rumba."

"I know; I saw you with Mrs. Riley. It gives you a very complex rhythm. Sort of sensuous."

He'd been touchy about that leg for a while. And he'd never been swimming with it, even after all this time; he still couldn't bring himself to expose the thing, to have people look and then look quickly away. But here in Arden he felt he'd even be doing that, come summer. And Polly Morrison, whose instincts were unfailing, would probably gaze right at it and observe, "Well, it's nice that shrapnel

(Continued on Page 148)

TED COULD READ ALL THE SIGNS, EXCEPT

THE ONE THAT SAID "STOP!"

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

The first time he kissed her he was awed at himself

for daring, astonished at Carol for permitting



Should Religion be Taught in Our Schools?

The most important question in public education was placed before the people when the Supreme Court decided in favor of an atheistic plaintiff. ★ ***By Christian Gauss***

WHAT place, if any, should the teaching of religion have in our public schools? This problem has been forced upon us in an acute form by the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the now famous suit brought by Vashti McCollum against the board of education in Champaign, Illinois.

We must review briefly what the board of education in Champaign had been doing and the reasons why Mrs. McCollum sued to have it discontinued. In 1940 the board of education had approved the so-called "released-time" program for teaching religion in public schools. Released-time programs had been inaugurated in 1914 in Gary, Indiana, as part of the Gary Plan, and had spread to school systems throughout the country until by 1948 they had been adopted by 2200 communities and involved 2,000,000 pupils. "Released time" is a plan by which the school co-operates with a voluntary association of the various religious groups in a community. At the request of the parents of any pupil he is "released," usually for one period a week, during which he receives instruction from a qualified teacher of his own religion at no cost to the school.

Vashti McCollum is an avowed atheist, as she has every right to be. Her complaints against the Champaign schools were many and varied. She not only asked the Court to end "released time"; she asked it to bar every form of teaching that recognizes that there is a God. She alleged as an invasion of her rights having pupils recite such statements as "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." She objected, among other things, to having the Bible called the word of God.

All the Justices probably agreed that her complaints "demanded more than the plaintiff was entitled to have granted." They failed, however, to indicate the nature of the grievances which the Court could consider, and granted Vashti McCollum's petition that they order the board of education to prohibit "all instruction in, and teaching of, all religious education in Champaign District No. 71."

When we ask how will this affect the schools, there is an incidental consequence which should be mentioned. Most Americans realize that our public-school system is decentralized; that it has allowed states and communities considerable freedom to meet their own local needs. It is true that the relative poverty of some of our states has made it impossible for them to offer adequate opportunities to their young people. Nearly all educators agree that the Federal Government should step in here and correct such inequalities by means of Federal grants. Unlike most European governments, however, we have never had a Ministry of Public Instruction which fixes courses of study, sets examinations and determines our country's educational policy. We do have a Federal Commissioner of Education whose functions are advisory. There are zealots in education as there are in religion and in politics. Occasionally one of them feels that a certain textbook or method of teaching is perfect and that there "ought to be a law" to impose it upon every school. To such zealots our former commissioner, genial John W. Studebaker, was in the habit of replying, "In this country we have only a commissioner, not a commissar of education." We are, of course, very far from the commissar stage.

It is, however, true that for the past twenty-five years, in a series of decisions, the Court has extended Federal control into fields *(Continued on Page 266)*

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

1796–1875

Corot's feeling for landscape was almost religious in its intensity. He was an impassioned observer of the lakes and forests surrounding Paris; and when during the Franco-Prussian War the advancing Germans drove him back into the capital, he gave much of his fortune to buy cannons to chase the invaders out of the forests of Ville-d'Avray and Fontainebleau. War became real to him when it entered his beloved domain.

But even Corot's alertness of vision was corrupted by the bad taste of the time. People were not interested in the honesty and intensity of observation of a picture like the *Forest of Fontainebleau*. They wanted instead the romantic sentiments evoked by twilight glimpses of misty valleys. And so the firmly drawn and clearly articulated compositions of Corot's youth gradually dissolved into hazy scenes, with a ubiquitous boatman in a red cap forever embarking on a gray lake. As such paintings became more popular, Corot's style became more nebulous, his artistic personality dimmer, until finally any forger of ability could paint the same scenes equally well. Hence the hundreds of spurious Corots, imitations often almost impossible to tell from the worst of the originals.

Yet Corot knew that he would be remembered for a different type of picture, for the paintings he did for his own pleasure and sold rarely and with difficulty. The *Forest of Fontainebleau*, painted between 1830 and 1833, is such a picture; but in one respect it is exceptional—it is one of the few early paintings to have been bought during the artist's life. Ironically enough, when Corot, in his old age, tried to buy back this landscape to present it to the Louvre as one of his major achievements, the owner would not sell. A collector's stubbornness, therefore, has resulted in Corot's being represented in the National Gallery of the United States by a painting he had intended for the National Gallery of France.

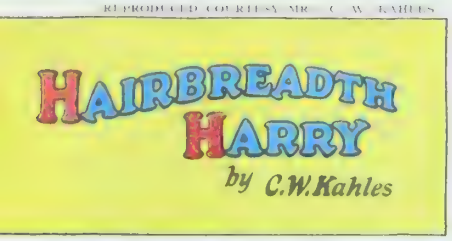
—JOHN WALKER, ***Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art.***

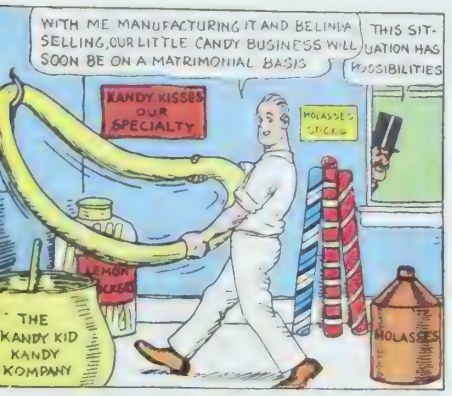


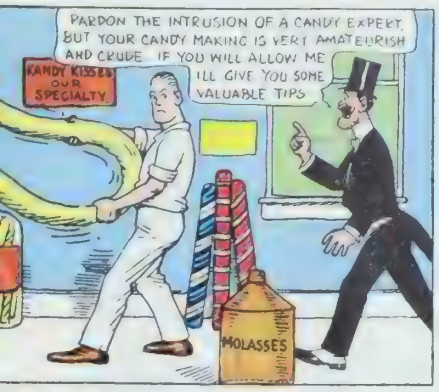
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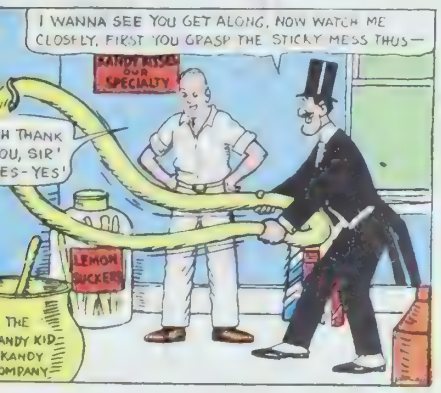
Forest of Fontainebleau, by Corot

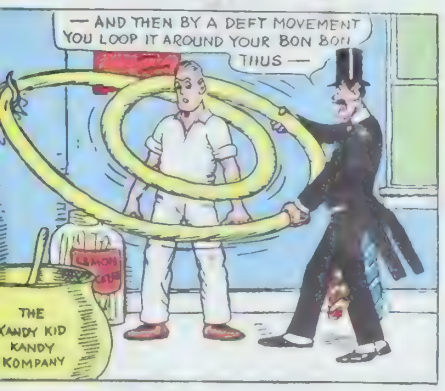
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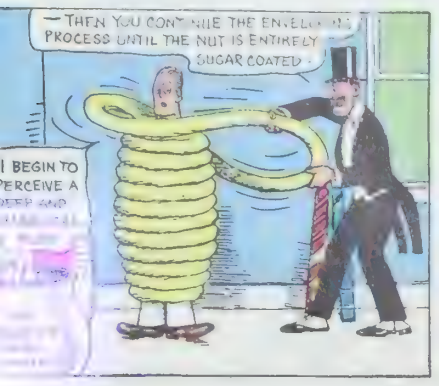


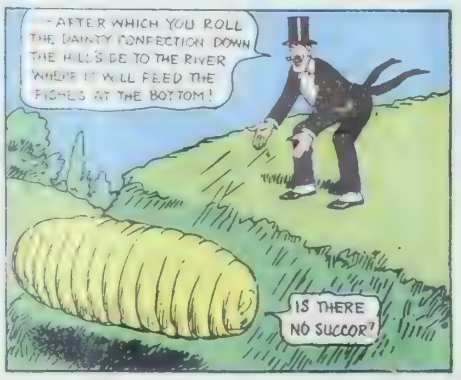


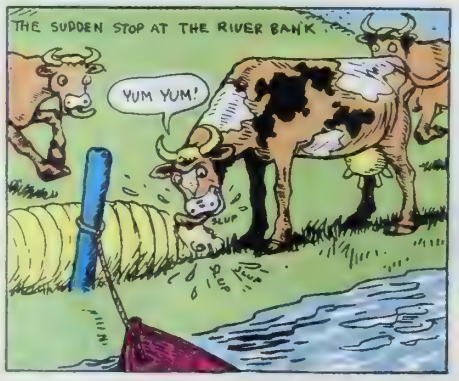


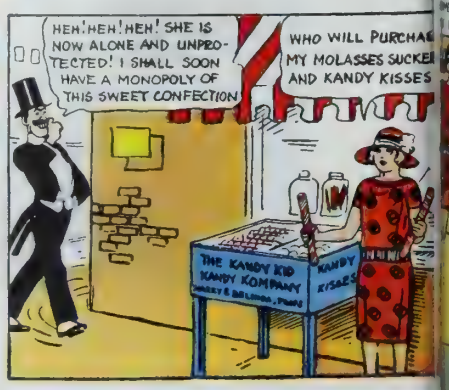












The Ninety and Nine

ANYBODY WITH HALF AN EYE COULD SEE THE STRANGER WAS WICKED. THAT WAS WHY GRANDMOTHER ASKED HIM IN. • **BY JOEL EARNEST**

GRANDMOTHER RUDDYFUDDY never quite forgave the Philadelphia Ledger after it purchased the old North American and discontinued publishing Hairbreadth Harry and Belinda, the Beautiful Boiler Maker. There had been times when Grandmother was very annoyed with Hairbreadth Harry in spite of his manly chest and his carefully brushed blond pompadour, but every Sunday she would turn to the funny papers before she looked at anything else.

Invariably Belinda, bound hand and foot, was lying in front of an onrushing railroad train, or, gagged and blindfolded, was inexorably drawn toward a huge buzz saw, while the villain, Rudolph Rassendale, toyed with his black mustache and demanded, "Marry me or else." Rudolph was tall and impeccably clothed in top hat and swallow-tailed coat. He had a high-bridged, imperious nose and large white teeth that showed when he smiled.

At the last moment Harry always saved Belinda, but Grandmother felt Harry was pretty dumb to let her get into the mess in the first place. Besides, Harry never paid any attention to Belinda except when she needed saving.

Rudolph Rassendale certainly had more gumption than Harry, and sometimes Grandmother was half sorry he never got the girl. However, that would have been vice triumphing over virtue, and she realized they couldn't do that because it wouldn't be true to life.

After the passing of Harry and Belinda, Grandmother tried Mutt and Jeff for a time, but gave them up because she couldn't stand the women they were always chasing. Later, Orphan Annie held her interest until Annie's perpetual righteousness became too strong. Besides, she didn't approve of Daddy Warbucks' continually wandering off to odd parts of the world without providing for Annie, especially when Daddy had so much money. Then came the Martians and the rockets and the space ships, and Grandmother's interest in the funny papers revived.

Grandmother finished washing the supper dishes and went into the parlor with the evening paper. In the west great thunderclouds boiled and rose over the setting sun. Heat lightning flickered, and from time to time distant thunder roared. Grandfather and Jacob Schusslich, the hired man, were out closing up the barn and putting the chickens in the coop.

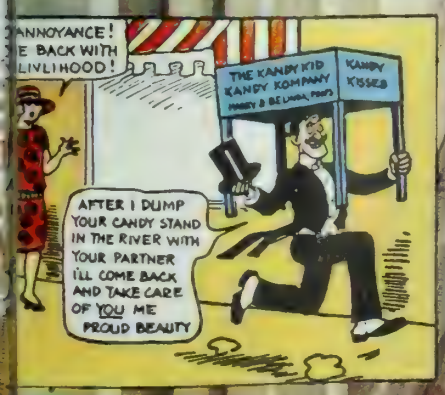
Grandmother sat and watched the approaching storm. She was in a bad humor. Tomorrow the Ladies' Aid Society was holding a cake sale and bazaar to raise money for a new church window, and the storm didn't look as if it would blow itself out by then. She lifted the paper from her knees and turned to Brick Bradford and the Space Ship.

Without much enthusiasm she saw Brick was heading for Uranus in a race with the Martians. Grandmother sighed. While she knew very well the stars and planets were other worlds and that space wasn't just filled by heaven with its glittering buildings and golden gates, she couldn't get used to the idea of Martians. It wasn't like the old days of Hairbreadth Harry and the Beautiful Belinda.

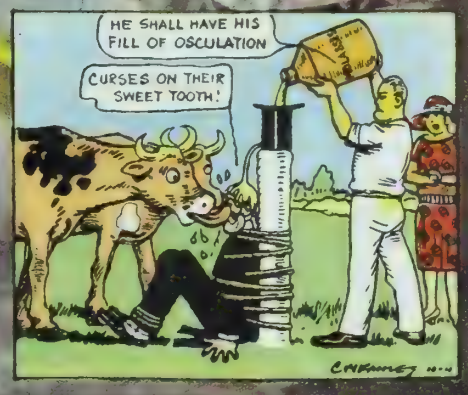
Grandmother let the paper fall on her knees and stared out the window. Angry yellow light lay flat across the land. The two tall pines in the front yard were etched in stark and *(Continued on Page 223)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

"Why," she thought with a start, "if he had on a dress suit, he'd look just like Rudolph Rassendale."







How Well are YOU?

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen and Gladys Denny Shultz

MEDICAL science of late years has accomplished wonders in keeping ailing people alive, so that your expectancy and mine is considerably longer than it would have been a generation ago. But we are learning that just to hold death off a few years more is not enough. For too many, the extra span is spent in illness and suffering. Already chronic disease has taken top place in our list of health enemies. It is tying up more and more hospital beds, mortgaging the lives of more and more of the healthy and strong to care for men and women who, at best, can hope only to linger on painfully—because their condition was discovered too late to effect a cure.

The best time to see your doctor is when you're not sick.

A large part of the blame for the above lies in the fact that many of us do not consult a physician until symptoms become marked—by which time organs may be irreparably damaged, or a malignant growth may have progressed beyond control.

But another reason is that the "complete physical" of yesteryear, the annual routine going-over which was considered at that time, and rightly, the best insurance against development of disease or other abnormal conditions, did not reveal many such conditions until they had reached a point where actual damage had been done, damage which in some instances could not be undone. This is a situation the medical profession is doing its utmost to set right. Your doctor isn't content today merely to add years to your life—years which may be a burden to you as well as to your loved ones. He wants to put life into those extra years his skill can give you, vigor, effectiveness, the capacity to enjoy yourself and to be a useful member of society.

How? By heading off disease before it can do lasting harm, or even before it can make its appearance. And the wonderfully hopeful side of the picture, of which many lay persons are not aware, is that the past few years have put at his disposal a host of new tests, apparatus and techniques which equip him, as doctors were never equipped before, to do just that.

The study of blood alone has become a science of its own. Besides the discovery of the Rh factor, important to know about in pregnancy and in giving or receiving blood transfusions, one's blood in many instances can be made to reveal a great deal about the heart, kidneys, liver and pancreas (the gland whose malfunctioning causes diabetes), and the beginnings of various disease processes, before the organs themselves are visibly affected or have caused much discomfort.

There are new ways of analyzing the vaginal secretions, which not only help give an accurate check on the way the reproductive organs are functioning—a matter very important to feminine mental state and efficiency—but may also now and then reveal the presence of unsuspected malignant growths. (It's interesting to note, in this connection, that research experts are trying to discover a test for *pre*-cancerous conditions, so that the first cell changes may be detected and dealt with before actual malignancy has developed at all.)

Knowledge has increased as to familial tendencies of certain diseases and of the part worry or unhappiness can play in producing bodily disorders—the psychosomatics we are hearing so much about. Much more is known about the handicaps imposed upon various organs by faulty diet.

There is little excuse today, therefore, for letting any avoidable physical condition reach a point where it causes acute misery and disablement, and requires drastic medical measures for relief. Give your doctor a chance to help you when symptoms first appear. And better yet, establish the habit now of a periodical health audit, not to find out if there is something wrong with you, but to keep something from getting wrong.

One of the country's best-known doctors takes a week out of his busy schedule each year to go to a famous clinic and submit to every test the specialists there consider advisable. He feels he owes largely to this precaution the fact that in his middle sixties he can work as hard and efficiently as he ever did, outdoing and outlasting most younger men.

The important point is that a "complete physical" today, whether at a clinic or given by the family doctor, is something very different from what it was even as little as ten years ago. One physician, with a notable record for clearing up baffling conditions, gives a full half day to the examination of each new patient, and will not prescribe without this.

She makes a full family record with regard to length of life and diseases from which parents or other close relatives have suffered; a complete health history of the patient. Then she inquires into every detail of the patient's daily life, including such seemingly trivial items as what foods and how much of each are eaten at every meal, amount of milk, tea and coffee consumed in a day and amount of cream and sugar used in each cup of beverage; amount of smoking; average number of alcoholic drinks indulged in; sleep habits; hours and conditions of work. Next she probes into the domestic situation and emotional life, to see if there is present any of the kind of mental turmoil which sometimes shows itself in psychosomatic ways.

To avoid divorce: see a doctor—not a lawyer.

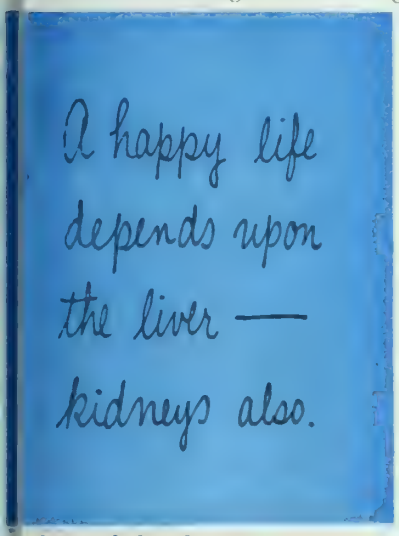
By the time she begins the physical examination, therefore, this

doctor is armed with a whole battery of clues as to what might be amiss, and better yet, with exact methods for finding out whether the clues are true or false. By applying the appropriate techniques, she has been able to solve many a long-standing medical mystery.

One man came to her because, in spite of long medication and a series of operations, he was feeling increasingly run-down and tired, and was the victim of constantly recurring boils, so serious that they required hospitalization and surgery. His family history revealed that his mother was a diabetic who had been on insulin for twenty-five years; the probe of his diet disclosed that he went in heavily for sweets, sugars and fats—not the best idea for anyone with a family history of diabetes. The urine was free of sugar—it always had been, the patient explained, in the numerous physical examinations he had had up to that point.

"Let's do a blood sugar," said the doctor.

Analysis of the blood, taken from a vein—the blood-sugar test—showed far too high a level of sugar for safety, but as yet not so high as to require insulin. By forgoing starches and sugars and building up his depleted system with a high-protein diet, this man was able to regain health and efficiency with a minimum of medication. Had his doctor been forced to wait until sugar showed up in the urine before definitely diagnosing the threat of diabetes, he would have been well on his way toward chronic invalidism.



The skilled, conscientious doctor will guide his examination of each patient according to the condition he finds. However, it is well to know that there are various things that should be looked into beyond the glance into eyes, ears, throat and nostrils, listening to heart and lungs, "palpating," or feeling, the outlines of vital organs with skilled fingers, rectal examination, taking the blood pressure, a blood count and testing urine—the usual "complete physical" of not so many years ago.

A number of tests have been added to the former routine health audit, whether you have symptoms or whether you haven't. These are:

1. More complete and detailed family and personal history.

2. More thorough blood examination, covering red-cell count, white-cell count, differential-cell count and hemoglobin, serological test for syphilis, type of blood or blood group and presence or absence of Rh factor.

3. Blood chemistry—a complete chemical examination of the blood. Deficiency or oversupply of some constituent or other often gives a clue to malfunctioning of a gland or organ which seems to be sound.

4. Test of heart function, by taking pulse rates before and after standard exercise.

5. Fluoroscope of heart, to see its outlines and dimensions; or an X ray, taken at some distance so the heart size will be shown correctly.

6. Basal metabolism, which checks the working of the thyroid gland, one of the important body regulators.

7 and 8. Last, but far from least, liver-function test and kidney-function test. Among the newer techniques, these are an invaluable help to the doctor in warding off conditions that lower vitality and interfere with enjoyment of life.

Until recently, the liver has received little attention until it started making serious trouble. Yet it is one of the most important organs of the body, with more duties to perform than any other. Since it is a great manufacturing center and storehouse, any defection on its part is felt quickly by the rest of the organism. To name just a few of its jobs: it regulates the level of sugar in the blood; forms fibrinogen, the substance which causes the blood to clot; renders various toxic substances harmless; governs the secretion of bile, important to digestion; breaks down amino acids for use by the body; stores the elements which govern formation of blood; aids in the building of hemoglobin; and destroys excess sex hormones and worn-out red blood corpuscles.

As one doctor puts it, "Let your liver go on the blink, and all h—— breaks loose."

Would you like to possess a good, firm skin, healthy color, sparkling eyes, not only throughout youth but far into the later decades? Then keep tab on your liver, and let your doctor help if it begins to fail. The Bronsulphaleine test tells him how your liver is working. A dye is injected into the blood stream, and the degree to which it is eliminated by the liver is an indication either that your liver is hitting on all cylinders, or of the extent to which it is impaired.

Everyone knows the important part played by the kidneys in excreting poisons from the body, and the suffering and general debility that follow when they fail to do their work. The kidney-function test, which measures the amount of urea (a waste substance) in the urine against the amount in the blood, now tells the doctor early and accurately if the kidneys need help, whereas tests of the urine alone may not reveal that there is trouble until it is well advanced. This test should be made at the slightest sign of trouble.

If everyone had these two tests (liver function and kidney function), *plus X-ray or fluoroscope examination of the heart before any symptoms are felt, unnecessary deaths and chronic illness could be cut inestimably.* (One leading physician puts the figure at 50 per cent.)

For what if your doctor discovers that there *is* malfunctioning in one of these vital organs? Medical science has reached such a point that, caught early enough, most heart, liver and kidney conditions can be cured entirely, or at least controlled so that the patient can lead a normal life.

The old bromide still holds good: that nothing insures long life like mild heart trouble, which forces its possessor to eschew the strain and overdoing that lead many husky contemporaries to early graves.

If your liver is damaged, your doctor can prescribe a high-protein diet of lean meat, skim milk, dried eggs, cottage cheese, vegetables and fruit, with a minimum of fat and no alcohol until the damage is repaired. Plenty of carbohydrates are also advised. Reinforced with vitamin B in the form of yeast, desiccated liver, Methionine (an amino-acid preparation) and Choline (from vitamin-B complex) in proper quantities, your liver will begin to come back. Each year will find it in a better instead of a worse condition, with a consequent steady improvement in your appearance, health and general outlook.



When the kidneys are impaired, the treatment consists, among other things, in reducing the strain on these organs to as great an extent as possible. This involves the use of a well-balanced diet, a reduction of the salt content, and amounts of fluids your doctor will prescribe. In some types of kidney disease, it is important to supply ample protein because of the loss of albumin, a protein substance, from the blood to the kidneys.

Knowing the weak point in your bodily defenses early enough, and giving it the protection it needs, is the way to "live forever," and to be glad of it too.

(Continued on Page 244)



WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

By Richard Pratt

Architectural Editor of the Journal

Wandering through Woodstock, the enchanted visitor comes to the conclusion that this old town, so clearly well to do, must thrive on its charm and beauty alone, for he looks in vain for any other visible means of support. That is to say, there are no railroads, and, as far as he can see, no factories; the air of the town consequently is clear and quiet, most appropriate to the period quality of the place, whose appealing old houses date from the early part of the past century, when Vermont was catching up architecturally with the rest of the young republic.

There was already a lot of local wealth in Woodstock back in 1786, when it became the county seat of Windsor County, for the marble and granite quarries of Vermont were being opened and Vermont gorges were being dammed for water power; and with the courts and county offices in Woodstock, the town drew in quite a few legal lights and prosperous operators. This, of course, accounts for the substantial character of Woodstock architecture from the start, while the quality of its design, which remained remarkably high until about a hundred years ago, and has been a good influence ever since, can be credited to the carpenter craftsmen who worked their way inland from places like Portsmouth and Boston, where they had learned their trade among a multitude of earlier American masterpieces.

Now, as you amble under the elms of the famous Green, and turn the corner at the end down Elm Street, the past comes pleasantly to life, and you feel it is in safe hands here forever.

EXTERIOR PHOTOS BY RICHARD PRATT—J. R. JOHNSON. INTERIORS BY WESLEY BALZ-JOYCE, INC.



Some of the handsome old houses that add charm to the Woodstock Green.

The early Converse house, built of the beautiful Woodstock-made brick.



...d the Johnson house, of 1809, on Elm Street, with its Ionic porch, you see the lovely tower of the Old White Meeting House.

THE LYMAN MOWER HOUSE

If this is Woodstock's most impressive house today, it must have seemed doubly so when Lyman Mower built it in 1823. Young Lyman picked a fitting location facing the Green for the elegant mansion he had in his mind, then gave the job to superlative workmen who drew on builders' handbooks of the day for the details of its design. There was wood to burn in Vermont, of course, but Mower had his heart set on brick, and brick the house became, of bricks made locally, whose beautiful tawny red color is seldom seen elsewhere. The style is a modified Georgian now known as Federal, and the great end walls, handsomely windowed and chimneyed, give the house an almost monumental appearance.

An episode in the history of the house is part of local lore, for when a native of the town, Frederick Billings, who had gone to California during the gold rush and found himself a multimillionaire almost overnight, heard that his parents had become impoverished and were in debtors' confinement back home, he returned at once and bought them this, the finest house in Woodstock.

It is still the finest, inside as well as out, it having had the good fortune to be acquired recently by Mr. Lee Anderson, who, though not a native of Woodstock, has feelingly restored and furnished it with the distinction it deserves, as you can see.





Lyman Mower in 1823 built himself a house for the ages.

Haydon's painting of young Victoria surveys the drawing room with its Kermanshah rug, satinwood desk, French chairs, and early pine cabinet in the corner.

The Chippendale chair and Chinese Chippendale desk are library features.



Dining chairs are Hepplewhite; table, Sheraton; mirror, Chippendale.





Above the Federal porch, a Palladian window and a scroll-topped dormer.

THE WARREN-KIDDER HOUSE

This house, around the corner from the Green, on Elm Street, was built in 1807 by Simon Warren, descendants of whom have occupied it ever since, through four generations, a record characteristic of Woodstock. It is of frame, with typical New England narrow clapboards, and a porch in the Federal style so popular when the house was put up. Certain fanciful touches, like the scroll of the central dormer and the variturned balusters of the staircase, give the impression that the carpenter craftsmen who worked on these features back in 1807 must have enjoyed their job. And the house has remained to give enjoyment to everyone who passes it and has a chance to look inside; for within, quite apart from the staircase that marches up in three-tone chords, every room contains distinguished pieces of fine old furniture, much of it having been handed down from one generation of the family to the next through the long history of the house.



Sheraton four-poster with oval-topped canopy.



The banquet table will expand from four-person to sixteen-person size.



If You Ask Me

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

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Why does a religious sect need a special country? Knowing that you have favored the partition of Palestine, I am asking why.

I favored the partition of Palestine, first, because no better plan than the one suggested by the majority of the United Nations Commission was presented to the General Assembly of the United Nations in the autumn of 1947. Secondly, because it seemed to me that Great Britain and the United States had allowed the Jewish people to make many sacrifices under the impression that they were building up a country of their own.

It must be remembered that the Jews are a race as well as a religion. It is true that many of them have lived in many countries and have become citizens of many countries, but there still is among them a group that has a strong sense of racial solidarity.

At the time of the Balfour Declaration we concurred in it, and it was not only agreed that Palestine should be a national home for the Jews, but negotiations were entered into by Doctor Weizmann and the Arabs, in which they agreed. Therefore it seemed to me that since the British mandate had permitted hundreds of thousands of people to settle there, many of whom in developing the country lost their lives just as some of our early settlers did, and since there had been a number of commissions which had looked into it, and the British had never wished to follow any of the findings, this was a final appeal to the United Nations, so apparently we had to accept it. I still think carrying it out is the only fair thing, and not in any way unfair to the Arabs. They have not developed their country and are a nomadic people who will lose very little territory and who, being of the same race, have lived side by side with the Jews in perfect harmony ever since the original agreement was made. They are not being maltreated, because they have always prospered in the areas where the Jews have lived.

There is, of course, religious sentiment about Jerusalem, and therefore making that an international city and allowing each of us, whether Moslem, Jew or Christian, to retain rights of worship in that city would seem to be completely fair to everyone.

I have the great fortune of being able to go to California for my vacation to some relatives of my mother. These people are Catholic, and I am High Church of England. I would hate to miss church when I am on my vacation. Should I go to the Catholic church with them, and say nothing? I have never visited relatives and don't want to start a feud for nothing. I am twenty-three years old.

If your relatives live in a city, there is no reason why you should not attend your own church which in this country would be the Episcopal Church. If you will be living in some area where churches are difficult to reach, and the rest of the family drives to a Catholic church and there is no way of your getting to your own church, it is purely optional whether you wish to go with them or not to go at all. No one will be offended if you say you prefer to go to your own church. At twenty-three you are a grown person and not a child.

I would like to know the reasons why you are not endorsing Henry Wallace as a third-party candidate for the presidency.

I am not endorsing Henry Wallace because I do not believe he is a good candidate. The third party, as I see it, is made up of a great many good people, but the managing group is influenced very largely by communists. The good people have no understanding of the communist influence or the effect it would have on any party in power. Any candidate for the presidency who publicly states that he does not know what the foreign policy of the Communist Party is is not a person who should be President.

If Mr. Wallace were a Democrat and running on the Democratic ticket, and free from communist influence, I might feel differently about him, since there was a time when I believed strongly in Henry Wallace's intelligence and integrity. This belief has been somewhat shaken by this campaign. I do not see how any American who does not wish to see communist control grow in this country can support this third party.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.



"Tell me frankly, general, do you think I ought to begin saving tin foil?"

Do you approve of the peacetime draft?

At the present time I do because conditions in the world are so unsettled. I think the knowledge that we are willing to submit to military training for a great number of our young people will undoubtedly have a stabilizing effect in parts of the world where a threat might exist to the peace of the world. I hope very much, however, that we will bend every effort to build up international strength in the United Nations, and that as soon as possible not only the peacetime draft will be dropped, but general disarmament will begin. Joint strength acquired by the United Nations, when it is strong enough to insure the peace of the world, whether a great or a small nation chooses to create trouble, is the only way to bring about national disarmament and leave us free to devote our resources to social developments for the greater happiness of all people.

I read an article by Westbrook Pegler in which he stated that Mr. Roosevelt "signed his name to a property deed at his real-estate promotion at Warm Springs, Georgia, forbidding forever the sale of his land to any Afro, or its rental or occupancy by any such." If the statement is correct, how do you reconcile the inconsistencies of the Roosevelt family in relation to their public utterances and private actions?

I know nothing of the property deeds signed by my husband in Warm Springs. I do realize, however, that in signing a deed he would have been obliged to conform to the laws of the state in which that deed was signed. If the state of Georgia has any such laws as you mention, he would have been obliged to sign in order to obtain the land. Since the property passed out of my husband's hands very soon after he acquired it, as he sold it to the Foundation, I have never heard much about the conditions under which the land was acquired or sold.

My husband and I have been married for seven years and only recently learned that we would not be able to have a family of our own. We both adore children and decided to adopt one. To our great disappointment, after contacting several societies in New York, we were told that because we are of different faiths we cannot adopt a child. We are hoping this law does not exist in every state. Do you know if there is any state where we can adopt a child?

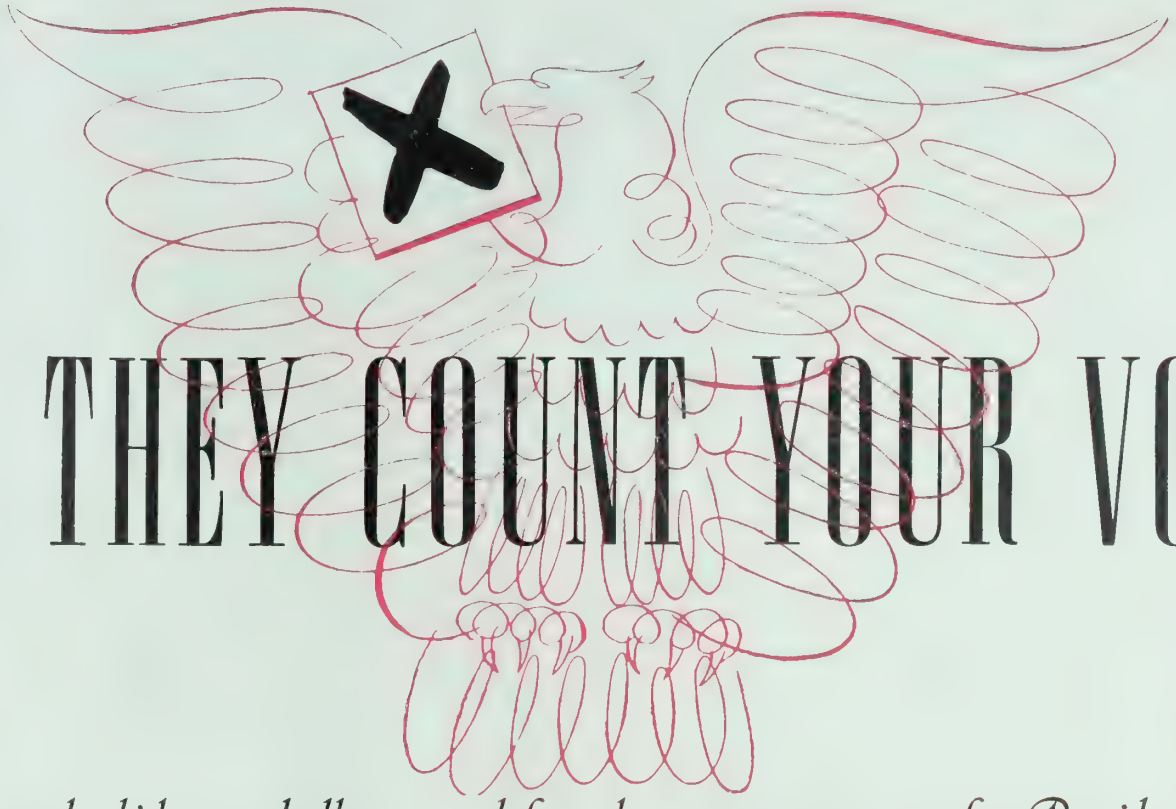
I do not know what the laws are in the various states. I do know that in New York State when children need care outside of their families, they must be placed with persons of their own religious faith. This, however, undoubtedly is not the law in every state, and you could easily find out by writing to the secretary of state in any state where you thought of trying to adopt a child.

I am a girl fifteen, and will be sixteen in January. My nine-year-old brother is all the company I have. There aren't any girls my age living in this community. Therefore, I am quite lonely. There is a boy who will be eighteen next January. We are quite interested in each other. He is a very nice boy. He has asked me to date him after I become sixteen. My grandmother says sixteen is too young. Do you think I should ask my parents to let me have dates with this boy after I am sixteen, or wait until I become eighteen in hopes of finding another boy as nice as he is?

I think your grandmother is right. At sixteen it would be a mistake to date one boy so much that you do not see other boys. Can you see this boy occasionally and go out with other boys too? Sixteen is pretty young to make a decision to associate exclusively with one particular boy.

Do you consider your work with the United Nations as a "sacrifice"? If so, what would you rather do than this?

I cannot remember saying anything which would give the impression that I consider my work with the United Nations a sacrifice. There are times when that work does entail sacrifice of time and comfort, but so does all worth-while work. I consider it an honor to be allowed to work with the United Nations; to have the confidence of those who appoint me and of the majority of the legislative group that has to ratify the appointment. If I am able to keep the respect and good will of those with whom I work, I shall be extremely grateful.



WILL THEY COUNT YOUR VOTE?

Enough dishonest ballots can defeat the man you want for President, and the policies you want America to pursue, unless you protect your vote.

By Tom Sweeney with Robert Cruise McManus

IN 1946, I was the Republican candidate for senator from West Virginia. My opponent was the Democratic incumbent, Senator Harley M. Kilgore. According to the certified returns, I was defeated by a plurality of 3534, or about one half of 1 per cent of all the votes cast.

My friends and I received so many reports of irregularities in the election that we determined to make a trial investigation. Choosing at random a single precinct, we mailed 515 letters, first class, to those who were supposed to have voted there, according to the testimony of the pollbooks. Over 200 letters came back, marked "Unknown at this address." Further investigation revealed that a dozen of these unknowns were registered from a vacant lot. One was dead. Another was the inmate of an asylum. Scores had moved to New York, California and places even more remote.

The result of these and other discoveries was that I filed a claim with the United States Senate, contesting Senator Kilgore's right to his seat. The Senate decided to investigate, but it was not until September, 1947, that its agents arrived in West Virginia. As I write this, nearly a year later, the investigation is only half finished. Memories can grow cold in two years, sometimes with outside assistance.

Meanwhile Senator Kilgore has been casting votes and playing his part in shaping national legislation. If the Federal agents fail to overtake the evidence that was everywhere at hand two years ago, he will remain in Washington. The Republican Senate majority is very narrow—only three. A death or two, plus a couple of Democratic victories in November, could overturn it. That means that if we elect a Republican President, he could be faced with a hostile Senate the day he took office, with every chairmanship of every committee in the hands of the party opposing him. In this crucial moment of world history, that could be tragic.

But it would be quite a triumph, wouldn't it, for the gamblers, the ex-bootleggers and the jovial political gamesters who juggled those West Virginia returns?

Too few people realize that election frauds, even in a few districts, can have the most far-reaching consequences. Too few realize that their honest ballots—*your* honest ballots—may be canceled completely by dishonest ballots cast hundreds, even thousands of miles away. Enough of them can defeat the man you want for President, and with him the policies you want America to pursue.

There are those who believe that the presidency actually was decided by illegal votes in the Cleveland-Blaine fight of 1884. Cleveland, the Democrat, won that fight by carrying New York State with a plurality of only 1100. Years later a Tammany Democratic leader was convicted of stealing some 10,000 votes in that 1884 election. That was more than enough to put Blaine in the White House.

In my opinion, it is absolutely vital to our democracy that we learn the facts of life about American elections, and then start taking steps to correct what's wrong. That's why I want to tell you my story and give my suggestions as to what should be done. There's nothing unusual in what happened to me. It's happened before to both Republicans and Democrats.

To begin with, there was a politicians' election law, with a loophole in it big enough to lasso an elephant. There were incompetence, negligence and waste of manpower at the polls. There were forgery, bribery and fraud. There was theft of public records. There was intimidation of honest officials. There was intimidation, as well as downright disfranchisement, of honest citizens. There were gunplay and whisky. There was violation of the law by those whose duty it is to see that the law is enforced.

Let's start with West Virginia's ballot itself. It is so arranged that the citizen may vote a whole party ticket by making only one mark at the top of the sheet. This is a very handy arrangement for those who buy and sell votes. The ignorant citizen willing to peddle his birthright has to make only one motion in the poll booth. If he had to seek out each name on the ballot, he and his kind might often vote accidentally for good and independent citizens. That would be very uncomfortable for those who bribed him in the first place.

Now let's consider our permanent registration law, which went into effect in 1941. Why do we—or you—have registration? We have it for one reason, and only one; namely, that those entitled to vote may be enrolled before election day and identified when they go to the polls. If it does not fulfill this purpose, it is worse than useless and becomes an actual aid to fraud, paid for by the taxpayer.

In 1946, that was the kind of registration law we had in West Virginia (it has been amended since). That is the kind they have in many other states, as studies of the National Municipal League amply demonstrate. Our law was an aid to fraud because, while it made ample provision for getting people on the registration lists, it made no provision for periodic checkups to get them off, after they had died or moved away.

Is it any wonder that by November, 1946, our pollbooks were loaded with the dead and the departed? Those were the *(Continued on Page 144)*



There, in a far corner, was Pandora

Wedding Present

IN ONE WAY, IT WAS A PRESENT FOR CATHY. IT WAS ALSO, FOR EACH OF THEM, THE MOST IMPORTANT GIFT EVER RECEIVED ★ BY NEWLIN B. WILDES

IN her way back to the house she saw the small black car, and went over to it. "Good morning, Mr. Maxwell," she said, smiling at him, and he said, "Mornin', Cathy. Must be some easier gettin' to school, now that spring's here." Mr. Maxwell was the postman and her friend. He had gray hair and his face was very red, with deep weathered lines around the mouth and eyes. He gave her the letters, three or four of them, and the paper.

One of the letters was light blue, very light, and addressed to her mother in a big, long, scrawly writing, with the *t*'s crossed at queer angles and the *i*'s dotted with little circles. It was, she knew, from her older sister Sandra. It was not, usually, good news, getting letters from Sandra. It meant talks about money, and arguments between her mother and father. Not very pleasant arguments sometimes.

She put the mail in the pocket of her sheep-lined coat—it was still cool in the early mornings—and went on up to the house for breakfast. Her dungarees were tight and a little short, because she had outgrown them, really, and her brown hair was in two tight braids down her back. The letter had made her dark eyes bigger, and there were freckles over the stubby button of her nose. Her face was round and she was not, probably, very pretty, but you could not tell, finally, because she was only twelve and, her father said, hadn't settled down to anything yet. He grinned at her when he said it. Her father did not grin a great deal.

It was ten minutes of eight when she got into the house, and her father was just finishing breakfast, his thick shoulders hunched slightly over the table, and he ate without saying anything or looking up. His hair was quite gray just over his ears, and his face was big and massive and getting a little heavy. He had been very handsome once—she knew that from his pictures—and perhaps he had been very gay too. He was smiling differently in his pictures. But that had been long ago. Very long ago.

"You'll have to hurry, Cathy," her mother said, coming in from the kitchen. Her mother said that every school morning. Sometimes she forgot and said it on Saturdays and holidays too. It was just a habit.

"There's a letter from Sandra," Cathy said, giving it to her mother. Her father looked up quickly and then back again. Her mother took the letter and opened it. She forgot everything else.

Her mother was very proud of Sandra. Very proud and very jealous of the chances she must have. Chances to do things, to go places and to meet people. Sandra was twenty-two *(Continued on Page 126)*

ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. HARRIS

ead turned and nostrils nickering gently.

The TIMELESS DRESS

in gray jersey

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

A timeless fashion is one that is not overshadowed by the coming of the new. It is distinguished, seasonless, easy to change with accessories. Timeless fashions are the underpinnings of the best wardrobes. This gray jersey dress with fan pleats, soft shoulders, v-neckline and push-up sleeves is particularly right this season, when all jerseys and gray shades have a special impor-

IE LADY AND THE TIGER

. . . *a fable of fashion*

Fashion is considerably like the tiger—a noble beast of grace and burning symmetry, but one that needs constant stroking behind the ears by every lady from the age of two on.

Somewhere along the line, some women tame the tiger. Others never do. It isn't easy, nor does once-tamed mean forever-tractable. There will always be the dress you can't have, the color you shouldn't wear, the fashion intended for somebody else. The purely Spartan victory of giving up these things is not enough, and imparts no glow worth mentioning. It's only when you discover that every fashion has its alternative—that a velvet jacket does more for some women than silver foxes—that it's easier to make a reputation on "the way you wear it" than how much you paid for it . . . it's only then that your complexes fold their tents and can't-haves become less disturbing.

Clothes have a lifelong connection with heartthrobs and heartaches, with dollar bills and crying spells and peace of mind. Above all, they have to be dealt with by every Adam's Eve in the world. The women who do it best regard clothes as an ingredient of, but not the formula for, success or happiness. The comings and goings of fashion are a personal interest, one of many, but not a personal ogre.

These women sort the news skillfully, saying "This is for you, this for me." They ignore everything that is unbecoming. They learn to repeat the kind of dress or suit that has given them most pleasure. They develop a personal style with the use of color, scarfs, old jewelry, belts, fresh flowers. They are intrigued with change and variety, but prove again and again that the best wardrobes are small ones. They know that shopping takes time and allow for it. But shopping as a pastime they regard as a silly waste. They are not obsessed, or ridden down. They give the tiger his due and no more. **—R. M. P.**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO, BO



A LEOPARD COLLAR, Queen of Scots style, the touch of fur for black, brown or beige wools.



SILVER RINGS to clasp a scarf. You can do it with guard rings, loop ear clips, heirloom rings.



CLUSTERS OF STICKPINS, worn in a satin ascot. Collect them from the attic, antique shops.



PLAID AND PIGSKIN, plaid bag bound with pigskin, gloves in pigskin. A travel-perfect pair.

UNTLET WITH A JEWEL

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Feminine hand, gloved in hand-sewn beige doeskin pull-over, a jeweled medallion pin.

We Quote:

Christian Dior:

"I have always liked it when my clients wear my creations through two years; that proves my idea was good."

Alfred Hitchcock:

"All women and most figures have a potential. If women take care enough they can look well. The trouble is that women adopt a fashion because it is the thing to do instead of adapting a fashion to their own figures and to themselves. Restraint is the main thing, in color and line and ornamentation. Black is a framework for the face . . . I always think of faces first."

Dale Carnegie:

"A man is always more interested in a pleasant expression on a woman's face than the beautiful clothes on her back. A worried woman is never an attractive woman. Worry makes a woman haggard, puts lines in her face. I had lunch with three women yesterday and I haven't the remotest idea what they had on, but I can tell you about their personalities."



MOVEMENT INTO FALL

TAUPE comes in—soft-keyed, and basic.

NUTRIA, its kindred fur in the notable small hat.

RUSSET DOESKIN, the significant glove for smoky tones.

AMBER BEADS, BRONZE PEARLS, bronze pumps, suddenly the right thing

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOYNINGEN—HUENE

HAT BY MME. REI



TWO SILHOUETTES in a single suit—the jacket

belted or unbelted and flared, the skirt like a stem.

THE WAISTLINE rises and falls, often shirred rib-high,

Empire style. The dress slender, with a gentle flare.

SMALL TURNOVER collars, dressmaker turn-back cuffs

on suit and dress. Both in taupe by Adele Simpson.

COAT AND DRESS trace the body with flowing slimness.

THE ENSEMBLE returns, dark over bright or muted tones.

THE NECKLINE is higher, the sleeve is slimmer.

THE SHOULDER sloped or sweetly rounded.

UNADORNED JERSEY, dress of consequence.

SLENDERNESS is the trend, fullness moving to the rear.



DIRECTOIRE coat, terra-cotta dress, by Pauline Trigere.

Fashion moves in many directions this fall. Any woman might look at a dozen new costumes and say, "Fashion can't make up its mind" . . . could look a second time and think triumphantly, "This is the year to make up MY mind, to use my eyes and my wits, to wear what suits me best. This is MY year." Then she will see that plainly existing opposites aren't temperamental contradictions. They're choices. And when change is at the root of fashion, as it is now, the acute choice is the important thing. ★

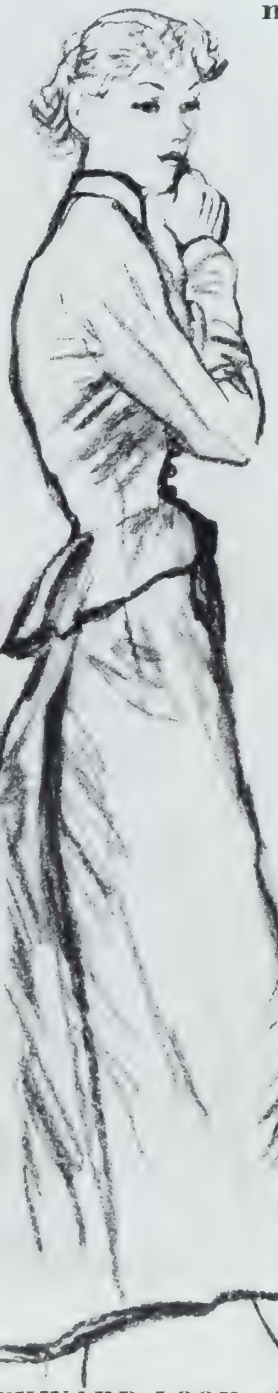
BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

MOVEMENT INTO FALL

It's clearly a coat year. Everywhere you turn there's a beautiful coat. The Directoire that forecasts the future, the profile coat that nips and flares, the sloping greatcoat that accommodates a suit, the belted reefer returned, the coat with wonderful warmth lined with wool jersey or fur. Fur collars come back, and there's a whole collection of disarming separate fur pieces: ascots of nutria, squirrel and ermine, a necklace of silver fox fastened with red velvet. Women who adore dresses will discover a new basic in the unadorned jersey, a wool dress and jacket that doubles for suit and dress, the Victorian silk with a back flare, the crepe with slim accordion pleats. Tweed suits come back with a matching vest, a brilliant jersey blouse, a shoulder fur. Smooth and tweedy wools are often braid-trimmed or have a velvet collar.



GREATCOAT, slope-shouldered, buttoned to the hem. Ben Reig Original by Omar Kiam.



THE BACKWARD LOOK
Victorian suit in claret faille.
by Ceil Chapman.

SHORT-JACKET TWEED suit in blond beige. A nutria capelet rounding the shoulders, a nutria

DEEP SQUARE neckline, eternally feminine, a portrait dress in jacquard taffeta, by Fira Benenson.

VESTED TWEED in terra-cotta check, the skirt slim, the jacket boxy, by Bruno.
Velvet hat with a russet quill, by Hattie Carnegie.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOYNINGEN-HUENE

Taupes, smoky grays and bronze browns are worn from day suit to evening wrap. Terra cotta is a color for a velvet hat, a blouse, a jersey dress under a black coat. Claret reds come in wools, surah silks, ankle-length taffetas. Almond green and French blue are wool-dress colors, russet a natural for tweeds, winter-navy for chinchilla coats. It's a year for quiet colors: black with brown, taupe with amber . . . bittersweet and scarlet red the sharp accents. ★

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

VICTORIAN coat with a windward flare, navy chinchilla worn with mink.

Rep. Reig Original by Omar Kiam



The round hat, revealing a fringe of hair, in lemon-gold velvet, by Hattie Carnegie.



Halo-brimmed Breton, with a closely drawn face veil, gray felt faced with red velvet, by Irene.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOYNINGEN-HUENE



Head-hugging drawstring velveteen hood, young hat for casual wools, in three muted colors, designed by Chanda.

the hat...

small

The hat has the last word. This fall it can be defined easily as small and beautiful, never quarreling with the silhouette. It is fur. It is velvet. It is felt with a velvet brim. It's a puff beret, a round pillbox, a cap-calotte, a boat-shaped bicorn, a shallow Breton with a rolled-back brim, a little hood for circlet-cut hair. It matches the costume or not, as you please. The gold, the red, the terra-cotta hat is the bright accent for gray, nutria the soft fur for soft shades, Persian lamb or broadtail the shiny black for black or sharp color. The small hat, as always, is young, easy to wear. ★ **BY WILHELA CUSHMAN**

Fashion Editor of the Journal



The small fur hat has never been more significant. To wear with coat or suit or wool dress. This face-framing, open-back Persian cap, designed by Pauline Trigere.

pard, fur for browns and beiges. Rolled-brim Breton Hattie Carnegie. Medallion pin. Seaman Schepps.



Back-of-the-head hat in black brushed felt with Victorian braid and tassels, by Hattie Carnegie.





He said, "I've tried to explain to them
at home, but they don't seem to understand."



HOW HE CAME BACK

HE HAD A DOOR TO OPEN. IT MEANT, FOR HIM, ENTRANCE INTO LIFE. • BY E. R. STUART

HE sat in his room, so they said, and looked out the window at the birds in the back yard. If he wanted to go out for a walk, he waited until somebody else in the house had the same desire and then followed behind whoever it was, waiting for that person to open the doors, because he had—and nobody knew whence the fear had come—acquired a terrible, haunting dread of opening doors.

Of course he had been sick for a long time in the hospital, but when they heard he was to be released they presumed that he was well. As a matter of fact, they never did actually know what was wrong with him, except that he had gone from combat to an Army hospital in England, and from there had made his way to the States: and because he was soon discharged from the Army, after his return, they never had the opportunity really to learn his illness, whatever it was, but when he got home and refused to open doors, even the bathroom door, they began to feel sorry for him—but not in an angry way, but in a kind of way one feels sorry for an old man, an old man who has lived a full and useful life and was finished—and so they regarded him, although a young man, in the same light, and with compassion, and opened doors for him.

When he wanted a door opened he merely waited in front of the particular door and then when someone from the family would notice his patient waiting he would have the door opened and then closed for him. If he was in the bathroom he would wait inside, behind the door, which had been first opened and then closed for him, and wait until footsteps came, and then he'd call softly, politely, and the door would be opened.

Of course it was a hardship for the family, but that was the way he had come back. I suppose all of us had come back in a way that we had not been before, and I especially, because I, who had never harmed a rabbit in my life, much less a human, had been decorated for killing more of the enemy than any other man in my outfit, and doing it when they, the enemy, were unaware of my being present, so that if one looked at it properly I wasn't very much of a hero, but rather a kind of bold coward because while they were many I came upon them unseen and blew them all to the everlasting glory with three hand grenades and a BAR.

The recollection of my experiences, conflicting with what I thought to be undue praise from the men, and the later undeserved high receptions and awards, and subsequent Army discharge, and the further adulation from the innocent and the ignorant, made me frequent a local bar—something I had not been known to do before getting into the Army but which had now become well known to my family, neighbors and friends as something I did, and that was how I came back.

Anyway, I met him one night when it was raining. I was standing in the doorway of an empty store across the street from Jaeger's café while the rain came down in long, cold lines, bouncing off the gray pavement and sidewalk. I stood there listening disconsolately to the monotonous regularity of the beat of the rain when he came in suddenly out of the rain and the neighboring darkness and stood beside me.

I looked up. "What do you say?" I greeted.

"Yeah," he answered.

Then he took a cigarette from a pack and gave me one, too, and tripped the head of a match into a flame, bent his cigarette over it, drew, and then bore his rounded, cupped hands to me, and inside his curved hands it glowed ruby-red. I hung my head over the flame and dragged. He flipped the dead match out to the rain and shot two sharp jets of smoke from his distended nostrils and stood quietly by me.

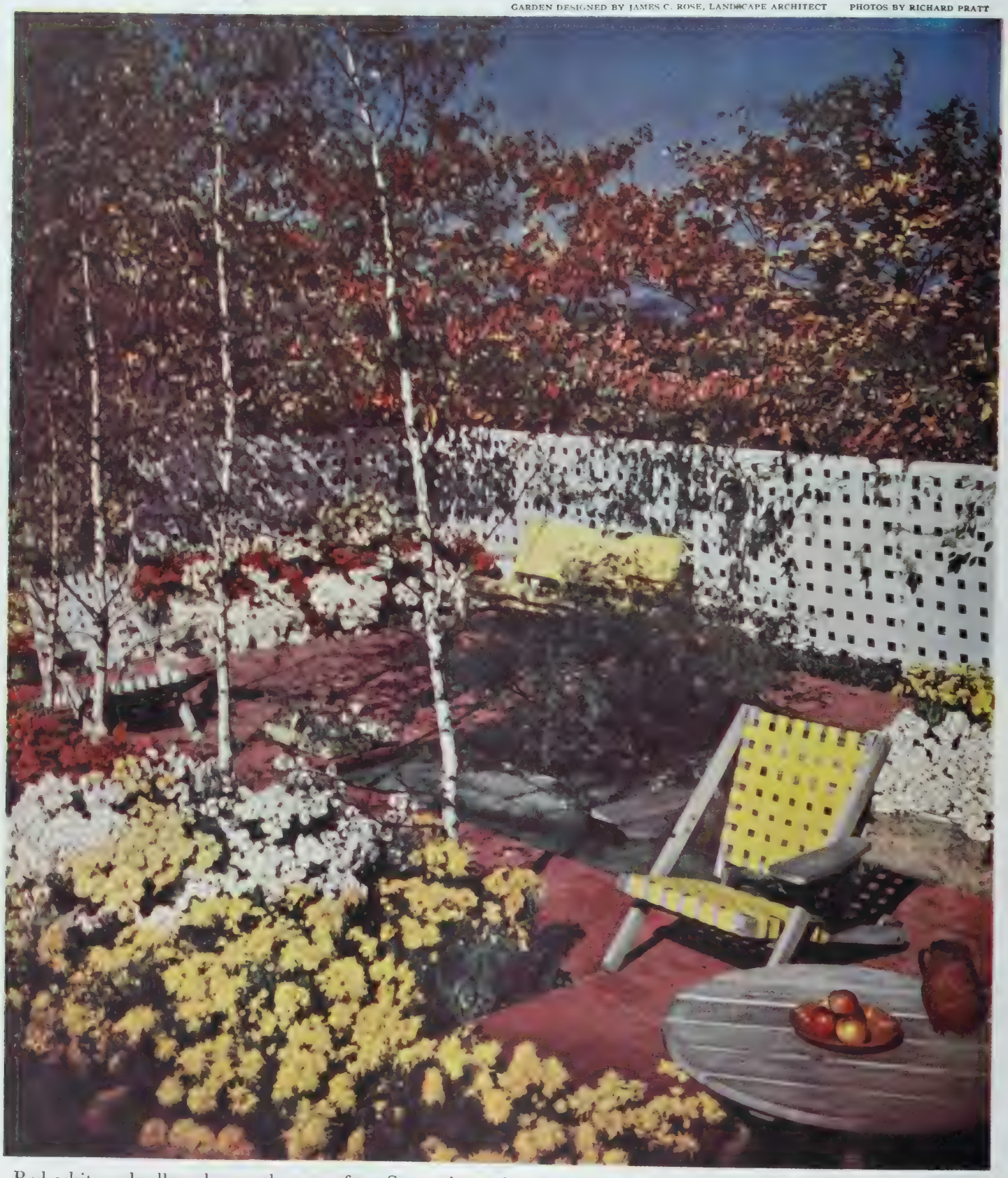
Then he said, but not looking at me, "Some rain."

"Rough," I said.

(Continued on Page 201)

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

GARDEN DESIGNED BY JAMES C. ROSE, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT PHOTOS BY RICHARD PRATT



Red, white and yellow chrysanthemums from September to frost compete with the dogwood leaves and garden birches.

Reflecting Garden

BY RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

THIS garden as pictured here reflects not only the leaves and flowers and skies of spring and fall, but it reflects as well new ways of garden making. Look at it as a garden of suggestions, from which you pick the ones that please you most. And starting with the floor, there are many reasons why thin slabs of cement, three feet square, are wonderful. They can be made at home, and arranging them on the ground is really the way your garden gets planned. You set them on your carefully leveled garden space, with sand or cinders under them for drainage, just where you want your paths and sitting spots to be. Then the empty spaces left when the paving is laid are used for pools and planting, as the pictures suggest. As you can see, tile red is a good color to paint the paving; blue for the pools. Nor are the pools any particular problem. Made up by the local tinsmith, of galvanized iron, two or three inches deep, and three feet wide by six feet long, one is enough for a panel of water in a little garden, while as many more as you can manage only add, of course, to the effect. The rims come flush with the level paving, and you keep them filled with the hose.

That leaves the planting beds, neatly outlined in front by the paving, and backed by fencing that furnishes wind protection and privacy and frames the picture. As far as flowers are concerned, one effective succession of bloom, out of many, is tulips for spring; taking up the bulbs the end of May and storing dry; then setting out annuals from pots for summer, and in September bringing in your chrysanthemums all ready to bloom until frost, when you lift them out to protect for next year's divisions, and put in your tulips again for another spring.

There is naturally some hard work here and there in the course of putting the garden together, before you can play with your plants and sit down to enjoy them; but otherwise it is as simple as it sounds; and any further information may be had for the asking.

For fresh spring effects here are tulips, azaleas and dogwood flowers. The plastic-woven garden chairs repeat the cedar-woven-fence idea.



PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER



MEXICO: While the big-city crowds go to bullfights, cockfighting is the pastime of the peasants. The two guitars lend a festival air. The Gonzalez family vacations by visiting relatives. Father occasionally hunts and fishes. They almost never go to the movies.



GERMANY: For Rolf Stieglitz, born in the midst of war, a ride on a carrousel with his brother and parents is almost too much of a thrill. Life is drab in Germany now, and the Stieglitzes seldom get to dance the Rhinelander. At their wedding in 1933 they danced all night.



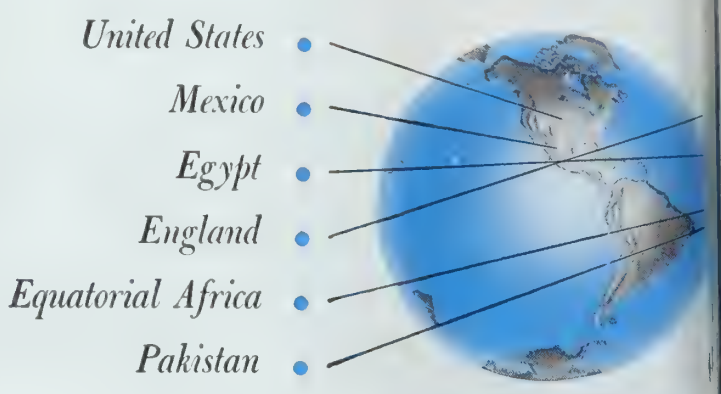
EGYPT: Toys are almost unknown to the el Gamel boys, but they [illegible] battered old crystal radio on which they listen to Arabic [illegible]ams from Cairo. Unfortunately, father also likes to listen and has copped one of the earphones. Hassan (*right*) reads the Koran.



ENGLAND: Tom Hiatt takes annual pleasure in hunting rabbits in the stubble of the harvest. A crack shot, he once bagged 83 in a single afternoon. His son Peter is an enthusiastic assistant. Mrs. Hiatt wishes Tom wouldn't spend so much money on shells. She likes the quieter sport of croquet.



UNITED STATES: On a sul[illegible] afternoon, nothing is so m[illegible] fun in Iowa as to do a little f[illegible] ing from a river bank. Mr.



THIS IS THE WAY

THE world stops work at sundown, and in the twilight pauses to rest and play. In Egypt, the men sit late in the evenings, smoking their water pipes and sipping coffee. In Pakistan, small boys gather in the village street to play *kodi-kodi*. In the Mexican village of Moravatio there is a cockfight, and the peasants place small bets on the contenders. In rural England there are lights in the pubs until ten o'clock, and Tom Hiatt may be found in The Goose Hangs High. In Greve, Italy, there is dancing on summer nights in the pavilion. The Guercini girls go whenever they can persuade mother to come and chaperon. In Germany, traveling carnivals once more light the market places. In the aftermath of war there is little joy in much of the world, but a smile at least flickers across the face of Europe.

To the farmer, vacations with pay are unknown. To him, a holiday most likely means a chance to get away to hunt or fish. When the crops are in, the Pratts, of Iowa, love to spend a lazy afternoon on the riverbank, or to fish for bullheads after dark. High on the central African plateau, Zamba Aluma and his sons hunt the wild pig, bush buck and buffalo with homemade bows and arrows. In Japan the Okamotos fish for trout, and in Pakistan the Usman youngsters fish the River Indus.

JAPAN: The Okamoto boys, Ichie and Kiyohito, engage in a traditional wrestling match, or *ude-sumo*. Father claims to be the family champ. The Okamotos go regularly to the movies, enjoy folk dancing, storytelling and native music. They vacation at New Year's, and after the tea harvest.

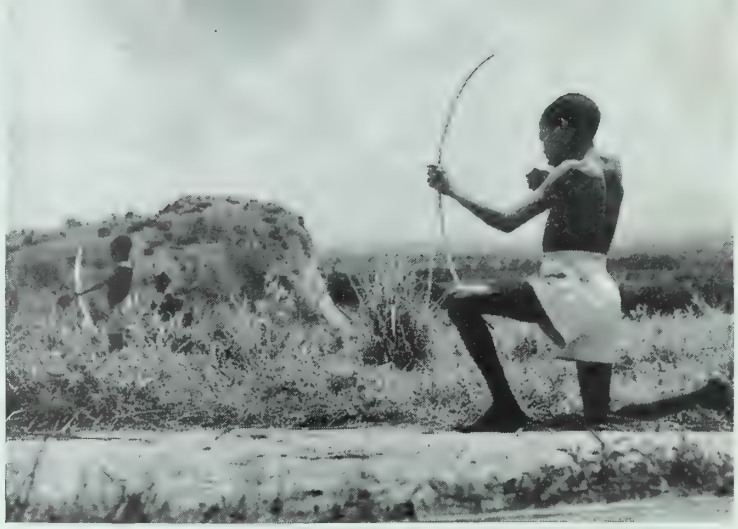


ITALY: Chaperoned by thei[illegible] mothers, young unmarried girls [illegible] dance on summer evenings in this [illegible] open-air pavilion, constructed [illegible]





ratt are content to let the
n watch their lines while
retch and read. The Pratts
ve card parties, dancing.

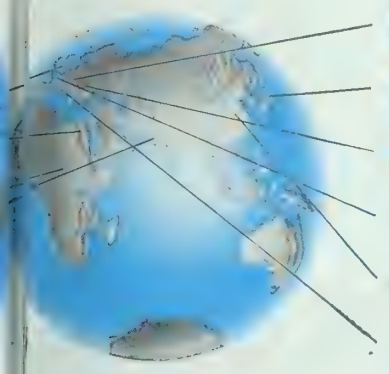


EQUATORIAL AFRICA: With homemade bows and arrows, two of Zamba Aluma's seven sons hunt in the African bush. When the hunt is successful, or when there is anything else to celebrate, the tribesmen gather for a *bosa* dance, to the weird music of *zande* harps and drums made of elephant ears.

PHOTOGRAPHS for the Journal by Horace Bristol (Japan and China), Larry Burrows (England), Robert Capa (United States and Czechoslovakia), Marie Hansen (Italy), George Rodger (Egypt, Pakistan and Equatorial Africa), Phil Schultz (Mexico), David Seymour (France and Germany).



PAKISTAN: In the sun-scorched village of Patni, only the children have enough energy for sports. This is a game of *kodi-kodi*, whose rules are difficult to define. There is little leisure for the rice farmers of Pakistan, and their greatest pleasure is to gossip at twilight.



- *Germany*
- *Japan*
- *Czechoslovakia*
- *France*
- *China*
- *Italy*

By ***JOHN GODFREY MORRIS***

THE WORLD PLAYS

With livestock to tend, with crops to watch, there is little chance to get to town for movies. Ho Fu-yuan has seen two in his lifetime; his family none. Yet the art of Disney and of Tarzan is known around the world. The Okamotos recently saw Gaslight, with Ingrid Bergman; the Stieglitzes, an adventure epic, The Jungle is Calling. The Hiatts were understandably proud of the English film Great Expectations.

But it is the simple pleasures which prove most satisfying. Children everywhere have their toys—marbles in France, beanbags in Japan, dolls in Czechoslovakia. Hide-and-seek is a world favorite. For the folks, there is the fun of small talk over a glass of homemade French wine, a mug of English cider, a Coke or cigarette. Pleasure is meant to be shared with friends and visitors, and both the Pratts and the Zamba Alumas will gladly kill a chicken for an unexpected guest.

In weary China there is almost no pleasure except to sit in the shade, fan oneself, and hear the future foretold. There the monotony of work is broken only by the special events of birth, marriage and death. The Ho Fu-yuans, bowed by the toil of centuries, are resigned in the belief that only in heaven will come the rest they have earned so well.



FRANCE: Music is important to the Redouin family, who attended this music festival in the near-by town of Cheverny. They love to dance, and can rumba, waltz and *zwaing*. The Redouins almost never go to movies, but frequently entertain friends at home.



CHINA: Grandmother Ho consults the village fortuneteller about the marriage of her young grandson, seven-year-old Ho Ch'iang. Grandmother Ho wants to see him well matched, and thinks one cannot begin too early to contract a marriage with a proper girl.

war wreckage. On Saturnights there is a band from nce. Rumba and swing are popular than folk dances.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Petticoats—all five of them—fly high in the traditional dance of a Slovakian wedding. The music is by gypsy violinists. Occasionally the girls clasp hands and sing in a circle. This celebration, to which our Slovakian family was invited, continued three days and nights.



SWAPPER'S LUCK

BY ANN BATCHELDER

ONE of the best things about a vacation is getting home from one. I guess it *is* the best. And if that isn't an old platitude with whiskers on, then I never wrote one. But, after all, the reason they get to be platitudes is that they're good and understandable, so let it stand. When we get home we are tickled to death to see the crisp white curtains at the windows, the garden all trim and sweet, full of early chrysanthemums and late phlox, with the smooth blooming of the heliotrope giving off its ineffable perfume just as you open the garden gate.

A WONDERFUL TRIP. This year the two of us figured that, having put up, along with the rest of the world, with a summer that might have done better, we would set out in the car, no matter what, and go. Just go. No particular goal in sight, stop where we please, stay if we liked it and, if we didn't, move on to better pickings, to hoped-for greener pastures. And it worked. Weather did as well as could be expected, no flat tires. We didn't have to do a thing we didn't want to. I tell you it's a grand feeling, and there's always that lovely feeling that, just about the time we began to wonder if the fence needed painting and the lawn had grown up to hay, we'd be on our *(Continued on Page 234)*

PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER

RECIPES

Old Homestead Succotash Supper

Stuffed Clams

Cold Chicken-and-Tongue Loaf

Lime-and-Ginger Fruit Salad

Cottage-Cheese Pancakes
with Strawberries

Chocolate Pecan Cake
with Sea-Foam Icing

Orange Mousse
in Chocolate Shells

Meringue Ring
with Ice Cream and Peaches



Line a Day

1 The moon comes over the mountain,
In the same old way.
Try and stop it if you know how—
Until the break of day.
That'll stop the moon. *Why?*
Let the astronomers say.

2 I have some news for you this month about salmon, the kind of news that fits right into these end-of-summer days. Maybe it isn't true, but I have always thought that the colder the water, the better the fish.

3 Anyway, there's a very special, very elegant pack of Upper Yukon salmon. Chill a can. Turn it out whole on a platter and around it put quartered tomatoes, water cress, cold green peas. In between have plenty of mayonnaise doctored with cream a little, and over it sift a light sifting of Parmesan cheese. Serve with salted, toasted biscuits.

4 "Anything you can do I can do better than you," echoes salmon to his so-called friends and would-be neighbors. It's a big order—it's likely to put any salmon on its mettle unless it's a salmon that doesn't care and is blanketed in conceit.

5 Try this: Flake a large can of salmon and put it aside. Make a rich cream sauce, adding a few chopped anchovies, about a cup of purée of peas, and a few leaves of washed, dried and chopped cress. Have this sauce very hot. Pour it over the salmon in a casserole, cover generously with fine buttered crumbs and bake until the sauce and crumbs get together. The casserole ought not to be so deep the contents are lost to the world. Cut your garment according to your cloth.

6 At a very smart house in my home town, dinner rolls, which are nearer heavenly than earthly things, are served, on occasion, in the bright new shiny pans they were baked in. Right out of the oven. Piping hot. Better than a golden bowl is that tin to the roll. And very smart too.

7 There is nothing better to dress broccoli with, to my mind anyway, than plenty of melted butter or margarine and riced, hard-cooked egg. Serve it on individual plates. Don't overcook it. It can stand the knife and fork, likes them better than the implements for eating cereal.

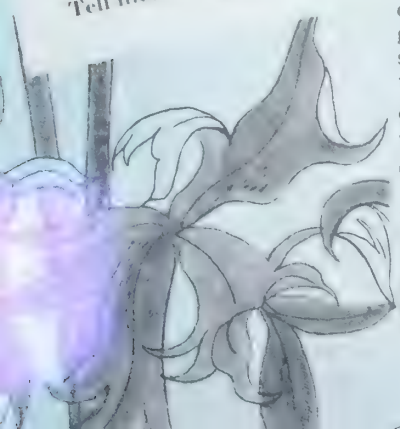
8 Walking down the buffet line, this is what you see. At one end a *very* large bowl of chicken salad—chicken, not veal. Glass dishes of currant jelly and gooseberry jam, all the olives—plain, stuffed, black and green, in abundance. In the center, a whole lobster in jelly and a bowl of green salad with one of Russian dressing. The salad to be dressed French, the Russian for the lobster.

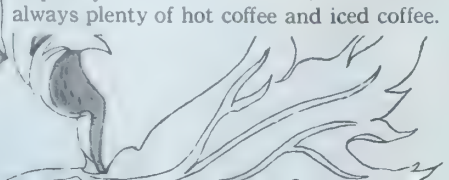
9 At the other end, plates of hot toast, very brown, very buttered, constantly in and out of the kitchen, and flanking a chafing dish of fresh crab meat à la king. Little hot raised rolls are constantly renewed. The dessert is raspberry sherbet and chocolate cake. And always plenty of hot coffee and iced coffee.

END OF SUMMER

These are the things to forget:
The rose that refused to bloom,
And the closed and
shuttered room
Dusty with old regret.

Never remember the
cloistered way?
Upland the long path led.
The wind is sour
on the lone pine bed,
Silent the roundelay
Trilled by a bird in September.
Tell me, do you remember?





BY ANN BATCHELDER

10 For lobster in jelly, have at least one lobster for every two or three people. The lobsters must be freshly boiled. The fishman will open and take out the meat if you're busy. But if you are a real cook, you won't let him. Save the shells and clean them well.

11 This one has to be a three-part serial. Worth it too. Take off the head end and chill the shells and the lobster. Be careful to keep the claws whole. Cut lobster into nice pieces. Season it with a little mayonnaise or Russian dressing. Pack in the lobster shells. Decorate it with sliced black and green stuffed olives, little curls of anchovy and celery cut julienne and made crisp.

12 Put the filled lobster shells on a silver platter (or any platter). Coat the surface with clear, fresh, tart lemon jelly made with unflavored gelatin, cooled to the consistency of unbeaten egg white. Chill. When it sets, take the jelly that has run off on the platter and warm a little. Pour back over the lobster. Keep on chilling and coating until the lobster is well coated with jelly.

13 This is right on the dot for your next luncheon party. Make a good batch of well-seasoned chicken hash, chopped fine and done with chicken broth. Cut rounds of rich pastry; spread hash on one half of each round—heaping, of course—then press in five or six thin slices of sausage. Cover with the empty half of pastry, press the edges together, prick, put little pieces of butter on top and bake in a hot oven. If served as appetizers, make your pastry rounds very small.

14 Here's something for you—it's a mushroom purée. This little number is supposed to step right out among the spreads, tackle the sardine setups, hot or cold, and help out a mushroom soup.

15 Maybe you do, maybe you don't know about this hamburger treatment. Wonderful for picnics, for patio or beach parties or anyplace hamburger seems to be indicated.

16 Take two and a half pounds of best top round—no fat, no gristle—chopped fine. Add a chopped onion, salt and pepper, a cup of chili sauce, a beaten egg and a cup of bread crumbs. Mix well. Mold in a loaf. Spread with soft butter or margarine, place in a bread pan, and bake until done—around an hour in a moderate oven, maybe a little longer. Slice and use for sandwiches, hot or cold. Pretty hot stuff.

17 *From an old cookbook:* "Now the root vegetables are about ready to dig. The pumpkins are ripe. Please pass by that bugaboo, the ripe cucumber, lurking in the corn. Use corn sparingly; health comes before indulgence." It would be a lot worse if *I* were lurking in the corn.

18 *Fish note:* Add two teaspoons of grated horse-radish to your regular hollandaise recipe to serve with boiled fish. There's a sauce that wins plenty of friends for fish dinners.

19 Crab meat, chicken, lobster, shrimp—any of these, made into a salad with mayonnaise, is pretty elegant heaped on artichoke bottoms and surrounded with cress and slices of tomatoes.

20 Ever hear of a nut that isn't a nut? It's the new look in nuts—don't say a word, but they are pumpkin seeds! Grown in Mexico. Toasted and salted. Good too.

21 You needn't wait to get hit on the head with a coconut in order to *have* coconut. You may now sprinkle the next curry with coconut out of the box. But like all good things, use it lightly.

22 Another coconut idea is to add a sparing sprinkle—that's what I mean—a sparing sprinkle of coconut to waffles before closing the iron.

23 Now the word comes for more and better sandwiches. It's a September custom. So take some sliced tongue, spread it generously with horse-radish, put between buttered slices of bread. Dip in beaten egg as for French toast. Sauté on both sides until brown. Serve hot.

24 And sometime when you're having French fried toast and bacon for breakfast, try adding a tablespoon or two of molasses to your egg mixture. Fries a beautiful golden brown.

25 Now to the subject of marmalades. With toast in the morning—that's everyday stuff. But for teatime or anyplace where you want a perfectly delicious toast-and-marmalade combination, look at some of the other marmalade possibilities.

26 Take ginger, for one. Have the toast, cut in broad fingers, very hot, buttered, spread with orange marmalade with which you have combined some very thin bits of crystallized ginger.

27 One more, because I'm all for sharing. Cover the marmalade with very thin slices of very rich, creamy cheese. Run under the broiler until the cheese melts. You'd better be sitting around waiting for this. You know why. And it is a delicious thing.

28 Maybe I've told you this before, but I rediscovered it, so will go ahead. When it's eggplant you're going to have, prepare it as usual, then put the slices in a good French dressing for fifteen minutes before broiling them. You've no *idea*.

29 Should you wish something a little bit better and considerably different, get some specially fine mushrooms. Grill them and stuff them with deviled ham. Stick a toothpick in each and they will get picked off right away.

30 There's a haze over the mountains where I came from. I know it well. Compounded of air and stillness and burning leaves, it leans on the hills and shuts the world away. It is enough. Summer is bowing out. It wasn't much of a summer here, but next year? Well, maybe.

YOUR ANNIE.



CLASSROOM WORK burns up energy fast and must be restored. Much depends on proper foods.



ORGANIZED GAMES and sports use up much of a child's energy.



IN SCHOOL CAFETERIAS many children eat home-packed lunches.

Somewhere in every school child's day there's a place for GOOD HOT SOUP



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Study, play and just plain romping use up children's energy in jigtime. Mothers know it must be restored by the right food eaten at the right time. Lunch, particularly, they realize should include a substantial hot dish—a dish like Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

Women know this fine vegetable soup of old . . . know what sound nourishment is in its good beef stock, and in its tempting garden vegetables—fifteen different kinds. No wonder they call it "almost a meal in itself". And because they've seen their youngsters go for this homey vegetable soup time after time, they make sure to keep plenty on hand. Do you?

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP



HOME TO LUNCH come many school children.



"ON THE GO" from morn till night.



Would you be healthy,
Happy and wise?
Eat well, sleep well
And exercise!



VACUUM BOTTLES often hold good hot soup.

You can say "yes" to Romance



because

Veto says "no" to Offending!



Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor!

Soft as a caress . . . exciting . . . new—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath! You feel confident . . . sure of exquisite daintiness.

Veto says "no"—to harming skin and clothes!

So effective . . . yet so gentle—Colgate's lovely, new cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto! *So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!*

Trust always to Veto if you value your charm!

FAMILY CIRCLE

(Continued from Page 37)

smokes with a Pole.' But don't be alarmed!" She laughed. "I shan't ask you to join me. Come in, sit down, and tell me all about yourself."

Maud did. Modjeska's lovely manner put her more or less at her ease, and in a breathless torrent she told her of the inspiration her performances had been, of how she loved the theater, loved acting, didn't know whether or not she had any talent but wanted so much to go on the stage. Then, with the temerity of young and burning ambition, she asked if Madame Modjeska would like to have her recite something.

Modjeska politely concealed a wince. She knew all too well what such expressions of dedicated ardor are generally like. But there was something about this girl which arrested attention. She had a charming speaking voice, she had distinction, and she was so desperately in earnest. She told her to go ahead.

Maud stood up, gulped, and plunged headlong into the Potion Scene. At the finish, Modjeska put out her cigarette and told her to recite something else, and by way of contrast the girl complied with excerpts from Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works. The lady laughed spontaneously at the comedy points, then called for a final selection, and the young performer wound up with Isabella's Plea—a risky choice had she known it, for Measure for Measure was part of the Modjeska repertoire.

When she had finished, there was a pause. Then Modjeska rose and said, "Child, you are gifted. At the end of my season you will hear from me." Then she kissed her on both cheeks, opened the door, and gracefully dismissed her.

Maud went home in a happy daze which lasted for the next two months. The interview, the great artist's apparent interest—it all seemed unreal. And when the postman delivered an envelope postmarked New York and bearing on the back a tiny coat of arms, that too seemed unreal. The letter read:

My dear Miss Durbin: We are now making contracts and yours will be sent to you shortly. If you are still decided to go on the stage you will sign it; if not, please let me know at the earliest date, as I shall have to engage someone else in your place.

I will not tell you what parts you have to play, because I want to read them with you before you commit them to memory, so that you may have at once the clear understanding of every line in your part. I do not usually take so much trouble with the young actresses, but I am interested in you, and if you follow my instructions, I hope you may make your way in the profession.

It is the beginning which is the most difficult and not always pleasant part of the career, but if you begin well, the result is bound to be good.

My acting manager will tell you when we begin the rehearsals. I think that you must be prepared to come to New York about September 21st, three weeks before our opening of the season.

With best wishes,
Sincerely yours,
HELENA MODJESKA

MAUD instantly wrote back a joyfully effusive acceptance, then told her family. Her mother was grieved but compliant. Her father was indignant and anything but compliant. A few days later when a letter from Modjeska's manager informed them that Madame was in receipt of Miss Durbin's acceptance, that the season would open October tenth with Henry VIII, and that in this production Miss Durbin would recite the prologue and epilogue, dressed as a boy herald in tunic and *tights!*, William Durbin went livid. He bellowed his flat refusal and Maud tearfully returned the contract. Miraculously, another letter arrived from Modjeska. That understanding and magnanimous lady had written back:

My dear Miss Durbin: I am afraid my stage manager's letter has discouraged you and, therefore, I write to you to urge you not to give up the opportunity of making your career—maybe the only sure one you have. You may get an engagement in some other companies—but, I assure you, it will not be the same.

CULVER SERVICE



Modjeska was a famous Camille.

As to the parts you have to play, the prologue and epilogue in Henry VIII is the best after Katharine. . . . Anne Boleyn and the other parts are simply walking ladies . . . while here you have an opportunity of being alone on the stage and speaking to the audience. The costume is a very decent one. It is a herald's dress and it may be long to the knees. Besides, you have a charming part in Camille—Nichette—then Phebe in As You Like It, Margarite Curl in Mary Stuart and one of the maids in Much Ado. The only part where you appear as a boy will be in Henry VIII and it is a loose gown and long enough to save you all embarrassment.

You certainly must know that I can get as many young girls as I wish—but I feel my duty to give you all the chances first.

All the costumes I will furnish for you and your hotel bill in New York may be paid from the advance money my husband, Mr. Bozenta, will send you to Denver. I shall also send your ticket or money for your trip to New York. Please answer immediately.

Very sincerely yours,
HELENA MODJESKA CHLAPOWSKA,
COUNTESS BOZENTA

THE addition of her title in the signature was clever and calculated. It was a gesture she almost never made, for she was democratically unassuming and took pains to keep the fact that she was a noblewoman carefully out of her professional life. But she must have figured, and quite correctly, that in this instance the aristocratic touch would be effective.

September finally came round and Maud was ready to start for New York. Her mother decided to go with her, and together they boarded the eastbound train. The management had reserved them a room at the Park Avenue Hotel, and Maud found a note at the desk saying:

Dear Miss Durbin: You will please meet the members of Madame Modjeska's company on the stage of the Garden Theater at 11 A.M. September 19th.

Rehearsal of Henry VIII.

BEAUMONT SMITH,
Stage Director

Maud's hand trembled as she read the instructions over a dozen times. She and her mother consulted a sympathetic doorman as to the exact location of the Garden Theater and just how long it would take to get there by horsecar.

They set out next morning. Maud's heart was pounding wildly. Beaumont Smith, the stage manager, met them at the door, welcomed them with a gentlemanly courtesy that Mrs. Durbin found most reassuring, and asked them to come in. An acetylene rehearsal light cast a weird glare on the bare

(Continued on Page 77)



Just as you picture a duchess to be —— An incandescent, star quality in the beautiful Duchess of Leinster's face sends her loveliness right out to *you*—makes you feel the warmth and graciousness that is her inmost self.

Your face is the keynote of your inner self. Whether you know it or not it is expressing *You* every minute—your spirit, your disposition, your habits. Help it then to reveal you *clearly*—as you *want* to be.

The Duchess' complexion is radiant, glowing-clear and silken-smooth

"I have an unbreakable rule for fresh, soft skin"— *says Rafaelle,*

DUCHESS of LEINSTER

"I HAVE an unbreakable rule for fresh, soft skin—Pond's Cold Cream," this lovely Duchess tells you.

Follow the Duchess' rule—and work magic on *your* face today. Your face does as *you do by it.* So—take your luscious Pond's Cold Cream and *see* how Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment brings your skin new loveliness. *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream—*lots* of it—all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This *rinses* off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—give face a tonic cold water splash. Now—see your *new* face! It's alive! It has a cleanliness that you can *feel* as well as *see.* Yes—*this* is beauty care you'll never want to skip—because it really works.



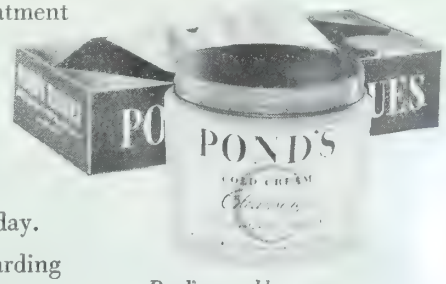
Rosy! Clean! Soft!

You'll want to give your face this new Pond's treatment every single day (and always at bedtime). It literally works on both sides of your skin.

From the Outside—soft, cool Pond's Cold Cream wraps itself around dirt and make-up, as you massage—sweeps all cleanly away, as you tissue off.

From the Inside—every step of this treatment quickens beauty-giving circulation—speeds up tiny blood vessels in their work of bringing in skin-cell food, and carrying away skin-cell waste.

Skin loveliness takes *renewing* every day. Bring *your* skin fresh loveliness this rewarding *Pond's* way. Don't wait one more day to do it.



Pond's—used by more women than any other face cream

GOWN BY HENRI BENDEL

Admiring thought of a guest of honor

"Sally has such beautiful silverware. When I marry, I'm going to own 1847 Rogers Bros., too. It's the finest and loveliest silverplate I know of. It's so like solid silver in its fine craftsmanship."

FOR more than 100 years, 1847 Rogers Bros. has been America's favorite silverplate.

No other has such a proud tradition of expert craftsmanship. In the four exquisite modern patterns, you'll discover the extra depth of ornament; the fine balance and flawless finish you usually find only in solid silver.

Silverplate with the yearmark "1847" is an exceptional value. The price is the same as in 1942!

52-piece service for eight, $64.75; 76-piece service for twelve, $94.75; 100-piece service for eight, $117.50. (Prices include chests. No Federal tax.)

TUNE IN: "The Silver Summer Revue," Friday, 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T., CBS.

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(Continued from Page 74)

t . In a distant corner a group of people chatting. Mr. Smith led them over to h group, the nearest member of which was ung man who was laughing over some dote that a pretty woman was telling He had huge brown eyes and black r hair with romantic gray patches over h ars, and his teeth when he laughed were white. Looking at him, Maud thought astonishingly handsome. Too handsome, be. Her mental speculations were inter- ed by Mr. Smith.

Miss Durbin, let me present Madame's ing man and costar," she heard him say- "Mr. Otis Skinner."

y future father looked at her with total nterest, bowed perfunctorily, and turned to his companion. Maud decided she nitely didn't like him.

he next three weeks were taken up with nuous rehearsal. Modjeska's interest in new protégée increased as she saw with t intelligence and sensitive instinct the attacked her work. The gracious woman special attention to her, frequently ed with her the hot lunch that was ught in during the midday break, and oc- onally drove her back to the hotel in her ate brougham. Maud was in a state of r rapture and her mother, by now con- ced that the stage was not a pitfall into om and Gomorrah, was happy too.

he day of dress rehearsal, a telegram ar- d for Mrs. Durbin saying that her son, k, was desperately ill; she must come e at once. Maud, with an aching heart, mpanied her mother to Jersey City and her onto the train. All the way back to nhattan on the ferry the girl stood by the dy rail and sobbed. In lobby of her hotel she into kind Mr. Bozenta, noticed her red eyes. half an hour a note ved from Madame ask- if Maud would please e around to see her mediately. Maud bathed face in cold water and hastened over to Clarendon, where Madame asked her if d be good enough to help her out by sew- beads onto her Holbein headdress for en Katharine.

eminiscing about it years later, my mother l, "All afternoon I sat in her drawing m, thinking I was helping. I know now t I was no help—it was merely her moth- way of keeping me from sobbing my rt out. It still astonishes me to recall that should have had a thought for anyone the eve of her first performance in New rk in an exacting and untried role! I later s humiliated to find Nascia, her maid, pa- ntly cutting off my beads and resewing m. It was my first lesson in infinite pains. 'hings done well and with care' was a Mo- ska maxim."

n her first part, Maud acquitted herself y well. However, her family's horror over indecency of her appearing in tights had its mark, and after two self-conscious formances she bought herself, at terrific ense, a pair of boots, hip-length and made soft suède.

Modjeska, when she saw them, laughed till tears streamed down her cheeks. She had ver heard of a Tudor herald wearing boots. ut," she added upon seeing the girl's wncast expression, "they really look rather shing and they must have cost you three eks' salary. You may wear them."

FTER a short New York run, the company nt on the road. It was a strenuous tour d with split weeks and one-night stands, d Modjeska lived with her husband and id in the private car with which the man- ement in those elegant days provided them. was considered a "miniature palace on heels." During long railroad jumps, her mpany manager, her leading man and two embers next in importance were daily in- ed to the car for luncheon or dinner. Now d then Maud would be asked to come in . She was always placed at the end of the ble, and her shyness prevented her from ning in general conversation. But she listened avidly to everything that was said, and watched with starry-eyed eagerness. Mr. Otis Skinner always sat at Madame's right. He never by any chance addressed a single word in Maud's direction. She thought him excessively "stuck up."

THE season ended and Modjeska invited Maud to spend the summer at her California ranch, Arden. There was a constant stream of exciting house guests—writers, musicians, artists, actors. A constant visitor was Sienkiewicz, the author of Quo Vadis? Paderewski, when his tours took him to the Pacific Coast, came out for Sundays, as did the DeReszkes; and Joseph Conrad, when he visited America, made Arden an objective.

Guests and family shared alike in the household chores. The day began with a lavish breakfast which Madame served herself at a long table on the lawn in the shade of some ancient live oaks. Luncheons were set out in picnic boxes for people to take where and whenever they chose. Everyone went his own way during the day. Modjeska busied herself with household and garden. She sketched, she played with her small grandson, and spent much time composing and illustrating a fairy story for him. Dinner was a semi-informal affair held in the great library of the ranch house built by Stanford White. There followed a fine evening of good talk augmented with music, impromptu theatricals and sometimes dancing.

Madame was an avid whist player. She attacked a game with the concentration and zest with which she attacked a part, and she had a snorting intolerance for a poor partner. One evening when her nephew carelessly lost an obvious trick, she rose, swept the cards up from the table, flung them in the lad's flushed face, and with a dramatic cry of "You are a dunce, sir!" sailed from the room.

We like a man who comes right out and says what he thinks when he agrees with us.
—ANON.

The great lady's temper was Slavicly inflammable, in spite of the fact that she went on the happily misguided assumption that she always had it under complete control.

"I used to lose my temper very often," she once told a reporter. "So did my husband—but it was not wise for both of us to be excited at once, so we agreed that but one of us should lose his temper on any occasion and the other keep calm."

"And does it work?" the reporter had asked.

"Perfectly!" Modjeska had assured him with a peal of laughter. "You see, Charlie is excited *all* the time!"

The following fall Modjeska's repertory company went on tour again. Otis Skinner was still the leading man. Maud didn't like him any better than she had the preceding year. She still thought him "stuck up." He kept very much to himself. If she met him in the theater, she scuttled past him, barely murmuring a vague how-do-you-do.

The evening of Halloween, they were playing Henry VIII. Maud, prompted by some inexplicable impulse, bought a pumpkin, carved it into a jack-o'-lantern, and during a scene when Otis Skinner, as Henry, was on the stage, ran into his dressing room, turned off the lights, and left the object grinning on his make-up shelf. No sooner had she come away than she wished she hadn't done it. She wished so even more when the leading man's dresser came to her with an expression of extreme seriousness and said, "Mr. Skinner didn't at all like your playing that joke on him."

She went on for the wedding scene as a lady in waiting, flushed with embarrassment and fury. During a short pavan she and the other extras had to execute, she was suddenly aware that Henry VIII had slipped off his throne and was making his way in her direction. He came right up to her, quietly pushed her partner aside, took her hand in a movement of the dance, grinned broadly and whispered, "Who put that jack-o'-lantern in my dressing room?" squeezed her fingers, bowed elegantly, and returned to his dais. Maud gasped and blushed more crimson than



Such Lovely Luxury . . . .

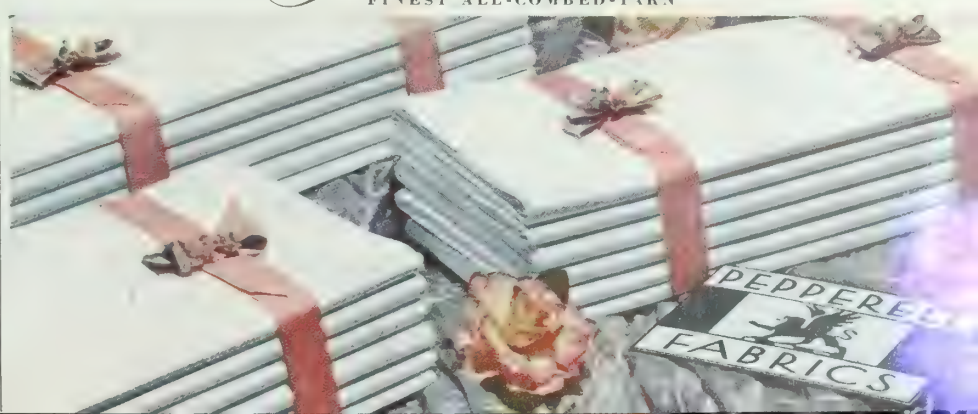
Your day ends, as it began, with luxury. On Pepperell Peeress Sheets, you drift serenely into sleep . . . wake refreshed by their "trousseau" texture. Peeress Sheets are woven of expensive all-combed yarn, 204 threads per square inch, for extra strength. You do pay a bit more for Peeress than for ordinary percales, but we believe *extra wear* will give you this luxury at no extra cost! See these lovely Pepperell Peeress Percales in white and "personality colors"!

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PEPPERELL PEERESS

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FINEST ALL-COMBED-YARN





• Actual delivery-room scene. A nurse gently lowers the newborn infant into his sterile receiving basket.

the heels of her Tudor shoes. Her heart was pounding violently.

Maud, by now, was playing better parts. The critics always paid her special attention, and certain of them said she had the qualities of a young American Ellen Terry. In spite of all this, she had no job for the forthcoming season. Modjeska was going back to Poland and was not touring again and Otis Skinner was planning to strike out as a star actor-manager and was forming his own company. Maud went back to Denver for a month and was about to start for New York to make the rounds of the managers and agents, when a letter arrived from Otis Skinner saying that the actress he had engaged to play opposite him had been forced by illness to cancel her contract, and would Miss Durbin be interested in replacing her, please let him know by return post. Miss Durbin wrote back that she thought she might be interested, a triumph of understatement. Within a week she was engaged as leading lady for the season of 1895–96.

It was not for several months that Maud was to find out that it had been only through the earnest intercession of Modjeska that the young star had been persuaded into taking the risk of engaging her. She never, of course, so much as hinted that she had had a hand in Maud's good fortune. The day before she sailed for Poland she wrote:

My darling Maud: I was so happy when I read of your good news. I think it the wisest thing Mr. Skinner ever did, because the parts in the new plays suit you to perfection. I hope you will miss me a little next season, but I also hope it will be a good season for you in all respects. Study your parts carefully, never be in a hurry to memorize, but rather dwell on the sentences and never stop repeating until you are pleased with yourself. Accept all suggestions, but come to the rehearsal prepared with your own business. Nothing forms an actor better than work with himself. I mean the constant and mental effort, and loud study, no matter what the neighbors may say about it.

And now I take my leave. Good-by until we meet again. God bless you and speed you to fortune. Yours faithfully,

H. Modjeska.

My mother never acted with Modjeska again. But their friendship remained warm and they corresponded at regular intervals until the great lady died. I felt that she was a lovely and intimate acquaintance and that although I met her only once, very briefly, when I was a child of six, I knew exactly what she was like.

The background of Modjeska's handsome *jeune premier* had been very different from that of the shy young girl he was to marry. Born in Cambridge, the second son of a scholarly Universalist preacher and his quiet wife, my father came of a long line of granite-faced New Englanders.

In comparison with the easygoing spirit of the Durbin family, the atmosphere of the Skinner household was austere. There was no frivolous spending for nonessentials. The boys were never given allowances, although now and then the mother, scraping the bottom of the till, would manage to spare them a few pennies, three-cent paper "shinplasters," with which to purchase a few pickled limes or licorice "shoestrings."

Local gaiety was confined to parish-house evenings when young and old gathered to listen to a lecture or musical program, following which the mature ones exchanged decorous chitchat over a glass of nonalcoholic punch while the juvenile element regaled itself pouring melted maple sugar onto bowls full of packed snow.

Sunday was a day of strenuous devotion. The church was such a distance from the house, they had all to spend the day there. For Otis, a lively, normal child, Sunday was excruciating boredom. He was fidgety and inattentive and, given a chance to sit with any companion his own age, raised a good deal of Cain during the interminable stretches of his father's sermons. Once when he had been behaving particularly badly, his father stopped in the middle of a sentence, fixed

Five minutes old... and all yours!



The months of waiting are over... your baby is born.

Near by, the nurses smile at the beginning-of-life music of his first cry . . . reach out gloved forefingers to touch his fuzzy head, before they whisk him away to the nursery.

In a few hours, you'll be holding up your arms for the small squirming bundle... asking all sorts of questions for the time when your baby will be yours *to take care of*.

Today, you may be surprised to hear there's a completely new kind of skin care. A better, *modern* way!

It's smooth, snow-white Johnson's Baby Lotion... preferred by more and more hospitals.

Yes . . . *Lotion!* Hospital-tested . . . *proved* to give amazing protection against heat rash; other irritations.

When you take baby home, you'll want to continue this modern, better protection.

Use Johnson's Baby Lotion exactly like baby oil, after bath, at diaper changes. So pleasant to use!



Leaves baby skin soft and fragrant. Have Johnson's Baby Lotion waiting on baby's tray!





NEW! Hospitals prove it's better!

JOHNSON'S BABY LOTION

Johnson & Johnson

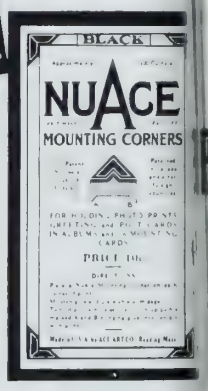
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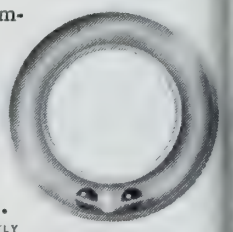


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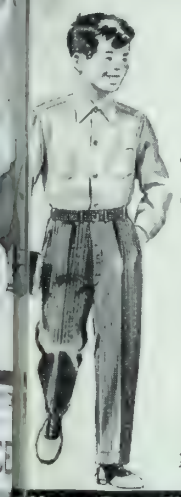
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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See these outstanding slacks and longies made of Tufferoy*... TOM SAWYER'S exclusive corduroy. Tufferoy* has 8 extra threads in every square inch for extra wear. Water repellent; spot resistant. Softer, lighter, but tougher. A variety of solid colors and partridge mixtures.

fferoy Prep Slacks – Waist 25 to 32
fferoy Junior Longies – Ages 3 to 12



Here's a longie suit that is typical of TOM SAWYER *plus* values in boys' clothing. It's a 3-button gabardine that's tailored and rayon-lined just like Dad's. Trousers have Zipper fly, pleats, belt and cuffs. In tan, brown or blue.

ongie Suits–Ages 3 to 12



TOM SAWYER "bold color" shirts in Sanforized flannel plaids, plain or novelty prints are tops with the gang. Of sturdy fast-color cotton flannel. In or outer style.

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OM SAWYER Apparel for eal Boys wears and wears! Feaured at fine stores from Coast to oast, it has been the favorite of illions of mothers and boys or over a quarter of a century.

* "Tufferoy" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Tom SAWYER
"APPAREL" For Real Boys

DER MANUFACTURING CO. • ST. LOUIS, MO.

him with an awful eye, and after a terrifying pause said, "If my son Otis would desist from shooting spitballs in the house of the Almighty, I'd continue with my sermon."

Charles, Jr., was the literary hope of the family. He wrote stories and poetry, and his plays were creations of wonder, produced in the cellar with casts made up of his schoolmates, and his mother for an audience. Otis, too, was merely a spectator, because he was considered too young to be reliable in any other role.

The Reverend Charles was offered a new parish in Hartford, and the family left Cambridge when Otis was in his early teens. Charlie had gone to New York to start a career in journalism. Otis was lonely. He became an omnivorous reader and was early initiated into the forbidden delights of the dime novel. He hid the copies at the foot of an apple tree and, when he could, pored over them in a leafy hide-out in the upper branches.

My father's interest in books, however, was no indication of his scholarship, which was extremely poor. He left high school to become a clerk in an insurance company, an occupation for which he was spectacularly unfitted, and he quit to take a job in the shipping department of a wholesale commission house.

* * * * * * * * *

For Children Coming Home

By Virginia Scott Miner

The little song she sings today
Has hardly any tune,
But, like a small clock, ticks away,
"Coming—coming soon!"

So hour by hour she bakes and dusts,
But all the while is humming,
"They are almost, almost here—
Coming—coming—coming!"

* * * * * * * * *

It was at this point that Charlie, working as a cub reporter for the Brooklyn Times, had written him to come to the city for a spree, and the lad had scrimped enough from his salary to purchase a round-trip ticket. Charlie had wangled twenty-four hours' leave to show him around. It was a wonderful day. They journeyed the length and breadth of the island in stages and open horsecars.

The day ended with the crowning wonder of climbing up to gallery seats at the Lyceum Theater to see a performance of The Hunchback of Notre Dame. The boy found himself in a world of poets and priests, cutthroats and troubadours, thieves and gypsies. He sat forward, his body taut, his dark eyes shining. During the entr'actes he sat as if spellbound, neither speaking nor moving. His heart was pounding and his mind was a racing runaway. Charles glanced sideways at him and with wise intuition said nothing.

The play ended. [I quote my father's own words.] The gallery crowd moved slowly down the stairway and out into the cool night air. We walked down the Bowery to Grand Street. We took the Williamsburg ferry and then home to my brother's humble boardinghouse in Brooklyn and to bed. But there was no sleep for me.

I stayed on for two more days. What I did, I don't know and I never shall. It is all a blank. At night I took the train back to Hartford.

I had found my life's work.

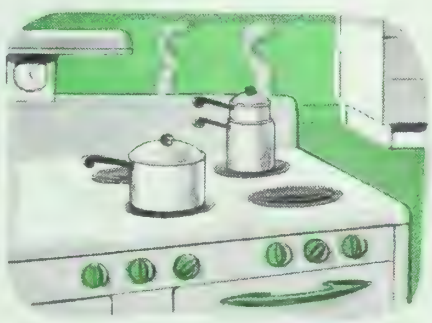
Once home, he kept the momentous decision to himself. Partly because he dreaded his parents' disapproval and more because this discovery seemed too precious to sully it by sharing it with anyone.

Toiling away at the commission-house job, Otis felt the need to act as a race horse feels

HOW SAFE ARE YOUR CHILDREN?

In the past 35 years, the death rate from disease among children 1 to 14 years of age has been reduced more than 80%. Today, *accidents*, in the home and out, are the leading cause of death in childhood. In addition, thousands of children are temporarily or permanently crippled by accidents each year.

Fortunately, many accidents can be prevented. Parents can do most to guard their children's health and happiness by removing possible causes of accidents, and by establishing common-sense rules of safety.



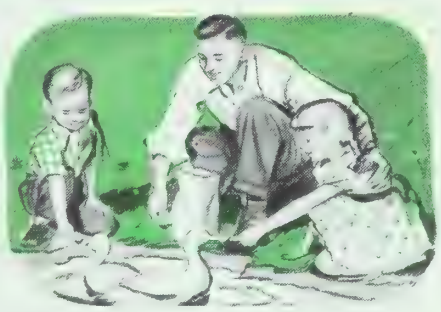
1. Burns cause most fatal home accidents. So it's wise for parents to turn the handles of pots on a stove so they can't be reached, to keep matches in a safe place, and to place a sturdy screen around a fireplace or unguarded heater.



2. Falls head the list of serious nonfatal accidents. Parents can help prevent falls by providing a storage place for toys, so that they won't be left on the stairs or the floor. Windows should be guarded, and halls well lighted.



3. Safety in the streets is extremely important. Children should learn to cross only at crossings, to obey traffic lights, to look both ways before stepping into the street, and to face traffic if they have to walk on a road.



4. Drowning accounts for many accidental deaths. That's why a grownup should be present whenever children are playing in or near the water. During the winter, parents should check ice conditions where children skate.

Parents can also be helpful in protecting their children by setting a good example and by showing them safe ways to work and play. If, in spite of all your precautions, your child seems to have more than his share of accidents, it may be wise to consult your doctor.

To learn more about protecting your child, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 98-J, "Help Your Child to Safety."

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Vicki

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SELBY SHOES THE WORLD OVER—ESTABLISHED 1874

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the need to run. He organized a youthful company of amateurs, among them William Gillette, whom he had known at Brown High School. Gillette allowed the group to put on a couple of their plays in the loft of his family's carriage house. Fired by this whiff of grease paint, Otis screwed up sufficient courage to ask his father if they might give a performance in the vestry basement. To his amazement, his father gave permission and the boys chose for their first production a fearful old comedy called The Honeymoon, which caused considerable headshaking in the community.

His next endeavor was in collaboration with a certain W. L. Cheney, a young friend with musical aspirations and a talent for the harmonica. The two decided to make a professional debut in a joint concert and dramatic show. They found an auditorium in the outskirts of Hartford for $15, and had handbills printed. They spread the ads liberally throughout the town, but fortune favored them with a damp and blustery evening and the box-office receipts totaled $3.75. It was the first of Otis Skinner's professional heartbreaks.

The flop of his initial venture didn't in the least dampen his theatrical ardor. Resigning from the commission house, he got a job as Hartford correspondent for the New York Dramatic News, and for a few months reveled in a delirious orgy of theatergoing, an aisle seat at no cost and a chance to see the leading itinerant stars.

For almost a year he had kept his ambitions secret. To tell his parents that he intended to become an actor, he felt, would be the equivalent of announcing the fact that he was about to take up horse thieving. But the call of the theater became irresistible, and he decided to do it. He chose a Friday for the critical interview, and an hour in which his father was usually engrossed in preparation of next Sunday's sermon. It was hardly the time for announcing a career, but Otis was going to do things up in fine Byronic style. He flung open the door of the sanctum without knocking and stood for a moment speechless and panting, his hands on the knob ready for a quick getaway.

The Reverend Skinner looked up from his writing in quiet surprise. "Yes, Otis?"

"Father," gasped the youth in the voice of Childe Harold, "I'm going to be an *actor!*"

"What was that?" asked the preacher.

"I'm going on the *stage!*"

During the ensuing pause, Otis braced himself for a Homeric blowup. His father merely smiled, then cleared his throat and said in a mild tone:

"Well, son, that's quite interesting. I'm very fond of the theater and it will be nice having someone in the family who can get free seats for your mother and myself. But suppose we discuss it later. I have, as you are doubtless aware, a sermon to write."

His mother's reaction to the news was even more baffling. He had counted on her for sympathetic encouragement and, to his wounded amazement, she burst into peals of derisive laughter.

"You an actor!" she howled. "Why, you can't even talk straight!"

It was the only instance he could ever recall of her exhibiting any lack of feeling. But it made him determined to "show her."

He began writing letters to managers and agents, making known the fact that he was ambitious, talented and available. He saved enough money to pay for a trip to New York, where, hat in hand, he cooled his heels in managerial outer rooms, never seeing anyone more important than the office boy.

Finally, miraculously, came an offer from one William Davidge, actor-manager of the Philadelphia Museum. He agreed to engage the professional services of Mr. O. A. Skinner in general utility parts for the season of 1877–78, salary to be $7 a week.

The season started in the fall and there was the whole summer to be lived through, with difficulty. His contract, like all of in those pre-Equity days, called for hi nishing his own wardrobe, and he coll what he could of an array of costume quired a few secondhand and very ill-fi wigs, and purchased enough grease pai make up a battalion.

The summer weeks went by and there no word from Davidge. The "general ity" man grew restive and worried. H ther, of all people, gave him a slight boo suggesting that he put him in touch w certain acquaintance and former parishi who might have connections in "show ness." Connections he had indeed, for parishioner was P. T. Barnum. Reve Skinner gave his son a letter of introduc and Otis journeyed to Bridgeport walked from the station to Waldmere.

As he passed the outer fields of the num estate, Otis was startled to see a wearing a turban guiding a plow which being serenely pulled by an elephant—ar put on daily at the hour the greatest nur of trains was passing along the New Ha tracks, which bordered the showman's p erty. The interior of the mansion was one of the great man's own side-show seums. The halls were cluttered with tro cases, the walls covered with shields, jav and "things."

Barnum received him with the cordi of a heroic barker; his hair, white by r gleamed above a genially florid face. Y of lavish eating and drinking had given h monumental paunch. The prospective a stared at him as he had at the other exhi and exclaimed to himself, "What a mak for Falstaff!" Barn asked him to be sea and listened indulgen to his story. Then he r went to an ebony des a gift, he said casua from the Maharajah Somewhere—picked u fancy mother-of-pearl p dipped it into an inkwe a fantasy fashioned out of a rhino's hor and wrote the following:

> **The wise carry their knowledge as they do their watches, not for display, but for their own use.**
> —SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

To whom it may concern:

The bearer, O. A. Skinner, esq. is known me. His parents, whom I have known in H ford Conn. for several years, are eminently spectable. Mr. Skinner has an ambition, a ent and a *yearning* for the stage. I have doubt that he will prove an important acqu tion to any theatrical corps which he may j

P. T. BARNUM

Armed with the letter and new hopes, C hastened back to Hartford. Still no w from Davidge, and it was already Octob He decided to go to Philadelphia anyw and take a chance. He was exactly ninet years old.

My father reached Philadelphia, hurr to the somewhat shabby little theater at and Arch streets, and inquired the way Davidge's office. He was directed up a fli of rickety stairs and waved through a d which gave onto Davidge, at a huge, cl tered desk. With one hand he was signin pile of contracts, with the other he alternat thumbed the pages of a manuscript or pav over some fresh playbills. Now and then took time out for a pull on a chewed-up ci or a frantic ping on a bell to summon a h assed messenger boy.

All too soon Otis was to learn that this w purely an act. Davidge wasn't even a m erately successful impresario, and the f tunes of his theater were precarious. called it the Philadelphia Museum, ap the Boston one even to the extent of hav an exhibition hall of pickled reptiles a some gaudy waxworks. But Philadelp spoke derisively of "Davidge's Snake Sho and attendance at performances was po

Nervously clutching his hat, Otis walk over to the paper-strewn desk, and sh mentioned his name and the fact that he derstood there was a job waiting for h Davidge looked up, shook hands with holl cordiality and began stalling. It was obvi he had no memory of having written to

(Continued on Page 82)

Soft, light, bright...the top-notes for Fall...by **Knox** of course



Photographs by Placer



There's sheer genius in what Knox does with felt this fall. Proud little hats . . . soft in your hand, soft against your face. Beautifully manipulated in furry-piled rich velours and in supple felts as fine-finished as the finest man's hat you've ever laid hands on. And the detail, even inside . . . exquisite!
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Knox moves the silhouette front and forward in soft green velour.



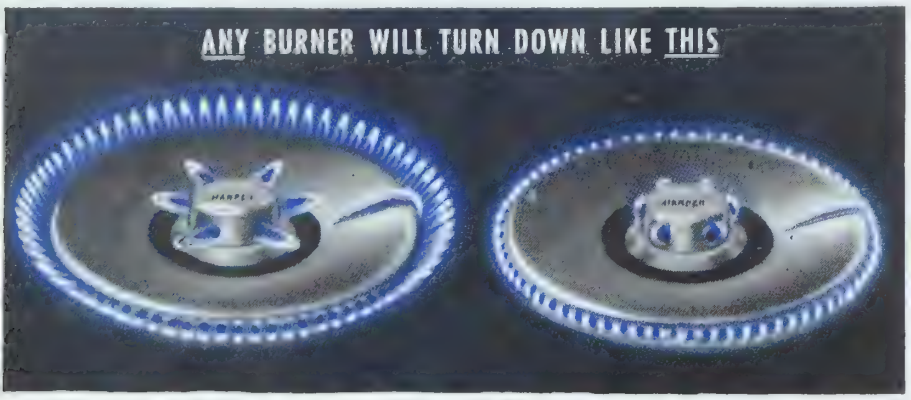
Glove stitching lightly touches this superb Knox casual in mist-white velour.

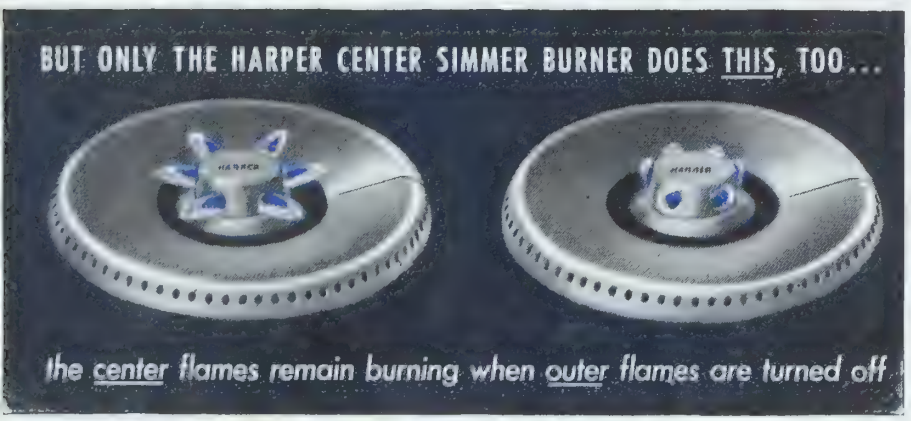
"Hats made so fine that all others must be compared to them." Charles Knox, 1838

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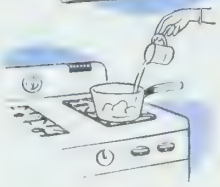


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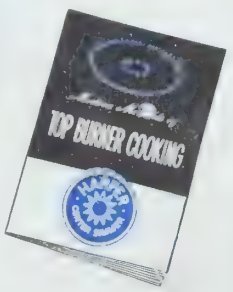


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(Continued from Page 80)

boy. The season had started, he explained; he was sorry, but all the positions had been filled. Perhaps there'd be an opening next fall. Otis produced the Barnum letter. Davidge glanced at the signature, his jaw dropped for a few stunned seconds, then he hawed and said that on second thought there just might be something for him if he'd come back later in the day. He did and Davidge greeted him with a contract and a hearty "Found a place for you, my lad. You open October thirtieth in Woodleigh—part of Jim, an elderly Negro."

THE first move was to find living quarters on a salary of $7 a week. The theater was in a neighborhood which came under the heading of questionable, but in an adjoining quarter he was able to lease a dingy garret bedroom for the price of $1.50 a week. It was just as well his family didn't know. His mother wrote him the first week warning him to

. . . keep good company and keep free from vices to which you will be constantly tempted. I hope you are not one of those that smoke. I don't want you to lose that gold watch on your 21st birthday. As for liquor, shun it as you would sin for it will lead to *every* sin and it would break my heart to have your young life darkened by one false step now. I expect you will continue to make me a proud and happy mother as you always have. I wish you would join one of our congregations in Philadelphia and attend church and get to know the people.

Had she known it, a repertory theater was a far greater safeguard against vice than churchgoing. There was time for nothing but work. The house presented two performances daily, and the bill was changed every week. In addition to this, on Wednesday and Saturday matinees, known for some reason as "off" ones, a different show of short drama and farce was put on. Rehearsals were squeezed in between times, and Otis was cast in almost every show. By the end of the season he had played exactly ninety-two characters.

It was grueling work calling for incessant study and scant sleep. He carried with him wherever he went tattered copies of the plays, muttering aloud as he walked along the street, mumbling into the ten-cent stew, coffee and doughnuts of the shabby restaurants where he snatched his meals. Often as not, he was handed after Saturday night's final curtain three parts to be got by the rising curtain of Monday's matinee. He learned how to ad-lib, and he caught onto the old stock-company trick of "winging," propping pages of the scene on a handy projection of scenery in the wings where they could be consulted at moments of mental blank.

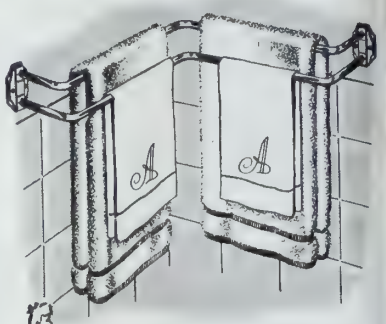
The season at the Museum, while rewarding in experience, was, as far as pay was concerned, anything but. The stipulated weekly salary of $7 was rarely forthcoming and the novice was too shy to ask for it. Recalling that lean season in later years, he used to say that he ate his books. Reluctantly he'd tie up a bundle of the treasured volumes he had brought from home, take them over to Leary's secondhand store and dolefully exchange them for enough to tide him over until the next pinch.

Davidge's fortunes went from bad to worse, and in April he closed his theater twenty-four hours before the sheriff would have done it for him. Otis, still woefully short of cash, picked up a four weeks' engagement at the Chestnut Street Theater with a short-lived but excellent company. It was a lucky break. He had his first opportunity to play decent parts with good actors, his salary was enough to keep body and soul not only together but even plumped up a bit, and best of all, his performance of Malcolm in Macbeth caught the eye of George K. Goodwin, manager of the Walnut Street Theater. He went home for the summer, tired but happy. In his breast pocket was a contract for the following season of 1878–79.

That spring of 1879 he played a week at the Arch Street under the magnificent dictatorship of Mrs. John Drew. That grand old martinet—"The Duchess," as she was called, well behind her back—wound up her every

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season with a week of old English comedies: six different plays in six consecutive days, all acted by the same cast, who well-nigh broke under the strain of memorizing and keeping hold of their lines and positions. Her leading man did break and bolted after the first performance. Nothing daunted, the indomitable lady snatched her son John Drew off the road from a tour of Diplomacy. He arrived home at four in the morning to be met by his mother looking as if she were doing the sleepwalking scene. In one hand she held a night lamp, in the other a prompt book, which she gave him along with a perfunctory kiss and the bland announcement, "Don't go to bed, John. You open in this tonight." Otis' lot was a series of eighteenth-century beaus, curly, fluttering imbeciles whose flowery capers he took small pleasure in performing. The week passed in a jumble of wigs, swords, lace handkerchiefs and patched-up lines. The greatest reward of that engagement was the fact that it started his lifelong friendship with that brilliant actor and excellent gentleman, John Drew.

His Philadelphia experience had been a rich one. It was the end of an epoch in the theater. The local star-supporting stock company was passing out of existence. "I am glad," my father wrote, "that I was able to be in at the death before the old system quite passed away; glad that in two years I had had to play over one hundred and forty parts; and glad that my dramatic kindergarten was placed among men and women filled with the knowledge of their trade. The Lord keep their memories green! They possessed distinction and they respected the King's English!"

Taking in hand his courage and the few dollars he had managed to save, he set out to try his luck in New York, and for at least three months he wore out shoe leather along

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say. —ANON.

Broadway. The young man limited himself to two far from square meals a day, makeshift snacks in cellars, "free and easies," or Bowery concert saloons where for ten cents one could get a Western sandwich, a stein of ale and a chance to lose one's shirt at three-card monte. At the depth of his despondency he stayed out an entire night, wandering about the great indifferent city, mingling with the strange creatures who prowl through its darkness. Suddenly he remembered it was his birthday. He was twenty-one! And what had he to show for himself? The water of the East River looked thick and black and, in his Wertherlike mood, he understood why people might want to find oblivion in it. But our hero decided that instead of effecting his own untimely demise he'd go touch Charlie for some ham and eggs. Charlie was out on an assignment, but, better than ham and eggs, he found awaiting him a notice from an agent. The Kiralfy Brothers had chosen him for their new extravaganza and he was to report the following morning for rehearsal.

Bolossy and Imré Kiralfy had begun their career in Hungary as dancers and gymnasts. Coming to America, they went in for producing. Harbingers of Billy Rose, their shows were lavish spectacles, containing a little bit of everything—ballet, singing, melodrama, clowning, and just as much sex as the law and pink tights would allow. This season they had taken over that palace of beauty and red plush, Niblo's Gardens. They were to open with Enchantment, a large-scale musical extravaganza complete with melodrama plot, trapeze and flying-ring performers, a "grand ballet in the corridors of Babylon" and a sextet of ocarinas. Otis was cast as Maclow, the Beggar of the Mountain. It was a showy part calling for the additional fun of a weird "character" make-up: beetling eyebrows, scraggly whiskers and a sinister hooked nose which he fashioned out of putty. He had to be killed in the last act, his demise being effected by the simple device of a magician

(Continued on Page 85)

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TUNE IN *TED MALONE*
EVERY MORNING
MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY
A B C NETWORK

(Continued from Page 83)

ng and hurling him over a twelve-foot
after which, instead of expiring in-
tly, he was to stagger onto the stage and
er his own death oration.

he scene went on and the moment came
the leap. Two thicknesses of mattress
ened his fall, but he landed with his knees
in a jolt which all but telescoped him.
ething struck his hand, something clammy,
y and quite awful. He glanced down and
overed he was clutching his putty nose
h, with the whiskers and a portion of the
rows still adhering to it, had ripped
e. Frantically he whirled around and
ped the thing onto his face again. The
ster had unnerved him and in a panic lest
nake-up drop off again, he played the re-
nder of the scene with his back to the
ience. It was just as well he did. In his
fusion he had stuck his nose on upside
n.

nchantment was a hit and had a long run.
one hundredth performance was cele-
ed as a gala; flowers were presented to
ry lady in the audience and the programs
e printed on satin, of a lurid but festive
de of magenta.

tis Skinner's next serious engagement
with Lawrence Barrett. Three years in
touring company and Otis had his first
e of what for all its hardships and heart-
es he was to love
his life—The
d. Barrett, who
a country-wide
owing, played
rywhere: big
es, small cities,
ionable commu-
es and tank towns.
was rough experi-
e, and at the close
he third year the
ng actor felt he
d a few seasons
Broadway. When
was offered a con-
t with Daly, he
his dreams had
e true.

Daly's! It's a name
summon up a pe-
l, like Delmonico,
ie Langtry, Sara-
a and Ward Mc-
ster. In 1885 Augustin Daly and his
ed players were at a height of popularity.
y's theater was "*the* thing." It had style,
gance, glamour. Opening nights were like
liant receptions which no smart New
ker would miss, and Daly himself stood
the ticket box to greet his friends.

ALY was a genius, not creative but clever.
knew the secret of catering to public
te. He knew also how to select the right
t of actor. Of that brilliant corps there
s not a weak member. Opposite Ada
han, who was in the full bloom of her ca-
r, was the young matinee idol, John Drew,
ve, polished, entertaining, the best-
ssed man in New York. Mrs. Gilbert, one
those grand old ladies of the theater, was
ely as a grig in the character parts in which
sparred with Charles Leclercq or James
wis. Daly also was shrewd enough to take
a number of stage-struck society girls—
Daly's Debutantes" they were called. He
s further shrewd enough to cast them only
small actor-proof parts. As assets their sole
lue lay in luring members of the Four
ndred to opening nights.

Daly's productions were in remarkably
od taste. The scenery was always fresh, the
ops smartly correct, and the women's
wns were the talk of the town. Daly him-
f supervised every fitting, just as he super-
sed each detail of everything that went on
his playhouse. As a worker he was tireless,
d demanded similar industry from his peo-
e. He worked them mercilessly, often re-
arsing them from ten in the morning till
ng after midnight.

Ada Rehan, besides being leading lady, en-
yed the offstage role of *grande maîtresse*—
although "enjoyed" is a debatable word. Daly had seen her first in Mrs. Drew's Philadelphia company, and his appraising eye was quick to discern the spark of genius behind her Irish beauty and captivating mannerisms. Deciding she was something he wanted, he had snatched her away and established her in his theater, where he set about turning her into a woman of the world. Daly became her Svengali. She was helpless without his minutest detail of direction. He showed her everything from the stride of her blazing entrance as the Shrew, to the crooking of her little finger over a teacup in a modern scene with John Drew. He treated her very much as his personal chattel. If they appeared together on the street, Daly walked ahead of her, like an Indian, never speaking to her. Offstage she lived alone, on his insistence. Any private life she might have enjoyed was sacrificed to the ambition Daly implanted, forced and nurtured in her.

REHAN was at the zenith of a brilliant career as the queen of high comedy. In the theater, she was the goddess of laughter with a vital magnetism and that asset of the great actress—manner.

For Otis, there was plenty of agreeable companionship at Daly's. He, James Lewis and John Drew were inseparable in the theater and got to be known as the Glue Brothers. Drew was the leader. A good athlete and sportsman, he organized a company baseball team—himself shortstop, Otis second base, Joseph Holland third, and Willie Collier a spectacular pitcher. Practicing avidly on a Central Park diamond, they worked up enough erratic excellence to take on local teams during the course of the annual road tour. In a glass case in the prop room was a cup commemorating their victory over the nine of the Chicago Board of Trade.

After serving his term at Daly's, Otis found that as a popular *jeune premier* he was very much in demand. He was rapidly booked for a number of scattered engagements, the most important of which was with the Booth-Modjeska repertory company, where he was employed for second leads.

Edwin Booth was soon to be a broken man. The accumulation of personal tribulation that had dogged his life—his father's insanity; his brother Wilkes' crime that had shaken the nation; the death of his first wife, Mary Devlin, whom he worshiped; his miserable existence with his second wife, Mary McVicker, a psychopathic—all this had taken a toll of his sensitive endurance. But in 1881, when my father played with Booth for the first time, he was in his exquisite prime. Playing in his company under his direction, studying his magical technique, my father learned the things he had been denied in the slapdash school of stock company: introspection, subtlety and, above all, pace and the value of a pause. Booth took a flattering interest in young Skinner, and often calling him into his dressing room, "he would suggest different and more effective readings."

My father always claimed it was from Booth he learned the gist of acting, and the fact that any "getting into the mood" is just so much nonsense. This was when he had the chance to play Laertes. That character, as one will recall, is on for two short scenes at the beginning of the play, then doesn't appear again until a good two hours later when he rushes on to avenge the death of his father. The first few nights father had no trouble, being keyed up by excitement, but then the long wait between his first and second appearances seemed to make him go dead. He was trying desperately to "live his part." He would pace

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Autumn Leaves

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

These are the days when trees conspire
With boys and girls to see
That not a lawn in town is neat
As we would have it be,

By letting colored showers fall
All day and all night, too,
To lie in little rustling pools
For children to scuff through.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

New Rinso with SOLIUM

...the scientific Sunlight Ingredient

puts sunshine in your wash

...even on rainy days!



That's why only New Rinso . . .

1 WASHES WHITE CLOTHES WHITER THAN BRAND NEW

2 MAKES WASHABLE COLORS BRIGHTER THAN BRAND NEW

No other soap can give these results because no other soap contains Solium

JUST THINK! On rainy days or sunny days . . . whether clothes are hung indoors or out . . . new Rinso with Solium, the scientific Sunlight ingredient, puts a new brilliance in your wash—a brilliance never known before! You'll even see yellowed and grayed clothes made whiter *than brand new!*

And, the oftener you wash clothes with new Rinso containing Solium, THE WHITER AND BRIGHTER THEY GET! You'll see these astounding results no matter how hard the water. Get new Rinso containing Solium today.

SOLIUM . . . the miracle Sunlight ingredient . . . is an exclusive development of wartime scientific research by the world-famous laboratories of Lever Brothers Company.



New Rinso with Solium . . . So Safe for Clothes . . . So Kind to Hands

From test baby to honor student in 14 short years



1. GOOD START. September 1934 was 3-month-old Priscilla Skewis' lucky month. She was chosen to be one of Clapp's very special test babies—to prove that babies thrive on Clapp's Baby Foods. Her *first* solid food was Clapp's Baby Cereal—full of iron and all that's good for babies.



2. FLYING COLORS. At 6 months, when so many babies lag behind, bonny Priscilla is her mother's pride and joy. Fed Clapp's Baby Foods, she has doubled her weight—as she should. From her eager face you can see that she needs no coaxing at mealtime. She loves Clapp's taste!



3. BIRTHDAY AHEAD. At 9½ months, Priscilla weighs 21 healthy pounds—and she is 5 inches taller than in the last picture! Her flesh is firm, her body straight—thanks to the help of Clapp's Baby Foods. Her mother says: "I'm so grateful to Clapp's!"



4. HONOR STUDENT. 14-year-old Priscilla has kept the promise of her happy, healthy babyhood. She is class president and honor student. Her hobby: Coin and stamp collecting. *P.S. to mothers.* Don't wait another day to start *your* baby on Clapp's. You'll always be glad you did it!

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

THE FIRST BABY FOODS

Product of American Home Foods

the floor of his dressing room, working himself up into an emotional wax. He even reached a point of desperation when he would remove his make-up, change into street clothes and walk frantically about in the night air, evoking inspiration.

Booth, who was as wise as he was gifted, observed his agonies for a few days, then one evening sent for him to come to his dressing room. It was between acts and the great tragedian, clad in the "sable garb" of the Dane, was serenely playing solitaire while he smoked a black cigar.

"Sit down, Skinner," he said, and Skinner perched uneasily on the edge of a chair. "Young man," he said, "I've been watching you and you're killing yourself! You've got some high-toned notion that you're supposed to *be* Laertes! Relax! During that two-hour wait, read a book, write letters, play pinochle with the stage hands. Don't try to 'work yourself up.' It can't be done. Just wait for your cue, then, when you hear it, *go on the stage and act!*"

The Booth-Modjeska tour was followed by a brief and profoundly mortifying London engagement at the Globe Theatre as leading man in a production of *Romeo and Juliet*. It was the private project of a gentleman who made a fortune in the paint business and had married a lady with a burning ambition to play Juliet. And her qualifications for the part stopped right there.

It was a shoddy, vulgar affair and [h]is father, utterly wretched over being ass[o]ciated with such an absurd production, k[ept] miserably to himself during the run, wh[ich] was blessedly short.

He returned to America and after a sea[son] with Margaret Mather signed up for the n[ext] three years as leading man for Mada[me] Modjeska, during which time he met [his] mother.

Skinner had played a full season w[ith] Modjeska before the morning when Ma[dame] walked tremulously into the Garden Thea[tre] for her first rehearsal. During the tour [he] seldom saw her in the theater or out of [it].

Indeed, throughout Miss Durbin's fi[rst] season with the company, the grand you[ng] Mr. Skinner was barely aware of her exi[st]ence. At the beginning of the ensuing o[ne], however, he became slightly more cogniza[nt] of it. The girl's summer at Arden had giv[en] her poise. And as he became aware of h[er] existence, young Skinner at the same tim[e] became aware of the curious fact that s[he] seemed to be avoiding him. The discovery a[n]noyed him. Then came the incident of t[he] jack-o'-lantern and that amused him.

He began to take notice of the fact th[at] Maud Durbin was a charming actress. H[er] Phebe in As You Like It was a creation of p[oe]tic delicacy, and George Hazelton, playi[ng] opposite her the jilted Silvius, uttered h[is] "Oh, Phebe, Phebe!" with such plaintivene[ss]

(Continued on Page 89)

Bringing up Parents

DR. BARBARA BIBER, Consultant
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

No one has yet written a volume called How to Read a Book on Child Development—but here are a few hints on the subject: First, don't try to force your child into the pattern of a book. Books have to be written about children in general—and no one live three-year-old, for example, will ever be exactly like the description of three-year-olds in a book. Second, don't use a book to prove to yourself that your child is superior. (If you have to prove that to yourself, you'll find that your child will have to prove it to you too.) Third, take into account the environment of your children as compared with the environment of the children studied by the author of the book. It would be incorrect to expect a farm child to follow in detail a pattern discovered in city children. Books *can* give you a broad idea of what many children are like as they grow from stage to stage—and therefore a better understanding of what makes your own children tick. You can gain attitudes—but *not* recipes for your own child.



"The section on discipline is missing—Junior ate it."

THIS MONTH

FALL CLEANING MUST ROUT GERMS* BY THE BILLIONS



ime for *extra* care . . . not just in routine spots, but *all through* our house. Time to fight—*as you clean*—the dangerous disease erms always present in ordinary house dust. Don't let them ettle in"... menace family health... this Fall and Winter! Fight em *now*—with "Lysol" brand disinfectant (a powerful, effective germ-killer) in every pail of cleaning water!



* In tests, a single common household article in daily use has revealed an estimated 3,000,000 or more microbes per square inch.

Every Day... Make Cleaning Time Germ-Killing Time ...with "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

Product of Lehn & Fink REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



ETS—usually dark, unventilated, often —make ideal breeding conditions for se germs. Have "Lysol" in the water scrubbing closet floor, walls, shelves. disease germs, destroys musty odor. k, economical to use.



YOUR CHILD'S ROOM—walls, floor and all furniture—calls for dependable, germ-killing "Lysol" in cleaning water. Don't forget baseboards, window sills and room corners. "Lysol" is so highly concentrated, you need only 2½ tablespoons per gallon.



YOUR BATHROOM should always be kept hygienically clean, with "Lysol" in the cleaning water. This goes for the *entire bathroom:* basin, tub, toilet, floor, walls, medicine cabinet. (Keep "Lysol" handy in the bathroom, as well as in the kitchen.)



MOP CELLAR FLOOR, shelves, stairs with clean-smelling, germ-killing "Lysol." Do this periodically—and especially now when you are house cleaning. Remember a *hygienically* clean home is a *healthier* home. Keep "Lysol" on the job!

IMPORTANT "LYSOL" CLEANING USES: Bathroom tub, toilet, basin, walls, floor—kitchen sink, drainboards, garbage pail. • Laundry tubs and washers—closets, cellars, stairs, storerooms, shelves. • All woodwork. Floors, walls, doorknobs, rails—children's rooms and furniture; diaper pail. • Sickrooms, including bedding, utensils and linen—cleaning rags, mops, brooms, brushes.

New Grand Flavor
New Great Food
TWIN TREAT!



Here's Body-Building Protein

Mother! Never before a cereal like Kellogg's New Corn-Soya! Tops in breakfast cereals for body-building protein! And it's ready to eat! Sweet, rich toasted shreds!

Especially good for children! Corn-Soya is a flavorful blend of high-energy corn with high-protein soya. We all need protein. But children need it even *more* than adults — to build fine strong bodies!

When mornings grow crisp, send 'em off to school feeling "oh-boya"! Give 'em substantial Corn-Soya! In Family-Size packages.





COME ON! . . . 7 KINDS OF BETTER BREAKFASTS!

In addition to New Corn-Soya, Kellogg's VARIETY PACKAGE offers 6 other "invites" to better school day and workday breakfasts. In wheat, corn, rice. In flakes, shreds, pops. All ready for milk. All taste "just great" . . . and are great nourishment!

Kellogg's
Mother Knows Best!

INCLUDES KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES, RICE KRISPIES, PEP, SHREDDED WHEAT, BRAN FLAKES, KRUMBLES, CORN-SOYA

(Continued from Page 86)

s all too clear he was in love with her. yet, when the tour ended and Skinner ed making arrangements for the ensuing n in which he planned to venture out as -manager with his own company, it occurred to him to engage the services iss Durbin.

occurred, however, to Modjeska, who aded him to sign up Maud as his leading It probably didn't require much per- ng, although the star felt it necessary otest a little. After all, Miss Durbin had nly two years' experience, and in small ; would she be up to leads? Modjeska ertain that she would be.

e company was to be a touring one. ner was not yet prepared to burst on dway as a star. There would be a reper- of two plays: His Grace de Grammont, nantic comedy by Clyde Fitch with a oration plot, full of lace ruffles, King les spaniels and expletives beginning "'Ods"; the other was The King's Jes- an adaptation of Victor Hugo's Le Roi use (Rigoletto) written by Otis' brother les.

ey opened in Rockford, Illinois, and on to Chicago for a successful short run. they set out on the road and every- e played to starvation business. But outhful actor-manager took it all in his e; and his stride had suddenly become nificently buoyant because of a wonder- ing that had happened to him. He had in love with his leading lady. He had, urse, had his share of amorous adven- . But whatever may gone before, Maud in was the only real of his life, and from start he knew it was e so. However, for a time after this mo- tous realization, he no indications of his ultuous feelings.

aud's feelings in regard to him were ultuous, too, but indefinitely so. The ng increase in her heartbeat that took e whenever the star spoke to her, she set n to professional nervousness. As time on she found, to her annoyance, that was spending a great deal of time think- bout Mr. S., that she looked forward too rly to every encounter with him. It was a notion and she'd get over it soon, she sure. But the notion persisted, and as route carried them on into the balmy h it became a sweet obsession.

Y played a week in that city of visual gastronomic loveliness, New Orleans. star, who had always adored the town, every nook and corner of it. He showed eading lady the cathedral, the French a, the Carré; Antoine's, where the old y-footed waiters served them oysters le and buster crabs; he took her through French market on the levee and they de- ed delicious omelets and red wine at lame Bégué's. The week was magic for both. At the close of Friday night's per- ance, a note was placed on the leading 's dressing table. It read:

'audie: Will you come for a walk with me orrow? I'll stop by your hotel at ten. OTIS.

en A.M. is a fantastic hour for theater peo- to be up, but that Saturday it seemed enough. Neither had slept. Maud was ding waiting for him at the doorway of hotel, and as he bounded up the steps to her hand her cheeks flushed as bright as camellias she had pinned into her belt. two young people had a pretty good idea hat was going to happen, but neither felt able of speech. Finally, Maud timidly ke the tension by asking where they were g, and Otis could think of no better place h the Métairie Cemetery. Redbirds car- in the live oaks and the Spanish moss yed above the quaint graves raised like s above the ground.

t one point they stopped by an ancient ophagus, neither knowing exactly why. A little chameleon with grinning face and pulsating throat skittered into a crack on the side of the crumbling tomb, a church bell chimed the quarter, and Otis asked Maud to be his wife.

The remainder of the tour was a happy blur of love, plans for the future, and bad business. They were together as much as propriety would permit, lunching, taking long walks and having supper after the show, but then always carefully chaperoned by one of the older women of the company. Such afternoons as they had to be apart, there was a happy exchange of notes or flowers to help ease the pangs of separation. One of them reads:

Dear Little Soul: It's just because you are faithful and fond and fanciful and freckled and fair that I love you. That's all.

You'll be lonely while I'm at the ball game unless you listen to what the flowers say.

Rest sweetly with all my love,

OTIS.

Despite the appalling business, Otis managed to keep his company going until April. They closed on Saturday the twentieth in Corning, New York, and next morning they were married by the Rev. Rob Roy Converse in Christ Church.

THE young couple were radiantly happy. They were also completely broke. My mother had no vestige of capital, and what small amount father had been able to save had gone to pay the high cost of his first starring venture. But Otis' nature was one of bland, expansive optimism which lasted his lifetime. That June Tufts College gave him an honorary A.M., and Maud was in a happy flutter over it. It was their first separation and he sent her the first of those daily letters which, whenever they were apart, he never failed to write throughout thirty-five years of married life:

We men and women are all in the same boat, upon a stormy sea. We owe to each other a terrible loyalty.

—G. K. CHESTERTON.

My Dearest Wife: It is done, sweetheart. I am an A.M. and your husband is now one of the immortals.

I have thought of you all day long. Your presence has been constantly with me.

After I left you, last night, I stood on the platform for half an hour waiting for the train, which was late. The night was so silent, yet so full of sounds. The crickets piped busily; the rival bassos of the Black River Opera Company grated out their deep "*chugs*"; a couple of sleepless whippoorwills had a midnight confab speculating on what d——d idiot could be standing down there on the platform under the red light.

I stood and wondered if you had gone to sleep again. The train slowed up at the red light and took me on for an hour to Bellows Falls, where I waited from 3:15 to 5:30. It was fearfully long, but I thought of you, dear, and my heart kept sending you messages that you would understand.

Father was waiting for me at the station in Boston. His first words were, "Did Maud come?"

I hustled home, changed my clothes and we got to Tufts a little after eleven. The chapel was jammed. I sat on the platform with the president, trustees, Governor Greenhaugh and other notables. The gowned and frightened graduates did their little speeches, the diplomas were given out with accompanying chunks of Latin remarks, and then the honorary degrees were announced. President Chapin spoke my name, read something in Latin, I got up, the audience applauded, then I sat down and was an A.M. And that's all there was to that. But an awful dinner followed at the gymnasium, where everybody made speeches miles long while the guests perspired and were bored. It didn't break up till after four.

Everybody congratulated me and asked after you, my Maudine. Father is bursting with pride. When I got home, I found him sitting in the dark, alone. I haven't a doubt of what he was thinking of.

Your sweet eyes have been haunting me all day, my wife. And you thought I'd be so busy that I'd not miss you. My love, I don't think the time will ever be when business will crowd you from my heart or steal from me the memory of your sweet lips.

Father sends love. I'm going down to the post office with this now so that it'll not delay



FOR BETTER HEALTH + BETTER MARKS

Children love good GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk. And there are two reasons why you should urge them to drink a lot of it. First, GOLDEN GUERNSEY will help to give them better health. Second, better health means better grades. Actually, it is the finest food they can have, because of the generous supply of butterfat and the extra food solids below the cream line.

GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk has not advanced in price as much as most other foods. In fact, it gives you more food value for every penny than any other food you can buy.

So . . . ask your milkman today to bring you GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk regularly. If he doesn't carry it, write us for the name of your local distributor. GOLDEN GUERNSEY, Inc., Peterborough, New Hampshire.

GURGLE! GURGLE! HOW I LOVE MY GOLDEN GUERNSEY MILK

FINE CATTLE PRODUCE FINE MILK
GOLDEN GUERNSEY
THAT SPECIAL MILK



LESS THAN 8c A SERVING*

Sparkle Pudding Brazilian

1 package Ann Page Sparkle Mixture for Pudding (Chocolate, Vanilla or Butterscotch)
1 cup White House Milk
1 cup strong coffee
Plain cake

Add undiluted milk and coffee to pudding mix. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Cool. Line four individual custard cups with narrow cake strips. Add pudding. Chill thoroughly. Unmold. Serve with whipped cream and maraschino cherries if desired. Serves 4.

Ann Page Sparkle Puddings—Real flavors, blended in carefully. Keep a good supply on hand of all three flavors—Chocolate, Vanilla, and Butterscotch.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR MAN

Dessert Happy!



● A husband will adore a wife who serves these tempting treats for only a few pennies a portion. Ann Page Sparkle Desserts are taste-tempting . . . cost but a little . . . and are prepared in a jiffy. They make a hit with the whole family! Yes, and you keep food costs down when you make the Ann Page family of fine foods your marketing choice. For all the quality-famous Ann Page Foods are made in A&P's own modern Ann Page food factories; then brought directly *to you!* Thus savings are made and *shared with you!*



LESS THAN 7c A SERVING*

Sparkle Dessert Treat

1 package Ann Page Strawberry Sparkle Gelatin Dessert
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water
8 marshmallows, cut in eighths
6 bananas

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add cold water; marshmallows. Reserve ¼ cup. Chill each until slightly thickened. Cut bananas in slices; arrange in individual serving dish. Add thickened gelatin. Whip reserved gelatin until thick. Pour over gelatin in dish; add maraschino cherry. Serves 6.

Ann Page Sparkle Gelatin Desserts—Six sparkling flavors—choice of strawberry, raspberry, cherry, orange, lemon, and lime. Flavor favorites all!

A&P ANN PAGE

A&P's Finest Foods

Among the quality-famous Ann Page Foods are also such favorites as Salad Dressing, Mayonnaise, French Dressing, Preserves, Jams, Jellies, Pure Extracts, Spices, etc.

Recipe cost based upon average prices of ingredients in A&P Super Markets at time of going to press.

in reaching you. Good night, my Maud. All my heart . . . all my love is yours.

OTIS.

In the fall, my father started his second season as actor-manager. It was again the road, again barnstorming to empty barns.

There followed some five or six appalling years of heartache and disappointment. Season after season of hand-to-mouth trouping. Still no opening in New York. Press notices were invariably good, but the general public seemed not to know him from Adam. One day in Kansas City Maud overheard a small boy who was reading signs pipe out, "Say, ma, what is an Otis Skinner?" and the mother serenely replied, "I dunno, son. Probably some sort of farm implement."

It was a tribute to the star that every member of his company stuck loyally along with him. There were many weeks when he couldn't meet the salary list, there was almost never anything left over for himself and his bride. Any number of times they went quite hungry.

But during those hard years, there were rich compensations. Otis Skinner was slowly but firmly building up for himself the loyal road following which was to endure throughout his entire career. Those were the days when Chicago's Forty Club was at its mellow height, and he was on intimate terms with its members—"Bif" Hall, Melville E. Stone, Eugene Field and George Ade. Ade became a particularly close friend. In a letter written to Maud, who was out of the bill at the time, Otis says:

George Ade called today at the theater and left Artie and Pink Marsh inscribed to you. I find George is childishly fond of his own books—laughs at his own sayings in them, and all that.

Al Ringling invited the members of the company to his show and Ade went with us. The big tent was jammed, money was turned away, but we all had the best seats. Ade, Miss Comstock and I went in state in a carriage placed at our disposal by the affable Ringling. We did the side shows, ate peanuts and were generally gay. Ade was like a kid. He knows all the performers and the secrets of their innermost lives.

There was one happy and profitable interlude between the seasons of stress when Skinner made a short tour in an all-star production of The Rivals, headed by that enchanting character, Joseph Jefferson. The old comedian was a wit, a terrific card player and a wildly enthusiastic painter. He used the company baggage car for a studio. In every town, as soon as the scenery was unloaded and the car shunted off into the yards, he'd climb aboard, set up his easel, get out his paints and work for hours.

Otis' letters to Maud describe the tour:

I wired you from Albany yesterday that everything was successful and that Mr. Jefferson says it is the best first night's performance of The Rivals he ever saw. I think he was sincere. I'm getting the stiffness out of my joints in Captain Absolute and the part goes well.

We travel in a private company car. We are packed in rather thickly, but we live very well. I am commencing to yearn for a bath. Life in the car is extremely cordial. Everyone harmonious and Jefferson is like some funny little good wise fairy. He is a wonder of cheeriness, brightness and entertaining wit. I don't have any privacy, however. The car is always full of people—no place to write. I'm penning this in an obstructed corner with my valise on my knees.

But the Jefferson tour was all too short and again he was back at the old heartbreaking grind—hard work, exhausting trouping, no business and mountainous debts.

During all this period Maud never complained. This was, to be sure, hardly the life she had envisioned, but the man she had married so far surpassed any husband she had ever envisaged, she was content and proud to share his hardships. There was needed only the fulfillment of two lifelong ambitions. One was a child; the other was a trip to Europe. The child seemed an eventual possibility as soon as business improved, but Europe wa magic mirage as unattainable as El Dora She'd gaze at every Cunard poster as thou it were an old master.

At the finish of their most financially d astrous season, Otis, realizing that they w both at the end of their physical and en tional endurance, said that they must away somewhere for a vacation. They cou find an inexpensive place even if it were only a few weeks. Some days later he a nounced that they were going up into Ca ada. He had engaged space on an excursi steamer that was offering a bargain trip the Saguenay. Maud packed her few dress in a steamer trunk, Otis assembled his fishi paraphernalia and they took a train to Mor real.

From the station they drove to the Anch Line dock, where they boarded a trim vess It was almost the departure hour and O insisted they stay up on deck until the bo put off. When it backed out into the S Lawrence and headed downstream, he la his hand over his wife's.

"Maudie," he said, "when you get off th ship you'll be in Liverpool, England."

Maud looked at him for a stunned mome of incredulity. Then she cried out helpless "But Otis, dear love, I *can't* go to Euro without saying good-by to my family—"

"I've said good-by for you," he reassure her. "They know all about it." And he to her down to their cabin, where she found little stack of bon-voyage messages from h mother, her sisters and h brothers. At that, she co lapsed onto the berth an cried and cried. Ot thought she was havi some sort of emotional co lapse, but she assured hi it was only because s was so happy.

If living conditions don't stop improving in this country, we're going to run out of humble beginnings for our great men.

—RUSSELL PETTIS ASKUE.

The trip, of course, wa the perfect consummatio of what she had so long dreamed of, and whe they got back she knew that her other drean too, was to be realized, for she found sh was with child.

I was born in Chicago. The Durbin famil had by now settled permanently there an my mother wanted to be near her own. M father was off completing a late spring tou and his daily communications to her are fu of a tenderly humorous pampering to h whims, one of which was a craving fo cherries. One of them reads:

Dear Heart: Your brave little letter whic reached me at Cedar Rapids had a note of sa ness which makes me grieve that I can't hel you. You mustn't think how long it is, but ho short it is going to be now. Don't think, swee heart, that I could ever be annoyed at you fo crying.

I looked all over Fargo today for cherries, bu none are in the market here. Enclosed is a bi (a "V"). Send out someone. They are in th Chicago groceries. I saw them.

Tell Cornelia [it was apparently a foregon conclusion that I was to be a girl] that if sh doesn't stop making her mother sad I won' speak to her—and then she'll be sorry.

The day is another of those bright ones, bu there is a fine cool north wind blowing that wi blow my love down to Chicago to you.

His vigorous letters must have been a dail tonic to her. One from Mankato, Minnesota dated April 21, their wedding anniversary begins ridiculously enough:

Merry Christmas, my sweetheart!

It's springtime—the very first day for spring I've just come from a long walk, and have see the early shoots from the trees and have gotte my feet into *green* grass for the first time thi year. For two days it has been bleak and col with lowering skies, and the mercury had a awful weight on its mind. Today is bright wit a flecked blue sky and the air full of life and th birds full of fat worms.

I did between five and six miles this morning Your husband slowly returning to his Appoll (that's got too many *p*'s or *l*'s or something) lik figure. Don't be jealous! You were along—yo and your little baby. Oh yes, I've seen th Mayflowers. Some boys at a way station wer

(Continued on Page 92)

The "fresh up" family drink!



You like it... it likes you!





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Faster Cleaning... floor to Ceiling!



Here's the *all-purpose* cleaner. It's fast and thorough on your rugs. And wait till you see how quickly it cleans draperies, upholstery . . . even lamp shades and linoleum!

This new Hamilton Beach cylinder model is more powerful than ever. Yet, it's the *quietest* cleaner we've ever made.

Below are the six features that make Hamilton Beach your best buy. Read them over, see how they save you time and effort. Then, have your dealer demonstrate them and you'll agree that here, actually, is faster cleaning . . . floor to ceiling! *Hamilton Beach Company, Division of Scovill Manufacturing Co., Racine, Wis.*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

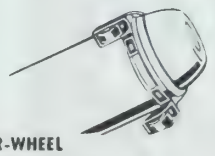
For faster cleaning . . . floor to ceiling . . . it's Hamilton Beach!



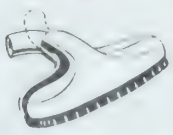
DOUBLE-ACTION FLOOR NOZZLE picks up lint, hair, thread . . . gets embedded dirt, too! Rubber body protects furniture.



SUCTION REGULATOR SLOT reduce suction. Keep delicate fabrics out of nozzle. Thumb over slot restores suction to full volume.



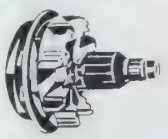
FOUR-WHEEL CARRIAGE rolls easily. Wide-tread, soft rubber wheels prevent rug scuffing. Front wheels lock for safety on stairs.



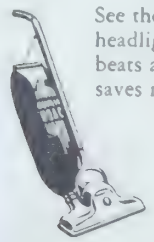
SWIVEL-NECKED WALL AND FLOOR BRUSH glides under beds, over door casings, anywhere! Gets into all those hard-to-reach places.



TOE-OPERATED SWITCH controls motor. Step on it to start—step on it to stop. Ruggedly built for years of heavy use.



POWERFUL MOTOR with more suction than ever! Gets embedded dirt. It's quiet. It never needs oiling—ball bearings are grease-packed.



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HAMILTON BEACH
Vacuum Cleaners

(Continued from Page 90)

selling big bunches of them. I bought one that was full of the perfume of country and freedom. I was going to pack it and send it to you, but there was no train until next day, and the next day the poor little captive woodland things had begun to droop.

My heart of hearts is yours.

OTIS.

To date my start in life by the same device Sterne used for Tristram Shandy, it must have taken place the preceding summer in either France or Holland, for in a letter written late in May my father says:

Cornelia will be true to her nationality. She must wear either the tricolor or the orange and she knows when to come.

I think it isn't far off because I find myself getting horribly nervous and I fancy it is because of a thought or event transference. Last night I dreamed that it had taken place and it was such a wise little thing! I thought it stood up and talked most sagely to me.

God bless you, my dearest wife. May the new life come as a benediction into ours.

FIVE days later I was born. Father used to tell me how he spent agonized hours riding time and time again on streetcars out toward the suburbs where, becoming panic-stricken, he would jump off, leap onto the next returning tram and hurry back to the hospital, only to be told that nothing had happened yet.

After her delivery, mother was desperately ill. She was made to lie immovable for several weeks and I was kept in her room, where I wailed incessantly.

But father's letters overflow with fatuous pride in his new parenthood. One from Washington:

The journey seemed intolerably long because I was going away from the two dearest things I have on earth. My wife and my baby.

How funny it seems to say the *two* dearest ones. It used to be only one.

I really didn't think we could have such a beautiful little girl as that which has come to us. [Obviously parenthood had warped his vision. I was anything but beautiful, looking, in fact, rather like an Eskimo.]

Take all my love, dear heart, and when you've taken it, lend it all to Cornelia.

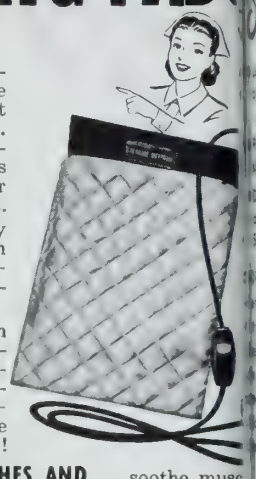
My first few months of existence were passed at the Virginia Hotel. Unable to afford a nurse, mother took care of me; and the care she took was so hysterically meticulous, it very nearly killed me. That was the era when germs had sprung into popular prominence. I was a bottle baby, and she was certain that all Chicago milk must be alive with every virus from the common cold to smallpox. Instead of heating it to just the right temperature, she boiled it until there was neither germ nor nourishment left in it. I pined and lost weight and it was only after I had gone in for a series of convulsions that my grandmother persuaded her I was slowly dying of malnutrition.

Still too frail to wheel the perambulator, mother used to tip one of the hotel bellboys to wheel me up and down the street on sunny days. The bellboy was an exceptionally alert and attractive lad—and that's not to be wondered at, for his name was Frank Buck. In his memoirs, the amiable adventurer blandly states that I was the yellingest baby in the block.

They took me East in a market basket to stay for a time with Grandfather Skinner. He baptized me. It was characteristic of my grandfather's New England reserve that he waited until the ceremony was over and my name permanently set before announcing in ringing tones that there was no name in the world he so despised as that of Cornelia, and that although he had now conferred it upon me with the Almighty as witness, he had no intention of ever calling me by it. "When I was a small boy," he growled, "I shared a school desk with a girl named Cornelia. She was disagreeable and a tattletale. What's more—she smelled!" And he strode from the room.

That was how I came by the coy and somewhat distressing nickname of Bobs, a cognomen which suits me about as patly as would

MORE FAMILIES USE *CASCO* HEATING PADS



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HANDY COTTON SQUARES

LARGE PACKAGE 29¢

Snooks or Blondie. Bobs was an abbreviation for Bobbles, the reason for this being an inability on my part to hold my head up. It was only after I had committed some heinous misdemeanor that my parents ever called me by my given name.

In the fall, mother took me back to Chicago and father again went on the road. He was not particularly happy on this tour. Business was bad and his letters are sentimentally homesick. From Buffalo and the Iroquois Hotel he writes:

The orchestra that plays during dinner now is a seven-string affair. Thursday night they began in the softest tones to play Schubert's Traumerei. I listened for a moment and then two big tears fell into the stewed tomatoes. I continued to ooze and munch and munch and ooze as long as the selection kept up. I couldn't stop. I kept seeing you and Bobbles. The waiter must have thought I was daft.

My father's next engagement was one which he used to say it made him sad to recall. It was a costarring tour with Ada Rehan in a repertory of The Shrew, The Merchant, and The School for Scandal. Financially it was highly successful, but emotionally it was depressing and nerve-racking. Daly had been dead for some years, and the loss had left Ada Rehan a mere shell of her former self. She was an aging, embittered woman. Her heart was gone, the fire of her acting had died out, and the sparkling charm that had been her greatest quality flashed only at momentary intervals in her Katharine. She had always been a hypochondriac, and now she was genuinely ill in body as well as in spirit. She was able to attend only three of the preliminary rehearsals, her part being read by the stage manager. Frequently she was barely able to stagger through a performance.

Rehan loved only one thing in the whole world, and that was a snuffly little Boston bull named Bobs. If Bobs were ill she'd refuse to play her performance unless an attendant veterinary stayed all the while in her dressing room to watch over the dog basket.

That year I fell seriously ill with colitis and nearly died. It occurred during father's Chicago engagement, and one evening, after I was definitely on my way to recovery, mother, to get an hour's change of scene, had run down to the theater to sit for a while in father's dressing room.

Rehan, having heard of my illness, and seeing her, felt it her duty to say, "Mrs. Skinner, I hope your little Bobs is better."

"Thank you, Miss Rehan, she is," mother answered. "We feel pretty certain she's going to live.

Rehan in a sudden and surprising impulse of sympathy seized mother's hand. "I know

(Continued on Page 95)

Next Month

SHOULD any man dare to hope for happiness in a land where he is alien in mind and color? Dr. Liang Wen Hua was a distinguished Chinese scholar and philosopher. Yet for twenty years of exile he had worried the question.

About him he saw the evidence of his own family's attempt at an answer: he himself involved in a strange love affair; his wife confused but enduring; his children, like nomads, neither at home in the tensions of New York nor at ease in the new China to which they fled.

For him, for all of them, there were to be pain and death, violence and passion, as each sought in his own way—

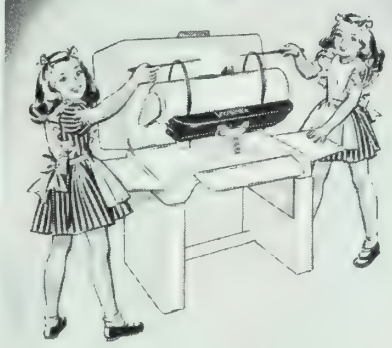
KINFOLK

A new serial by Pearl S. Buck.
Beginning
In the October JOURNAL

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Planning a "company" salad?

It's sure to be successful with

THE ONE AND ONLY

Miracle Whip





SAVE THE PINT AND QUART JARS FOR CANNING!

TOMATO CUP SALAD

Like to take bows at the dinner table? Then serve this Tomato Cup Salad . . . with *Miracle Whip*. That last is really important, for the dressing makes the salad and Miracle Whip is the *one and only* of its kind. Made by a secret recipe, mixed in a patented beater, this unique *type* of dressing combines the qualities of zesty boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise. Millions prefer Miracle Whip Salad Dressing . . . and one taste tells you why.

- 6 large peeled tomatoes
- Lettuce
- ½ cup cooked string beans cut in 1-inch pieces
- ½ cup cooked peas
- ½ cup raw carrot slices
- ½ cup raw cauliflower flowerets
- Salt and pepper
- Miracle Whip Salad Dressing

Cut the tomatoes into 5 sections, leaving them whole at the stem ends. Spread them apart slightly. Place each in a crisp lettuce cup and arrange on a chop plate. Toss the string beans, peas, carrot slices, and cauliflower flowerets together lightly. Season to taste with the salt and pepper. Fill centers of the tomatoes with the mixed vegetables and garnish generously with the Miracle Whip Salad Dressing.





America's favorite! No other like it!

A unique type of salad dressing, Miracle Whip has a zesty flavor all its own . . . a flavor so appealing that the one and only Miracle Whip actually outsells the next 20 brands combined.

(Continued from Page 93)

you feel, my dear," she said. "Just the I do when *my* little Bobs is ill!"

r one horrified moment my gentle ner wanted to strike her. Then she saw look in the haggard blue eyes and her filled with quick tears of understanding. s, Miss Rehan," she said softly. "Just same way!"

hen I was four I started being yanked t Europe. It was part of mother's cul- l plan to expose me at a tender age to edrals, palaces and art galleries. I don't ve I enjoyed it very much. Of my first I have only the haziest memory of two odes.

ne is of an afternoon while we were tly having tea on the terrace of a small *haus* in the Austrian mountains. All at there was a burst of terrific excitement: ers rushed about frantically fixing up a ial table with embroidered linen and ous floral arrangements and the local up of professional yodelers hurriedly as- bled. The landlord whispered into fa- 's ear that an archduke and his two sons just driven in for tea. Mother, glowing anticipation, moved my chair to a posi- where I might "get a good look at the e princes." I, of course, caught the pre- ing excitement and sat waiting expect- y for a reproduction of Sir John Millais' ting of the famous lads of the Tower. In e a prosaic party of four: an uncompro- ng British governess, a man who but for Alpine hat and *loden* might have been one y Missouri cousins, and two dreary little s in sailor suits. A lavish tea, heaped with ries, preserves and sweets, was placed re them. I watched for a few minutes, n suggested we leave.

Why?" mother whispered. "Don't you t to see the little princes?"

No!" I shrilled in a voice that carried tifully. "They're not princes—they're awful boys and they chew with their ths open!"

Mother, flushing scarlet, clapped her hand r my face, but father snorted with amuse- t and said, "The child's right! They do!"

he other episode I can vaguely recall took e in Paris one day when father and I were on a walk near a big cathedral and he all nce asked me if I'd like to see a "wax- ks." Remembering Mme. Tussaud's in don, which I had adored, I fell for the gestion with eager delight. The place we t to was dark and dull and not at all like he. Tussaud's. There were no kings being wned nor any queens being decapitated. t a number of people lying down in a ly uninteresting fashion. I was disap- nted and bored. On returning to the ho- I told mother that I hadn't much liked waxworks my father had taken me to see. ther asked him which waxworks it was, and upon his reply she unaccountably burst into tears. There followed a curious argument between the two, mother asking how he ever came to take me to such a place and father explaining that he'd always wanted to see it himself, and, anyway, it hadn't made any particular impression on me. He was right, it hadn't, for it was years before I learned that the "waxworks" we had visited was the Paris morgue.

One summer father, in search of atmosphere for The Harvester, an adaptation of Richepin's Le Chemineau with the locale changed from the Midi to French Canada, had taken us for a few weeks to Les Eboulements, a tiny village perched precariously on the banks of the St. Lawrence between Murray Bay and Baie St. Paul, and there we ran into a remarkable lady who was to have much influence on our lives. Her name was then Mary Crawford—she later became Mrs. Charles B. Dudley, wife of the chief chemist of the Pennsylvania Railroad; I knew her always as "Miss Mary." She lived near Bryn Mawr, where she taught in one of the preparatory schools. She was vital, brilliant, witty, and at the same time disarmingly lovable, and mother and she immediately cemented a friendship.

Miss Mary persuaded mother to move to Bryn Mawr for the following winter. She lived with her sister, "Miss Bessie," and a brother whom we knew as "Mr. John," on a large pigeon farm halfway between Bryn Mawr and Conshohocken, in a sweep of that gracious Pennsylvania countryside of opulent fields, thick hedgerows and majestic woods tidily cleared of underbrush. Just inside the entrance gates was a love of a pre-Revolutionary cottage. The Crawfords, in more affluent days, had used it as a lodge keeper's house. It was tiny, but ideal for a family such as ours. Father would either be playing in New York or touring somewhere, and mother was loath to be separated from him, but Miss Mary used the persuasive argument that I should soon be starting the process known as education, and we were near that Athens of the Main Line, Bryn Mawr, where was situated not only the college, but any number of excellent preparatory schools.

The prospect of my growing up in a seat of learning was one which decidedly pleased mother. Moreover, Bryn Mawr was near Philadelphia, and another prospect which pleased was that the little nomadic family might at last settle in a community where other roots had taken hold, flourishing into the *genus Biddle-Cadwallader* and such magnificent family trees.

And so we settled in the lodge keeper's house, which had stone walls three feet thick and made up in quaintness what it lacked in convenience.

Mother, who hitherto had never lived in anything older than Moberly's clapboard





NEW PACK'S READY

Picked and packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor . . . sweet, tender peas with that fresh-from-the-vine goodness.

RADIO NOTE FROM FRED WARING: Some of you have asked where we got the Green Giant's "fo-fi-fum-fe" song that we play on our NBC broadcast every Friday morning. Well, it started in a railroad coach, when we were on tour a year ago last spring. We tried to imagine how a whole Glee Club of jolly Green Giants might sound. We got an idea, arranged it, rehearsed it—and it has been the Green Giant's radio trademark ever since.

Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota; Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario. Also packers of Niblets Brand whole kernel corn.

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bird cages, was charmed by the old doors that wouldn't stay shut, the windows that wouldn't stay open, the undulating floors that made walking a perilous thing. The house boasted not a single knob or modern lock, but the old iron fastenings showing up against the white woodwork added to the character of the place and mother, who had a fondness for the names of country houses, called this "The Latch String."

That year was her first experience in housekeeping, a duty which all her life she thoroughly loathed. The nearest store was four miles away, and four miles by horse and carriage. The house, of course, had no furnace, and a vicious wind sweeping down over the frozen Schuylkill would cut through the cracks in the ill-fitting doorjambs with the keenness of knife blades, blowing out the candles and making the kerosene lamps sputter like fireworks. I even remember seeing the rag carpet strips rise and fall in the drafty hallway. Open fireplaces heated—or, to be more accurate, made tepid—the ground floor, a Franklin stove at the head of the stairs tempered the chill of the two bedrooms, while in the icy bathroom a portable coal-oil stove gave forth less heat than smell.

There was no telephone and no means of communication with the big house where the Crawfords lived, and The Latch String was practically flush with the main road which led from Bryn Mawr to Conshohocken. It was a lonely highway, and at night it was desolately still. If an automobile went by, the occasion was one of eerie suspense. One heard it approaching for minutes before it whizzed past the house (whizzing, in those days, must have been all of 25 m.p.h.), and one listened for more minutes to the sound of the motor dying away in the distance.

To judge by the standards of the average little girl, I suppose I was lonely, but I didn't know it. The fact that there were no other children near us failed to bother me. I had the run of the vast Crawford farm, which had all manner of trees to climb, although I didn't do it very well, and a delight which never palled was the old carriage house. The Crawfords had a handsome collection of runabouts, traps, express wagons and surreys. There was even, back in a dark corner, a Conestoga wagon, the cobwebs heavy as Spanish moss hanging from the venerable shafts.

The place both scared and fascinated me. So I invented a companion. She was a little girl my own age, and of course her eyes were cerulean blue and her hair hung in yellow ringlets practically to the floor. I can't recall that she had any name other than "My Friend." I would clamber up into one of the traps, usually the dogcart because it was the smartest, My Friend beside me, and gathering up imaginary reins and whip, would call out a lusty "giddy-app" to my particular Pegasus, an obliging animal who, with the speed of light, went wherever he was told. Sometimes it would be to New York to see father; sometimes to Chicago, to call on Grandmother Durbin.

OUR favorite outing was a brisk trot over to Persia to have tea with a potentate I called the "Shawl." This took us farther afield than the carriage house. Once arrived in Persia, I reined in Pegasus—whose name, I believe, was Prince—tied him to a handy Moslem hitching post and proceeded to the "divan of the Shawl," a ceremonial for which one repaired to the Crawford house and tiptoed into a vast and formidable room known as the "big sitting room." The shades were always lowered, but for me the gloom was dissipated by the glorious presence, in a far corner, of a gem of Edwardian horror known as a "cozy corner"—a small, low couch constructed out of Moorish saddlebags, secluded by a festoon of Turkish carpets arranged like the half-open flaps of a tent and embellished by a gallon of chenille balls and a venerable deposit of dust. In front of the sofa was a taboret of teakwood and mother-of-pearl, purchased by some member of the family at the Philadelphia World's Fair of 1876. On this reposed an Oriental after-dinner [illegible] service which I thought the quintesse[nce] of all beauty. In this tasty retreat the "Sh[ah]" held his court. The sofa was his fa[vo]rite "divan" where he sat, tailor fashion w[ith] Friend and I flanking him on either sid[e] drinking tea out of cups the size of eye[s]. The sofa was originally intended for tw[o] sometimes the three of us felt cramped s[o] there. In that event the Shawl, who wa[s] soul of courtesy and refinement, would [do] further honor by electing one of us to [sit] his lap. He invariably chose me, and in [the] position of dignity we exchanged cul[ti]amenities, he telling me all about Persi[a] Ali Baba and I responding with inform[a]concerning Chicago and my uncle who w[as] in a soda fountain.

The secret of youthful looks in an aged face is easy shoes, easy corsets and an easy conscience. —ANON.

THAT was father's first season under management of Charles Frohman. A tra[n]tion of Henri Lavedan's powerful piece, Duel, had reached Broadway and fathe[r] anxious to do it. The play, which dealt a bitter quarrel between two brothers, [one] worldly doctor, the other a fanatical y[ou]priest, had been a furor in Paris. The pa[rt] the Abbé Daniel was right up father' mantic alley and, knowing Frohman [had] trolled the American rights, he wrote th[e] tle Napoleon of the theater asking abou[t] possibilities of securing a script. Frohn[an] reply was terse and characteristic: "If [you] want The Duel, come under my ma[n]ment and I will produce it for you." F[ather] would have liked continuing as an a[ctor]manager, but the magic phrase "Ch[arles] Frohman presents" had already beco[me] byword in the theater. For a day or tw[o] hesitated, then wired back his acceptan[ce] go under the Frohman banner.

He never regretted decision. There was an elegance about the Froh[man] management, the eleg[ance] of good plays and of tinguished actors, of ductions just lavish en[d] yet always in exce[llent] taste. Frohman had uncanny genius for picking out the r[ight] script and the right player. He superv[ised] every word, every gesture, every pro[p] the production. And that his supervi[sion] was so authoritative was amazing, fo[r] was an incoherent and shy little man w[hose] inability to express himself amounted most to vocal impediment. Father that many a time at rehearsal, Frohm[an] would take him aside (he was far too mo[del] to speak out baldly before any cast), say, "Otis . . . er . . . look. That girl in that scene . . . er . . . well, I'd lik[e] see more . . . you know what I mea[n]. And, "By Jove," father would concl[ude] "you *did* know what he meant!" Frohm[an] was proud of his stars, and with good rea[son] for his galaxy at that time included s[uch] names as Maude Adams, John Drew, B[arry]Burke, Ethel Barrymore—to mention [only] the greater luminaries.

For father and Frohman, The Duel the beginning of a long and happy asso[cia]tion which lasted until that fateful day w[hen] the waters of the Irish Sea closed over head of the gallant little producer who st[ood] by the rail of the foundering Lusitania, fusing to take up room in a lifeboat, quie[tly] speaking his last heroic words which ca[me] from a play by Sir James M. Barrie: "W[hy] fear death? It's life's most beautiful adv[en]ture."

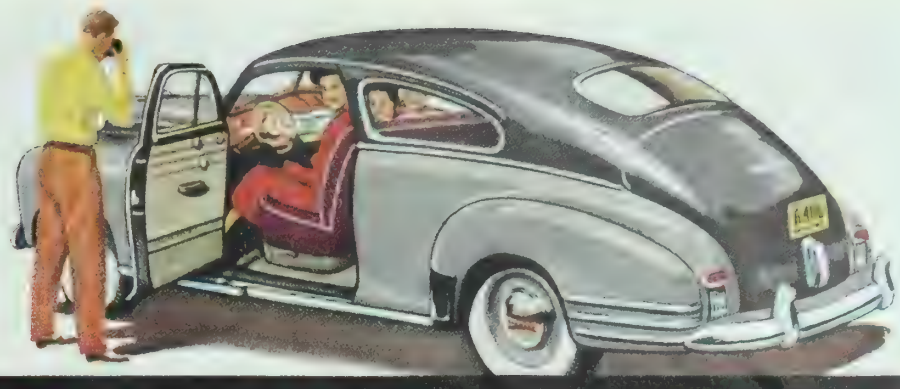
The Duel opened at the Hudson Thea[ter] in New York and ran for a successful seas[on]. This was a godsend for mother, for it me[ant] that father could come home for Sunda[y].

Our only means of conveyance to and fr[om] Bryn Mawr was a runabout and a species tree-climbing horse named Brownie. Brow[nie] was a small mare who, nine tenths of [the] time, behaved with complete docility. I[t] her, however, spy an automobile, a ste[am] roller or a train, and she became a double Mazeppa's maniacal mount. Raising [the] shafts with her, a maneuver which hur[led] the occupants of the runabout backward [at] an angle of thirty-five degrees, she wou[ld]

(Continued on Page 99)

"Take a picture of some Real Bargain Hunters!"

I boasted to my husband. I'd just driven the children all over town to find school clothes — at the right price.





Chevrolet's low cost per mile makes it so easy and worth while to "Shop Around" for bargains

DRESS DESIGNED BY MAD CARPENTIER FOR CONTI.

East side, west side . . . You'll drive *all around* the town in your thrifty new Chevrolet . . . and beam with pleasure at how little it costs to "make the rounds"!

For you see, your Chevrolet brings you a daily bargain in economical transportation. Its sweet-running Valve-in-Head engine is *famed* for the way it squeezes extra miles out of every gallon of gas. And oh! What a *miser* that engine is on oil and upkeep!

Of course, economy is just part of the story. You'll revel in the stylish comfort of Chevrolet's Body by Fisher, the gliding smoothness of its unitized Knee-Action Ride, the driving ease of Vacuum-Shift and Positive-Action Hydraulic Brakes.

But isn't it an *added* thrill to know that these Big-Car qualities are yours at lower *operating* cost, lower *upkeep* cost, lower *initial* cost?

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Lavishly lace-trimmed at top and bottom—Textron's lovely dress-sized slip, about $5

Pretty as a French Porcelain

...NEW LACY DRESS-SIZED SLIPS

Now Textron brings you slips you'll treasure... of richest, smoothest rayon inches deep in elegant lace. New longer length to shadow longer dresses—dress-sized, too, at bust, waist and hips, instead of just at bust alone. Luxurious Alençon-type lace on Porcelain Pink, Black or Snow White, in dress sizes 12 to 20. See the latest Textron collection of dress-sized slips from about $4 to $6 at leading stores throughout the country.

TEXTRON INC., Textron Building, 401 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

TEXTRON

HOSTESS COATS • BLOUSES • MENSWEAR • TRICOT & WOVEN LINGERIE

(Continued from Page 96)

nto her hind legs, after which she would
for a brief moment, trembling hor-
and then bolt in any direction her
fancied. Sometimes it would be across
ordering ditch, sometimes in the direc-
of the nearest telephone pole, up which
ould attempt to shinny.

was Brownie who took us to the station
ay mornings, and our terror at her rear-
nd plunging was mitigated by the rap-
of knowing that father was arriving by
eleven-forty-five local. As the train
d into view, I'd hold my breath for fear
ight not be on board, followed by a gulp
y at the sight of him swinging down out
e last car and a catapulting of myself
the length of the platform to meet him
a hand eagerly extended for the present
variably brought me.

ther's presents were simple, but to me
were treasures of delight: little dolls
ed in European costume, Maillard's
ues de Chats in blue boxes with kittens
e lids, books on the Little Black Sambo
. He once brought home a harmonica,
another time a xylophone—objects of
or me and torture for mother, although
ut up with them, thinking they might
ken in me some musical talent.

hat was Maude Adams' second season in
r Pan, and father, who had a layoff Holy
k, took me over to New York to see it.
as a lovely spree, just the two of us. I of
se adored the play and sobbed bitterly
n I thought Tinker Bell might die; then
estore him to life and to prove my belief
iries, waved my handkerchief like mad—
it wasn't my handkerchief. Father had
otten to put one in my pocket, so he lent
is, which was larger and made more of a
. And like thousands of other children,
but broke the springs of my bed that
t in my optimistic attempts to fly.

One of the chief joys of that trip was the fact that nobody combed my hair. My coiffure was the popular bob, with a large bow tied firmly onto a tightly twisted wisp at one side. Gentle as mother was, she always pulled and my daily hair-fixing was a painful struggle. Father, on our trip which lasted two days, let me sleep in the bow, which he perked up as best he could each morning while he slicked my short mane down with his hands and let it go at that. His triumphant remark to mother upon our return to Bryn Mawr was, "Maud, look at that bow! It hasn't been off the child since you tied it on two days ago!"

That spring my Grandfather Skinner died and was laid to rest beside his wife and amid his forebears in the little mountain cemetery in Proctorsville. Father had to return to his tour with Frohman, but mother went with the family to Vermont and stayed until the last of the sad duties was accomplished. A letter from Washington reveals something of how father felt:

Dear Heart: My thoughts and love have been with you ever since I left Cambridge.

It seems as if the severing of this tie that held me for so many years to the good and tender man, my father, had brought me nearer to you. It is only in the past three days that it has come to me with a realizing sense, what it all meant.

Death's mystery has had its glory for me. That glory has been shed on my love for you.

Father's next route took him out to the Coast. With this sorrow fresh in his heart, it must have been a trying tour for him. But to waste any minutes of being alive in self-pity or regret was not in his scheme of things. He busied himself with the interests which the road always afforded him: good books, good scenery, good friends. During fifty years of intermittent trouping, he never lost his

Plain Sonnets From the Dishpan

BY MIRIAM HEMMENDINGER

Each school day as they dress I
almost see
That imperceptible but widening
space
Between their growing little selves
and me;
Each morning I examine either
face
And wonder if they feel that growth
at all.
How independently they think
and stand!
In build and years so relatively small,
Yet leaning less and less toward
my hand.
The less they lean, the better proof
have I
That our hopes for them have
some reality;
Lost in their plans, gaily they call
good-by,
Each day a step toward maturity.

I measure growth not inches from
the floor
But how a child goes out and shuts a
door.

Our weekly trusted helper comes to
take
The house and children for the
solid day,
These hours planned entirely for my
sake,
So I can walk an unencumbered
way.
No Cinderella rushed off to the ball.
As eagerly as I dress to depart,
Only to find, once I am free of all,
Though I took cash and keys I
left my heart.

Now half ashamed I primp and dine
and shop,
Shut off my worries, say I'm
having fun,
Until time shows that my pretense
can stop,
Then, turning tail, I head for
home and run!

Each week the same! Thankfully I
return,
Met by a happy "Hi!" and un-
concern.

I hear so much of perfect mother-
hood
In terms too delicate to seem quite
true,
What is it then that makes a mother
"good,"
Or, for that matter, makes a
father too?
A parent needs an ear as quick as
light,
And keen to catalogue what
sounds portend,
Not only sudden whimpers in the
night,
But tones in voices warning
temper's end.
A parent should not hover, yet be
there,
Not law, but arbitration on the
spot;
Speed; yet speed with a casual air,
Nor act till sure, apologize when
not!

A mother's "good" when she leaves
beds undone
To join her children's frolic in the
sun!



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The little middle is **big** *fashion and your* **biggest** *problem. So Munsingwear cinches it with the specially designed* **high-line waist** *of this girdle and pantie girdle. It whittles you to a hand-span...* **stays up...breathes** *with you! You'll find satin and elastic leno in these* **Foundettes*...** *a new comfort and freedom...and, naturally, a new-looking figure!* And *look at Munsingwear's* **proud-bosom bra** *in blue, nude, black, and white. All reasonably priced.*

At fine stores everywhere.



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Foundettes

zest for new places or for old places revisited. New Orleans, of course, was one of his loves. From there he wrote:

Your city and mine, dear heart.

I made my pilgrimage to Métairie yesterday. It is always a bright and beautiful day when I go there. The little chameleons are still chasing each other about the tombs of our trysting place. They are no older. Neither is Métairie. Neither is our love.

I had your sweet letter when I returned in the late afternoon.

Did Bobs get all the postal cards? You must tell her about Métairie and about the chameleons and about father and mother.

I went out St. Charles Avenue yesterday to an insistent photographer. As we went along, we passed a series of streets all named after the Muses—there must have been nine of them, I suppose: Thalia, Clio, Euterpe, Terpsichore, etc. Where but in New Orleans could one find such street naming?

He had his fiftieth birthday there that year and he wrote:

It was half a century ago that I came into the world. That is a most terrible state of affairs. I am supposed by popular belief to commence the journey that goes down the mountain, but I am so d——d perverse that I am still *looking* up. There are heights still above me and I never could be content to look away from them.

The crown of my fifty years is you, dear wife, and that crown too will go on gathering glory . . . for not being a sensible crown it will never know that time dims and tarnishes.

We spent the ensuing summer back in French Canada at Les Eboulements. That was the summer father taught me to read. Our textbook was a little yellow volume called The Land of Song, Book 1, a simple collection of children's verses. I considered it all highly entertaining. Father, as a teacher, was gay and funny and, from a standpoint of scientific education, thoroughly unsound. He taught me to read as he read—slowly, painstakingly and never missing a word. To him, a good book was like a good bottle of wine, its flavor to be relished slowly and respectfully in order not to miss a drop of enjoyment. As a result, he could quote whole passages from his favorite writers—Dickens, Trollope, Mark Twain and, of course, Shakespeare. I learned to spell out the words of A Midsummer Night's Dream. Thanks to heaven and my wise parents, I always had my Shakespeare "neat." No short cuts, no popularized synopses for little folk. A friend of mother's had given me a "de luxe" edition of Lamb's Tales, a gesture which father took as an insult to the Bard and to his child. I was allowed to look at the illustrations, but then, lest I be contaminated by the text, the book was snatched from me and hidden away as carefully as if it had been an advance copy of Lady C terley's Lover.

Remembering that summer, I can st the pine-dark Laurentian hills sharply lined against the clear Canadian sky sloping grainfields clinging to the steep of slopes which tumbled down into the majestic St. Lawrence. But most clear the remembered images of that far-off mer is father, his shirt open at the throa manuscript of next season's play rolled his pocket (he always memorized his outdoors, tramping about some open ing). Father striding home through a w deep wheat field, carrying the great bun wild flowers he always pulled for moth was too young to know the meaning o word "romantic," but at the sight of gay, handsome, often singing in wha thought was French, my heart would p with pride and delight. "That's my fat I would say to mother. in case she d know.

Next winter we returned to The L String. But things were very differen me, because I started in on that lap in circuit known as School. Miss Mary selected the one I was to attend, the E win School, where she herself had taugh

Never did child look forward to any perience as much as I to going to school. prospect of making friends with a whole of little girls my own age was intoxica indeed. But instead of finding them frie I found them unaccountably belligerent begin with, they all lived near one ano and had already gotten together in a gr formation, which proved to be a tiny t equivalent of the more ruthless of the C cago gangs. I was "new." Also, I "queer." From constant association v grownups, I used long words. I didn't k how to play games.

I might, possibly, have managed to m one friend had it not been for a girl I'll Elise Murphy. She took one searching l and then seized upon me as her victim. teased me, she made faces at me, she pu my hair when Miss Knapp, our teac wasn't looking. My name filled her with risive amusement, and she called me Cha leon Ogre Skinny, an inspirational epit which her cohorts took up like a chant.

One day, which still remains in my me ory as "the calico-dress and express-wag day," was the most miserable of that n too carefree year. Mother had made m dress, a pretty calico, darkish blue, with enchanting pattern of tiny stars and cr cent moons. For model, she copied a fr from a Kate Greenaway illustration, w puffed sleeves and an Empirelike high wa

(Continued on Page 102)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

THE illusions of childhood are necessary experiences: a child should not be denied a balloon just because an adult knows that sooner or later it will burst.

When a small boy spilled half a bottle of ink on a brand-new rug and then proceeded to drink the other half, his mother didn't know whether to spank him for ruining the rug or hug him for fear he would die the next moment.

I envied the past when, in going over the required-clothing list for two daughters at boarding school, I remembered the only provision Matthew Vassar had made for taking care of the girls' clothes in his endowed college was three nails on the wall: one for a day dress, one to hold a Sunday frock, and one to hang a nightgown on.

Compliment from a daughter: "Anyway, mother, you're a good fast cooker, aren't you?"

A child should hear 90 per cent about l and 10 per cent about himself, but in t conversation of the average parent the exa opposite is true.

When a friend's house burned dow Stevenson telegraphed congratulations; t author knew his friend's wife was killing he self keeping the big house clean.

In order not to come out at the little en of the horn a family should remember th the size of money is always distorted— looms larger coming toward you.

When Thoreau discovered that a fe pieces of bright rocks on the table in h cabin had to be dusted daily, while the fu niture of his mind was undusted still, I threw away the rocks in disgust.

"Just think, mother," splurged daughte "in six weeks and two days plus two yea I'll be eighteen."

"I'll always Love the RIVIERA"

I thought as he Kissed My Hand



It was at Menton. Tom said, "Hey—take my picture kissing her hand, the way they do here in Europe." He was joking; but just the same, I was glad I'd used Jergens Lotion, so my hands felt nice and soft. Because...



At Eden Rock, next day, Tom put his hand over mine. "So soft," he said. "If I kiss your hand again, I'll mean it." And then...



One starry night, "Let's not wait... let's get married," Tom said. "I want everyone to know these darling hands are mine." So—do you wonder I use Jergens Lotion faithfully... and always will. I want my hands to be soft for him... always.

This is the way you, too, can win—and keep—romance. With Jergens-soft hands.

It's surer than ever today. Thanks to new knowledge of skin care, today's Jergens Lotion makes your hands feel deliciously smoother and softer than ever. Protects even longer, too, against depressing roughness.

Who knows more about beauty-care than the Hollywood Stars? The Stars use Jergens Lotion, seven to one, over any other hand care.

And doctors. Many doctors help smooth-soften the skin with two fine ingredients which are both in Jergens Lotion. Never oily; no stickiness. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for today's even-finer Jergens Lotion—the care your hands should have.

USED BY MORE WOMEN THAN ANY OTHER HAND CARE IN THE WORLD



For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion



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e mood of the moment! Utterly feminine styles that look like a fortune
cost but a fraction of what you'd planned to pay for your Autumn
[illegible] opened or closed backs . . . soaring or sensible heels . . . platformed
. They're all so glamorous . . . all such wonderful values. In
polished calf . . blacks, browns, greens, wines, all the newest colors.

(Continued from Page 100)

I thought it was just lovely, and the first time I put it on, the admiring Crawfords said I was a "picture." But the picture I presented to my Comanche schoolmates was something, apparently, to be equaled in humor only by something out of the funny papers. They nudged one another, they tittered and Elise passed an ultimate verdict on my frock by calling it "poor-folksy"!

The morning passed for me in complete misery and I counted the minutes until Johnnie, the coachman, would call for me in the runabout. Eventually the final bell sounded, and I was called for, not by Johnnie, in the runabout, but by Alan in the express wagon. The express wagon was a battered vehicle used for transporting pigeon crates, and Alan was a farm hand equally battered. Today he looked worse than usual; his ragged blue jeans were spotted with bird lime, and his chin was furry with a three days' growth of beard.

Ordinarily I welcomed a chance to ride in the express wagon. One could sit beside Alan on the driver's seat and feel vastly important, or one could sit back amid the pigeon crates, on one's own seat, and feel vastly uncomfortable but adventuresome. But today, I hoped with my soul that I might be able to slink away without being seen. Quick as a ferret, Elise spotted the wagon and guessed—from my expression—that it was there for me.

"Look!" she squealed with delight. "Cinderella's coach has called for her! See what Chameleon's family send her to school in!" Then her black, malicious eye fell upon Alan and with mock politeness she said, "Is that your father driving it?"

ONE day, however, at recess Elise, searching about for new methods of tormenting me, and seeing the janitor's ancient bowler hat lying on the gymnasium window sill, called out to me, in her most jeering tones, to put it on. A sudden, curious urge to show off got the better of my timidity; I grabbed the hat, put it on at a jaunty angle and went into a comedy routine to the tune of Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown. Strange to say, the girls gathered around and called upon me to do it over and over, until the sudden appearance of a teacher put an end to the silly act. Laying aside the somewhat dirty bowler, I returned to the classroom, flushed with success. For once, I almost felt I "belonged."

My triumph was short-lived. That evening as I was doing my homework by the light of a bright student lamp, mother began curiously leaning over me with an air of horrified concentration. Slowly she reached for my head and drew a thumb and forefinger down a strand of my hair. For what seemed a very long time she examined what she had found, then she burst into a flood of tears. I followed suit without the slightest idea of the reason for such lamentation. Mother went after me with a fine-tooth comb, and if God had slipped up on numbering the hairs of my head, mother made up for the oversight, for she took each and every one, in turn, scanned it carefully, then ran her fingers down it two or three times. The process took up a large portion of the night. Apparently there had been only "one," but, she said in a quavering voice, you couldn't tell about—and she lowered her voice to the tone of a fugitive from justice—"*nits*." Thereupon she soaked my painfully overworked head with kerosene. We both cried some more and by midnight I went reeking to bed. For three days I was kept home from school. The kerosene was applied regularly, until I became a liability for the family fire insurance. It was a sorry interlude.

During the next year, we lived on the Bryn Mawr campus in one of the little houses in "Faculty Row." Daily life was less picturesque than it had been at The Latch String, but the presence of a furnace, a telephone and electric light made it decidedly more comfortable. Also, we were near the station where trains ran every thirty minutes to Philadelphia, and, for mother, Philadelphia meant civilization in the way of art exhibitions, matinees and the Philadelphia Or-

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chestra, for which she had bought a subscription seat far up in the gallery. The height made her dizzy, but she looked, she said, only at the conductor.

She found life on a college campus delightful. It was pleasant to stroll about the grounds, to pause and chat with the young girls or to browse in the library to which she had access. She attended the weekly lectures held in Taylor Hall for the students and faculty, but what fascinated and even staggered her a little that winter was the local appearance of two eminent suffragettes.

The votes-for-women question was shaking the country at the time and Bryn Mawr, with the great feminist, M. Carey Thomas, at its head, took what was considered the revolutionary stand. The presence on the former Quaker rostrum of Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson explaining "Why I Went to Prison" and of Mrs. Pankhurst, all the more eloquent for a few weeks' regimen of forcible feeding, shocked a few conservative parents, but mother found the controversy most exciting. She herself was not a devotee of causes, although she admired those who were. She probably would never have taken any active part in the issue if her many friends who were "militants" hadn't persuaded her to join their crusade. The most warlike deed she ever perpetrated for The Cause was to help stage an evening of Tableaux of Heroic Women in the ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford. She thought equal suffrage was very splendid and right, but her desire for the ballot never conflicted with the infinite tact with which she managed to keep as her devoted friends the "anti's" whom she knew.

When women cease to meddle the world will become a stagnant pool, tideless and windless, with the ship of humanity rotting idly on its shore. —C. LEE.

Just about this time mother also decided to do something about religion. We became parishioners at the Church of the Redeemer, and though mother went to the house of worship in spasmodic surges of piety, she saw to it that my attendance was regular. This weekly duty I neither minded nor particularly liked. The rector was unfortunately quite deaf and he conducted the service at a pace which gave every indication that he wanted to get the whole thing over with as quickly as possible. Being unable to hear the responses, and having a highly accelerated sense of timing, he would interrupt his congregation in the middle of their every answering sentence. By way of diversion, I invented a little mental game of chance, challenging myself that I couldn't get out all the words of a response before Doctor C. cut me short. It was an amicable form of gambling, as either I or myself was bound to win.

For a time, my spiritual growth was furthered—or, to be truthful, stunted—by a brief term at Sunday school. I was assigned to a fidgety little division which was one step up from the kindergarten but had not yet matriculated into adult chairs. Ours were the sort of coy midget schools nursery-minded grownups select for children "because they're cute." Being a creature of beanstalk growth, I resented having to squat, my hands dangling to the floor and my knees all but reaching to my chin. I resented, too, the namby-pambinesses we were taught—hymns such as Little Lives May be Divine when what really caught my fancy was The Son of God Goes Forth to War with that delectable verse about the martyrs meeting "the tyrant's brandished steel, the lion's gory mane."

Things took on a more encouraging aspect when it was announced that a play would be given. I imagined it would be something lovely, dealing with fairies and a prince and perhaps a few well-intentioned dwarfs. It didn't turn out quite that way. An inspired little drama whipped up by one of the teachers, it concerned two Chinese children, brother and sister, who had been existing in a lamentable state of heathen darkness until



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Why is TONI a Creme?

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Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty shop permanent—or your money back.

How about having a TONI party?

Grand idea! Invite your friends next Saturday afternoon—and have each bring along a Toni kit. While your permanents are taking have fun—listen to the radio or enjoy your favorite records.

Which twin has the TONI?

"My Toni-savings paid for a new hat," remarks Eileen Mary Skillings. "No wonder Edith Ann says, after this we'll be Toni Twins." Eileen Mary, the twin at the left, has the Toni.

Where can I buy TONI?

At all drug, notions or cosmetic counters. Try Toni today.



Tune in "Give and Take" 2 P. M., Eastern Time, Saturday, C B S Network

redemption was suddenly revealed to them by the appearance, one at a time, of a series of allegorical figures representing the more important sections of the prayer book, Morning and Evening Prayer, Baptism, Visitation of the Sick, and so on, each delivering a short but moving speech. One would think that such a series of exhortations would have sent the children hotfooting it back to the nearest temple; but no, they renounced the faith of their ancestors, entered a mission and lived piously ever after.

I had a fatuous idea that I would be selected to play the little Chinese girl, not because of any histrionic ability, but because I was dark-haired and sallow and my eyes even slanted a bit. But that fat part went to the daughter of a wealthy parishioner. I had to content myself with the role of Holy Matrimony, a severe disappointment. Spruced up in my own best white dress, with somebody's lace curtain cascading down from a wreath of limp flowers snipped off somebody else's picture hat, I delivered my lines with the same decorous lack of expression as the rest of the cast.

My next theatrical appearance that season was at Baldwin, in the lower-school play, and it gave me more of a chance than had Holy Matrimony, for I made off with the part of Puck – but not, unfortunately, in Shakespeare's pleasant fantasy. Ours was the brain child of a disciple of the Montessori method. The *mise en scène* was a toy shop, the characters were toys and, of course, Puck; the time, midnight.

The curtain rose to disclose a darkened stage around which was dimly visible a line-up of little girls dressed as dolls, in fiberboard constructions meant to represent doll boxes, but bearing a slight similarity to coffins. Offstage a clock struck midnight; the lights flashed on and Puck flew in at the window, resplendent in a jerkin of cloth leaves and a pair of brown tights which, on my skinny legs, seemed to lend their name. My particular form of light gave every indication that Puck hadn't eaten much at

-peed. The gay elf, after landing with a
hastened to the footlights and with
on lips said "Sh-h-h!" to the audience
was already quite silent, then mad
rounds of the dolls, waking each with
When they had come to life Puck ga
them in a circle and, again with finger
for reasons never exactly clear, said,
time for our revels." The revels, whi
bodied a morris dance, some barely a
songs and a *pas seul* on the part of the
doll, were blessedly short-lived. The
now chimed five. Puck said "List!"
dolls listed and Puck with some sorr
nounced that 'twas dawn and at th
lights went out. The dolls returned t
coffins and Puck flew out the windo
the soaring grace of a young ostrich.

An interested and somewhat ag
spectator of this extravaganza was m
ther, who happened to be home for a
end. When the play was ended and t
tains had done their best to close, a n
of spectators hovered near at hand ea
catch any comment the distinguished
might let fall. The comment fell with
delicacy of a load of bricks. He
stretched, turned to mother, and in
voice which could spread through t
most gallery clarioned forth, "Well,
she certainly has no talent—thank G

Frohman that spring sent father
Potter's adaptation of a colorful scr
Emile Fabre, based on Balzac's Le M
du Garçon. It had been Gémier's g
success at the Odéon in Paris and
Kismet, The Honour of the Family
to be father's greatest success in A
The part might have been made to or
him and his enthusiasm overflowed in
ter to mother:

This is by far the best proposition I
encountered. It is suspensive, intense and
man.

The man is a picturesque, swaggering
Caesar sort of fellow, a soldier out of
mont after Waterloo—about 1820 and



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...rtis one of *absolute colloquialism*. The play ...esn't at all resemble the lurid old French ...ce" of the Monte Cristo-Musqueteers ...d...

"This swings me back into the romantic a bit, ...t's that a healthful swing! A chance for the ...eedom of expression which belongs to me, but ...within reason and normalcy.

"NO SOCIAL PROBLEMS (THANK GOD!!!) NO ONE SET FOR 4 ACTS.

"I don't know what awaits me in New York, ...but I can get everything settled and a sailing ...opportunity, will you run away to Europe with ...me on Saturday? *This next Saturday*. The ...Caledonia, of the Anchor Line, sails for Glasgow ...Saturday.

...Leaving me with friends, they went off to ...Paris, where father paid reverent visits to ...those places sacred to the memory of the ...little Corporal, haunted the tough districts ...of St. Antoine and Montmartre, and studied ...the "sans culotte" types in ...the portable *bistros* which ...clustered romantically to ...cover "thieves' dens." ...It was as in London, how-...ever, while sitting on top ...of a bus watching a red-...coated cabby in Piccadilly, ...that he found the model for the pose ...which remains in the memory of all who ...have seen the play. The cabby was standing with ...his whip held in the crook of his arm in the ...manner of a cavalry officer holding his sword ...in review, while his swaggering body was ...thrown backward until it curved like a letter *S*. ...Father copied the posture, using the cane as the ...cabby had used his whip, and found the at-...titude tremendously effective. So did George ...Luks who painted him in that pose in a por-...trait which is in the Phillips Collection in ...Washington; and so, too, an artist named ...Rudolph Hecht, whose canvas still hangs in ...the lobby of the Empire Theater.

"The Honor of the Family opened in New ...Rochelle. The audience greeted father's en-...trance with a perfunctory hand, sat spell-...bound during a whirlwind scene, and after the ...fall of the curtain remained silent and mo-tionless for several seconds. Father thought, of course, that it was all a miserable fiasco, and was slinking off to his dressing room when he was stopped by the sound of a roar of great, glorious, unbridled laughter coming from every soul in the audience in one spontaneous yell. They laughed, they howled, they whooped. Father listened in blank amazement, then, in the voice of a flabbergasted child, said aloud to the air, "Dear gentle God! I guess I'm funny." The shadowy figure of a little man stepped out from behind a piece of scenery. "I guess you are, Otis," said Frohman. And so Philippe Brideau swept onto the stage like a young tornado to become one of the immortal comedy characterizations of the American stage.

Reassuring as the New Rochelle opening had been, Frohman was not for risking New York before any play had had a workout of at least two months on tour. Moreover, with his new star, a road tour meant good business, for Otis Skinner had a loyal and adoring following in those regions New Yorkers dismiss as "the hinterland."

> Make every bed as if you were to rest on it.
> BULGARIAN PROVERB.

His letters to my mother brimmed over with his current interests, joys and sorrows. In Green Bay, Wisconsin, his afflictions were of a homely nature:

I had my corns attended to in Fond du Lac by Professor Ewer, the "Corn King."

I had to have someone, so I sought the palace of the King. His office was in a business block, back of his kitchen and living room where the Corn Queen could be heard conversing with her "gossip." A little later the Queen came into the presence of the throne and asked for 25 cents for "them potatoes."

I thought at first the King was a policeman, for he had brass buttons and a coffinplate pinned on his vest that looked like a detective's badge, but which on inspection revealed the inscription "Professor Ewer. The Corn King."

The King was very dirty and so were his methods and his instruments. After heating some awful-looking salve on an old knife blade



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with a match, and daubing the charred mess on my toe, he bound up my wounds, charged me a dollar and said, "Leave that on there for three or four days till you have to wash your feet again!"

I bowed myself out of the Presence and hurried home to wash my foot. I don't know whether this last deed is *lèse-majesté* or high treason.

Some of the letters are of an intimate nature and refer to the ups and downs, the minor misunderstandings of married life:

Yes, wife of mine, we've gone through our various love epidemics, measles, croup, chicken pox and mumps of matrimonial life, and like lusty children we've come out all right in the end.

We could not be dearer to each other, if we tried. And after all, to understand each other is not so very wonderful—we only have to love each other and we understand. For many, many years I think I've understood you. Perhaps for more than you've understood me, for you put me too high at first and life to you was one long ecstasy. Then you found out one bright morning that sometimes your husband was a grumpy thing—that he didn't always stand up in his halo and beautiful make-up. Then desolation yawned before you till you discovered that grumpiness did not necessarily end in the divorce court, and now you can view it with comparative calm; and I, on my side, have learned that grumpiness is not pretty manners.

But then God doesn't do these things very much better Himself. For two days it has been wet and wild—but something sang a low song down somewhere in my life and lo! today is bright and beautiful!

It is life, dear—and in the calm that comes with assured sympathy and confidence and understanding lies the secret of happiness. It takes us a few years to learn to wholly respect Darby and Joan. But how many times Darby and Joan must smile at us.

And let me tell you a secret, dear. Darby and Joan never grow *old*.

OTIS.

And always he found time in which to write to me. The following was in response to the information that for the first time in my school career I had received a report card marked "passing," also that I had started to study botany, a pleasant class because we were given window boxes in which to plant whatever we liked, my choice being a combination of petunias and radishes:

My Accomplished Child: It is very awful for your poor, ignorant, old father to realize that his daughter is so wondrous wise—that she has no failures in her report and that she knows all about botany and stamens and things.

Why, bless your heart! *I* don't know *anything* about botany. Isn't that a sad state to be in?

I climbed a mountain near here. I got so high (6100 feet above the sea) that the clouds were at my feet and I knew what it must be like to be an angel.

When I came down I met a snake stretched across the road—and he looked at me and I looked at him. And I said, "Mr. Snake, you must die!" So I got some rocks and smashed him to *smithereens*. Do you know what *smithereens* are? I don't, but I *think* they look like baked beans. And Mr. Snake was over 5 feet long—that's longer than you. And the joke is, I don't know whether he was a *Mr.* Snake or a *Mrs.* Snake.

When I come home, I shall eat nothing but radishes and shall wear petunias in my hat.

Your loving

FATHER

The Honor of the Family reached New York in February at the Hudson Theatre and the press went overboard. Otis Skinner took the Gotham public by storm and overnight he found himself in the "idol" bracket. Sentimental ladies sent him "mash" notes or wrote him original poems. He was pronounced "too stunning" and "utterly Masfieldian" by worshiping "matinee girls" who lay in wait for him outside the stage door armed with memory books. He learned to avoid them by escaping through the front of the house. He learned, too, to avoid the swarm of invitations which, the moment a play is an established hit, descend upon the star. Such attempted encroachments upon his free time he tossed aside with good-tempered exasperation.

Because I'm an actor I'm asked to all sorts of nontheatrical affairs. Bless me, if I were to accept one tenth of 'em, I'd have no *time* to be an actor! Will I speak at an Anti-Trust rally? Will I sit on a platform, while certain indignant citizens lay bare the evils of Yellow Journalism? Will I go to a tea to raise funds for combating hookworm in the Tennessee mountains? I WILL NOT! An actor's place is in the theater, not squandering his energies on a lot of things about which he really knows very little.

He looked forward to the end of each busy week, and a quiet Sunday at home. That year I had "started piano," and a dubious amenity to father's Sunday was hearing me play my "piece." The piece for several months never varied, being an example of juvenile virtuosity entitled The Goblin Frolic. Toward spring, I managed to get through a few bars of a Mendelssohn Song Without Words, a title father said was apt as no words could possibly conform to the noises I produced from the tortured little upright.

Sunday and the playing of my piece—or rather, the not playing of it—might, with less understanding parents, have led to a highly emotional situation.

I must preface this by saying that during that winter, I had become an omnivorous reader, and my delights were that honeychild of the Old South, The Little Colonel, and a series known as The Automobile Girls. These I read and reread until a schoolmate started lending me books from her aunt's library. Then, as Chapman's Homer burst upon Keats, Elsie Dinsmore swam into my ken

(Continued on Page 108)



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(Continued from Page 106)

As I recall it, the arch villain of those edifying volumes was Elsie's father, whose chief offense lay in an understandable lack of sympathy with his daughter. He went to church only once on Sunday, and he wasn't much for letting a meal get cold while his child invoked a long-winded blessing. Although his attitude was a grievance to Elsie, she always forgave him with a sweet "he-knows-not-what-he-doth" expression, which must have been considerably galling to the poor man.

The temperamental clash between father and daughter reaches a heart-rending climax when, on a certain Sunday, Mr. Dinsmore asks his daughter to entertain their luncheon guests by playing the piano. Elsie, her blue eyes full of pious reproach, says she's sorry, father, but it's the Sabbath. Dinsmore *père*, with increasing annoyance, demands that she play and Dinsmore *fille* meekly insists she can't. His patience at an end, the harsh parent orders her to sit at the piano until she gets over the silly notion. All afternoon she remains on the piano stool, as stubborn a little example of exhibitionism as one could hope to find. Finally, at dusk, she keels onto the floor in a dead faint. Mr. Dinsmore, shaken with remorse, picks up her limp body, undergoes a change of heart and upon Elsie's recovery promises to join her on the sawdust trail.

It occurred to me that I might work up a similar family drama. When father came home the ensuing Sunday, I met him at the station with a sad, distant smile. The trip back to the house was a scanty half mile, and together we always made it on foot, walking, singing, occasionally skipping and making pleasant idiots of ourselves. That Sunday I trod beside him with dragging feet and downcast eyes, like a dismal acolyte burdened by the sins of the world. The instant we reached home, I made a dash for the piano stool, where I sat with folded hands and an expression of meek suffering. Mother and father, full of the week's news, had much to tell each other, and for at least half an hour neither paid me the slightest heed. By now I had succeeded in working myself into a state of trembling tension. It was hard to see in my amiable father a counterpart of the tyrannical Mr. Dinsmore, but I managed to lash myself into a feeling of righteous resentment mingled with pity over his soul, which I decided was definitely damned. The colored lady-of-all-work announced the fact that soup was on, and father, who was hungry, turned to me with an eager "Ready, miss?" Still clamped to the stool which, by now, I was clutching with bloodless hands, I looked up at him and, my voice shaking with emotion, said, "Father, I'm not going to play you my piece today." For a moment father regarded me with good-humored bewilderment, then emitted a hearty, "Well, thank God for that! And now can we go eat?" And that ended my devotional career.

Imagination was given a man to compensate him for what he is not, and a sense of humor was provided to console him for what he is.
—ANON.

MOTHER'S circle of friends had widened out beyond the Bryn Mawr College group, and gradually Philadelphia began to take her to its cautious bosom. She was invited to attend the meetings of the Browning Society and was made a member of the Contemporary Club. She was even asked to speak at one of the large and formal gatherings of the latter organization. The meeting was to be a discussion on the age-old topic "Is the Theater Dead?", the speakers being Agnes Repplier; Metcalfe, the critic of Life; John Luther Long, the creator of Madame Butterfly, and herself. The prospect delighted and terrified her. For two weeks prior to the event, she went about her daily household chores muttering snatches of what she intended to say. Her appearance on the platform of the Contemporary Club was a *succès fou*. She could not refrain from writing Otis-dear-love all about it, that very night after she came home:

My darling husband: I hope you had a great success tonight—and dear, dear love, may I confess that I believe I had! It all seem strange, so unlike me, but I felt please grateful.

I was introduced as the newest member Contemporary Club and then, dear love, up, trembled a bit but read my paper an an *ovation!* Otis dear, my gown was so pr it was white and I think I looked like a la tried to read my paper as convincingly could and I tried to say the drama is not Everybody heard me and one man got u mentioned my "silvery voice." Don't that vain, Otis dear, for it did seem good t so long dead as I feel I have been. My voice sounded so strange to me for it wa first time I had spoken out in years.

Otis dear, do love me because I feel ple It isn't for myself. It is because of you. cause I stay on here in this conventiona agreeable community—proud of my little cess because it shows where you stand i estimation of the world. I am your wife. T all I want to be!

Oh, I haven't told you what a grand ho dined in first. At the Jaynes'—a mansio Locust and 12th Streets. We were twelve Biddles, or Wisters or some stately old P delphia names. And a dinner for the gods was great.

Well I must go to bed, 'tis late and I come down to earth tomorrow and break i new maid. She is so pretty but she looks stupid.

I had your Sacramento letter today. dear, dear love. You are so far away.

All my heart!

MAU

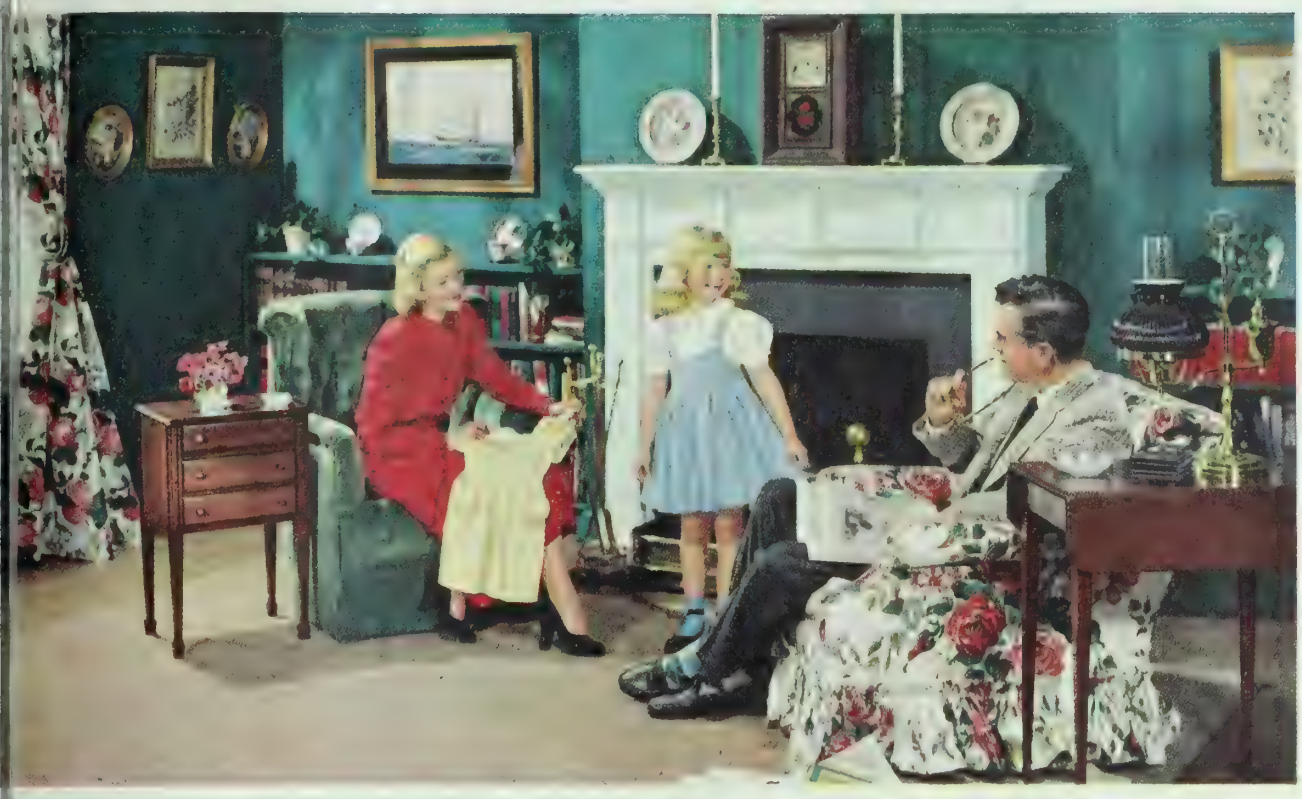
ONE proof that nobody can predict the tential success or failure of a play merely reading the manuscript is the fact that w Klaw and Erlanger approached father with script of Kismet he tur it down. Just as he about to wire a final fusal, mother, whose ju ment was at times unc nily correct, stepped She knew Kismet wa good play. She knew H the Beggar was a p which might have been written to order Otis Skinner and she made up her mi he must do it. They talked it over he edly and the discussion lasted all one nig Next morning father telegraphed Klaw a Erlanger he'd do the part. His faith in t play was still wobbly. With Frohman he h always gone into every theatrical venture a percentage basis. This time, deciding would be too great a risk, he signed a co tract for a set salary. And that was a other slip-up in judgment. Kismet was o of the smash hits of the American theat and during its run, which lasted over thr years, father played for a nominal week stipend.

The part of Hajj the Beggar, a wily rasc who in a single day goes from rags to riche stabs and drowns the grand vizier, makes attempt on the life of the young caliph whom he eventually marries off his daughte strangles his old enemy, and winds up th day of considerable activity back in ra again and sentenced to banishment in Mecc was the most spectacular one of his caree The lavish production was like an Arabia Nights pageant and the play was Edwa Knoblock's finest.

Kismet was considered very daring, n the least startling innovation being the hare scene. At the rise of the curtain the vizie favorite wife and a number of less favori ones were discovered lying about on silk cushions while a group of five or more od lisques stood beside a bathing pool. At a giv moment these last flung off cloaks a walked down into the water presumabl naked, although actually they were covere in pink "fleshings," as all-encasing as suits Munsingwear. Audiences always gasped a the scene, and a few members of the Com stock League wrote letters to the pape about it, which of course helped the bo office.

Mother tried very hard to be modern an broad-minded in regard to the episode. Sh admitted it was necessary for purposes o plot to establish the pool in which Hajj ha later to drown the vizier, and that it woul

(Continued on Page 110)





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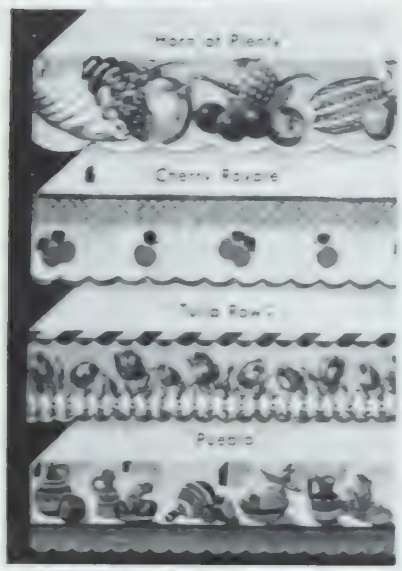
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(Continued from Page 109)

be slightly anachronistic for the maidens of a harem to step out in black Annette Kellermanns. Moreover, as she'd explain to whoever was with her, the girls were all such *nice* girls, and their figures *were* young and very pretty—but still ——

After a year on Broadway, Kismet played the road for two more seasons. The spectacle required five scenery cars, and as the cast numbered some seventy-five members, they traveled like the circus in a special train. It was tough touring. One of the most serious problems was the pool, and not the least to bear the brunt were the girls who had to bathe and Hamilton Ravelle who had to be drowned in it nightly. It was a metal tank contrivance lowered so that its rim came flush with the level of the stage. The water was heated by a system of steampipes which worked or not, according to local facilities. Except during the harem scene, the aperture was covered over with wooden lids built solidly to form part of the floor.

At one matinee in Chicago the lids were removed and a cloud of steam hissed up like a gush of Old Faithful. Someone had left the pipes on overnight and the water was at a temperature correct for cooking a lobster. The curtain was supposed to rise immediately following a short musical interlude. There was a moment of panic. The girls who were lined up for their cue had the expressions of early Christians suddenly confronted with the stake, and Hamilton Ravelle told everybody what he thought of them in no unblasphemous terms. But stagehands are persons of resource in all emergencies. One group dashed next door to a saloon, another waylaid a passing ice wagon. Cakes and barrels of ice were dumped into the scalding tank, only to melt like butter in an oven. The wait was growing critical and the audience was applauding impatiently. More ice was procured. The stage manager tested the water and gave the bathers the consoling information that at any rate it wouldn't kill them. He was right: it didn't. But it parboiled them to the degree that they emerged a bright cerise which showed angrily through their pink fleshings. Hamilton Ravelle, whose state of cerise was equal to that of his fury, swore he'd never play the part again. He was always swearing that. But of course he did play it and the next night, the steam pipes having been turned off completely and the water having on the surface a delicate skim of ice, he had to be revived with hot blankets, slugs of whisky and a salary raise.

THE company toured the West. A letter scribbled on the Overland Limited says:

We are speeding across the plains, dear heart, and it's chill and snowy. There is nothing quite so desolate and forlorn that some moment of the day cannot add a little loftiness and glory to. Charlie's hour was night—mine I think always has been the late mellow afternoon before the land becomes red with sunset. The vastness of this Nebraskan and Wyoming stretch is so like the ocean always to me, and this afternoon brought our sea days back. Immensity always brings you near to me.

I had three hours' hard and furious sleep last night. Then I woke in my berth at two o'clock and stayed awake. Dawn was quite glor... the desert. The tumble of eroded cliffs ... jewels in the sunrise. I watched them out ... window. I find staying awake at night ... bad if you don't fight it. Worry can tire ... much in the daytime as it does at night. The trouble is we generally carry our worries ... with us and in the waking hours we reach ... and grab them to our bosoms.

The tour swung South. In a letter ... marked New Orleans and still contain ... small, dried rose he says:

This rosebud was ravished from a cem... lot at Métairie. Some old French citizen ... tilized it, no doubt. I didn't look to see wh... was. The blossom was fragrant and bright ... I took it, and no one saw me but an obser... chameleon.

The iron chairs by the walk are gro... shabby and perhaps ours has succumbed to ... and decrepitude. The lineal descendants o... chameleons who listened to our vows are g... ing scarcer. But it is still a sweet spot. The ... ladies and gentlemen are very quiet, but ... were most hospitable and remember us ...

My love—my ... love to you, brid... the long ago. Or...

* * * * * * * * *

Monochrome

By Sara King Carleton

The sky leans close above the glimmering lake
And the dark spindles of the pointed pines
Stand sharply out against the evening, break
Against the green, clear afterlight that shines
Now that the day is gone, the last bird flown,
The last faint ripple lost along the shore,
Where shapes and shadows step from stone to stone;
And merge and disappear. This is the core
Of silence where phantasmally we float
Between two worlds of water and of air,
The leaf-thin shell of our intangible boat
Drifting through mists that rise and hover, where
From far away a veery calls, and when
He hears his own soft answer, calls again.

* * * * * * * * *

As the tiring se... wore on, he fo... himself victim of ... of those emoti... snarls which at s... time or another ... nearly every ac... Suddenly, for no ... parent reason, ... started either g... blank or mixing ... speeches into se... less jargon. Before ... show he'd go over ... text flawlessly; t... with determined ... fidence, he'd make ... entrance and soo... or later the hide... moment of obliv... would hit him lik... knockout blow. ... had to work out ... solution for him... and he did. I rat... think a certa... amount of quiet, ... sensational religi... entered into his so... ing of the proble... He wrote to moth... of his fears and hop...

We certainly ne... some sort of belief. ... it does nothing furth... it saves us from o... own weaknesses a... cowardice. And ... don't have to hypnoti... ourselves or lash ourselves for it to accompli... its purpose.

I had become afflicted with a hideous sel... consciousness of my lines and action. I foun... myself thinking ahead for a line or two wo... dering what I said in such and such a speec... and when that particular speech arrived, I g... cold and panicky.

Then it began to occur to me I have bee... merely putting my faith and belief in fear, an... not in the power of good which must be the gov... erning power of everything human, physica... and spiritual. To believe that there is more in... tangible but potent good than active evil bear... ing upon our lives is a simple start and an eas... one which needs no monstrous exertion of wi... power.

I find it works. That is a sort of primer.

Now if a word or two gets twisted, I don'... bother about it. The most significant part of th... whole affair is, *nothing awful really ever hap... pened!* But the number of bridges I crossed wa... astounding. Strange this groundless apprehen... sion that comes through the separation of men... tal activity from the work in hand. The cease... less turning of the wheel is hypnotizing. Do bu... see that the wheel turns, however, and the in... fluence of its turning vanishes.

One word haunts me—LAW. Summer succeeds winter, the planets keep their rhythmic course about the sun. The seed bursts its shell and becomes a tree. The bird sits upon its egg...

(Continued on Page 112)

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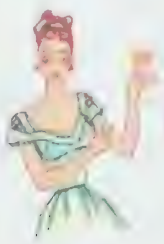
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(Continued from Page 110)

and produces life. There is the great mystery of death and the profounder mystery of birth. I am an integral part of this LAW, and so long as I am in harmony with it, nothing of ill consequence can befall me.

I'm afraid my creed is either too simple or too complicated to become a cult.

My heart is more quiet and it is all yours,

OTIS.

During World War One I was at the callous age when Belleau Wood and Château-Thierry seemed distantly dreadful but far less real than the election of our class president or the annual visit of the Hill School Glee Club.

Father tried his best to go overseas with some of the entertainment units, but he was turned down as being overage. He did the best he could for the returned men this side of the water. From Winnipeg he wrote:

Yesterday was a day of much emotion for me. I invited about 300 invalided Canadian soldiers to my matinee. They were there with stiff legs, bandaged limbs, missing members, bound heads, lost fingers, and four sat in boxes in pillowed wheel chairs. I never felt greater exaltation than I did in playing for those lads. Had it been a trial for my professional existence, I couldn't have felt more the urgent call for all my art. At the end of each act, I looked through a peephole in the curtain to see the effect. After Act I, they were rather immobile, but evidently interested; Act 2 left a happy smile on all their faces and after the third act they looked as if they were having the time of their lives.

I wish I could do something real, true and wonderful for those boys! When I look at these men who have seen and lived through things I shall never even conceive of, I know I am the meanest worm that crawls. I want to go to France! I want to serve our lads. I want to bring a smile and a moment of forgetfulness to men who are holding back the floodgates of hell. I want to know service and sacrifice. What use is a successful play when my nights are full of self-reproach?

THE successful play was Mister Antonio, written for father by his intimate friend Booth Tarkington. That excellent gentleman had said to him, some years previously, "Otis, I want to write you a play. I don't know what the character will be—peasant, sea captain, tinker, tailor—but he's going to be a beautiful man." The result was Mister Antonio. It was not a great play—the plot was obvious and it bordered dangerously on the sentimental—but the part of the joyous Italian hurdy-gurdy man, "Antonio Camaradonio, *padrone*, that's-a me," who every spring set forth from Third Avenue to spend the summer months vagabonding about the countryside with faithful Joe, an amiable halfwit, for an assistant and Capitano, a little donkey, to pull the music wagon, was certainly a "beautiful" man.

Capitano, the small donkey who pulled the hurdy-gurdy, was always an object of great interest to myself, particularly as he had an unfortunate way of doing a bit of realistic performing of his own on the grass mats during dramatically intense scenes. But he was a sweet little beast and much loved by the company.

From Dubuque father wrote:

Just now I beheld one of the most charming sights imaginable. I heard the familiar hurdy-gurdy strains of Rigoletto and saw heads sticking out of the machine-shop windows across the way. Looking out, I saw Capitano in dress parade hitched to his shafts and Flynn [the company manager] turning the handle in front of this proud new hotel! Our stage crew was grouped about, hats in hand, staring up at my window and grinning from ear to ear. Then they started off up the street, the electrician leading Capitano, Flynn carrying the barroom-scene cash register, and William following, wheeling the second-act baby carriage. I laughed till I wept.

The reason for this spring madness is a teamsters' strike. The ruffians won't allow our scenery to be hauled. They have agreed to allow the taxicab company to transport our trunks and that's all. Exactly what we are going to do I don't know. There is some old scenery at the theater. The evening promises to be rich in episode.

And from Omaha father wrote—this time to me:

Chained to a crust pan?



Don't tie yourself up in knots over stubborn grease-crusted pans! Drop that namby-pamby dishrag, and let a sturdy metal-fiber Brillo pad do the work!

Shine 'em quick with BRILLO



Just *swirl* off greasy scorch and baked-on crust! Quick as a flash—a square Brillo *pad-with-soap* whisks grimy pots and pans clean and shining! *Fast!* Neat! *Easy!* Wonderful for your aluminums. Use Brillo every day to keep pans gleaming!

There's jeweler's polish in BRILLO!

Brillo's a joy! Brillo makes your pots and pans sparkle like silver! And there's a good reason why—Brillo's special-formula soap contains polishing ingredients that jewelers use to shine their precious metals!

★ RED box—soap-filled pads
★ GREEN box—pads and cake soap



Shines aluminum fast!

vered Personal Cherub: Poor little Cappy is ore! In his stead is a trim, smooth, sand- red beast with a little dark stripe running his tail to the whisk broom on the end. asn't even those things sticking out of his that look like our fireplace brush.

ch a sporty, sophisticated creature is this Capitano, you wonder how he can associate a Dago and a Nut, or how he could be in- d to enter the gateway of so jay a town as onia. I expect at any moment to see him enly sit up and play a cornet or turn the y-gurdy handle or converse like Baalam's And yet if you look in his eyes you will see as the same expression as the old Cappy. it *is* Capitano, only shaved!

e had bugs! Not the nimble flea. Bugs, il ones! When the cast found out, they all menced scratching in unison. He's like a is horse now, and he's horribly set up and .

My mother once remarked that all girls veen the ages of fourteen and eighteen ild be chloroformed, to which drastic position my father countered no, that it their parents who should be granted such et oblivion. They spoke with the bitter- of firsthand experience, for I was ex- hely awful. My aim was to be as suave Clara Kimball Young, as *risquée* as Gaby lys, as lovely as Dolores and as wicked heda Bara. It was an ambitious project. at I dreamed of wearing were the sort of gs Erté drew for Harper's Bazaar— ble-skirted evening gowns with rhine- ne shoulder straps, kolinsky-banded es, lamé turbans and ich-feather fans. at I actually wore the regulation ol Peter Thomp- uniform—middy se with a sailor and anchor-em- dered dickey, tai- d skirt with a jaunty tical lacing down center of the rump. d my best to aug- t this firm foun- on with accessories nature I regarded slinky," long black e-store earrings, an nense ring of imita- jade on my forefinger and, for footgear, an-heeled pumps of patent leather glor- d by white spats which I laundered nightly. ther forbade either rouge or face powder, I got around that injunction by calci- ing my nose with vanishing cream and r-Kiss talcum and rubbing my cheeks n a Roger Gallet pomade stick.

used to go in town for as many of father's inees as school and the suburban train ice would permit, striding in through lobby with the grand manner of the star's ghter who is certain of free admittance. I always allowed one theater party to ch to take a few of my buddies. We ld go five or ten strong (in inverse ratio box-office receipts) and after the per- nance would troop behind onto the stage, re mother had arranged a "treat" of ice m and cake. It was served on the set always came in the nature of a great prise. My long-suffering father would e out in his dressing gown and politely ke the grubby hand of each giggling girl, the leading lady and juvenile would feel y had to stop by to meet the star's ghter and say, "Isn't she just like her er!"—which I wasn't. These occasions d me with a sense of bland magnanimity. ted as if I had written the play, produced directed it and had invented father.

spite of mother's often-repeated refrain o indeed her daughter was never going the stage, I always knew, privately and ply, that I was. I entertained no belief t my emergence into the theatrical arena ld cause Ethel Barrymore or Mrs. Fiske great uneasiness. I merely knew that I nted to act.

My only chance for venting the urge was h the Baldwin School Dramatic Club, ich proved its earnest worth by giving one kespearean play a year. Mother was always asked to stage the annual production. She did it, of course, beautifully, cutting the text, designing the costumes, directing the performance and generally reducing herself to a bundle of nerves. Because I was tall and angularly shapeless and had access to father's costume trunks, I was usually the leading man. As Petruchio I strutted in father's boots, periodically walking out of them. As Orlando, a leather jerkin which had once belonged to Booth was apprehensively placed upon me with strict instructions I was to take it off during the ice-cream party after the show.

THE selection of the play each year was made at the close of spring term by the forthcoming president. When I had been elected to that position of distinction, I settled on Macbeth. It seemed a quaint project for a girls' school, what with Lady Macbeth the only good female part in the piece, Lady Macduff being usually cut and the sex of the three witches being doubtful. But such obstacles in no way daunted me.

We spent that summer in Colorado at Enos Mills' Longs Peak Inn. The Skinners went Western in a manner all their own, riding daily and with an enthusiasm as boundless as our knowledge of horsemanship was limited. I rode a pinto named Pet who sweated a lot. When his lather had reached a fly-attracting stage, I'd hitch him to our cabin porch and humanely wash him down with warm water, a rubber sponge and Maxine Elliott soap, a process which convulsed the cowboys and mildly astonished Pet.

That was the era before the smart Eastern visitor went in for blue jeans and plaid shirts, and my riding attire was a symphony of my own devising. Feeling that a regulation tailored habit would jar with my sultry personality, I wore a divided linen skirt, low black shoes which distantly adjoined brown puttees, and shirtwaists of sheer batiste with hemstitched collars and cuffs edged with *filet* lace.

Days I was not riding, I studied Lady Macbeth, still clad in my exotic equestrienne costume. Father helped coach me. For purposes of privacy we'd go a short distance from the inn to a small steep hill on the summit of which was an ideal hide-out, a flat space, boulder-encircled, where there was no one to see or hear you. Father had told me that a part must always be studied aloud, at full tone.

One afternoon the divine fire was, it seemed to me, unusually well kindled and I was tackling full tilt the scene in which Lady Macbeth urges her vacillating husband on to the murder. A party of tourists had parked their open T-model a short distance away and decided to explore the beauties of Nature's near-by wonderland. Led on by the sound of my voice over rock and fallen tree, they toiled up the little hill and peered over into my private sanctuary. The apparition which must have met their eyes was that of a gangly sixteen-year-old girl in dazzling unorthodox riding clothes, clutching at a skinny chest which flatly denied the words she was in the process of shouting, which were, "I have given suck, and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me." After whooping forth this bit of gratuitous information, I became slowly aware of the presence of the line of heads above the encircling rocks. For a moment we all froze into stunned immobility. Then, as at a word of command, they ducked and fled down the steep slope in full rout, scrambled into their battered jitney and raced down the highway.

Macbeth was the big event of the following school year. It looked at one time as though the performance would have to be called off, due to the fact that, twenty-four hours beforehand, the girl playing Macduff came down with mumps. But the day was saved

No woman is ready for a dance until she feels sure that she looks, if not better than everybody else, at least different from everybody else. In contrast with this unbridled egotism the terrible humility of men is beautiful to contemplate. A man in dress clothes does not want to look different. He wants to look like one of the herd, and his sober, standardized outfit proclaims his belief in the basic equality of all rational beings.

—JOHN D. SHERIDAN: I Can't Help Laughing (Talbot Press).

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Look what we have here—a bright garden of summery vegetables nestled around savory slices of Swift's Prem. Here's a satisfying summer main dish that "fixes fast." And wait'll you taste that special blend that gives Prem its distinctive two-meat flavor. For Prem, you know, is different. It's the one that's *both* juicy pork *and* tender beef.

Martha Logan's PREM GARDEN PLATTER

Out of the oven and ready to serve in a cool matter of minutes

(4 servings)

- 1 can Prem cut in 8 slices
- Cooked new potatoes
- Tiny or sliced carrots (cooked)
- Cooked broccoli
- *Toppings—(choice of three)

Arrange slices of Prem on shallow baking dish with cooked vegetables. (Prem really *does* things for all vegetables.) *Pour* melted butter or margarine over vegetables.

*Top Prem with one of these: (1) Mayonnaise, ⅔ cup, mixed with 2 tablespoons each prepared mustard and minced sweet pickle; (2) Sour cream, 1 cup, with chopped chives (pictured); (3) Blue cheese, ⅔ cup, crumbled; mixed with 2 tablespoons prepared mustard.

Bake in moderately quick oven (375°) for 20 minutes. Whichever topping you choose, you'll find this a tempting, nutritious way to serve THAT DELICIOUS COMBINATION OF PORK AND TENDER BEEF . . . Swift's Prem



by the young thing cast as the Bleeding Sergeant who rushed forth with the news that she knew the lines of Macduff and if anyone could take her place on the gory army cot, she'd go on in the part. The girl was short, plump and pretty. Her eyes were a clear blue and her hair a shimmering mane of genuine platinum blond. She was hardly the ideal of a Highland war lord, but we camouflaged her as best we could with a horn-trimmed helmet, a bearskin hearthrug and a Viking mustache. She was not only letter perfect in the lines, but she gave evidence of great talent. One extraordinary thing about her was her voice, which she could turn from a tone soft, gentle and low into a basso-profundo bellow. That night she unleashed its full diapason, her impersonation was remarkable, and she saved the situation. But she strained a vocal cord and claims it was the cause of a certain throatiness which is still one of her most attractive characteristics. The name of that girl is Ann Harding.

Those happy amateur days. And that delirious amateur confidence! My Lady Macbeth must have been terrible, but at the time I was completely charmed with it. Julia Marlowe, I felt, had better start looking to her laurels and I had better start preparing for the stage. I had yet to broach the family about it, but Within the Law, with Helen Ware, gave me the impulse to write father about my ambitions. This was his reply:

Maiden Mine: I rejoice that your week end brought you such joys as marshmallow breakfasts and Within the Law. Your question regarding Helen Ware startled me a little. Are you going to be an actress? I was hoping you *wouldn't*. But if you *are* there is a long time yet; and the one thing that will put you ahead of others on the stage will be the soundness of a good education, and the mental training your studies will give you. I have often regretted deeply that my own schooling was not more thorough: it would have made things much easier for me.

You speak of Helen Ware. She was a school teacher before she became an actress. The road from the bottom where she started up to her stellar position in Within the Law was a long and hard one.

If that is the road you are thinking to take, you must prepare yourself for it in these present years. Every bit of good work you do now will be of inestimable help. Your knowledge of languages will refine and render beautiful your use of English. Your history will enable you to estimate the subtleties of characters that have been transferred to the literature of the drama; even your abhorred algebra will give you a grip and a poise in your mental ability to meet the tough situations of character portrayal. It all *helps beyond words.*

Above everything, don't neglect your voice. Start in just as soon as you read this and listen to every word you speak. Let your vocal teacher tell you where your voice comes from and how your tones are produced. If I had known these things in the beginning of my career it would have saved me thousands of dollars in doctors' bills. I have had to find out through the years, alone and unaided. I know *now*, but think what I could have saved by an early knowledge of vocalization.

And *sing!* Sing your little head off!!! You cannot realize, daughter mine, what wealth will be added to your speaking voice by a complete knowledge of singing, even though your profession doesn't require you to sing a note. And know the *best* in music—not the cheapest—know the best in literature. That is the sort of training the great ones of the French stage have gone through and the French are the greatest actors in the world today.

The *voix d'or* of Sarah Bernhardt gave her the mightiest asset of her career. Your voice, first, last and always. *YOUR VOICE!!*

Your daddy's love, dearest daughter.

So, reluctantly, I resigned myself to tryi a year of college, God willing and pushing r through the entrance exams. It would pleasant to be able to say that I sailed in Bryn Mawr with flying colors. But when finally managed to squeeze in, the only col I exhibited was a red failure mark in algeb a subject which got to be known among r friends as "Cornelia's interesting condition

I AM glad that I went to college, and gl that I stayed for only two years. My br career was not brilliant. I was not the sple did all-round type. I avoided most rah-r activities and savagely loathed all organiz exercise, a certain amount of which was cor pulsory. But Bryn Mawr offered plenty other advantages far more agreeable tha those of an Atlantean nature. I found a nur ber of amusing and stimulating acquain ances and made a few warm friendships whi have lasted a lifetime. And best of all, the was, for me, a gradual coming to life in r gard to matters of the mind. I discover that a world I had hitherto dismissed as p dantic and dull could be rich and excitin Browsing amid the stacks in the library, sitting comfortably in the great dim Goth reading room, with a pile of books beside m I realized the amenities of research. Havi no intentions of graduating, I had postpon all required courses I considered unsymp thetic until a junior year which I knew wou never materialize, and went in solely for th studies I liked.

And college offered opportunity for ven ing my yearning to act. There were cla shows and varsity dramatics, and one sprin the May Day Fete was staged by my mothe

I spent my sophomore year on bounds punishment for having cut all classes the la few weeks of freshman term. It was a per ance in which I rather gloried, for I had take the cuts in order to fill my first theatrical e gagement. It was only a four-week engag ment, but it gave me an excuse for callin myself an actress. George Tyler had take the National Theater in Washington in a experimental stock venture for trying out number of new plays. As it was his intentio to bring them into New York the followin season, they were all pretty well-finished pr ductions with top-notch casts. A nucleus c competent actors was kept as a permanen company for supporting parts, while the lead were played by a series of visiting stars— Helen Hayes, Emily Stevens, and other The Lunts came there too. Only they weren the Lunts then. It was at this engagemen that Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt met. The appeared in two of the tryouts in which I too, was to be seen— if one looked quickly

(Continued on Page 116)



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Something spilled? Quick—a ScotTowel . . . to soak up the moisture—*fast*. Throw the ScotTowel away after use. No messy cloth to wash out.

Want to save laundering? ScotTowels do it . . . you use them for drying hands, wiping pots and percolator, draining lettuce, and dozens of other uses. 150 ScotTowels to a roll. Made of thirsty cellulose. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

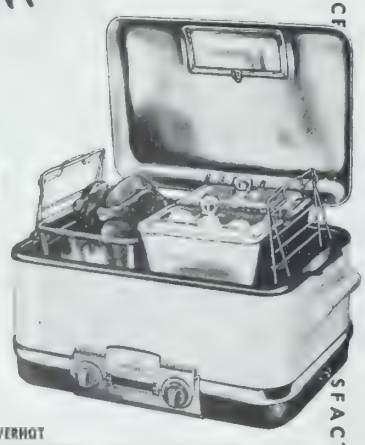
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The portable fire place. Adjustable for circulating or direct heat of infra-red rays.



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Heater or fan as desired, for both heating or cooling.



EVERHOT AIR FLO HEATER
A fan type unit of very smart styling. Quick, light, efficient.



EVERHOT RANGETTE
Occupies less than 2½ sq. ft. Broils, frys, toasts. Oven for baking and roasting, extra.

(Continued from Page 114)

In Richard Washburn Child's Made of Money, I was discovered at the rise of the first-act curtain, arranging some roses in a vase. A comedy butler, excellently done by Sidney Toler, entered looking glum, and I spoke my only line, which was, "What's the matter now?" He made some sort of reply, after which I said "Oh," turned and exited up-back-left. The "oh" was my own gratuitous padding of the part. This opening bit, of course, was over before half the audience had settled into their seats, but to judge by the earnestness with which I approached it, it might have been the big scene from Za-Za. I put my all into that single speech, elaborating it by preceding it with a humorous "Ho-Hum!" and winding it up with a curious sound I endeavored to make into a ripple of laughter. I worked up fancy bits of business, such as burying my nose in one of the roses and sniffing ecstatically. The dye in the cloth petals gave forth a vile smell and a deposit of property-room dust made me have to struggle not to sneeze, but, in the service of Art, such slight discomforts were to be ignored.

In an ensuing act, laid in a beauty parlor, I came on as a manicurist and worked industriously on Lynn Fontanne's fingernails, while a hairdresser, a real one, gave her a genuine marcel. The only person to be impressed with my characterization was the hairdresser, who offered me a job in his salon across the street.

My salary was $35 a week. I was barely eighteen and mother considered it necessary to go along with me. We took a minimum-rate room, but my pay hardly sufficed, and father, who was in California at the time, sent mother a check "to defray the expense of our daughter earning her own living. Never fear," he went on, "father will stand the gaff! It is all very funny and too good to keep, so to the dozens of inquirers out here who daily ask me 'How is Mrs. Skinner and what is the daughter doing?' I reply, 'Doing? Why, doing father, of course!'"

THE silent-screen version of Kismet was produced the following summer in Hollywood, and my next professional disappearance was in that. Father had asked the producer if he could manage to find a part for me, and he did, at the heady salary of $75 a week. The producer must have been prompted by motives of courtesy to the star. Hollow-cheeked and still wearing a partial band on my upper teeth, I was hardly a coming rival for Clara Bow. But they got around my problem by costuming me in voluminous veils and a thick yashmak. I was down in the cast list as "A Handmaiden." The part was really that of general messenger and door opener. Whenever the vizier paid his harem a visit of the utmost censor-conscious decorum, it was I who saw him in and out. In the finished picture, any superfluous action of mine was cut, and my friends who loyally went to see the film had to sit through it twice in order to make certain that the shrouded figure occasionally flashing across the screen was really I.

The day of my debut I arrived at the studio hours too early, got into my costume before anyone else was dressed and perspired off most of my make-up by the time they were ready to shoot my scene. Father, who was not in the shot, sat beside the director looking patient and not overhappy. Mother was somewhere off in the dark background. The scene was set in the vizier's palace. I was to stand in the shadow of a pillar while a half-naked eunuch, acted by a gigantic Negro, came down a corridor. When he had reached a certain point I was to step forth, stop him and ask him the identity of a man outside the gate. We were given no preliminary run-through. In fact, in those nontalking days only the scenes with the star were rehearsed. The director, an amusing Frenchman named Gasnier, who had a gay way of calling father "Mr. Kismet," megaphoned that they were set to shoot and was "Mees Keesmet" ready to register. I answered with a tentative yes and asked if, during the action, one were expected to say any sort of lines. Gasnier replied that speech was



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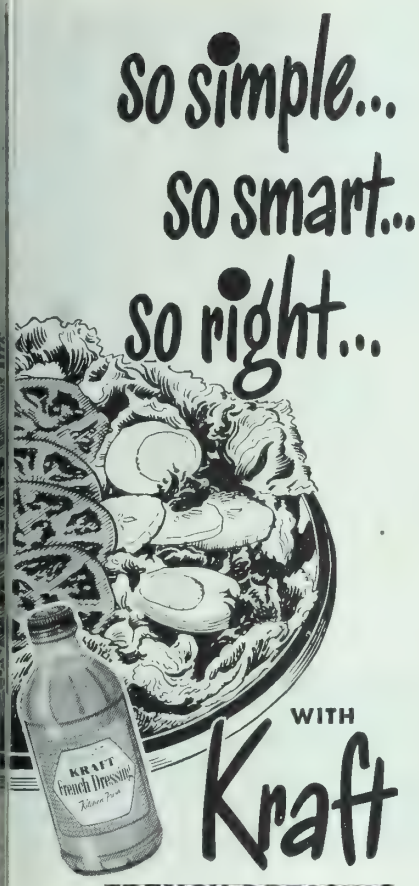
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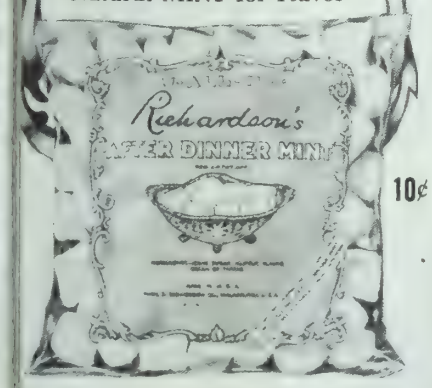


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optional; some actors preferred keeping silent, others found it easier to murmur a few words appropriate to the pantomime. I decided I would murmur. The kleigs glared on, the cameramen stood prepared to crank and Mac, the accordion player, started a soft introduction to April Showers. As the eunuch reached the indicated position, I strode forth like Womanhood Triumphant and in a voice that would have filled the Metropolitan Opera House cried "Stay, slave!" The slave regarded me with astonishment and stayed. I continued, still at the top of my lungs, "Who is yon fair stranger without—the palace gate? Speak, else thy life be forfeit!" The slave's eyes grew to the dimensions of saucers, his jaw dropped and, in a voice of genuine earnestness, he said, "You kin search me, lady!"

My thespian initiations, instead of getting the theatrical bee out of my bonnet, merely whetted my ambitions to become an actress, and my family was at least reconciled to the prospect of my going on the stage. But not immediately. Nineteen they considered too tender an age, and mother felt I needed more educating. Agreeable as college had been, I balked at the prospect of another term, and any suggestion of dramatic school was loudly vetoed by father, who considered such establishments a waste of time and money. We compromised on a year abroad.

I wanted, of course, to go over alone. I had ideas about student life, emancipation and the postwar generation which in those early '20's had yet to consider itself lost. But mother had her own ideas about the

The good man does not grieve that other people do not recognize his merits. His only anxiety is lest he fail to recognize theirs.

—CONFUCIUS.

same things. She raised a number of fanciful objections which wound up with "You can never tell about Frenchmen and then, baby, there's always your appendix." Mother had a lifelong obsession in regard to my appendix, which she decided would "kick up" in some inconvenient environment such as the high seas or halfway down the Grand Canyon.

We sailed in the fall and went direct to Paris. Be it to mother's credit that she tried valiantly to let me go on my own. She stopped at the France-et-Choiseul, while I stayed not in the romantic garret of my Murgeresque dreams, but with a highly respectable family who lived in the most banal section of Passy and took in an occasional paying guest.

However, my landlady and her household did not bother me greatly. There was all of Paris around me, and I was desperately aware of being abroad and young. I attacked everything—study, sight-seeing, even amusements—with conscientious enthusiasm. Twice a week I reverently entered an amphitheater at the Sorbonne to listen to a lecture on *La Civilization Française,* part of a popular course open to the public, intended to please rather than mentally overtax the attending student body, which was made up of persons of all ages and all nationalities.

But my chief study was acting. I took private lessons from one of the *sociétaires* of the Comédie Française, a cheery little man named Dehelly who for immemorial years had specialized in the Molière and Marivaux comedies, playing always *jeunes amants,* those curly young men with names like Dorante and Sylvestro who are constantly sweeping the floor with the plumes of their hats and taking more snuff than any snuff-box could begin to hold.

All winter I worked like crazy, practicing diction exercises, memorizing interminable speeches at the top of my lungs, muttering them to myself on bus or Métro, even saying them over in my sleep. Occasionally, by way of change, I'd be assigned poetry or a few La Fontaine fables. It was an exciting experience and I am endlessly grateful for it. Dehelly, to be sure, belonged to the mock-heroic over-



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stilted school, but he had an inspiring gift of imparting the grand old manner and making it believable.

I wrote to father in New York, an arty letter which must have amused him, complaining about the old-fashioned fetters which I felt were tying down my ample cabin'd spirit. He wrote back soothingly:

Take it easy, kiddie. That's all fine training, exaggerated as you think it is—it's a loosening-up process, like a pianist stretching two notes above the octave. Don't make fun of it. It's a grand old school to learn—*and then forget!* Rather like the experience your sire had with Lawrence Barrett.

To offset this heavy dose of classicism, I decided I needed some grounding in modern methods. Jacques Copeau was running the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, a Left Bank playhouse, and as part of his theater project was starting a dramatic school. I signed up for it—full payment, of course, in advance—the only American in a group of aesthetic French adolescents who didn't bathe very much. The girls were emaciated and had greasy hair and the boys wore flowing black ties and suffered from acne. Mother was sure the former were all phthisical and the latter all had "a disease we don't talk about."

The classes were held in a barren atelier up four flights of rickety stairs above the Vieux Colombier theater. The place had no heat of any sort, no vestige of ventilation, and the only illumination came wanly through a dirty skylight. We students would assemble at ten A.M. shivering with cold, for the temperature in the room was usually several degrees lower than it was outdoors.

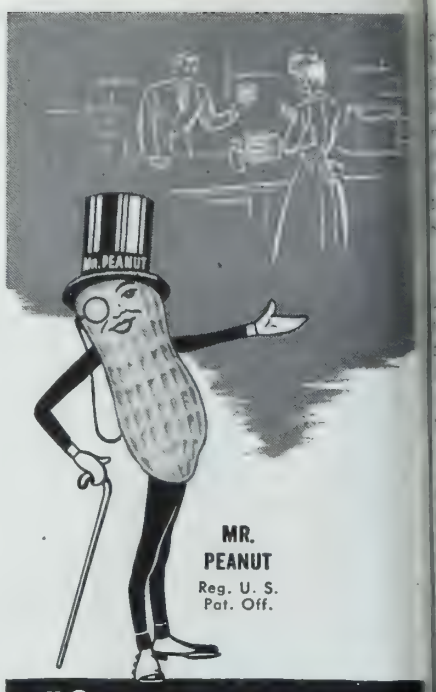
After a time, a brisk young woman wearing what looked like a homemade skating outfit would breeze in with a curt "*Bonjour, messieurs—dames.*" She was an *institutrice de gymnase* whose job it was to put us through twenty minutes of limbering-up exercises. Her Gallic brand of calisthenics, mild exertions interspersed with deep breathing done to the count of "*In*spiration! *Un! Deux! Ex*piration! *Trois! Quatre!*" were anything but limbering, especially as for some unaccountable reason we had to perform them in our bare feet.

As soon as our exercises had completely congealed us, we were permitted to resume our shoes, after which, with chattering teeth, we took our places on camp stools lined up in crescent formation to face a large thronelike chair. After an impressive pause, Copeau, swathed in muffler, galoshes, fur-lined coat and sealskin cap, would make an entrance, bid us good day and take his place on the throne, from which eminence he would deliver a brief discourse on some phase of the art of acting.

One day he told us to get out onto the floor, all at the same time, and imitate animals—whatever animals we liked—while he sat watching us with inscrutable speculation, saying nothing. It distresses me to admit that I chose to impersonate a swan, and the only comment upon my performance was passed by a pasty-faced youth who paused in his own interpretation of a bulldog long enough to whisper admiringly in my ear, "*Mais c'est parfait, mademoiselle! Vous êtes absolument une giraffe!*"

It was a fine year in the Paris theater and I went to everything. For about forty cents one could get a good balcony seat for Marthe Regnier, Victor Boucher, Max Dearly in his delicious absurdities at the Palais Royal, and the grand old reliables at the Odéon. The Guitrys were at the Edouard VII that season, and whatever may have been Sacha's subsequent behavior under Nazi influence, his plays—Debureau, Le Grand-Duc, Mozart, and so on—were a joy; Yvonne Printemps was enchantment itself; and to have seen the acting of old Lucien was, in my opinion, to have seen the greatest acting of our time.

In my tireless pursuit of culture, I bought a subscription *abonnement* to the weekly *matinées classiques* at the Comédie Française. That was theatergoing with a vengeance. Performances started at one-forty-five or, as the posters announced it, at fourteen hours



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fteen, and lasted till well after dark. The vas a classical double feature, a traditional five-act tragedy and an equally traditional comedy, also of five acts. It was an thetic ordeal and a dorsal and posterior as well, for my subscription ticket was *strapontin*, one of those hard little folding seats that let down into the aisle, making e in case of fire completely impossible.

letter from father informed us that he signed up with Gilbert Miller for the ng season to play in Tom Cushing's natization of Blasco Ibañez's novel of the ring, Blood and Sand. He would come Paris in the spring and we'd all go to n, where he could soak in atmosphere.

ou and Bobs have got to personally conduct San Sebastian sounds good to me. We will he wealthy classes there, I presume, and vatch the bathing of the aristocracy. I want e the people who represent Spanish "so-"—not necessarily *refined* society, but you v what I mean. I want to get in touch with oull ring and what it means. I want to see *oreros* in and out of dress uniform. I want e the bulls. I want to attend the *corridas*. nt to wander and mix with people, to *idle* ng them. I want to see them marketing and heir devotions. I want to know the country icts and the peasantry. I want to find little equented chapels, and I want to get off the way of Mr. Cook! All the palaces, cathes, Velasquezes, El Grecos and the cabbages kings may go hang if I can't get what I'm g for. Spain's historical monuments are ely secondary affairs. I want an idle month he Peninsula with no necessity of a daily sultation with railway les. I want to be the hu- blotting pad, carelessly upon the ink of national —and I don't want to go student of art or history. atever comes I shall drink t the pores. Also I can ect a few costumes, shawls other appurtenances for production.

The two things in life which are really gratuitous are the grace of God and one's pedigree. The rest depends upon ourselves.

—JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.

t was a good excuse for a trip—not that er ever needed an excuse for any trip. t it salved mother's cultural conscience to nk that while he was absorbing atmosphere his role, she and I might get in a little thetic absorption, while her economic one s mollified by the comforting knowledge t the "costumes, shawls and appurtenances" could all be charged off to Gilbert ller.

We met up with Ibañez in Madrid. He oved to be a rough, affable creature with a unch equaled in enormity only by his ego, ich at the time was being fed by an orgy of ional adulation. He had recently been reled from serving a term of exile as punishnt for some revolutionary ideas expressed his Shadow of the Cathedral, and was be- welcomed back by each of the provinces, native Valencia in particular, with rounds celebrations. Testimonials were being profred him, holidays declared and fiestas held.

We saw a great deal of him. Intensely interested in the forthcoming production of ood and Sand, he turned his large self ine out to take father around to every place authentic local color. He took us to curis little shops, sort of select pawn establishnts, where star bullfighters, the vainest of ima donnas, turned in their dazzling ousand-duro suits which lesser *toreros* might rchase secondhand.

HE morning of a big *corrida* he took us on backstage inspection of the arena, the hters' quarters, the stable for the miserable rses and the darkened death-cell pens hich were being filled each with a beautiful tle Miura bull, his black coat quivering, s hoofs pawing the ground in savage terror. e met bull-ring managers and experts who plained the cape passes and sword thrusts, d he introduced us to a few star *espadas*. The only time Ibañez didn't come along th us was when we went to the fight itself. e had seen his last one, he said. And so, a w hours later, I could say, had I. The one attended was a gala affair held for the nefit of the Spanish Red Cross and patroned by the queen herself. I stood it through the slaughter of six horses and two bulls. Then, when they started taking out the gored horses that were still alive, stuffing them with straw and sending them back into the ring to be eviscerated all over again, I went to pieces. I covered my eyes with my hands, I cried, I sobbed, I bawled out loudly, "These are barbaric people! I wish they'd throw *them* to the bulls!"

MOTHER, who was anguished, too, but more controlled, patted my knee and said, "Hush, baby! Someone may hear you."

"I hope they do hear me!" I wailed back. "I hope the queen hears me!"

Mother, fearful that this might develop into an international incident, decided it was time for herself and me to go. Once outside the stadium, we looked about for a means of conveyance back to town. A number of taxis were drawn up in line. None of them was of much use, as their drivers were all inside watching the *corrida*. A number of private limousines were parked near one of the entrances. Their chauffeurs, too, were absent, with the exception of one, a handsome creature who lolled against the mudguard of an especially swank vehicle. He watched us for a time, then, prompted less by my hysteria than by mother's gestures of distress, ambled over to us and inquired in impeccable English if there were anything he might do for us.

Mother thanked him and said she was awfully sorry but that we were Americans and we knew we shouldn't leave so early but you see her daughter was so fond of animals—and had been working so hard all winter in Paris and did he know where we might get a taxi.

The chauffeur thought for a second or two, then he dropped his cigarette, ground it out, flashed a smile, strode back to his Hispano-Suiza, opened the door and said, "I shall take you to the tram line. Jump in. But quickly!"

Obediently we clambered into the car, which we found to be one of frightening elegance—the upholstery was of a delicate dove color, crystal vases attached to the walls with silver brackets contained live orchids, and the speaking tube had a carved-ivory mouthpiece. Mother and I perched gingerly on the edge of the seat, feeling that our mere presence was a contamination. Our unknown knight-errant drove us a short distance to a streetcar terminal, where he let us out and told us the number of the tram we should take.

Mother, profuse in thanks, started to fumble in her purse for a tip, but could find nothing smaller than a five-duro bill. The chauffeur, drawing himself up, made a gesture of haughty refusal. "Madame," he said, "I have the honor of being the queen's chauffeur. That is Her Majesty's car you have just ridden in." Mother gasped "Goodness!" and froze into immobility, the five-duro bill clutched in her hand. The man bowed, assured us it had been a pleasure, got back in the limousine and drove away. Gradually we returned to earth. Mother looked down to close her purse and uttered a small cry, half rueful, half amused. The five-duro bill was gone.

In August we loaded our paraphernalia onto the Paris and sailed for home. Father started in mapping out his preparations for Blood and Sand, and I started in earnestly working on the part which parental indulgence had vouchsafed me in the production. I was to have, in all, three speeches to say. I blush to recall the fact that I referred to it as "my role."

Rehearsals started the end of August in New York. I was very ardent and earnest about them and about beginning what I'm afraid I reverently called "my life's work." Every morning I'd arrive a good half hour ahead of time and, after the run-through of my brief scene, when those of us who were in it had been dismissed for the day, I'd stay on, avidly watching the director, B. Iden Payne, putting the rest of the performance into shape.



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Father's impersonation of the *torero* hero, Juan Gallardo, was undoubtedly fine, although it was never one of his greatest performances. He used to refer to it as "the last lover I ever played, thank God!" and when one considers the fact that he was sixty-three years old at the time, that in itself is no unremarkable feat. "My role" was that of a lady named Doña Sarasate, a character who had no remote connection with the plot. I was "discovered" at the rise of the second-act curtain, along with a few other select guests of Doña Sol, at a party which was giving every indication of being about to break up. I wore a Paul Poiret robe-de-style, waved an enormous blue quill fan, strummed softly on a piano situated well upstage, and sang a fifteenth-century canticle to which nobody paid the slightest attention. Father came on as the colorful bullfighter, the idol of the arena now suddenly ill at ease and himself a gauche taurus in the china shop of high society, the gentlemen snubbing him, the ladies gathering about him in shocked fascination.

I spoke three lines to him, the most dramatic of which was, "The bull can't help being a bull, can he?" after which I shook hands with Doña Sol in a willowy manner, called a languid, "Are you coming, Don Pablo?" to I forget whom, and exited left. And that was my part.

We opened in Buffalo and toured for a few weeks before coming into New York. My salary was $60 a week. Father charged me $5 a day and indulgently paid all hotel bills, including most meals. However, in the theater he showed me no favoritism and he saw to it that as the star's daughter I rated no special privileges. He offered little comment upon my performance, albeit on the matter of my make-up he offered plenty.

In my zeal, I had purchased a variegated assortment of grease paint, eye shadow, rouge and sundry cosmetics, enough for an army. Dabbling about with it for at least two hours prior to every show, I tried out all possible color combinations and a few impossible ones, piling on grease paint as thick as marshmallow icing, slathering my eyelids with blue, purple, brown and even green shadowing, beading lashes until they drooped beneath the load.

Father stood it for about ten days and then he sent his valet with a summons for me to report to him in his dressing room immediately. He stood waiting for me with a towel in one hand and a jar of Albolene in the other.

"Sit down," he ordered peremptorily, indicating the chair in front of his make-up mirror. Then in a loud, practical tone he remarked, "You look like hell," and with several vigorous swipes of towel and Albolene, cleaned off my lurid layers. Then using his own grease sticks and liners, he showed me a make-up which he said looked more like a human being and less like a face on a totem pole. I was subdued and, after a time, grateful.

We opened on Broadway at the Empire, that beloved gilt-proscenium and red-plush theater which really *is* a theater. It was a lovely and exciting temple in which to dedicate my novitiate. The show went over without any hitches. Father remembered all his lines and I neither tripped nor fell flat on my face. At the finish, the house was rewardingly enthusiastic. I took a bow with the general ensemble, then scuttled off to the wings where I stood to watch the rest of the curtain calls—the featured players, father and Catherine Calvert.

During one of his calls father caught sight of me standing off at the side, came over to me, snatched up my hand and to my panic and delight led me onto the set and down to the footlights, where he made a gesture which indicated that he was therewith introducing his daughter to the public, and we both bowed, first to the house, then to each other. The curtain came down.

Father squeezed my hand, dropped it, smiled and said, "Well, miss, you've made your New York debut. From now on"—he waved me off the stage—"you're on your own," and he strode back for another solo call.

THE END





Melody is not just relaxing. After long months of patient training, she's learned to obey the command of Sit and Stay!

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

I WAS reading a book the other day by Arnold Bennett, in which he says, "You have all the time there is." Every single person in the world, says Mr. Bennett, has twenty-four hours a day, no more, no less, but we throw much of it away. He goes on to save fifteen minutes here, an hour there, and in the end saves enough time for a hard-working businessman to learn all about art or philosophy or whatever.

There is no doubt that time is the most precious commodity in the world. And it keeps running along, a river that never pauses. I was fascinated by Mr. Bennett's idea that I could use my own to better advantage. I would like, first of all, to reread *all* of Shakespeare, carefully savoring every word. And to learn Spanish thoroughly, beyond small bits like the General going to the war while the Queen stays home. And lots of other things.

But when I went into a huddle with my days, I just knew Mr. Bennett had never, never been a housewife. He should have had a postscript by Mrs. Bennett on just how she worked out all that timesaving. Those lovely hours left over from not reading the news on the commuting train.

What would Mr. Bennett do if he had saved up two days of time and the relatives from California came just those two days? Or if he sat down to think with Plato for a lovely hour and the washing machine suddenly began to flood the whole kitchen?

At Stillmeadow, no amount of planning can provide for Maeve's jumping the ten-and-a-half-foot fence and going A.W.O.L. Or Flyer and Saxon suddenly getting embroiled and having to be separated. Or the lawn mower dying in her tracks for no reason at all. I ask you, Mr. Bennett, what do you do when the bean beetles come in the night?

I fear we shall muddle along at Stillmeadow, unreconstructed. But when seven are coming for dinner, and the pickles must be made, and the dogs all need brushing, and the phone is ringing and the ironing lies undone, I shall, from now on, stop and say firmly, "I have all the time there is. Mr. Bennett says so."

This is the month of National Dog Week, the 19th to the 25th, and I would like to dash out to Tulsa for the big celebration there. I generally don't care much for all the kinds of weeks for this and weeks for that, but a week for dogs is something different. The organization does a great deal in the interests of dogs, and since Flyer and Buddy are Oklahoma cockers, I feel especially pleased that all the events will be staged right in Tulsa.

Our own private celebration was when Melody won her C.D. degree this summer at Longshore. Any kind of honor you can win pales into a dim fog compared with the feeling you have when your first little black cocker gets her degree, after qualifying in three shows. That day was a driving-rain-and-cold-bleak-wind kind of day, and we really gave up hope, because Melody hates to get wet and will not sit down on damp grass, and the show was outdoors, of course.

The ring was right by the water, too, and little boys kept throwing pop bottles in to make loud splashes right under the dogs' noses. I love children as much as any mother, but the children who hang around outside the obedience rings at a dog show and whistle and catcall and turn somersaults ought to be put to bed and the door locked until the show is over.

We sat around in the downpour shivering all day long. The breed judging went on under the nice dry tent, but the obedience dogs had to hurdle and carry the dumbbells and sit and stay right in the rain while the handlers sopped the water from their necks as best they could.

IT is true that a lot of work and thought go into raising a perfect specimen of the breed, but to my way of thinking they are nothing compared with the work and love and thought that go into your dog and you performing the obedience tests with success. You are doing it together, for one thing, and it represents a mutual achievement far above a mere conformation of bones.

Melody looked very wet with her black satin coat dripping and her small earnest nose sopping. Jill looked like an advertisement for Maine fishing with a sou'wester blowing. And when the long down came, and Melody finally did lie down and stay down, my teeth were knocking about and my heart exploding. *(Continued on Page 123)*

He gets a new crush!



Love at first sniff! Yes, Gro-Pup is a tasty blend of 23 wholesome ingredients—contains every vitamin and mineral a doggie's known to need. *Dog*gone good—for "go-and-get-it!" And only Gro-Pup comes in c-c-runchy Ribbon Form!

You get a new bargain!

Compare! Water is the biggest single ingredient in canned dog foods—most are 70% water—only 30% food dry weight. It takes nearly 5 1-lb. cans to equal 1 25-oz. box of Gro-Pup. You save almost half! Handier! Needs no refrigeration. (Made in *Meal* and *Pel-Etts*, too.)



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SIX MODELS: Cocker Spaniel (shown), Setter, German Shepherd, English Bull, Pointer, Boston Terrier. Solid metal, bronze finish. 2-3" high. Modeled from champions. Ornaments or paper weights.

For each statuette ordered, send 50¢ plus the diamonds from the fronts of 2 Gro-Pup packages. State the model or models wanted—include your name and address. Send to Kellogg Co., Box 246, Battle Creek, Mich.



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Big Super-Freezer Chest for frozen foods; large, convenient food compartment; full-width Hydrator for fruits, vegetables. Unique Basket-Drawer for eggs, small packaged foods. New design, for more food storage space in same kitchen space. Sizes: 7, 9, 11 cu. ft.

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9 models to choose from!

It's only natural that the make of refrigerator which meets the needs of the most people—should be the refrigerator bought by the most people.

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So see the new Frigidaire Refrigerators—see the one that's just right for you. "Right for you" because it helps you cook your own way, keep house the way you like, store food the way that's handiest for you!

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Listen to Frigidaire's "Man Called X." Sunday nights. See newspaper for time and station.

(Continued from Page 121)

hen the judge called the numbers of the who had qualified, and Melody and Jill e l back into the ring, I felt that life had more to offer. Melody, however, felt it t had chicken sandwiches and ham and cookies to offer her.

tember is a lovely month except for one It is time for fall clothes. I wish I were ind of woman who enjoyed buying s. It must make life very pleasant to hopping and to pick out the right s. I never seem to have a complete cos- of any kind. There is always a catch in ewhere. Then, too, I am never the same hree weeks in succession. Having, at l cost, lost almost thirty-odd pounds, I get a nice suit. Then for a couple of we have guests and I happily begin g meals instead of crisp lettuce salads. ain a few pounds. I buy a dress. Spartan , I drop off some more pounds. The is too long now, but the suit just looks iar. Just as I get everything fitted , a holiday comes up and there I go glazed ham, candied sweet potatoes and -apple pie.

has no hat. I at least am docile in , but she maintains her independence y cost. She goes into a hat shop, casts a despairing glance at the clumps of posies visps of gauze, claps a concoction on her and says furiously, "You see! I look perfect fool."

Here's a dramatic number," says the girl.

l screws herself around, peers in the mir- groans. "Fine for a circus performer," ays. She finally settles for a beret in a ent color.

ce she was sold down iver on a white hat white roses and pale veiling to wear to 's graduation. She it that one day, look- niserable, and I have it since at odd times. ever wear a hat, either, except for things hurch or luncheons, and this year Maeve bunch of violets off my best one. Some e hats are beautiful to look at, but I r feel at ease in any of them. I feel like a it peering out of a covert somehow. But ow women who find a new hat will make over for them. The way a new copper nen utensil does for me, or a piece of milk

his is the month for last canning and ing, making the last pickles and pre- es. It is a fine feeling to garner the good gs from the garden and know you are ng them from frost. Then you have the ation of comfortable days ahead with ked freezer and shelves. Every basketful egetables is a special extra gift from ure; the tomatoes are sweeter, the corn e delicate, the lettuce crisper just at the

OPPER bowl filled with shining green and let peppers is a good decoration for a est supper. Purple and green grapes in ilk-glass compote are lovely. I like to basket of tawny corn, wine-purple egg- t, smoky squash and scarlet tomatoes he pine chest.

his is the time to cut goldenrod for dry- when it is not too far out. The red velvet scomb or princess feather can be cut, and many autumn grasses. Any material e dried should be cut before it is too far loom, and dried in a cool, dark place. We g the bunches in the woodshed.

he wild asters are out along the country es, and with the goldenrod make a ple-and-gold path for autumn. Except for el time, the countryside is more beautiful n wild flowers than at any other season in nnecticut. The asters are two shades, a cate amethyst and a rich royal purple. n there are white, smaller varieties.

he swamp begins to flame with red maple our own overshadowing maples burn into gold. Nobody can ever explain to me just the colors are the way they are, nor why are never twice the same. Every autumn new glory, and a different color harmony.

Starting to school is a time that evokes memories in everyone. Exciting, breathless moment of finding your seat in assembly at high school is really next to your best beau! The first day the little children go off with a new red pencil box as a treat. I don't think anything is much more important as a gift than a new pencil box. The slim, elegant pencils, the little gooey rubber eraser, the tiny sharpener and maybe a small ruler, and all this in a partitioned box with a snap cover!

Jumping rapidly ahead, in the easy way memory can, there is the college campus, the football team loping importantly by, the band practicing, and the dormitory full of squealing girls. I never could squeal, but I could listen to the squealers. Exciting days!

Then there is the other side of the picture. Seeing your own children trudge away, stomachs out the way children walk, pigtails or short curls swaying in the breeze. The empty house, no sound, and a sensation that life is moving along too fast.

Or, if you are lucky enough to be a college teacher, the row of new faces in the seats, the smell of new pieces of chalk, the long sunlight on the campus, the reassuring sense of youth learning still, in this age and any age. It is a lot easier to have faith in tomorrow's world if you look at the students.

THE radio is always giving awards to special people. Monthly awards, weekly, even daily. Prizes or a box of coffee or cigarettes. It is a nice idea, and I would like to do an award of the month myself. I would give it to Laurence Olivier for the recording of Henry V. We were over at Fay and Andy's for supper the other night and Fay had an album and we sat in the kitchen by the old black glowing range while we heard the immortal lines and the superb music which interprets the whole of the play and the whole of England too. The battle music made cold shivers run up my spine, and the poetry was more splendid than the sound of the trumpets.

Hope is generally a wrong guide, though it is very good company by the way.
—LORD HALIFAX.

Sir Laurence Olivier may be a contemporary man, but I am inclined to believe he is really the reincarnation of—well, not Will himself, but maybe Kit Marlowe or Burbage.

We are very fortunate to live in a time when Shakespeare has come again, on the stage and in the movies, with a few great men to give him his due again. That's a nice thing to balance against the price of butter. And singing commercials on the radio.

There are still hot days in September, so we have salad platters and cool desserts. As long as the cucumbers and tomatoes hold out, meals are no problem. And when the night is cool, stuffed baked new acorn squash is elegant. I like it stuffed with sausage, but with baby Lima beans, or corn and green pepper, it is equally good.

I converted a fried chicken to a new dish yesterday when it was too warm to enjoy frying anything. I browned a clove of garlic in salad oil, added the chicken, cut in pieces and dusted with seasoned flour (I like the new flavored herb salt). When the chicken began to brown, I dumped in a can of spicy tomato sauce, added some hot water and simmered the whole, covered, about twenty-five minutes. Then I turned in a couple of cups of mixed vegetables (a can of assorted vegetables or frozen mixed would be as good) and simmered ten minutes more over a very low heat. I did the rice in the pressure cooker, and the whole made a good dinner with a green salad, and ice cream for dessert.

Late afternoon is wonderful in September. The slanting sun illumines the flame and gold of the leaves, the lawn is cool with shadows, and the blue air over the hills is faintly smoky.

Honey goes down to the brook with me. Esmé is talking Siamese to a frog in the reeds. There is a pure, clear look over the whole world. The brook water is amber and crystal cold. It flows on and vanishes under the bridge by George's barn. Flows like time passing, but I do not worry about that now. Not with Honey dipping her nose in to drink. Not in September! THE END



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Kitchen REVIVAL



Where once the old sink sagged (above) a handsome cupboard now houses kitchen silver, linen and trays. Bench, table and chairs provide a convenient and delightful "place to eat" (below) where once the giant refrigerator loomed. Holiday memories set the theme for the Guatemalan colors.

BY GLADYS TABER

JOURNAL readers know Elizabeth Dunn as the creator of one of their favorite characters in fiction—that young, charming, lively wife and mother, Candy. That the author of Candy also had kitchen troubles may be a surprise, but it should be no surprise that she could describe them vividly.

"The Dunns," she wrote, "have a kitchen so horrible that it's fascinating. People come out and look at it and go into a sort of hypnotic trance. It's a disgrace; and to add to its squalor, the floor has begun to sink through itself, probably from sheer embarrassment. Finally, last month, we faced the floor situation squarely, and called in our local contractor, who looked around him and was brought to some time later with burnt feathers. When he could speak again, he suggested that we leave the whole matter in his hands. He said he considered it a challenge. This sounded fine—but after considering the suggestions he has submitted to us, we begin to doubt his ability as a kitchen designer. We agree with him that if we have to refloor, we'd better construct a first-class kitchen. But we don't seem to agree with him on what a first-class kitchen is. Nor do any of our friends. Is there the slightest hope of getting advice from the JOURNAL's kitchen planners on our problem?"

The JOURNAL accepted the challenge. Many nice old houses have kitchens like this, but seldom quite as *(Continued on Page 142)*

STUART

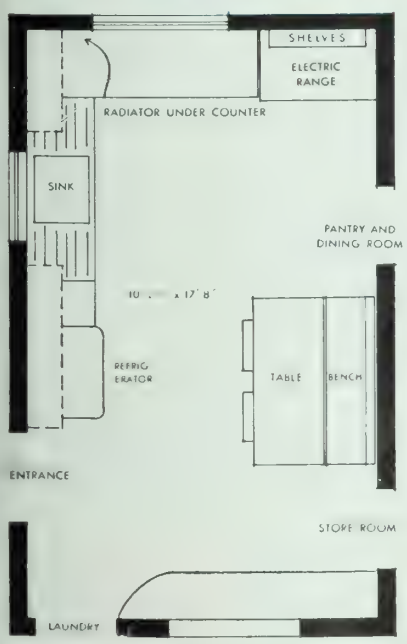


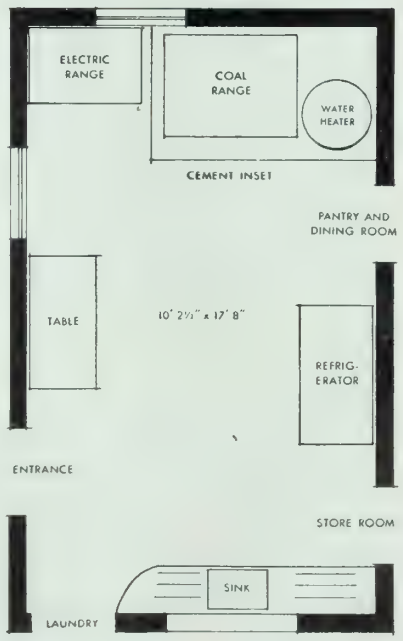
"Our 'before' kitchen combined the best features of a cold-water tenement and a peasant's hut. Dungeon dark, it had only one fair-sized window and one small slit, ceiling high, in the north wall. At one end of the room the sink, an early Duncan Phyfe model with original wooden drainboards. At the opposite end, a good fifteen feet away, the electric range in need of repair and a retired black iron stove, circa 1620, for which we were very grateful since there was no other counter or work space in the whole kitchen nor any cupboard or cabinet, not even a shelf except one we put in. The old black stove did everything but what it was intended for.

"Our final piece of equipment was a gigantic refrigerator of the Ming dynasty, which was run by magic and a small donkey engine in the cellar. This engine fainted dead away every 6 weeks; it cost $56 to revive it. The floors, pronounced possible but dangerous by our carpenter, were about to fall through. Above and around all this medieval splendor pipes, thousands of pipes, ran hysterically in all directions, no one knew where or why, least of all the plumber.

"Asking me what kind of kitchen I wanted was like asking the inmate of a dungeon how he'd like to have it decorated. I knew I wanted it clean, light and efficient above all, but at the same time I wanted to have it as gay and glamorous as Guatemala. Anyone who could achieve such a transformation belongs in the genius bracket."

AFTER





BEFORE

Completely rejuvenated, the new Dunn kitchen emerged from the old: work area L-shaped now, refrigerator at one end, range at the other. Between them, a generous double-bowled sink with double drainboards; roomy metal cabinets; counter worktable with storage space below. New windows for old let in more light by day; lights flush with the lower ceiling flood work areas by night. The linoleum-covered floor is new—and level! Passageways to pantry, hall and laundry are free and clear.



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WEDDING PRESENT

(Continued from Page 55)

now, and had a job in the Middle West, some kind of writing job on a magazine. She was doing quite well at it. Sandra was very beautiful and very smart and had a lovely figure and needed a great many clothes.

Cathy ate her egg and felt funny. Not because of the egg, but because she had a strange feeling that something was going to happen. Something very big and important. It did too. Right away.

Her mother read the letter as if her eyes were part of the paper, and her mouth opened just a little—it could be a very pretty mouth—and she turned the pages quickly, almost frantically. Then she began to smile, more and more, until suddenly she put the letter down and looked at her husband, and Cathy had never seen her face so bright, so very happy, so alive and alert. Not for a long time.

"Jim," she said, "Jim, she's going to be married. Sandra's going to be married."

He got up quickly, reaching for the letter. "She is?" he said. "To whom?" He was very tall and he still moved quickly, like an athlete. Her mother held the letter back.

"I haven't finished it yet," she said. "To"—she glanced at the page again—"a man named Maitland. Tim Maitland. She met him only a few weeks ago." She read some more. "He's a lawyer," she said, not looking up, "a young lawyer. Just starting. Very, San says, very brilliant. She would, of course. And—and from a very good family. A very old family."

Her father growled. "Never mind his family," he said. It always annoyed him, talking about the importance of families.

He got part of the letter to read himself.

"She wants to be married here, naturally," her mother went on, "in June, probably. She wants a big wedding. With everything. Of course she wants a big wedding." Her mother got up. Her face was flushed bright and her eyes sparkled keen and excited and she made quick motions with her hands, planning things. She had very lovely, very dainty hands, and her hair was blond like Sandra's. "We could have the reception at the country club"—she was thinking out loud—"and a good orchestra, a really good one, and the bridesmaids' dresses from Kent's, and the wedding party could stay here, most of them. Except that she will want a lot of bridesmaids, really a lot of them. We'll have to have a new rug for the hall. And perhaps ——"

Her father was still reading the letter. He seemed to be searching for something in it. Something that he did not see. Not right off. "I hope he's a good guy," he said finally, to himself, and her mother went on:

"We'll have to reserve the club—and about the invitations. Jim, will you call the club today, from your office? Will you be sure?"

HER father was just standing there. Cathy guessed he heard all right, but he didn't say anything. Not for a minute. He had on his gray suit and it was a nice suit, but he had had it for a long time. A very long time.

"Will you, Jim?" her mother prodded again, and her father straightened abruptly.

"Look," he said, and there was just that tinge of helplessness in his voice, that defensive helpless tinge, but a stubbornness still behind it all, "look, take it easy, will you? How can we throw any colossal wedding? How can we possibly do it? A nice one, sure. With a reception here in the garden maybe, but —— Anyway, that's not the important thing. The important thing ——"

Cathy got up then. She went upstairs to change her clothes for school. That was to get out of the room. She knew what was coming. Only this time it would be worse. Much bigger. She could see the look coming over her mother's face, starting at her eyes and going down through her tight little mouth and tensing her all over. That look. That "there are certain things that you *have* to do" look. That "we'll have to find the money—somehow" look. Cathy knew that.

SHE closed her door, but she could still hear the voices coming up the stairs, her mother's high and getting higher, her father's low and stubborn and, again, a little helpless. Then she heard the front door close, loud, and the straining cough and grind of her father's car and the rattle as it caught and went out over the hole in the driveway. Then everything was quiet. And she was sorry.

This was bigger than anything else that had been. This was Sandra getting married. This was really the climax. She sensed that, somehow. She put on the pink reversible that had been Sandra's many years ago, and went on down the back stairs as quietly as she could, because she did not want to see her mother now. She got her bicycle from the shed and pedaled out through the back lane. It was a little longer through the back lane, but it was past the old stable where Pandora would stick her head out the stall window and whinny softly as Cathy, as Cathy, rode past.

Pandora was Cathy's mare, and she was six years old and a chestnut and very lovely. She was more than just Cathy's mare. She was everything. She was Cathy's world because she belonged to Cathy, just to her, as had not been handed down. And because Cathy took care of her, all the care of her and had for three years, and loved her with a feeling so deep that it made her cry sometimes. And because they talked to each other and no one, no one else in the world knew what they said to each other in the fields or in the woods or when Pan stopped and gazed far down across the long hills and Cathy leaned her face against the mare's sleek neck and kept it there. Pandora was the only thing that Cathy had ever had really, that was hers. Pandora was her life.

She pedaled on through the grassy road now, and thought about Sandra and the wedding and the look that had been on her mother's face when her father had asked how they could do the big wedding. She understood, perhaps, a little, that look on her mother's face. She, Cathy, had felt that way—probably it was the same way—when the judge in a small show had given the ribbons to other horses and had left Pandora out. Maybe that was the way her mother felt.

Her mother had been brought up in the big place on the hill that was all cut up into small building lots now. There had never been any trouble about doing things in those days, about money. You just told someone and it was done. Cathy had heard about it often enough. And then her mother had married her father, and he had been quite a catch then, very glamorous because he was a big man at college and very handsome. At first everything had been fine and easy and her father had had good jobs. And then . . . it was not so easy.

(Continued on Page 128)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Renegades

BY SJANNA SOLUM

No hand can hold the autumn back;
There is an end to summer.
A gracious heart acquires the knack
Of welcome to newcomer;

But my heart clings persistently
Unto the summer season—
And finds in every turncoat tree
The flagrant proof of treason!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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(Continued from Page 126)

Her mother's family had died and there was not, it had appeared, so much money after all—very little, in fact. The depression had come along, one of them, and her father's jobs had gotten smaller and less important. That was when the things had started, the unpleasant things. Cathy had heard that, too, through doors that were supposed to be closed.

It was not that her father was any failure. He did well enough, as well as he could. She knew that loyally. Well enough so that they had the old house in the country, and two cars usually, although they were pretty ancient and battered, and the other things like belonging to the country club, and it could have been fun, really. It would have been fun, except for her mother.

It was not her mother's fault, in the beginning. Cathy could see that. She had been brought up that way and she just could not get over doing things easily and automatically and without thinking about them and planning and saving. Things like charging clothes that she happened to like, and traveling when she decided to, and buying new furniture and giving big teas and parties. Things that she had always done just because she wanted to. It irked her not to be able to, and especially to see other people, people who had made their money more recently, doing those things all around her. Things that were her right, she felt, her born privilege.

Cathy did not worry much about those things. She was happy enough with her horse and the long summer to play in, and the things to do in the country. Except that, sometimes, it made things at home unpleasant. Uncomfortable. And now, Sandra's wedding. That was really going to be unpleasant. She could tell that.

She had her ride late that afternoon, and it should have been fun, with spring coming out soft warm, the woods open without leaves as yet, so that you could see for great stirring miles, and the little mare dancing, playing with the bit, cavorting. But it wasn't quite fun. There was the evening ahead and the things that might be done, might be said. They came around you in a cold, depressing blanket.

Nothing was said at dinner. But there was that feeling. The feeling of her father eating with his head down, his great shoulders hunched. Her mother very straight, very poised and watchfully controlled. After dinner, when she had helped with the dishes, she went on up to do her homework. And then, waiting, she heard the voices.

At first they were just a low, then rising, blur behind closed doors, and she tried to concentrate on the lesson before her. And then there was one word, just one, that she thought she heard and her heart gave a great leap so that the breath came quick and sharp through her nostrils, and she had to hear. She had to be sure. She crept to the stairs and down. Just a few steps.

"There are ways—things like that that can be done, Jim," she heard her mother say. "And that you know can be done. I don't like to do them either, but this is the most important thing in Sandra's life—the biggest thing—the thing that she will look back on and remember all the rest of her years. And it must be perfect. It must be something that will carry her through—the thought of it—everything perfect."

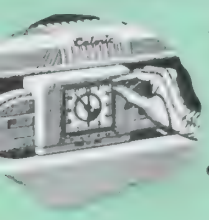
And then her father's voice. "It will carry her through better," he said, "if it's the kind of wedding she ought to have: simple and straight and the kind of thing we ought to do—the kind of thing we can afford, and not be reaching for, trying all the time. If she's any good she'll want it that way. So will you." And her mother going on again about what must be done, and what her family had done always, and what was expected of them and how they couldn't let Sandra down.

"I'll give up things," her mother said. "I'll give up the car and any new clothes, afterward, and we can resign from the club. We can cut and scrape and pare. I'll do my part." She paused for a second. Then, "And Cathy must do hers too." There was a



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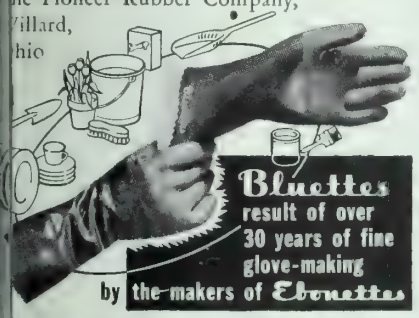
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silence and Cathy froze, froze solid on the stairs. Knowing.

Her father's voice cut in. "I won't have it," he said. "I won't ask her to give up her horse. I bought her that three years ago, and it's all she's had, really, of her own. She's worn San's clothes that you've saved for years, and ridden San's old bicycle, and stayed at home from camp so that San could have money. I won't ask her to do this. I simply won't. She loves that horse, you know she does. I won't allow you ——"

And Cathy turned and crept on up the stairs and into her room, schoolwork forgotten now, everything forgotten except this terrible shock, this thing that couldn't be. That wouldn't be. She wouldn't give up Pan. Pan. Not Pan. Not Pan who was just everything and the reason for a glad morning and the last thing for a good night, and the one she could talk to and plan things with and care for. No, not Pan. And it was too terrible and she lay there, crying in great sobs, trying not to cry, trying to believe that she had not heard and that it was only a dream. Only . . . it wasn't a dream. It was true.

Because she knew her mother's voice. Her voice and the way she got things done. The way that started easily at first, and then urging, urging, crying perhaps just a little because you did not understand, urging always until—well, until you gave in, caved in. She had seen her father cave in that way. More often now, of recent months and years, because, she guessed, he was tired. Too tired to argue any more. He would be too tired this time too. She knew that. Pandora was gone. She realized that suddenly, Cathy did.

The wise woman doesn't tell what she does, but never does what cannot be told.

—CHINESE PROVERB.

Pandora was gone. And she sat up in bed and her sobs were dry now and caught in her throat and Pandora was gone.

She could think about it after a while. After the house was still and dark, and she could see the moon creep up and shadow the great and silent outdoors. She thought about it sitting at the window, and perhaps it was the thing to do. Perhaps it was right, giving her up. Perhaps it would mean all that to Sandra. She could almost have thought that it was right if it could have meant one thing. One thing that was so very important.

If it had meant that later, after San's wedding, they could be together again, all three of them, she and her mother and her father, and could have fun and laugh and do things together, simple things, very simple things. Things that did not mean trying and stretching and planning to keep up, straining always for something that never was really fun. There were so many of those things that were fun: quiet days and picnics and lazy evenings and that feeling—that so important feeling—that they liked one another, loved one another. If that could be, it would be worth giving up for—worth giving up anything for. Even Pan. Only—it wouldn't be.

It had been that way before and it hadn't worked. Not for very long. It had gone back again. Back to those wordless meals and the pall, the heavy pall, of things they couldn't do, of things they couldn't be. Only this time, she would have lost Pan. She had lost Pan now. And, during that long night, she decided what she would do.

She did her chores that next morning, took care of Pan, and, when she walked back to the house for breakfast, her steps were very sure, very straight and there was just that redness to her eyes to tell. That redness that went all through her and to her heart. Her father was just finishing, her mother sitting there, and the words between them stopped suddenly as she came in. She stood by the table and looked at them, very calmly, and

(Continued on Page 131)



This fresh, meaty aroma is one reason why Ideal is so very popular with women who have dogs and cats to feed. Ideal is a fresh, nourishing food that *feeds* instead of merely *filling* . . . No additional meat is ever needed . . . Remember this when you buy food for your pet.

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See the new Space Maker models today at your General Electric retailer's. Wide selection includes both 8-cubic-foot and 10-cubic-foot models. Model NF-8 illustrated above. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 129)

t seemed, strangely enough and just for a oment, that she was older than either of em, more poised, more decided.

"I'm going to sell Pan," she said very ietly, and her father looked up, quick, d her mother's face went a little white. I am going to sell her today. Right now. Ir. De Angelis will buy her. He will pay ur hundred dollars for her, and he—he"—r voice shook, but only for a second, just r a second—"and he will be good to her. e will take care of her." Mr. De Angelis ran ıe hunt stables near by and he was a good an. Good with horses, good with people. Only," Cathy said, "only she has to go oday. She must go today. While I am at hool."

She stood there for a second, looking at ıem, and her father half rose and said, "No, athy, I won't ——" and she said, "But m going to. It's all decided. I decided it st night."

And her mother's face was suddenly roken and ready to cry, and, looking at her, athy almost broke, too, almost let those elings, deep and tight-buried, get away om her. Only . . . she didn't. She held ıem in, and was stiff and straight against er mother's arms around her, and her ears nd heart and mind ere closed tight gainst the words that er mother whispered. bout how proud she as, and how San ould appreciate it, nd how San would now. That didn't hatter. San didn't hatter. She wasn't oing it for San. She asn't doing it for nybody. She told erself that fiercely. he hated everybody, ddenly.

She hated San and his Tim Maitland nd her mother. Yes, he almost hated her oo. Everybody ex-ept her father. She urned and half ran om the room and ound her bicycle and as on it and pedal-ng furiously down the ath. Away from ome. Away from verything. Except hat on her way to school she ran into things wice, little things, just bushes at the side of he road and that she could not see.

Pan was gone when she got home that vening, late. Pan was really gone. And he let herself go then, Cathy did, let herself o just for minutes there in the stall that ad been Pan's. The stall and the old halter nd, there on their hook, the saddle and the ridle that had been Pan's. Those she still ad anyway. Those they had left her. And er face was hot and close into the hay that till lay piled in the small horse's manger, nd there was nothing now. Nothing.

Her father was very wise, very tender, in he days that followed. He didn't talk, he idn't say anything. Not about Pan. Just hat he patted Cathy's shoulder when he ould, and she would catch him watching her ometimes, with things in his eyes that neant he loved her. And that she looked ack to, telling him that she loved him too.

With her mother she was very straight, very polite, doing what she could and keeping he talk away from anything that she would ot, could not hear. Her mother was busy ow, occupied with the plans, the club, the hurch, letters to Sandra, all the things hat must be done. Except that, strangely enough, she did not talk about them when they were having dinner, when they were alone. She only did them.

And then they heard that San was coming on. She would be there, she wrote, ten days before the wedding, and Tim was coming with her. Tim could stay for only a day or two; he must get back to work so that they could have their three weeks for a honeymoon. They were going to Bermuda for those three weeks. Bermuda in the spring. It would be heavenly. San wrote that it would be heavenly. And the day came that they were to arrive.

Cathy stayed away that afternoon. She would not see them. She could not see them. She came home late from school, very late, and they had not arrived yet—her father was in meeting them and their plane had been delayed. She went on up to her room and got into bed and lay there, stiff and straight. Lay there thinking of the sounds that Pan had made, not so long ago. Pan moving in her stall and snorting, just a little, in the dark. Noises that were still now. All still.

She slept late that next day, Saturday, and, when she awoke, she heard voices downstairs, a deep new voice and Sandra's—so quick and bright and sure—and she couldn't see them. She simply could not, would not. She got up quietly and put on her dungarees and crept silently down the back stairs to get away and spend the day in the woods, out in the far fields. Perhaps, when the day was done, perhaps then she could come back and face them. Only, at the foot of the stairs, there was her father.

"I wouldn't, Cathy," he said, and his arm was big and strong and sure across her shoulders. "I wouldn't, honey. Come on in. You'll have to do it." And she clung to him, very close, just for a second. Then they went in. Together.

Sandra was there. San, tall and straight and very blond, with her blue eyes and her hair in that new, high way, and her skirt tight at the waist with a broad belt. San who took her in her arms and said, "Cathy darling, but you've grown. You're not my little sister any more," with the perfume that was so light, so tingling, and the sweater that was rough against her face. She let San kiss her and was very quiet and said nothing, almost, and then there was this man. This Tim.

And he was huge, his hair tight curly brown against his head, and he grinned at you and it was a warming grin. Tim she might have liked—she *could* have liked—and his hand was tremendous and calloused strong around hers, and she would not let herself like him. Not ever.

Then the talk went on about the wedding and the reception and the clothes and people and Bermuda and all, and it was a long time before she could escape and get out the side door and be away. It was their wedding, and they did not know what was all mixed up in it. They could never know, Sandra and Tim, this huge Tim. Not the way that she, that Cathy, knew.

There was a place far back among the wooded hills and she went there and the sun rose high and shifted and dropped low, and, late in the evening, she went home. And up to bed and no one noticed, because the house was full of people and there was music, gay and very loud through the open windows and out across through the May night. Music that was slow, sometimes, and that made her cry. That helped her to cry.

In the morning, because she had thought about it so much through the night, she went on down to the stable, and stood there by the stall. The early-morning sun made bright and dusty shadows through the cobwebbed window, and the straw was still deep on the stall floor. She turned, and there on the hook were the saddle and the bridle.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Days I Have Loved

By Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

Days I have loved come out at night
like stars,
One by one, in the half-light over
the hill,
Or lift as summer lilies under
moonlight,
Ghostly and fragrant, virginal and
still.

They are the petals lining each path
of twilight,
Each rose I dropped within the
close, cool jar;
Now they are one—one long, full
breath of perfume,
One silver prick of a tremulous,
small star.

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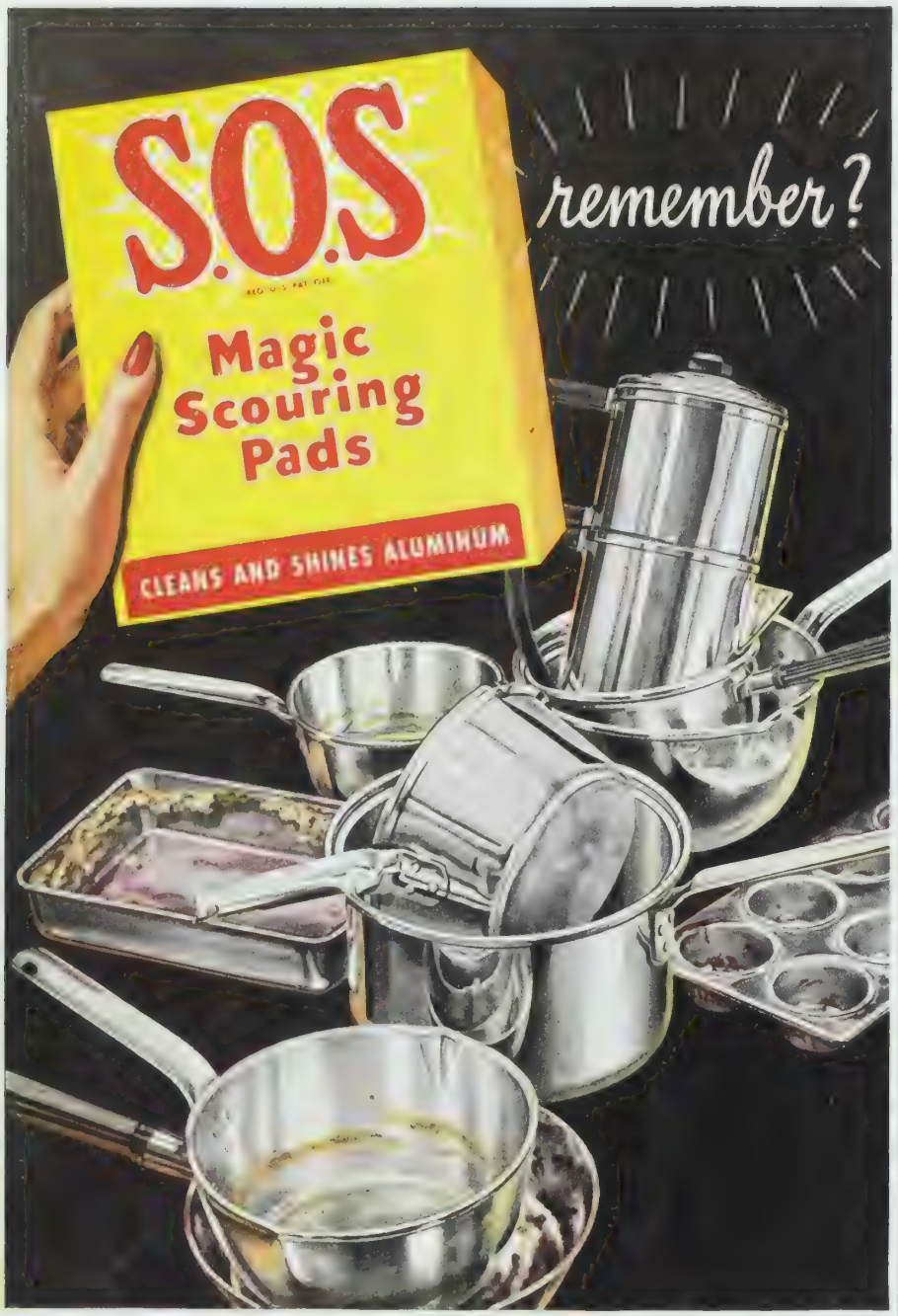
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Those she had kept. She felt them, and they were stiff and drying. In the little room at one side there were saddle soap and a sponge, and she got them and went to work, softening the leather, working over it. And then there was a shadow dark at the door, and she looked up.

Tim Maitland was there at the door. Tim Maitland with his brown hair still wet from the comb, a sweater stretched over his great shoulders. And a smile, a very quiet and friendly smile replacing that broad grin. She looked at him and then away quickly, back to the tack that she was cleaning.

"Hello," he said, and his voice rumbled deep and very warm and nice to hear. "Keeping your gear in shape, eh? That's a good idea. I didn't know that you rode."

And she only nodded, keeping her eyes on her work, running the sponge up and down the softening reins.

"Do you ride a lot?" he asked, leaning against the door, and again she only nodded. He looked around. "Must be a horse here someplace," he said, pleasantly puzzled, and her head went lower, quickly, and she could feel the tears hot behind her eyes, and she would not cry. She would not.

She could feel him watching her there, his eyes on her, close, and then he said:

"Look, Cathy, you don't know me much. I'm just a stranger. A new guy. But I want to know you. You—you and I are kind of alike somehow. I don't know why, but I felt that yesterday. And there's something the matter, something bothering you. Isn't there, Cathy?"

If he would only go away, if he would only go away now and quickly. Before it was too late. But he wouldn't go away.

"Tell me, Cathy," he said, and his voice was very low. Too low. Too quiet. Too ——

And then the tears got away and she couldn't hold them back, and suddenly she was sobbing, wild and uncontrollable sobs that shook her small shoulders and loosened her hold on the reins that hung from their hook. There were arms around her all at once. Big, strong and very powerful arms, and very gentle somehow. And that did it. That did it all. And she was telling him, telling him everything in one great rush that came out and broke and poured on and on and let her heart out with it. All her feelings that had been in there so tight and that had to come out and that were coming now. With his hand very gentle on her shoulders and her face tight against that rough soft sweater.

It was a long time before the words stopped coming and the sobs calmed slowly and disappeared, and then he said, "I see," and his voice was different now and a little stiff and strange, "I see. Where is your horse now, Cathy?" and she told him. "Come on," he said.

THERE was a car in the driveway and they got in, and she looked at his face and wondered how it could change so, and how his mouth could be so sternly straight, his jaw set so stubbornly. They drove along the road she knew so well and up into the dooryard of the hunt stables. Mr. De Angelis was there. Mr. De Angelis had put her on her first pony.

"Could I have a word with you?" Tim said, and they went to one side and Cathy heard a sound. A low but calling sound. And she was through the door to the stable and there, in a far corner, was Pandora, head turned and nostrils nickering gently.

They found her there, Tim Maitland did and Mr. De Angelis, after a while, and Tim said, "You and I had better get back and have some breakfast, Cathy. Later you can come over and get your horse. There's something else I want your help on first."

His voice was very gruff and she looked at him and she had known somehow. She had known and she could only look at him. That was all and it was enough, and they turned very quickly and went on out to the car, and her hand found his and clung t it. Very tight. The sun was bright now a it was the new day and it couldn't be true d it was true. And then Tim Maitland sp e.

"Cathy," he said, "this is part of it. O something. Perhaps the least impor nt part. I want you to come with me for he rest. Will you?"

And she nodded, not knowing wha he meant, and they drove on home and u to the front door. There were voices within, he sound of dishes, breakfast. Tim led the w y.

THREE people looked up at them from he table. With expressions that, as they loo d. changed slowly. Her father's face that q s-tioned—and then waited. Her mother wi a look that went to apprehension, to un r-tainty. And San who didn't know, w o couldn't understand. Tim Maitland tal d to them easily, but with a note in his v ce that said this was a vital thing. To him.

"We're sorry to be late," he said, d Cathy watched him and he was her g d. "but we had a little errand to do. We — glancing down at her—"we had to go c r and get Cathy's horse."

There was a silence, long and tigh y strung. He looked at San.

"You don't know about this, I guess," he said.

He told her, briefly. Then he moved ward and his hands went tight around the b of a chair. They gripped it closely and h voice was very earnest.

"I'm a kind of a dumb guy," he said, " t some things seem awfully important to Others don't." He half grinned. "Our fam y lost their shirts, financially, some years a 'Twenty-nine, if you re member. And, for so reason, we've had a more fun ever since. live like this, in the co try, and we've got an horse or two and some d and a lot of dungarees a plenty of open country. have an awful good time people like us that way, well, we usually li them. That seems more important, sort o He paused again and looked at them ve straight. "To me," he said, "it seems a more important that Cathy have the ho she loves than it is for us to have a t mendous wedding. I might be wrong."

His eyes went to San and stayed there a this was important to him. The most imp tant thing.

"But"—and he waved a hand—"but i too late to do much about that. And it is really my business anyway. It's you Only"—and his eyes stayed close on San "only I've done something that is my bu ness. And San's." His hands moved up a clenched again on the chair top. "We we going to Bermuda, San and I. We had enou money for the trip. Except . . . that I just bought a wedding present. In one w it's a present for Cathy. In another, a perhaps a more important way, it's a prese for all of us. Particularly for San and me. think we'll enjoy it a lot. Later. More, reall than Bermuda. I've just," he said, "ju bought Cathy's horse back for her."

He spoke the next words just to San. A they were words that meant so much him. That meant everything.

"I hope you agree with me, San," he sai He watched her.

There was silence for a minute then, a lon minute, and the tall clock ticked solemn away. Then San got up and stood besi them, beside Tim and Cathy. She was ver tall and she did not smile. But she leaned t him.

"I think," she said, very softly, "that is the nicest wedding present anyone coul have. Ever."

And suddenly they were a close famil very close, and Cathy's mother was the with them, and she could feel, Cathy coul the tenseness, the tightness, the wall betwee them all, soften and break and drift awa And the sun was very bright through th faded drapes, and no one seemed to ca that they were faded. And never woul again.

THE EN

How can we venture to judge others when we know so well how ill equipped they are for judging us?

—COMTESSE DIANE.

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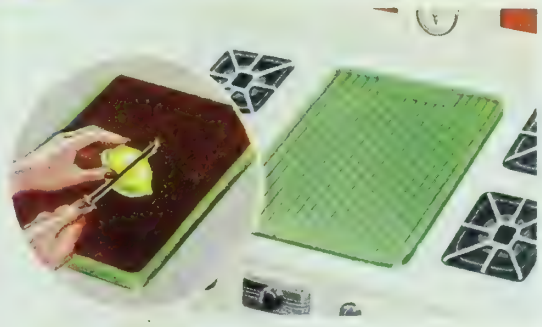




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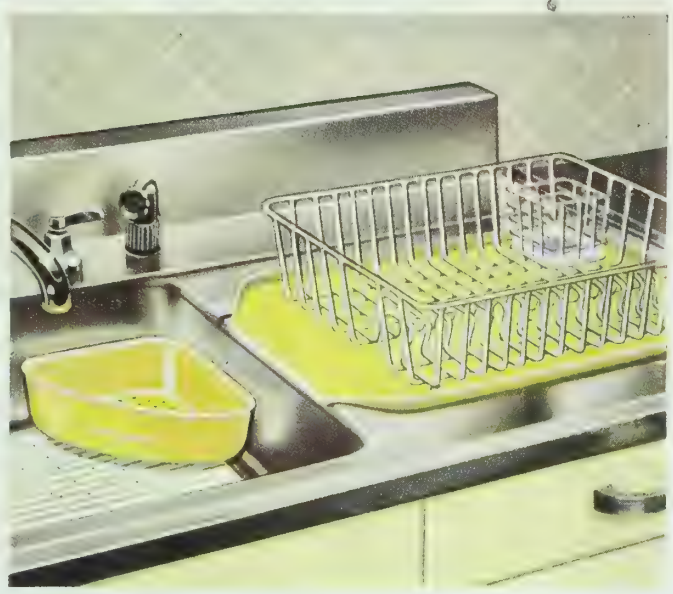
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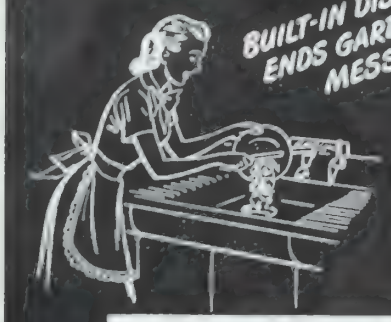
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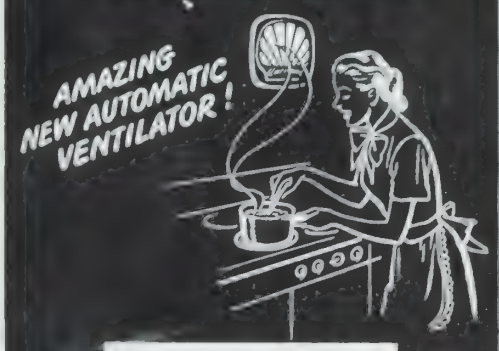
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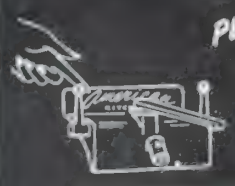
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PHOTOS BY STUART

Far above Cayuga's waters, near the beautiful campus of Cornell University, the girls of Kappa Kappa Gamma entertain.

Conversation Piece

SEPTEMBER and soirees—they seem to go together. The summer interlude is past. Clubs and societies pull themselves together and start a new season. The sorority rushing season goes into high gear. All these forgatherings mean parties and more parties. None of these occasions can be successful without eating, and eating well. And the kind of food that will register these out-of-the-groove effects isn't any ordinary bread-and-butter meal. To feed, say, a couple of dozen females on this level takes a bit of doing if one hostess must manage it all, but fortunately most of these affairs are handled on a share-the-work plan.

In planning a meal of this sort there are a number of points to be considered besides the No. 1 requirement that the food must be delicious: it should be reasonably simple to prepare, it should look pretty, it should require *no* last-minute effort except assembly and it must be easy to serve.

We'll build the meal around a hearty hot dish—shrimp creole. Served on the same plate there will be two salads, quite different in character. One will be a molded vegetable-and-egg salad and the other will be a combination of avocado and pineapple with a chutney dressing. With the one hot dish and the two salads-

(Continued on Page 136)

RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

s call for exciting food—and no matter how guests you invite, preparations can be simple his menu. The meal (right) centers around a hot dish of shrimp creole and two savory s, each quite different—one a combination of do and pineapple with a chutney dressing, the l a molded vegetable-and-egg salad. And for t (below) an extra-special treat—a big bowl illa ice cream with bowls of sirups, whipped , cherries and nuts standing near by, ready for e-your-own sundae. A wonderful time for all.







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we need only some relishes and bread-and-butter ribbon sandwiches to complete the main course.

The dessert will be pretty special and a lot of fun—and decidedly popular, I feel sure. In fact, it would stand alone as a dessert party for some occasion when you didn't want to have a whole meal. A huge bowl of vanilla ice cream with a studding of lady-fingers around the rim will be the center of attraction. Grouped around it will be bowls of chocolate, butterscotch and raspberry sirups—dopes, we used to call them, but I'm sure that's *démodé* now—a big bowl of whipped cream and a bowl each of maraschino cherries and chopped nuts. Make your own sundae to suit your own taste is the idea, and there's enough variety to satisfy anyone's taste.

There's the menu and we're ready for recipes, which will serve twenty-five people. If the party is to be larger or smaller you'll have to do some arithmetic.

SHRIMP CREOLE

Use 6 or 7 pounds fresh or 4 to 5 pounds frozen shrimps. More will do no harm but, unfortunately, shrimps are not inexpensive little numbers and you'll get a very good result with the quantities I've indicated. Recently a JOURNAL reader in North West Africa wrote me that she paid five cents a pound for the creatures—jumbo shrimps, at that. Maybe they don't taste so good when they cost so little, but I'd be happy to find out firsthand. Wash fresh shrimps through several cold-water baths and plunge them into a large pot of rapidly boiling water to which a cup of vinegar and some salt and whole pepper have been added. Boil 10 minutes, cool and remove shells and black veins. If they are extra-large, split in half the long way so that each half looks much like a whole shrimp. If frozen shrimps are used, thaw them and remove veins.

Wash 4 cups rice. Drain and spread on a towel.

In a very large skillet or Dutch oven heat 4 tablespoons salad oil. Add 5 slices bacon cut into cubes and 5 cloves garlic finely minced. Lower heat and cook, stirring often, until bacon and garlic begin to brown, and add drained rice. Mix thoroughly and let rice brown slowly, turning it over often with a pancake turner so that all the grains will brown evenly. When it is pale gold in color, stir in 2 medium onions, coarsely minced, 3 large or 4 medium green peppers chopped and 4 tablespoons chopped pimiento. Cook a few minutes longer, stirring constantly, and transfer to a large pot or casserole that will stand direct heat. Add 3 cups tomato sauce, 5 cups water, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt, 3 teaspoons bouillon powder, 2 teaspoons chopped fresh sweet basil or 1 teaspoon dried sweet basil, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1½ teaspoons freshly ground black pepper and 1 teaspoon gourmet or other Chinese seasoning powder. Return to very low heat and cook until most of the moisture has been absorbed, stirring occasionally to prevent sticking. Add shrimps and 4 more cups water and toss with two spoons until well mixed. Taste for seasoning.

Now the shrimp creole is ready for final cooking in a 350°F. oven—about 45 minutes. Cover tightly during baking and add a little water if mixture becomes too dry. When served, the shrimp creole should be quite moist but not runny.

Obviously this dish needn't be prepared the day before, but it can be, and that's a virtue. To reheat, put the utensil in which it was baked in a pan of hot water either in a 200°F. oven or over direct heat on top of range. A little water should be added before reheating, but be cautious about this. The mixture will appear to be very dry after it has stood overnight, but the moisture will reappear when it is hot. Serve in either casseroles or a chafing dish.

MOLDED VEGETABLE SALAD

Hard-cook 14 eggs. Put them in cold water at once and peel. Slice in half the long way and remove yolks. Mash yolks and add 3 tablespoons softened butter or margarine, 5 tablespoons vinegar, ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 2½ teaspoons salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon curry powder, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard and ⅛ teaspoon tumeric. Blend well and pass through a potato ricer or sieve. Fill center of egg

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SANDWICHES

Cream cheese Cream
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whites with this mixture, pressing it down firmly to make a neat flat top. There will be some filling left over, and if it isn't eaten on the spot by whoever is fixing the egg, use it the next day as a sandwich spread or mix it with salad.

Soften 5 envelopes unflavored gelatin in 1 cup cold water. Pour over this 4 cups boiling water and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add 1½ cups vinegar, juice of 2 lemons, 5 teaspoons salt and 4 tablespoons sugar. Cut red radishes into thin slices to make 2½ cups, cut cucumbers into dice to make 3 cups and chop Bermuda onions to make ½ cup.

Nine-inch-square cake pans will be fine molds for the salad. Each pan will make nine 3-inch-square servings—just about the right size. Of course individual molds can be used if you prefer, and very pretty they look, but at serving time they present a problem and I'm picking the easy way. Rinse pans in cold water and shake out excess moisture. Pour a thin layer of gelatin mixture into each pan and put bowl containing the rest of it in a pan of cold water. Put cake pans in refrigerator, and when the aspic has begun to set arrange 9 stuffed egg halves in each pan, spacing them evenly, cut side down. Return them to refrigerator. When aspic in bowl is thoroughly chilled and has begun to thicken a little, mix it with the cut vegetables, taste for seasoning and add salt and sugar if needed. Now spoon this mixture into the cake pans so that eggs are completely covered and store in refrigerator.

To serve, turn molds out on a flat, cold surface and cut salad into neat squares, with an egg in the center of each. Use a pancake turner to transfer squares to a large cold platter, inverting them so that egg side will be up. They'll be manageable because in working out the proportions of gelatin and liquids I've allowed for the moisture that will seep out of the vegetables. That's a good hint. Always use a little more gelatin than you think you should when making a molded-vegetable salad. Garnish the platter with a lot of crisp salad greens and put a bowl of mayonnaise beside it on the table.

The difference between a man's sweetheart and his wife is about seven dollars per meal.

AVOCADO-AND-PINEAPPLE SALAD

Three No. 2½ cans sliced pineapple, 4 or 5 large avocados and plenty of greens will make a tremendous salad. The day before, drain the sirup from the pineapple and cut each slice into 4 pieces. Wash salad greens, wrap in towels or put in cloth bags and store in refrigerator. Make the chutney dressing—we'll come to that in a minute.

The salad can be arranged on its platter half an hour or so before serving. As you slice the avocados, submerge the pieces in a solution of ½ cup water and the juice of 2 lemons to prevent discoloration. The fruit can be cut into long slender slices or into cubes. Have a flat dish of paprika at hand and dip the rim of each piece of pineapple into it. This fancy touch of red looks pretty and it tastes good too.

Put a good bed of greens on the salad platter and arrange the pieces of avocado and pineapple in whatever pattern appeals to you. Hit-and-miss is fine, or the two fruits can be arranged in alternate sections. With the lovely pale green of the avocado and the yellow and bright red of the pineapple your salad is bound to be beautiful.

CHUTNEY DRESSING

Mix together 1 cup salad oil, ⅓ cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 clove garlic, grated, and 1 cup chutney cut into small pieces. Put this in a jar, shake well and store in refrigerator. Serve the dressing in a bowl beside the salad platter, and give it a good shaking before you pour it into the bowl. Chutney dressing doesn't look very pretty—it's dark, as it would have to be—but oh, how it tastes.

STUFFED DILL PICKLES

Several days ahead of time cut the ends from 12 of the biggest dill pickles you can

(Continued on Page 139)

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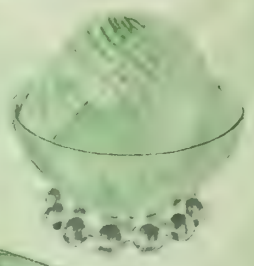
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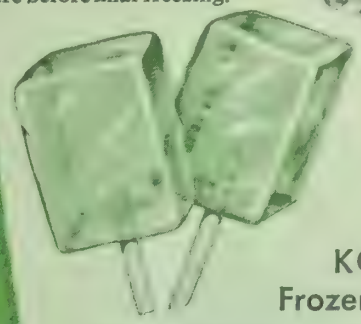
1 package Kool-Aid (any flavor)
1 cup heavy cream
2 cups milk 1 cup sugar

(1) Dissolve Kool-Aid and sugar in milk; turn into freezing tray and freeze ¾ to 1 hour (until slushy). (2) Whip cream (well chilled) until stiff. (3) Add partly frozen Kool-Aid mixture to whipped cream and whip just enough to mix well, but keep as cold as possible. (4) Return quickly to freezing tray and freeze at coldest point. Requires no more stirring. When frozen, set control back to normal. Makes over 1 quart. If desired lighter, beat 2 egg whites fluffy with 2 tablespoons sugar and fold into above mixture before final freezing.



6 DELICIOUS FLAVORS





KOOL-AID
Frozen Suckers

Dissolve thoroughly 1 package Kool-Aid and ⅔ cup sugar in 1 quart water. Pour into cube tray and freeze hard. Remove like ice cubes as wanted, or wrap separately in wax paper and keep in coldest section of freezing compartment. A sucker stick or paper spoon may be frozen in each cube to provide handle.

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September Buffet

(Serves 6)

Tomato Soup
Paradise Fruit Ring
Chocolate Mint Roll
Iced Tea Iced Coffee

PARADISE FRUIT RING

Prepare 2 packages strawberry gelatin according to package directions. Cool. When slightly thickened add 1 cup diced pineapple. Pour into ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on serving platter and surround with pineapple rings, avocado wedges, apple and grapefruit sections and cream cheese and nuts on salad greens. Serve with salad dressing or whipped cream. 6 servings.

*Menu and recipe tested and priced by A&P Test Kitchen. *Cost based on average prices in A&P Super Markets at time of going to press.*

A&P TESTED

(Continued from Page 137)

ıd, and gouge out the centers with an ıple corer. Put the hollowed-out pickles ı a dish with ½ pound light brown sugar ıd 2 cloves garlic cut in half, cover and ore in refrigerator. The sugar will draw ıt the juice and make the pickles very isp. Their position in the bowl or dish ıould be changed occasionally so that ıey'll all come in contact with the sugary ıice.

The day before the party, mix ⅓ pound eam cheese with 2 tablespoons finely ıopped onion, 14 tablespoons finely ıopped carrot, ½ teaspoon salt and 3 ıblespoons sweet or sour cream. Stir un- l thoroughly blended. Soften 1 envelope elatin in 2 tablespoons cold water and eat over boiling water until dissolved. dd the dissolved gelatin to the cheese ıixture and stir.

Stand the pickles upright on paper owels to drain and fill with the cheese, nd so on. Wrap each one separately in wax aper and store in refrigerator. To serve, lice into chunks with a very sharp knife nd arrange in relish dishes with carrot trips that have stood overnight in ice ater.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER RIBBON SANDWICHES

Iake three-decker sandwiches of thinly liced bread, crusts removed, and butter r margarine. Add a ew drops yellow egetable coloring to utter or margarine o that the bread nd the spread will ıave a nice contrast f color. The sand- iches can be made head of time and rapped first in wax aper and then in lamp towels to pre- ent drying. To erve, cut both ways liagonally to make triangles out of ach sandwich and rrange on serving lates, points up.

MAKE-YOUR-OWN SUNDAES

If you like, you can buy the sauces ready made. That's easier, I'll admit, but it's no trick at all to make them yourself.

Butterscotch Sauce. Put 2 well-packed cups light brown sugar in a saucepan with 7 tablespoons butter or margarine. Set this over medium-low direct heat and cook 8 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 1¼ cups boiling water and 1 teaspoon salt and cook 14 or 15 minutes more. Stir often, scraping bottom of pan, until sugar and fat have melted into water, then stir occasionally. Set pan in cold water and when sauce is really cold beat with rotary beater several minutes and store in refrigerator. The sauce will take on a lovely *café au lait* color. If it stands in the refrigerator very long it separates, but just a few whisks with the rotary beater will bring it back to its original consistency and appearance. This sauce has a rich butterscotch taste, but it isn't so gooey that it sticks to your spoon and gets involved with your chin if you aren't careful.

Chocolate Sauce. In a saucepan put ½ pound grated sweet chocolate, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and 1¼ cups water. Bring to a boil and continue cooking for 2 minutes, or until chocolate is melted. Add 1 teaspoon cornstarch mixed with 2 tablespoons water and boil ½ minute longer. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla and when cold store in refrigerator. This makes a bittersweet sauce, so you'd better taste. You may want a little more sugar.

Raspberry Sauce. Thaw 2 ten-ounce packages frozen raspberries and press through a fine sieve to remove seeds. Add to pulp and juice 1 cup sugar, ½ cup water and 1 tablespoon lemon juice and boil 3 minutes. Cool and store in refrigerator.

These recipes will make plenty of sauce for a large crowd unless everyone wants the same kind—and they just mustn't do this to you. I don't have to tell you how to whip cream, but make it good and stiff and use a pint of heavy cream.

To serve the dessert, put the vanilla ice cream in a big bowl, and allow at least 1 quart of ice cream to six people—maybe more. This dessert isn't going to be fun unless it's opulent. Stick ladyfingers deep into the bowl all around the edge. Around this big center bowl arrange the three sauces, a small bowl each of maraschino cherries and chopped nuts and a fairly large bowl of whipped cream. For the nuts my choice is pistachios, because I'm crazy about their taste and they look so pretty, but any nuts are good, so take your choice. Whatever kind you use, be sure to give them a little drying out in a warm oven to make them crisp.

Service. The actual serving of this meal needs little comment from me. Buffet, of course, not only because it's the most efficient and easy form of service for a big crowd, but because it's desirable from the standpoint of fluidity. Everyone will want to talk to everyone, and with only a plate to carry about the shifts can be as many and often as any heart desires.

If the party is given in a sorority house, and the food prepared by the girls themselves, the whole thing can be accomplished without seriously disrupting the kitchen, where the daily routine of three meals a day goes right along, party or no party. Two or three girls can take over each of the cooking jobs, and a schedule can be arranged to let the groups have the kitchen for an hour at some non-busy time of day. The dessert sauces can be prepared several days in advance of the party, and so can the salad dressings and the pickles.

An hour in the kitchen the morning of the day before the party will take care of the molded vegetable salad, especially with two or three pairs of hands busy with the task. An hour in the afternoon will be long enough for another set of hands to produce the shrimp creole—and so on. With a co-operative spirit—and no manual co-operation—on the part of whoever presides over the kitchen, there should be no problems and no exasperation. And won't it be fun to produce the party food yourselves? After all, you'll soon be managing your own homes where entertaining won't be taken care of for you—and it will be up to you.

The division of labor for this affair will be truly simple if the food needn't be prepared in one kitchen. The various jobs can be parceled out, and no one—and no kitchen—will feel the slightest strain.

For the last-minute assembly—arranging of platters, and so on, and getting them on the table—it will be a good idea to work out a complete plan of action. You can't all be in the kitchen at once, but you needn't be. With everything carefully planned, shifts can operate on schedule without stumbling over one another and the meal will appear on the beautifully decorated table—of course there must be flowers—without anyone's being away from the gay scene in the living room long enough to be missed.

I've swung this meal alone, and it wasn't too much of a chore; but there's a certain satisfaction in co-operation for its own sake, especially when it's smooth co-operation producing a smooth result. And no matter how it's accomplished, a successful performance with this menu should set a September standard that will be an inspiration for the rest of the season. THE END

Valley Train

BY LORI PETRI

The valley train, whistling afar,
  Is usually pursed, aloof.
Tonight, like a dissolving star,
  Its silvery fringes reach my roof.
For now the air is swept of wings
  (Moth is on pane and bird in nest)
And of all vapory, voweled things
  (Song is in cheek and tongue at rest);
The winds are curled up into cloud,
  The drowsy air is drained of blue
And soft as a diffusing shroud
  Heaven fills up with faint halloo.



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QUICK AND EASY *for two*

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

TIME to tuck the salad menus back in the kitchen drawer or wherever you keep your drawing account of menus for two. You can turn on the oven and broiler now without turning on the electric fan at the same time. Bring out the casseroles! Minus an oven or broiler? You can easily adapt baked and broiled foods to top-of-the-range cooking. Just as long as you have something to cook on, you can have a good dinner.

Magnet Meal

*Broiled Ham Glacé
*Norwegian Potatoes
Buttered Frozen Succotash
Coleslaw
*Ginger Icebox Dessert
Coffee

Pleasure for stay-at-homes revolves around a good dinner. Here's one to mention at the breakfast table—anticipate at night. It expands into a guest meal easily.

Make the dessert the night before, as it needs a good stand in the refrigerator—though it can be made in the morning of the day you wish to serve it. At the dinner hour start the potatoes first—then make the coleslaw. By that time you'll be ready to put the ham on to broil. Add seasonings to the potatoes and cook the frozen succotash. Your dessert is ready in the refrigerator.

GINGER ICEBOX CAKE

Whip ½ pint heavy cream and stir in 2½ tablespoons molasses. Open a tall can of the big round thin ginger wafers. Spread the ginger wafers generously with the molasses cream and stack them together in a long roll in a rectangular dish or on a platter. Use about 20 of the wafers, though you want to end up with ½ cup or so of the molasses cream to spread all over the outside. The number of cookies you use depends on how generously you spread them. Just be sure you have enough left to frost over outside. That's all there is to it. Chill overnight or at least 6 hours. Slice on the diagonal rather than straight across. The cookies will have taken on a delicate cake texture—the whole thing quite different from wh you started out with and thoroughly d licious.

NORWEGIAN POTATOES

Peel and dice 1 pound potatoes. Cook boiling salted water until tender. Drai Melt 1 tablespoon butter or margari and brown it a little. Add 1 tablespoo minced onion, 1 tablespoon toma paste, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, teaspoon caraway seeds, 2 sour pickl chopped fine and 2 tablespoons crean Add potatoes and simmer 5 minutes.

GLACÉ NOTE FOR BROILED HAM

After ham is broiled to your liking—wit the fat browned and crisp — sprinkl lightly with sugar and let it carameliz and glaze the surface of the ham.

Top-of-range adaptation: Pan-broil th ham. In the last few minutes add a littl sugar. Turn ham several times to glaze

American Continental

Consommé
*Bread-and-Cheese Casserole
Green Salad
Concord Grapes
Coffee *or* Milk

In many European countries, good bread, a bit of native cheese and fresh fruit constitute a satisfying meal. Here is such a meal expanded ever so slightly to suit our American tastes. Hot canned consommé will be the appetizer. We'll have our bread and cheese hot in a casserole—simple and easy to make. With it, a good green salad. Cold blue grapes provide a fitting finish.

BREAD-AND-CHEESE CASSEROLE

…l cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese … well-beaten eggs. Add 1 teaspoon …z powder, ⅛ teaspoon salt and 1 …spoon prepared mustard. Remove … from 4 slices of bread. Cut each … in 4 pieces. Spread the bread pieces …ously with the cheese mixture. … one 8-ounce can tomato sauce. Al… e layers of cheese-spread bread with …o-sauce layers in a quart casserole … dividual casseroles. Heap any extra … mixture on top. Cover with strips …ked bacon broken in pieces. Bake … ow oven, 300°F., 20–30 minutes.

…-of-range adaptation: Make sand…s of cheese filling. Sauté in bacon …ings. Serve with tomato sauce and … bacon.

Plenty In Its Flavor

***Tahiti Casserole**
***Italian Salad**
Heated Italian Bread
Cantaloupe
Coffee

…s a meal you'll enjoy cooking. The …role dish is a quick put-together—has …w and different flavor, yet uses old …ars. The salad, hot bread and cold …loupe are its perfect complements.

TAHITI CASSEROLE

… ½ of a large peeled avocado or use 1 …e one if it is small. Arrange in 2 indi…d or 1 shallow casserole big enough …wo. Sprinkle ½ cup chopped water …s over avocado. Season well with salt …grate a little onion over the top. …and drain oil from one 8-ounce can …na fish. Break it up into pieces un…s it is the grated type. Thin 1 can con…ed cream of chicken soup with ¼ cup …. Heat it. Add tuna fish and 2 pieces …isp bacon, crumbled. Pour the hot …e over avocado and cress. Sprinkle …ered crumbs or crushed potato chips … the top. Bake quickly 10 minutes in …oven, 450°F., or broil under moderate … just until it begins to bubble and is …e heated through. Don't overcook.

…p-of-range adaptation: Make this a …ble-boiler special. Serve on toast.

***…ote:* Heat Italian bread wrapped in a …r bag in bottom of oven or warming … in last few minutes before serving.**

ITALIAN SALAD

… tomatoes on a bed of broken pieces …maine. Lay halves of anchovy strips …he sliced tomatoes. Sprinkle with …k pepper and dried crumbled *orégano* …asil. Pour a simple tart oil and vinegar …ch dressing over all. Don't drench …salad. There should be just enough.

Clearance

***Réchauffé of Lamb**
Buttered Broccoli
Raw Pear-and-Apple Salad
***Cheese Toasts**
Coffee

Even a small roast leg of lamb seems to last and last after it has made its initial appearance at the table for two. You can always use it in a curry—and there's always hash—but here is an interesting way to use leftover lamb. It isn't a true curry, it isn't hash. It's just what it is, and terribly good.

RÉCHAUFFÉ OF LAMB

Dice 2 cups leftover roast lamb in small pieces. Add 1 potato, diced. Be sure there are no chunks. Cut meat and potato carefully in quarter-inch cubes if you want your finished dish to look attractive. Add ½ cup green pepper and 1 small onion, finely chopped or minced, and 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento. Then add ½ cup tomato sauce or tomato paste thinned with a little water, 1½ teaspoons salt, a good grinding of fresh black pepper, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and, if you like, ½ teaspoon curry powder. Heat all together and moisten with ½ cup leftover roast-lamb gravy. It shouldn't be too thick or too thin—but nice and moist and well seasoned. Serve in a casserole. Potato could be omitted, in which case you could serve this with mashed potatoes on top.

CHEESE TOASTS

When bread gets a little stale to serve as is, it makes very good dry toast. After toasting, cut in strips and spread with butter or margarine and sprinkle with grated dry Italian cheese. Heat in a warm oven until ready to serve.

Homespun Fare

***Sausage Rice Cakes with Tomato Sauce**
Scrambled Eggs with Chives
Celery and Pepper Strips
Toasted Split Corn Muffins
***Prunecot Compote**
Coffee or Milk

Sausage and eggs needn't always be considered in a morning category. They are a good foundation for a simple dinner too. The rice cakes make quite a thing of sausage.

PRUNECOT COMPOTE

To a No. 2 can stewed prunes, add 1 cup apricot juice and a slice of lemon. Simmer prunes 5 minutes. Serve hot with or without a spoonful of sour cream. Chilled, the compote can be served the next morning for breakfast. If you can't buy the canned cooked prunes, buy the quick-cooking dried prunes and simmer in apricot juice (18–20 prunes to 1 can apricot juice) instead of water until tender. You won't need to add sugar, as the prunes and apricot juice are sweet enough in themselves.

SAUSAGE RICE CAKES WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Mix 1 cup boiled rice (leftover rice from the previous night's dinner may be used) with 1 unbeaten egg, ½ teaspoon grated onion, ⅛ teaspoon salt and ⅓ pound raw bulk pork sausage. Shape into six flat cakes. Cook slowly on both sides in lightly greased skillet until brown on both sides. Drain off excess fat from pan. Add 1 can tomato sauce and simmer together 2 minutes.



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KITCHEN REVIVAL

(Continued from Page 124)

bad. While the rest of the house had been restored, the kitchen had been "let go," as kitchens often are. It certainly called for major reconstruction before it could be even adequate.

As we surveyed the size of the room, the location of the doors, an L-shaped plan began to take shape. If the refrigerator could be placed near the entry, the sink under the window, the range near the serving-pantry and dining-room door, all cooking activities would be centered in an area that could be well lighted and as far removed as possible from other passageways.

Fortunately, a bathroom on the floor above made the change in the plumbing for the sink relatively simple, and the new location of the electric range required less cable than the old. The plan was settled.

THE first step in remodeling was to rip out the floor, install new supports and solid beams and lay a good level floor. The contractor was right about that—the floor had sagged until it was nearly three inches lower in the middle than at the sides. With the floor up it was much easier to bring heat to the kitchen and install a new radiator.

The next structural change was to get more light in the room. The one full-sized window was raised so that sill height came above the sink. The slit-in-the-wall window was replaced with two new ones that gave sunlight and a view of the garden.

The ceiling was next attacked. It was a network of pipes and loose hanging wires, for every time anyone had put plumbing in the house, more pipes were stuck along that ceiling, in a feverish criss-cross pattern. With all the pipes, there had been no heat in the kitchen! On a cold winter morning, you could see your breath as you broke the eggs in the pan.

> A wife is a logical creature who asks "Where did you have it fixed?" and goes there, and there it is.
> H. [illegible] in Detroit News.

Installing a new ceiling of wallboard to cover the exposed ugly pipes was found to cost less than removing or relocating pipes. Seven-foot ceilings are typical of old houses, and this added a livable look to the kitchen. New fluorescent-lighting fixtures set flush with the ceiling were located over the main work areas.

The equipment which this discouraged kitchen apologetically displayed was amazing. There was the old coal range—not warm and glowing with the pride of usefulness, but standing bleakly on a cement block, covered with oilcloth and used as a catchall. On one side of it stood an old water tank—idling, since a new tank supplied hot water from the basement. On the other side was the ten-year-old, two-oven electric range—the most modern thing in the kitchen, but in need of repair.

A giant old refrigerator filled the space between the doors to the storeroom and the service pantry. Years ago it had acquired an electric mechanism, but in spite of its size, it offered little storage space. At the farthest and darkest end of the room leaned an old tired sink with old sloping drainboards. Aside from the top of the old range, the only storage space was a small sway-backed shelf over the electric range. The supplies were kept chiefly in a storeroom across the room from the cooking center. The walls had been a dingy green. Painted off-white some years ago, they still showed the green undercoat in a ghastly tone.

The unused water tank, the ancient refrigerator, the coal range were sold for the junk they were. The old sink was saved for a future flower-arrangement center in the laundry. The old electric range was turned in toward a new model.

The double-bowl cabinet sink with drainboards which Mrs. Dunn had visioned was installed under the new window, the new range and refrigerator set in place at either end of the natural L-shaped plan. Cabinets and counters filled the space between. The counter below the new double windows over the radiator was left open providing room for the garbage pail and wastebasket, with sliding towel racks under that counter.

Along the wall where the old sink had been installed, a narrow cupboard was built with a linoleum table-top surface. Vertical slots for trays, drawers and cupboards provided storage for kitchen linen and silver, flowers and table appliances.

At about the time the new floor was laid, the selection of linoleum brought up the question of the whole color scheme of the kitchen. In revolt against the old kitchen, Mrs. Dunn had at first insisted that all she wanted of a kitchen was clinical cleanliness and streamlined efficiency. But as she saw the plan developing she suddenly realized that she might not like too much of these qualities either. She was just as vivid in her description of the kitchen she visualized as she had been in describing the old one:

"I realized suddenly this morning that I was going to have a really efficient kitchen. It hadn't seemed possible or quite real before. When I began to believe it, I also saw that you were quite right: I don't really want a clinical kitchen at all; I want the most glamorous, gay, unusual, dreamy kitchen that anyone could devise! I have been torn between lining the walls with mottled suits of armor (to pick up the chrome metal) with possibly crossed spears above, and the simpler and more practical device of just keeping cacocks. Not white ones. But now I've had a revelation—Guatemala, our favorite spot. Actually, I think I'd rather live with the colors that are characteristic of Guatemala than any others in the world—transparent blue sky, misty violet hills, and the scarlet and magenta blaze of bougainvillaea against deep green foliage and the sharp green grass. The Guatemans themselves must feel the endless charm of the colors of their country, because you see those colors in all their work—baskets, pottery, fabrics—repeated over and over. A Guatemalan kitchen would be heavenly—not only to work in, but to live in."

On their vacation the Dunns scoured Guatemala for fabrics, tin and pottery.

The foliage green went into the floor linoleum and was used in paint for the recessed shelves where the gay Guatemalan objects found their place. Two walls and the ceiling were painted sky blue, and two walls (on the lighter side of the room) were painted violet. A sturdy cotton plaid in violet, green and white which the Dunns brought back from Guatemala was used for cushions on the table bench and chairs. The magenta of the bougainvillaea which Mrs. Dunn loved so much was used in straight-hanging cotton curtains and in a simple wooden valance over the windows. The valance was stenciled in chalk white with a typical Guatemalan design.

Light green accents were carried in painted chairs, shelves over the sink for accessories. This green brought the two unusual colors into perfect harmony.

THE lovely patina of the tinware, a soft glow, and the decorative tin lamps, wired for electricity, were hung over the eating center.

Now on a cold winter morning, Mrs. Dunn can broil the bacon in a setting as colorful as her heart desires, and warm her spirit with the magenta of the bougainvillaea—at the same time warming her hands at the new radiator!

Many women may never see the mountain peaks of Guatemala—but all women have some cherished piece which could help them bring [illegible] an old stoneware plate or a favorite print, but whatever it is, it can help add your kitchen some special interest. You have a recipe for pleasant living. THE END

He'll have 3 wishes

WHEN YOU MAKE THIS CHOCOLATE NUT SUNDAE CAKE



His wishes? One: "Wish I had another piece of this swell cake!" Two: "Wish Mom could see it!" Three: "Wish you'd come here and get properly kissed!"

It's a man's cake, all right . . . this rich, ice-creamy-smooth Swans Down white cake, knee-deep in two shades of luscious chocolate frosting and a lavish drift of chopped nuts.

Any greenie can make it, too, and never miss, if she follows directions.

For it's a Swans Down "Mix-Easy"... no creaming, beating cut in half, measured and timed exactly. Fewer dishes to wash! Richer taste—and it keeps longer, *if* you can keep any of it!

• • •

Swans Down guarantees it . . . but not with any other flour!

Double the cost of your ingredients back—that's the Swans Down offer—if you don't think your Swans Down cake is better than any similar cake you've made with any other flour.

Try it! You'll see why more women choose Swans Down than any other packaged cake flour in America!

SWANS DOWN CHOCOLATE NUT SUNDAE LAYER CAKE

Preparations: [illegible] the shortening at room [illegible] layer pans with paper; grease. Start oven for moderate heat (350°F.). Sift flour once before measuring. (All measurements [illegible])

Measure into sifter:

2½ cups [illegible]
[illegible]
3 [illegible]
1 teaspoon [illegible]
1¼ cups [illegible]

Measure into mixing bowl:

⅔ cup shortening

Measure into cup:

[illegible]
[illegible] vanilla

Have ready:

5 egg whites, beaten to meringue* with ½ cup sugar

*For meringue, beat 5 egg whites with rotary egg beater (or at high speed of electric mixer) until foamy; add ½ cup sugar gradually, beating only until meringue will hold up in soft peaks.

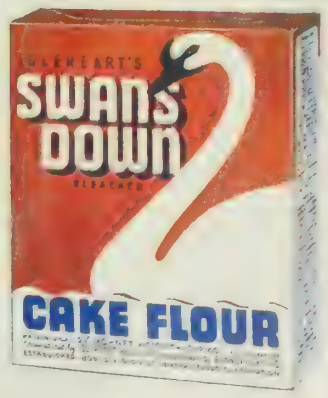
Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part!
(Mix by hand or at a low speed of electric mixer.) Stir shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes*. Add meringue mixture and *beat 1 minute* longer. (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.)

Baking: Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 35 minutes.

To Frost: Spread Chocolate Sundae Frosting between layers and on top of cake, reserving ¼ cup frosting for decorating. Sprinkle ½ cup coarsely chopped nut meats over top of cake. Add 2 teaspoons hot water to the reserved frosting; heat and stir over hot water until thinned. Dribble from teaspoon over nuts.

Chocolate Sundae Frosting. Melt 4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate in double boiler. Remove from boiling water, add 2½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar and 4 tablespoons hot water and blend. Add 5 egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each. Then add 6 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon at a time, beating well after each amount.

No creaming!
Beating cut in half!
Fewer dishes to wash!
Richer taste!
Longer keeping!



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so feminine

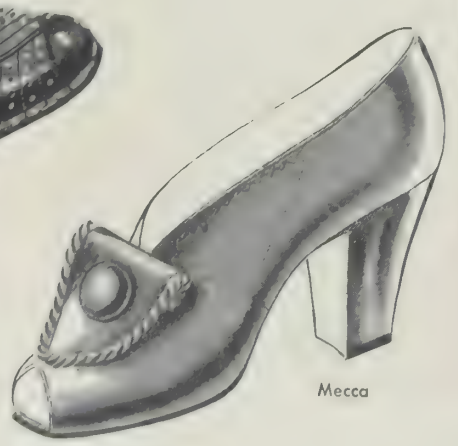
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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SHORTBACK Foot Saver Shoes

WILL THEY COUNT YOUR VOTE?

(Continued from Page 53)

books election officials brought into the polling places on the day the people were to decide whether they wanted Kilgore or Sweeney in the United States Senate.

Now, who were these officials, and what does the law say about them? Does it require them to pass any examination, or give any other proof of fitness to supervise an election, the crucial function of our democratic society? It does not. Does it even demand that they be able to read and write? It does not. But there is one thing it does call for, and that is that they be chosen by the political leaders of both parties—in a word, that they be politicians themselves. That means they got their jobs on a straight partisan basis. In many cases, it also means they may never get such jobs again if they allow their consciences to override their sense of obligation.

As I have suggested, some of these guardians of the sacred ballot of democracy were gamblers. Some were ex-bootleggers. And a considerable percentage, in certain southern counties, were men and women who greatly admire the trick of outwitting the innocent voters. They would regard the theft of a dollar as criminal. But the theft of a vote is a proof of skill in a game.

According to the statute, there must be at least two Republican and two Democratic officials at every polling place. But in certain precincts on Election Day, 1946, the Republicans never showed up. What happened to them? Your guess is as good as mine. At any rate, I have sworn statements that their places were taken by registered Democrats. This put the polling places in absolute control of the party opposing my election. It also violated the already unsatisfactory registration law.

That was just the first point where the law was violated.

What took place in certain precincts when voters began to arrive? Did they sign the registry, cast secret ballots and go about their business? Not on your life. The clerks signed and voted for them. Then they were given evidence to prove that they were "all right." The evidence was exchangeable outside for $3, $5, $7 or a pint of whisky.

In some cases the clerks "voted the books" wholesale, forging registration signatures and casting stacks of ballots for the candidate they admired. Legitimate electors who turned up after this were told, "You've already voted. You can't vote twice."

We found 170 ballots in a single district, marked for my opponent in a style so characteristic that it was all obviously the work of one hand.

In other instances, carloads of floaters arrived to exercise the franchise for the dead, the absent and the insane. Then they rolled off to repeat the performance elsewhere. Floaters are the skilled labor of crooked politics. I've been told their emolument sometimes reaches $100 a day.

THE newspapers of my state have repeatedly called attention to the open practice of vote buying in the southern counties. As far back as 1940, agents of the United States Senate saw it going on and put their findings into an official report. But nobody went to jail for it. And no new laws were written to prevent it from happening again and again. That leaves the honest citizens of West Virginia, or Maine, or California, still unprotected against the dishonest citizens—the ballot buyers.

As for those who sell their ballots, here's the way a dozen who were interviewed feel about it. "Was it an honest election?" they were asked.

"Sure it was honest," they answered. "Every one of us here got a fair price for his vote."

It's worth noting that Luke P. Carroll, New York Herald Tribune reporter, once asked the mayor of Prestonsburg, Kentucky, whether it was true that miners sold their families' votes for $1. Here is the mayor's reply, printed in the Herald Tribune of September 2[illegible] 1946:

"That's a damn lie! Things have gone in the last few years. The price is now [illegible] as $5 a vote. And let me tell you, if [illegible] friends don't buy those votes, the Republicans will buy them. There are some people here who just won't vote unless they get [illegible]

The "Jack" referred to was Congressman Andrew J. May, who figured so prominently in an investigation of war contracts.

What happens to honest citizens who don't go home quietly when told, "You've already voted"? There are ways of persuading them. One of my affidavits states that a drunken deputy sheriff wandered around a certain polling place, ostentatiously wagging a revolver. In Jersey City, New Jersey, Mayor Hague's policemen have been known to escort overzealous objectors to jail. The Pendergast machine in Kansas City was even more forceful. Four persons were killed and 200 put in the hospital during the municipal election of 1934.

AND do you remember the murder of Salvatoriggio? He was killed on his way to a New York polling place to look for possible [illegible] supporters of Vito Marcantonio, the Communist congressman, and Governor Dewey described his death as "an attempt by left wingers to intimidate others working for a free election."

I spoke above of the theft of election records. We didn't have quite so sensational a show as they had in Kansas City recently when burglars hustled ballot boxes from the courthouse basement before the F.B.I. could get its hands on them. But in Jersey City a few years back, when pollbooks were burned to thwart a search that might have proved that then governor had no right to his office. Or in Athens, Tennessee, where veterans used Tommy guns and tear gas to get the ballot boxes out of the hands of those who had seized them unlawfully. But we had our own little parade nevertheless.

It began in a hotel corridor at 3 o'clock in the morning after election, when a bellboy overheard some suspicious shenanigans in one of the rooms. He caught enough to convince him that two men were in that room, changing Republican to Democratic ballots, and having stolen them from the courthouse. He called for help, but the men disappeared. So did 2600 ballots. Two men were arrested the next day on the basis of information supplied by several persons, including the new janitor of the courthouse. Who do you think went to the jail? The janitor.

The ballots, meanwhile, are still missing.

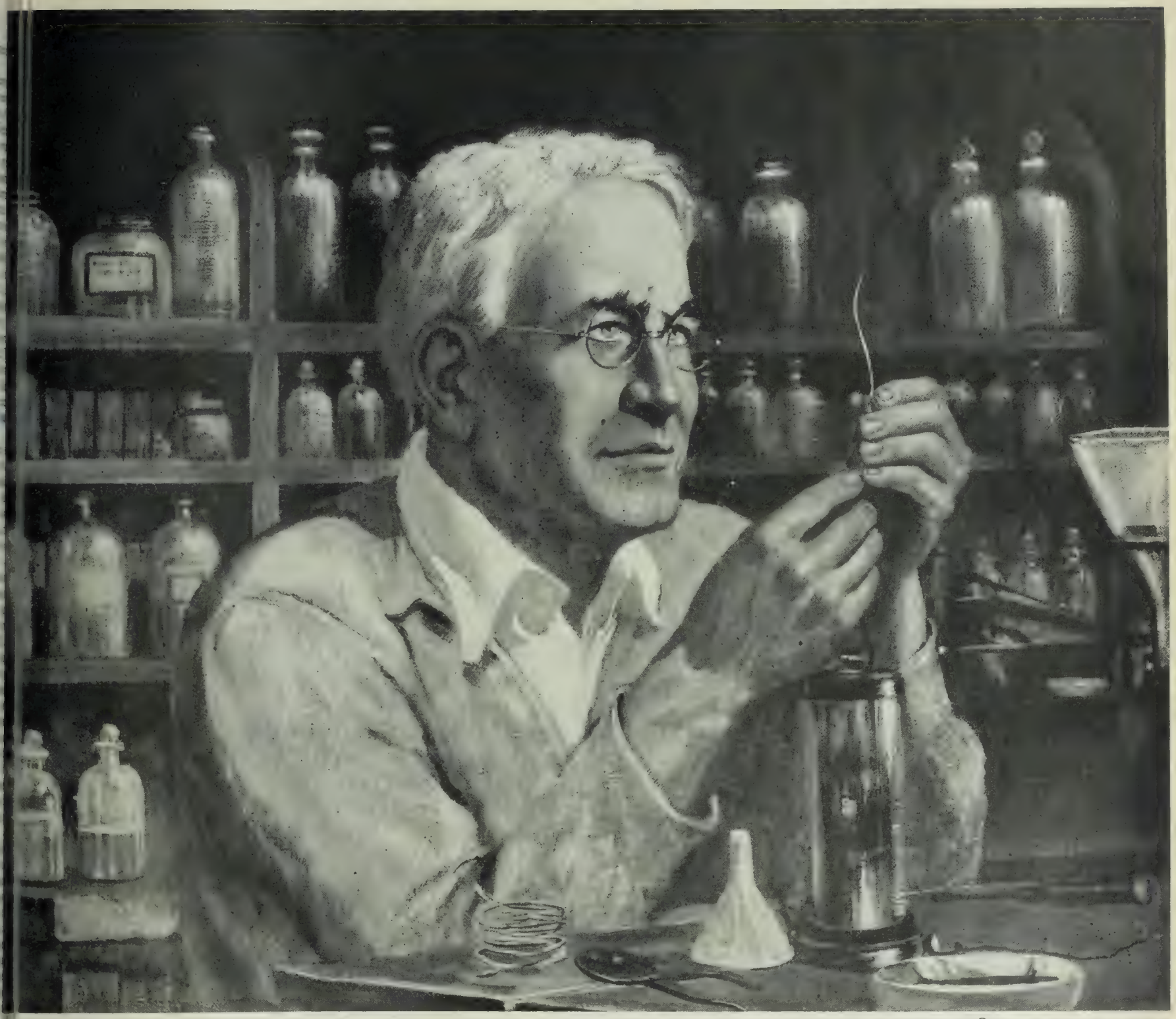
Note that this flagrant act was discovered by the merest accident. The fact that it occurred in the very home town of my opponent, as well as that of our governor and congressman, makes me wonder how many ballots were "borrowed," altered and then successfully returned, in less conspicuous communities.

Let's consider just two more typical incidents, before we move on to the next chapter. The official count in one Logan County precinct was Kilgore 201, Sweeney 2, though the people afterward swore they had voted for me. In another Logan precinct, one of my representatives found that all pollbook signatures looked as if they were signed by the same hand. According to his affidavit, he asked the county court, sitting as a board of canvassers, to throw out the returns from the precinct. The court refused. He asked it to summon the precinct officials to explain the similarity of the signatures. The court refused.

Are you beginning to grasp the fundamental significance of stolen votes in American public life? They are both the seeds and the armor of crooked political machines. They help to put the wrong men in office, the wrong judges, the wrong congressmen, the wrong

(Continued on Page 147)

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(Continued from Page 144)

ators. And they help to keep them there. y corrupt men who are otherwise honest, who have not the nerve to break through ring of ballot thievery, because they fear re may be ballot thieves in their own ks.

nd remember that even the citizen who ens smilingly to a boastful tale of how the es of some ward were manipulated is also tly guilty. She—or he—is helping mold the ction morality of her community.

There are not many in political life who ve the nerve to speak as Senator Tobey, of w Hampshire, did when an election-inves- ating committee to which he belonged med to be treading too softly.

"It is the duty of this committee," he said, 'o let the chips fall where they will and turn t spotlight of publicity fully on all violators, gardless of their standing in the communi- s or their party affiliations. The commit- should assert its right to delve deeply."

Senator Tobey stated on the open floor at, in his presence, a brother senator had t his head in his arms and wept at the pres- e that was put on him to back away from investigation of the Hague machine. He ther reported that Hague himself had reatened to go to Washington "and tell the mmittee what should be done."

We had some pressure in West Virginia, o, on the Federal agents who went there to k into charges of wrongdoing. I've already d you my story was typical of its kind.

Let me make one thing clear. The fact that ud was practiced on behalf of a candidate not the slightest proof that he knew what nt on. I'm not afraid to acknowledge that ere may have been dis- nest ballots cast for me r for selected local can- dates, with Sweeney tes as a by-product). But don't want that kind of lp and I don't intend to t a finger to protect anyone who violated e right of franchise.

I don't believe that President Truman er wanted dishonest ballots cast for him ther. Yet the fact remains that he was lifted to the United States Senate by the ballots the Pendergast machine. The Federal at- rney whom President Roosevelt chose to ean up Kansas City says there were 40,000 60,000 phony registrations in Pendergast's nds the year Judge Truman won the Sen- e nomination by 41,000.

The names weren't there because Mr. Tru- an or any other national figure wanted em there. They were there because a sinis- r local organization wanted them to pro- ote and protect its own sinister interests.

They'll continue to be there, or some simi- r place, until our better citizens learn as uch about democracy at the bottom as they o about democracy at the top. I'll wager hat of every dozen ladies reading this article, here are eleven who can expound the charter f the United Nations to every one who can utline the election law of her own state.

WELL, what can we do about it all? That question has three answers:

1. Things to do before next Election Day.
2. Things to do after Election Day in the tates.
3. Things to do after Election Day in Wash- ngton.

1. Of course we can't change the laws be- tween now and November 2. But we can take steps to see that present laws are more hon- estly enforced. How? By urging newspapers to send reporters and photographers to ques- tionable precincts. By organizing our neigh- bors to do their own checking of registration lists. By finding out in advance who election officials are, and protesting the appointment of the unqualified. By letting the public know that honest folks, both Republican and Dem- ocratic, are determined to have an honest ballot and will collect evidence, affidavits, pictures, and so on, of dishonest behavior. By making every possible use of every cam- era we can lay our hands on, movie or other- wise. A picture of the $3 line-up outside a polling place, for instance, would be worth a dozen affidavits.

It's obvious that you'll have to get the help of your husbands, brothers and sons. Show them this article, particularly the young fel- lows, the combat veterans. They'll get the idea. They'll appreciate that if it's worth four years of facing death to protect the free bal- lot, it's also worth a few hours of work on Election Day.

NOW, how about 2? First thing is to start looking over your state election laws, with a view to improving them. It's impossible to state here specifically what a good law should contain, but you can't go wrong if you build it on these fundamental principles:

a. A responsible ballot, which makes the elector check off every person he wants to vote for, and abolishes the practice of voting a straight ticket with a single X.

b. Absolute daylight, all year round, on reg- istration lists, with provision for periodic cleanouts of the dead and departed, and wide- spread publication of lists so you can tell if some impostor says he lives in your house, or the lot up the street.

c. Staffing of local election boards on the merit system, with training for offi- cials through manuals, movie shorts, and so on.

d. Fewer city polling places, in better loca- tions, preferably school buildings exclusively. No more basements. No more back rooms in saloons.

e. Fewer officials, with more individual re- sponsibility, so you can pin down those who break the law and prevent the buck passing that goes on now.

f. Stricter penalties and longer jail sen- tences for violators, with double punishment for offenses by those sworn to uphold the law.

Too little or too much spoils everything. —DUTCH PROVERB.

g. Voting machines as fast as you can afford them (although I am aware that the best machine is no match for a crooked clerk), and until then central counting headquarters where sealed ballot boxes must be brought immediately after polls close. Such headquarters to provide for citizens, reporters and photographers, who want to watch the count, make pictures of challenged ballots, registration lists, and so on.

3. a. A few more words in the rather confin- ing Federal law, which is the only means Uncle Sam now has for intervening in a Fed- eral election. At present he can punish only those who "injure, oppress, threaten or in- timidate any citizen" who is trying to vote in a Federal election. He should be able to act in case of fraud too.

b. More heat on the congressmen and sena- tors who look the other way when election scandals are mentioned, and faster action when candidates for Federal office complain of jobbery.

Does this sound like a catalogue of impos- sibility? Is the cause of clean elections a dream to be sighed over on lecture platforms, while the boys in the back room continue to guffaw?

Well, let's see. What country, by general consent, conducts her balloting with almost a total absence of scandal? It's England, isn't it? But was she always that way? Here's what Frederic Austin Ogg says in English Govern- ment and Politics:

"Within the memory of men still living, British parliamentary elections were, speak- ing generally, shameless affairs. . . . Voting was by show of hands at a public meeting of electors. . . . Rivers of beer were set flow- ing; bribes were openly offered and accepted; organized bands of 'bludgeon men' went about intimidating and coercing electors; nonvoters thrust themselves joyously into the fray; political convictions were expressed in terms of rotten apples and dead cats' heads and a generally riotous time was had by all."

England cleaned that up almost overnight. Can't we get rid of our mess too?

Remember this. When we do wield a new broom in the ballot box, we open the way for better men and better measures, from the school board to the White House.

THE END

"I dress for a Barn Dance at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



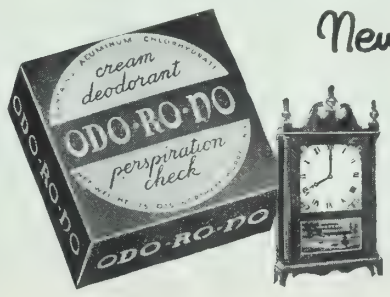


1. "Here's how I manage those desk-to-dancing dates," says this smart career girl. "I wear a bright cotton suit and dark tailored blouse to the office. And, of course, I rely on new, even gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream. *Because I know it protects me from perspiration and offensive odor a full 24 hours.*"

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NEW MAN IN TOWN

(Continued from Page 38)

got you in the gam instead of the mush, isn't it?" After that, he rather imagined, he'd never feel touchy about it again.

They rumbaed, Polly's head bobbing close under his chin. He was holding her altogether too tightly for a rumba. If Polly noticed, she didn't seem to care. She hummed the Spanish words to herself, occasionally spinning back and around in a deft little improvisation of her own. Her chief attention she gave to the rhythm. He liked that. A girl should dance when she danced, not beat her gums.

So only love was missing, and even that might come too. And if it was Polly, that might be the best thing that ever happened to him. She wasn't beautiful by a long shot, she wasn't even pretty if it came to that; but she had those shoulders, and when she smiled you felt just as warm and delighted as Polly looked. But Ted was in no hurry to commit himself. Reflecting this, he checked himself and held her less tightly. It was then, over her head, that he saw Carol Ames.

He said, "Who's that girl with the gray-haired gent? They're standing at the bar."

"Where? Oh. Why, that's Carol Ames." There was a curious note in Polly's voice.

He glanced down at her, amused; was she jealous? "Very attractive," Ted observed.

"Very. Would you like to meet her?"

She stepped back, took his hand and drew him along to the bar. He saw Carol Ames look around and recognize Polly. Then their own gaze met over Polly's head. At once he suspected this girl was going to matter.

"Hello, Carol—hello, Mr. Ames!" exclaimed Polly. "This is our house guest, Ted Charteris, from New York. Ted's opening the new Martin-Folke agency here. You need a new car, don't you, Mr. Ames?"

"Sounds to me," said Mr. Ames, extending his hand to Ted, "like you're the one who's going into business, Polly."

"Just a little helper. Carol, this is Ted."

"Matter of fact," said Mr. Ames, "Carol's the one who needs a car. She hasn't considered a Martin-Folke, though."

"Oh, a marvelous car," Polly said. "Does everything but give milk, and they're working on that. Go on and dance, you two—sell her on it, Ted."

Ted touched Carol Ames' arm, and they moved out on the floor.

THE first few measures they took in silence. She danced magnificently, just the height he liked best, taller than Polly. He was reflecting how nice it was, too, that she shared Polly's instinct about not talking on a dance floor, when she spoke.

She said in a rather flat voice, "Well? How do you like Arden?"

"Wonderful," Ted replied, missing a beat. He added, achieving the rhythm again, "More and more all the time."

She chose not to take this personally, though he had said it looking straight at her. Her dark, cool gaze remained fixed over his shoulder. "They get so drunk," she said.

Ted laughed tolerantly. "Well, it's Satu day night. Don't you relax on Saturd night?"

"To put on paper hats," said Carol Am "and drink as much bourbon as possible not my idea of relaxation."

HE felt chastened, but to his surprise rat liked it. The rumba shifted to a fox trot. Th they had a little trouble. Ted cursed his l and set his teeth, simultaneously comman ing himself not to try so hard. As he stumble a second time, she gave him an oblique loo he gathered she thought he must be hig

"It's not bourbon," he explained, "an it's not you. It's my bum leg. A rumba can take in my stride, but something about fox trot ——"

"Oh, I'm sorry," she murmured. At onc she stepped back from him, just not lookin down at his leg. "Actually, I'd like some ai Do you mind going out on the veranda?"

The veranda wa uninhabited. It wa too early for neckers too cold for anythin else. They moved ove to the balustrade an stood gazing out a the golf course. Th landscape was vivid moonlight lay lik frost on every blad of grass.

"Won't you b cold?"

"No. Anyhow, I like being cold."

In more ways tha one, guessed Te shrewdly. Then h was ravished by h loveliness again. She had the incredible skin and profile of an authentic beauty, th grooming achieved more often by a model than by a debutante. In New York she would be famous, whatever her background. What was she doing here?

"What do you do?" he asked presently. "I mean, I was wondering if ——"

But she understood. She declared, "I vegetate mostly." She looked his way, her eyes focusing abstractedly on his chin, and smiled. It struck him that since they'd first seen each other—over Polly Morrison's head—this girl hadn't once met his eyes. This, of course, both excited and annoyed him. The technique of a *femme fatale*—except that this girl was too cold, too genuinely detached from everything to be exercising technique. Other girls had tried being world-weary with Ted. It was funny that the only one who'd done it with conviction was this product of a Midwestern town. Miss Ames, in fact, was deeply, honestly bored. He hadn't a doubt of it.

"A person can vegetate," he was driven to say, "anywhere in the world, you know."

"Can he?" She looked out at the frosty landscape again. "Not quite so successfully as here, I expect. Wait a little. You'll see."

He said abruptly—or perhaps just rudely, remembering how he liked the town—"Why don't you go away, then?"

She continued vaguely to smile. "Because it's my home. And because, among other things, I'm lazy."

He insisted, "That's just cynical. What's wrong with the town?"

She looked at him. For the second time their eyes really met. He again experienced

(Continued on Page 150)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Sonnet

BY E. V. GRIFFITH

And should we never come this way again
To walk the old, old trails we used to follow,
Nor scuff dead leaves in autumn when the rain
Impregnates creeks which swirl down gorge and hollow;
Or take, in fall, the long and lost trail back
Down starlit valleys where the foxes bark,
To come upon this lonesome mountain shack
Where foxgloves glow like candles in the dark—
Remember, conscious we may not return,
How gourds and squaw corn color sunken porches,
And how, through rain, the sputtering sumacs burn
Along these hills like ragged, windy torches—
And these few days when earth was almost heaven
When we knew love such as was never given.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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NOT a greasy "sticky dresser" . . . NOT a hair oil, lacquer or pomade . . . NOT an upholstery "cleaner" . . . NOT a dirt collector . . . NOT smelly . . . NOT drying, no alcohol . . . NOT sticky . . .

Some pronounce it "swahv" . . . others say "sway" . . . either way it means beautiful hair.

AT YOUR BEAUTY SHOP,
DRUG STORE, DEPARTMENT STORE

(Continued from Page 148)

that fleeting, fated sort of feeling. "Oh, nothing." She added calmly but with emphasis, "You'll like it."

Then she turned and moved back across the veranda. He followed her, aware that for some reason his limp was exaggerating itself. He felt snubbed, he felt like a country cousin who has been smiled at for gushing over the big city. He thought, *She could be twice as beautiful, and I still wouldn't like her.* On the other hand—and he knew this very well—he had never been so physically attracted to a woman in his life.

The apartment Ted chose, in a new development near the country club, cost just a little more than he could afford. It was foolish, perhaps, but then everything was going so well. Even though there was an indeterminable time of waiting between selling a car and being able to deliver it, every signed order meant that he, instead of some other agent, would eventually collect the profit. And he was getting all those orders that a new agency had any reason to hope for—and perhaps a few more. This was due less to his sales ability than to the connections of the Morrison family. His mother and Polly's had been roommates at college; nothing seemed too much for the Morrisons to do for him. This, of course, made him more anxious than ever to succeed on his own.

He felt especially cheerful when he accomplished a sale without a tip from Polly's father. One afternoon when he had driven to the neighboring town of Lancing and brought back a signed contract, he telephoned Polly back in Arden. A celebration was in order, he told her. She would please meet him at his apartment at six, and she would kindly wear her most spectacular dress, and they would drive out to that fancy new roadhouse for dinner. Polly thought this would be a marvelous idea and said so. He hung up, feeling a glow of content which thought of seeing Polly reinforced. Then he started back to Arden.

It was a heavenly afternoon. The countryside, thawing under the May sun, was pungent with new fragrances. Sticky little buds hazed the limbs of maple trees; birds sang, the road occasionally crossed a brook, and Ted knew that the wisest thing he had ever done was to come here.

APPROACHING Arden, he passed the estate which a customer last week had pointed out as the Ames property. He thought of Carol Ames, and for a moment he wished it were she he was meeting for dinner tonight. But only for a moment: he could easily have seen her again during the past weeks. Her father had said she was interested in a new car, and this provided an opening. But for some reason, Ted hadn't taken advantage of it. Reflecting on this, he congratulated himself.

As he approached a curve where brush had piled up and obscured the highway, he put his hand in his pocket for a cigarette. At the same time, a girl on a bay horse came riding from the brush and started across the road. There was no danger. In trying to draw over, however, Ted's arm pressed against the horn. He immediately took his foot off the gas. The horse stood rigid an instant, then shied sideways. His hoofs skidded on the pavement, he plunged and turned about, and before the girl astride could pull him down, he reared so violently she was thrown to the road. Then the bay went bolting up the highway.

Ted threw on the brake. He thrust open the door and flung himself out into the weeds along the road. As he ran forward, the jodhpurs sat up, rubbing her arms as ing a blinded look on him. She looke beautiful, at this moment, then he co imagined even she could be.

"Miss Ames!"

Her eyes flickered; her lips parted. speech came out. Ted felt sick; he k side her, thinking of concussion. B in his panic he remained awed at her No longer barricaded in that arctic ment, she seemed an incredible, love Her mouth quivered as she finally sp

"IT'S all right. I ——" Her hands her knees. She lowered her head and gated the bones and joints of her leg she uttered a low, breathless laugh. fectly intact, thank you. That horse! better than to bring him near the hu

She put out a hand to steady her stood up. Ted fell back, seeing as s how she became almost magically t girl he'd met at the country club. A her hair, and it fell into its accustomed at her throat, and the stock tied the immaculate again.

She smiled at him, fully in control. don't take it so hard, Mr. Charteris."

Ted realized shaking. He sta and said, "I'd have forgiven m anything had ha to you."

"Oh, somethi pened," she r mildly. "I was t and I'm extrem out about it. B if I'd broken an wouldn't have your fault." She and gazed up the way. "Probably stables by now. cellent jumper, dreadful horse Anyhow I'd walk back."

At that, Ted her arm. "I'll you home, if you mind. I'm still n you won't su collapse."

She started t test, but Ted firmly and dre back toward his car. With a shrug in, then watched with amusement climbed in beside her.

"You really must stop trembling way," she said. "Maybe you'd like a father's brandy?"

Ted released the brake grimly. "several," he said.

"How," asked Carol Ames, "is th selling business?" The remark w pointedly polite that she couldn't be ested.

Ted said, "Well, I'm not eating roo berries." Then he added with an aggre ness he neglected to temper, "On the hand, with deliveries the way they are. I make in a week, sometimes, couldn for that pair of pants you've got on."

She looked at her jodhpurs. Then glanced at Ted's chin. "That seems li extremely personal remark. But pe it's just the way you said it."

"No, it's personal, all right. Not cause it's about your pants," elabo Ted, "but because it's about you. And money. And about me. And my lack

"Then it's a vulgar remark, too, isn't

"Yes, I'm fresh and I'm vulgar. S go now?"

She was sitting opposite Ted, curle on an ottoman with one hand cradling of tea, the other buried in the curly n a setter. She looked like a Man of D tion ad, only she was a very beautiful wo She was also beginning, the more Ted t to look contemptuous, and this was d irritating.

(Continued on Page 152)

WITH THE CHILDREN

As the children were leaving home to attend a birthday party I reminded them to say "Thank you; I had a nice time." Our daughter quickly replied that she would. Our young son said, "I'll say thank you, but I won't say I had a nice time unless I really do. Do you want me to be a little liar?"

"It's the kind of a house you stand up in but you don't feel like sitting down in."

"Is it raining?"

"No, it's just drooling," the five-year-old answered.

"He told me he has to be naughty because everyone expects him to be and everyone is so surprised when he's good they talk about it too long."

—KATHRYN C. GLENNON.



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At leading stores and shops, everywhere, or write: The H. W. Gossard Co., 108 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11.

(Continued from Page 16)

"Do you know what you do?" he said challengingly. "You irritate me."

He at once felt better. He brooded at her, balancing his chin on his fourth pony of brandy. About halfway through the second one, it had begun to rankle that he'd felt so concerned about this girl. It seemed outrageous before this polar calm, to think he'd trembled and turned pale and got in all that tizzy because she might be hurt. Now, on the fourth, he thought belligerently, *On her, a broken arm would look good.*

"Perhaps you had better go," agreed Carol Ames.

"Another thing about you: you could go practically anywhere in the world—the Colony in New York, the Crillon in Paris—and you'd have men wondering how they could get to know you and women wondering where you got your clothes. And that's amazing. Especially the part about the clothes. Considering you're out of a hick town."

She set her tea deliberately on the floor. "Aren't those brandies," she inquired, "making you rather drunk, Mr. Charteris?"

It had been amusing when Polly Morrison asked him that. This girl made him feel boorish. But he was too clever to let her guess this. That's why it startled him so to hear himself blurt out, "That's not all they're making me."

"Indeed?"

"They're making me want to make love to you."

She stood up, one hand on her stock, the other holding on to the setter's collar. "You know, I've never asked Donald to throw anyone out. But I'm going to, presently."

"That old man who brought your tea?" Ted laughed scornfully. "Ha!" He stood up, too, with a dignity and composure that made any idea of his being influenced by the brandy ridiculous. "My dear Miss Ames," he said distinctly, "I'm perfectly ready to leave." He strolled to the door, then looked back at her. His smile, he felt, was a masterpiece of sarcasm. "And that wasn't a compliment, saying that I wanted to make love to you."

Her eyes were fixed on his feet. "I hardly considered it one."

He laughed eloquently. "Good-by!" was his parting shot, and he turned to go.

But her voice came drifting aft "You can leave that glass on the ha if you don't mind."

It was true: the brandy glass wa his hand. Undaunted, Ted set it o the hall table and let himself out, sl the door in a well-bred way.

But fifteen minutes later, drivi Arden with the chill of the evening a ing over his face. Ted muttered, "O He pulled up to a curb, flung on the and pressed his forehead down aga wheel. His whole skull throbbed fr aftereffects of too much strong, brandy. He cursed himself fluently leaned back and stared at the twilit What—*possibly*—could he do? He his hands over his face, then started searching for a florist's shop.

It was after six; they were closed. past seven when he located the propr one by telephone and lavishly brib man to come down and open up f

"Two dozen—no, *three* dozen of th low roses! And another five bucks, if you'll take them out to the Ames before you go back to your dinner."

When this was settled, Ted climbe in his car and sat there, feeling the drip down his sides. But there was n else to be done. The question was *could* he? What had got into him? H ing the girl off her horse and then swill her old man's brandy and gratuitou sulting her. If she told Mr. Ames, this town were a little farther South— *deserved* to be lynched. Would roses, the note enclosed with them affect all? Ted closed his eyes and sank do neath the wheel, clenching his han gether.

It was then he thought of Polly. nized, he shot up again and looked watch. It was almost eight.

Their date, of course, had been f Delirious to think she might have w for him. And what else could he do to his chances here? Run over a child scooter? Set fire to the mayor?

He plunged up the stairs—hoping sionately that she might have sat dow the new, quilted sofa and that it had p so comfortable that she dozed off to slee threw open the door. The living room.

(Continued on Page 154)

JENNIFER



"I can't understand my mother! When I was little she used to call me her BIG girl—and now that I'm big she calls me her BABY!"



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ese new diamonds of Lux are another triumph of the world-famous Lever Laboratories



(Continued from Page 152)

saw, was empty. She had been there, however: the lamps were on. He groaned conclusively, flinging his hat in a corner.

Then the door to the dining room opened. Polly came in. She wasn't wearing the spectacular dress he'd ordered; she wore slacks and an apron. On a platter in her hands she bore the charred corpse of what seemed a small bird. She said "Look!" and thrust it out at him.

Ted stared at the cinders. "What is it?"

"Our dinner. I never stopped to think you might be held up." She swallowed tragically. "Oh, Ted," she said, "it was going to be the loveliest dinner!" Then she burst into tears

Suddenly Ted felt very tired. He felt comforted, too, in a morbid sort of way: it was cheering to see someone else give way. He took the platter from Polly's hands and set it on a table. Then he moved back to her and put his hands on her elbows.

"Polly, for heaven's sake, it doesn't matter. You think *you've* got troubles." He sighed and tried again. "Listen, we'll go back to your house, and you can change, and then we'll drive out to The Dells for dinner. Please, darling."

She drew in her breath and stopped crying. She looked up at him incredulously. He knew what the incredulity was for; that "darling" still echoed. But it had come out with such naturalness. He cleared his throat. Before he could speak, however, Polly threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. He stood there limply, thinking, *How confused can things be?* There was something about that kiss.

There was something, as a matter of fact, about Polly. She had no dark, cool gaze, no particular way of speaking or just not looking at you. There was nothing mysterious, nothing especially provocative about her. But he realized something that had been in the back of his mind for a number of days now. He had been, for the past week or so, very near to falling in love with her. On the other hand, there was Carol Ames.

Ted suspected the extent of this reservation when he looked up from his desk the next afternoon and saw a woman enter the showroom. Her face was obscured by a hat with a feather, but that didn't matter. He sat very still, hoping she wouldn't see him for a second.

There was never anything so flawlessly executed. She wore a suit of some gray material and a loop of small animal skins which trailed softly from one shoulder. Everything about her was soft, so that she seemed to move in a haze, the outlines of herself delicately obscured. But that profile was sharp as a stencil as she paused to gaze at the new Martin-Folke on display. Ted felt, suddenly, sorry for that car. It had seemed such a noble thing till now, but he could feel it contract and blush for its own poor failings under the scrutiny it bore.

She turned, then, and for a third time Carol Ames and Ted looked straight at each other. But this time, something happened to her too. Ted was almost sure he didn't imagine it. Even through the plate glass, from this distance, he saw color suffuse her face. At once she drew the loop of skins about her throat and started toward him. He experienced a sick kind of pang, remembering what had happened yesterday. Then he hurried to meet her.

"I hope ——" he blurted as he came through the door; and broke off. There'd been a special name, in the Army, for the kind of smile that was all he could achieve at that moment: deprecating, self-condemning, fervently imploring. "Did you get the roses?"

That gaze which now seemed fastened, as always, somewhere past his shoulder slid to the Martin-Folke. "I rather like that car," said Carol Ames, "the looks of it. Would you care to give me a run?"

Ted would. They got into it.

After hitting the highway, Carol took over the wheel. She drove like a man, a man who knows cars and loves them. Relaxed, almost nerveless, she let the needle climb till it hit

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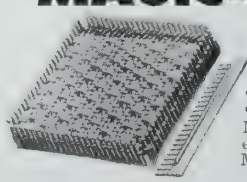
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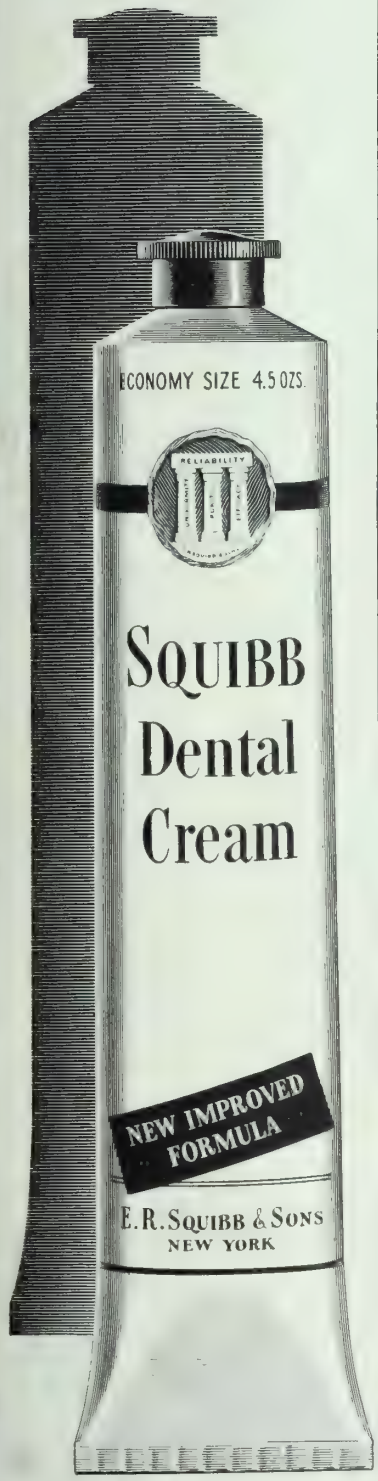


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eighty. Then she let it slowly subside again. Ted sat watching her. She pulled up, switching off the ignition.

"It's a nice car," she admitted. She leaned back against the seat and looked his way thoughtfully. "Do you really like being a car salesman?"

It occurred for the first time to Ted that this was an extremely inadequate thing to be. "I like it all right," he allowed. "I'm not what you'd call ambitious."

She insisted lightly, "But isn't it tiresome, having to play up to people? Especially the people one meets around here. Chamber of Commerce types who can't make up their minds? Matrons with fussy hats who wish there were more chrome on the fenders?"

Ted laughed, obscurely flattered. "Well, but they *are* amusing. I don't get bored."

"And it's not as if you intended peddling these things all your life, is it?"

Actually, Ted reflected, this was precisely what he'd intended. "No," he said. But not with reluctance.

"You know," she said in a suddenly grave voice, "I didn't *mind* your calling it a hick town. Even though you said I'd come out of it. I've never really felt a part of Arden."

Ted colored. "I said a lot of things I've regretted since yesterday." He made an awkward gesture and blinked at her. "I hope you've forgiven me, Carol. I've gone on the wagon, incidentally. For good."

She smiled and said, "I think that's wonderful." And her eyes were fixed on his,

Either he is a congenital fool who asks a woman her age, or he knows she is too young to tell the lie.

—M. T. ANTRIM: The Wisdom of the Foolish (H. Altemus & Co.).

fully. She turned to the wheel and pressed the starter. "I'll let you know about the car, Ted. I *do* like it, very much."

She called him at his office two days later. "Ted? This is Carol Ames. Father was wondering if you'd like to come to dinner tomorrow night."

Tomorrow Ted was due at the Morrisons' for dinner. He wondered in passing how he'd get out of it. "I'd like to, Carol. Thanks very much."

"About eight," she said. "And about the car," she went on, as if it were an afterthought. "Father thinks I'd better get another like the one I have. I'm sorry, Ted."

"Why, that's all right, Carol. I'll be there at eight."

He was—having spent fifteen minutes parked on the highway outside the estate.

Polly, that afternoon, had said on the phone, "It doesn't matter a bit, Ted. And I do hope Carol decides on a Martin-Folke."

He didn't say Carol had already decided. "Yes, so do I. I suppose there *are* people who sort of watch what the Ameses buy."

"I suppose so," agreed Polly. And then, "Yes, of course they do! Listen, have a nice time—they have *marvelous* food—and we'll see you here one night next week."

"Fine," said Ted.

But they didn't. In fact, he saw nothing of Polly or her family for the next month or so. And he felt guilty about this, but he acknowledged it was his own fault. He wasn't good enough for Polly, for one thing.

It surprised him to discover, more and more, how much downright malice he was capable of. But as Carol said, he was an extraordinarily discriminating person. In restaurants or at the country club it startled him, sometimes, to hear his own reflections—about the town, and the inhabitants of it.

Ted would say, "Now, who —— Oh, yes, Carl Haynes! *You* know, manager of that dry-goods store on Center Street. I had him out for a run last week. And Carol, you've never heard so many platitudes! I don't mind platitudes, especially, but when someone tries to make them sound like *epigrams!* I don't know, I just couldn't butter the man up. Even though it meant losing an order."

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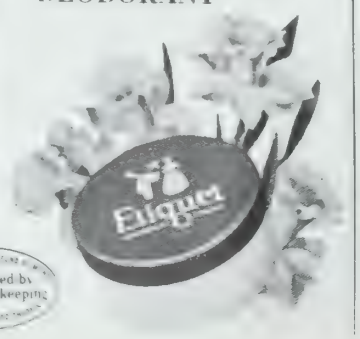
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Carol would smile, and it thrilled him to see the admiration in her eyes. "Well, don't let it bother you. You know, I've never thought Martin-Folkes was your line, anyhow. Neither does father. I want you to talk to him, one day, about real estate, Ted. He loves talking business, and he's said what a pity it is you're wasting your time selling cheap cars, that you can't deliver for months and months."

"I'd like to."

But he wouldn't, really. He liked just what he was doing, though less than at first. The bracket of people who were interested in Martin-Folkes—modest businessmen and their wives—had begun to annoy him, somehow. They were so indecisive, so fussy; they needed such prodding, though they tended to withdraw when pressed too hard Ted had done rather too much pressing lately. And his annoyance had shown through too frequently. If things went on like this, he'd be *driven* to that chat with Mr. Ames.

Not that that would be so bad, either, come to think of it. Absurd to think of Carol Ames' husband being a dealer in cheap cars. And to Carol it was immeasurably absurd—she implied as much.

It was just after the first time he'd kissed her, awed at himself for daring, astonished at Carol for permitting it. But everything happened so naturally that he'd taken her in his arms before he stopped to think. It was late at night, after driving back from dinner in Lancing. They rarely dined in Arden or at the country club. As Carol said, it was such a relief to get away from the same dreary faces—even though faces quite as dreary were all that could be found in the vicinity of Arden.

They had strolled out across the garden before Ted drove back to town, and as they reached the fountain, he turned and quietly drew her to him and kissed her. For a too brief moment her lips lay cool and sweet on his.

Then she stepped back and gazed up at him quizzically. "Ted, I like you very much. I hope you realize that."

Still dumfounded at what had happened, Ted replied fervently, "But I can't *think* what this place would have been like without you, Carol! I'd have gone back to New York after a month or two, I guess."

She said with the barest trace of reproach, "But this isn't a bad place, Ted. You mustn't be too critical of it."

This puzzled him. Because all Carol ever seemed to do was criticize the town.

"It's my home, after all," she went on, "and I'm fond of it, really. I don't think I'll ever want to leave it."

He wanted to ask, *Why? You've no friends here—obviously, of course, because you don't want these people for friends. But there'd be another kind in a large city. Gay people, sophisticated ones, like yourself.*

He didn't say this, but he wondered about it. He wondered about something else, too—Carol's father. An amiable, gently-spoken man who seemed to fail utterly in understanding her. Ted discovered this in the library, one evening, while they waited for Carol to come downstairs.

There was a portrait of Carol's mother over the fireplace; Ted had seen it and admired it before. He said warmly to Mr. Ames, "What a beautiful person she must have been!"

Mr. Ames looked at him dubiously, then at the portrait. He smiled and took a cigar from a silver humidor on the table. "You're quite mistaken. My wife wasn't beautiful at all." Seeing Ted's surprise, he continued, "Hardly even pretty. It's an excessively flattering portrait, and I've never cared for it. But she was the gayest—the most lovable woman in the world." He lighted his cigar and declared between puffs, "Everyone adored her. Everyone! That's what has ma it so difficult for Carol."

"You mean ——"

"Not to have any personality."

Ted was less shocked than bewildered.

The old gentleman sat back in a leath chair which bore the permanent imprint his body. "She has beauty, of course, ar style such as her mother never had. But it not the same thing, is it?"

It would have been no more startling t hear this man proclaim a doctrine of revol tion. It *was* revolution: he seemed never an thing but docile before his daughter.

Mr. Ames continued with a sigh, "Car confuses prejudice with identity. Haven you noticed that? There's practically nothin she likes—or admits liking. That's why know you'll be a good thing for her. You hav enthusiasm and strong opinions. And yo enjoy life tremendously."

Which was true enough, Ted suppose But what had led Mr. Ames to believe th was a result of private conversations, like th one—never while Carol was present. Whe she was there, Ted was happy only to liste and agree. He loved hearing her speak. Tha musical, low voice was better than musi sometimes he scarcely heard the intelligen it uttered, the melody being sufficient.

"I'm afraid I can't agree with you, sir, he said, frowning. "To me, Carol seems ——

At that moment, Carol entered. Again hardly heard what sh said, enchanted as h was by the way sh looked. "Where sha we go for dinner, Ted Not the club, do yo think? It's so depres ing on Thursday ev nings."

But as he rose to g Ted saw Mr. Am watching him. And f an instant—encounte ing that kindly, grav regard—he felt almo a little chilled.

Someone once asked Professor Charles Townsend Copeland, of Harvard, why he lived on the top floor of Hollis Hall in his small, dusty old rooms, and suggested that he move.

"No," said Copeland. "No, I shall always live on the top floor. It is the only place in Cambridge where God alone is above me." Then, after a pause. "He's busy—but He's quiet."

It wasn't till an afternoon in late June tha he saw Polly again. He'd had glimpses, c course: her rosy face had beamed at hi across a dance floor, and occasionally sh would flash by in her car, waving. But th time, encountering her on Center Street as h strolled back from lunch, it was necessary t stop and speak. He thought "necessary" un til she clasped his hand and twinkled up a him. Then he felt warm and pleased, just a she seemed to see him.

"Ted, how are you? I hear the jalopy bus ness is colossal!"

"Less than colossal, I'm afraid. But ho are *you*, Polly? You're looking grand."

Polly said, "Whoever heard of a soli freckle looking grand? But she won't sta out of the sun, the silly girl! How's Carol?

She asked this quite naturally. Ted, how ever, at once felt sheepish about it. Eve stronger than this, he felt a peculiar kind o nostalgia for something—not for Polly, o course, but for laughter. He and Carol smile at things, but they rarely laughed.

"Listen," he said on an impulse, "wh don't you get a fella and all of us do some thing soon? Friday night, maybe? The Del has a new orchestra with a very mean rumb rhythm."

Polly said happily, "Done and done! Sha we meet there for dinner? Please say yes— it's my birthday, and they give you a cake o the house if you sort of drop a hint."

"I'll *tell* them about it," Ted assured he with a laugh. "At that, it'll be the first time ever got anything free out of this town."

Her smile wavered, and Ted at once curse himself, remembering the Morrisons' hospi tality. What he'd said was the sort of thin that amused Carol.

He went on quickly, "Seven o'clock. So you, Polly!"

"You'll really be there?"

"Certainly we'll be there!"

But for a time it appeared this might no be the case.

(Continued on Page 158)



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(Continued from Page 156)

Carol took the news curiously. They were lounging beside the Ames pool, soaking up sun before Ted sped back to town and an appointment. Carol wore tailored shorts and a halter; Ted had merely stripped off his shirt. For some reason, he still couldn't bring himself to have Carol see his leg.

"By the way," he said in a casual way, "I made us a date tomorrow evening. With Polly and somebody. It's her birthday—I suggested we all have dinner at The Dells."

Carol, spilling oil along the *café-au-lait* length of her legs, paused and stared at him. "Polly Morrison?"

"I was their house guest, you know. When I first came here."

She said slowly, "I think that's odd, making an engagement without consulting me."

Ted laughed and reached across the mat for a cigarette. "What's odd about it, honey? We *are* having dinner together Friday night, aren't we?"

"I'm not altogether sure, now. I think it's very odd indeed—you knowing how I dislike Polly."

He sat up. But this was unbelievable! "Carol, you're not serious? Why *should* you dislike Polly?"

Carol looked at him a moment, then bent over her legs again. "She's ordinary. And in any case," she said in a small voice, "why should we spend an evening with people when—when it could be just the two of us?"

At this, he was touched. He took up her hand and brushed his lips over the tapered fingers. "Honey, because they were *nice* to me, and I've neglected them, that's all! What's one evening?"

She didn't look up again. But he felt some conflict occurring inside her. He held on to her fingers, waiting for it to be over, not knowing what he could do if she refused. Actually, he knew very well: he'd call Polly and say there'd been other plans.

Carol drew her hand away. His relief was overwhelming when she said in her usual voice, "Very well . . . if you wish it, Ted. But please don't call me 'honey.' You sound like a salesgirl."

THE maître d' at The Dells was new, and more than anxious to please. Greeting Carol—cool and exquisite in summer furs—he had no need to be told this was someone who mattered. Having led them to the remote table where Polly and her friend were seated, the man turned to Ted with an imploring look.

"Perhaps you'd be happier at a table on the floor, sir?"

Before Ted could reply, Carol glanced at the man distastefully and said, "On the floor? Heavens, no." He fell away, seeming withered. Carol looked across the table and said. "Hello, Polly."

"Carol!" exclaimed Polly. "You know Tommy. Ted Charteris, this is Tommy Fergus. Look, we're having champagne! I can never be blasé about it."

Tommy was a nice-looking boy who'd been quite gay till Carol and Ted approached. He said politely, "Hello, Carol. It's good to see you." He nodded at Ted, and smiled briefly.

"They've redone this place, haven't they?" observed Carol as Ted drew out a chair for her.

"Isn't it elegant?" Polly said. "And the band's *very* special."

Carol said, glancing across at the bandstand, "Oh, yes. We heard them at a place in Lancing last month. Remember, Ted? Later, they put on women's hats and do novelty songs. It's amusing in a painful sort of way."

Her voice was controlled as an actress'. Tommy Fergus shot her a glance and then began to tell Polly about a radio combo he liked. Ted caught Carol's eye and trie smile encouragingly. She stared right thr him. Her gaze, expressionless, slid about room. He thought, *She's honestly going to all this. I shouldn't have let her in for it—s never forgive me.*

Then he heard Polly's laughter. He tu and couldn't help smiling at her. At the s time, he felt reproach at himself for bein any way entertained when Carol was happy. But it was impossible to keep f smiling when you looked at Polly. She such a frank, free, happy person.

"TED, they're perfect."

"They must be. You're inspired."

Polly was referring to the band; he was ferring to her rumba. Radiant, Polly stepp away, spun twice around, and rejoined Te flawless rhythm. She gasped at her c cleverness.

"*Am* I making a spectacle of myself? your fault—nobody rumbas like you."

Ted laughed and pressed her hand. "I l it! I've missed it, too," he admitted, " cause Carol doesn't like dancing. We'll h to bribe those guys to play more rumba

Someone barged against them from beh Ted. He glanced around and saw a flus young man supported by a pretty blon

"Sorry!" It was the girl who spoke; lifted an eyebr helplessly at Po "My husband ne wants to rumba he's tied one on. that grounds for vorce, Polly?"

She guided wavering young m away without wait for an answer.

"Jane," explai Polly in a whisp "and Pete Caldw A lamb when h sober, but ——" S broke off, dismay "Oh they're *not* st ping that heaven music?"

"There'll be mo We'll insist on it."

As they start across the floor, caught a glimpse of Carol at their table. S and Tommy sat there stony-faced. Over P ly's head, Ted tried to catch Carol's eye. S looked at him, then past him. Gratefully heard the music begin again. "Carol?" S stood up, moved past him to the flo Aware of the emotion banked beneath th placidity, he felt rather sick. He took her his arms and pressed his lips to her ear. "It be over soon, darling. We'll go whenever y say."

She pulled back and lifted her head. seemed almost as if she hated him, her ey blazed so. "If you could have seen yourse You looked ridiculous."

For a moment he was blank. Then he rea ized she referred to him and Polly. He tri to laugh. "But Polly was feeling so goo And it's been so long since I've tried rumba ——"

"You dance abominably. *That's* why never dance with you!"

He was appalled at the harshness in h voice. At the same time, the beat escape him. He realized he was trying to fox trot, an how his leg always rebelled at this rhythm He said, "Sorry, darling. I'll be all righ when ——" He stumbled. Carol jerked awa with a violent movement, her mouth a lin

"Take me to the table. I want to get m wrap."

She turned to leave the floor. But as sh did so, a pair of dancers plowed against he Carol, thrown off balance, drew back agains Ted. Then the man who'd collided with h blinked around. It was Pete Caldwell—de scribed by Polly as "a lamb when sober." H was completely unlamblike now. Seeing Caro his eyes narrowed. He threw back his hea and swaggered closer to her.

Behind him, the blond girl tried to cat his arm. But her eyes were scared.

(Continued on Page 160)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Crisis

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

When your name was spoken
I did not speak or start;
But there was sudden silence
Within my chilling heart,
As when, in autumn, branches
Stripped by the north wind's strength
Feel winter like an unsheathed blade
Along their barren length.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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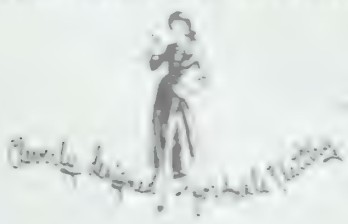
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Ted suddenly realized that Carol was scared too. She stood there, unable to move, just Caldwell or sideless because of the crush of dancers.

"Carol," muttered Caldwell. "Why, hello, Carol!" He wavered a moment, his eyes glittering sardonically on hers. Then he looked at Ted and said, "Who's the sucker?"

The intake of Carol's breath was audible. She wheeled to Ted and said, "Will you please get me out of here?" Even in his confusion, Ted was shocked at how frightened her face seemed.

But Caldwell grabbed Carol's arm firmly. He spoke past her to Ted. "Or maybe you're not a sucker? Maybe you're just more—more *greedy* than the rest of us? Is that it?"

Before Ted could do anything, Caldwell's wife seized his shoulder helplessly. "Pete, I swear if you don't come back to the table——"

Polly came pushing up, Tommy behind her. Her eyes flicked from Carol to Caldwell, then to Ted. At the same time she said, "Pete Caldwell! I've been looking for you! It's my birthday—you've got to dance with me!"

Caldwell ignored them all. Holding on to Carol's arm, he went on doggedly to Ted. "A man-eating monster fella—falling in love with this dame is signing your life away! I know, because I did it! Right up to the altar, didn't I, Carol?"

Ted struck his hand from her arm. He said quietly, "Come on, Carol," and drew her past him.

But now Caldwell clutched Ted's sleeve and held on to it, breathing hard. "A fact! A fact!" he repeated. "Ask Polly there. Her brother was one of the casualties—he ran clear down to South America to get away."

Ted pushed him back, more roughly than he intended for some reason he felt sympathy for the man. Caldwell floundered back against his wife, then recovered. He swore, gathering himself, and came at Ted swinging.

Carol's voice screamed out at Caldwell past Ted. "Let him alone! Can't you see he's a cripple? Let him alone!"

Aghast, Ted looked around at her. At the same time he lifted an arm, deflecting Caldwell's blow. As he jerked back toward Caldwell, then, he saw Polly. She smiled at him confidently and said, "Sock him, Ted!" Ted did.

They drove back to the Ames place in a silence which Ted later recalled as thundering. There was a thunder inside himself too: the echo of his own thoughts charging against one another. But when they drew up under the portico, and after Ted had switched off the headlights, he felt an interior calm that was surprising. He lighted himself a cigarette, his hands steady, then turned and gazed at Carol's profile. It was stencil-sharp against the deeper darkness outside.

After a moment she spoke, nearly inaudible. "It was horrible."

Ted said, "Yes. I thought it was rather horrible myself."

Her voice remained low, tense. "I hate this town—I couldn't tell you how much I hate it."

"And yet," declared Ted calmly, "you never want to leave it, do you?"

She didn't reply to this.

He went on, "Shall I try to tell you why?"

She made no sound.

"Because you like it here. Because you're nourished, somehow, by what you despise. You try to make a—an identity for yourself by hating everything."

"You sound," she said coolly, "like my father."

"Do I? Well, it wouldn't be necessary for anyone to point it out to me." He added, "I'm at least as bright as Pete Caldwell. Or Polly's brother."

Carol murmured, almost in an awed voice, "How can you *dare* ——"

Ted tried to explain. "Oh, it's not just being disillusioned—not altogether. I'm sorry for you, too, I think. Because it must be awful to dislike everything." She turned and started to speak, but he cut her off. "You've never even liked *me*, really. You've just felt superior to me, along with everybody else. For example, all this time you've been thinking of me as a cripple, haven't you?"

Carol was silent.

He leaned back and gazed up at the roof of the car. "When I was a kid, there was a game we used to play, 'King of the Hill.' The object was to reach the top of [illegible] and keep all the other kids from dislacing you. Well, you're 'Queen of the Hill,' Carol. But it gets a little lonely up there, sometimes, so you're willing to let somebody—a husband, maybe—come halfway up it. But at the very top, there's room for only one. And that's got to be you." He closed his eyes, continuing chiefly to himself: "It won't be easy. I suppose losing the habit of loving you. But I will, after a time. I see now that I don't want any part of the hill—not even the top of it. I'd rather be down in the valley with the ordinary people." He opened his eyes and turned to her. He spoke solemnly, earnestly. "Why, Carol, we could! marry each other! I was well on my way to disliking everything just as much as you. We wouldn't produce anything but a lot of sneers!"

She put her fingers on the handle and pushed the door open. "You're just what I've always suspected," she said. "Vulgar."

"I sort of think I am. You know something? I *like* being a car salesman!"

She stepped out under the portico and glanced back at him and said, "I wouldn't send flowers this time if I were you, Ted."

He was astonished. "Why should I? This time I'm sober!"

"Because they won't do any good. In fact, I don't wish to see you for a long, long time."

There was a pause while she waited. Then Ted said wonderingly, "You know something else, Carol? I just thought of it. I think you're sort of vulgar, yourself."

She slammed the door. He heard her heels go clicking sharply up the steps. He sighed and sat there thoughtfully a moment. Then he drove back to Arden.

It was some months later. He and Polly were at the club for dinner. It was a Thursday night, and the dining room was crowded. The two of them were laughing and talking a good deal, because people kept stopping at their table to congratulate them.

"I wish," sighed Ted, after a time of this, "we'd gone somewhere else for dinner."

"No, you don't. The best part of an engagement is being told how nice it is. It makes you begin to believe it."

Ted nodded gravely. "You're right." Then, after they had exchanged smiles, his gaze slipped over Polly's head to a man and girl being seated at a corner table. The girl was beautiful. The man was someone he had never encountered before.

"Seen a ghost?" asked Polly.

"As a matter of fact, yes," he told her. "Carol Ames."

"Who's she with? Her father?"

"No," said Ted, staring frankly. "It must be a new man in town. He looks nice."

"They usually do." Polly took up a fork and rapped herself smartly on the wrist with it. "I didn't mean that! I owe a lot to Carol Ames. My brother's making a fortune in Brazil. I've got you—already nice and tanned so I'm spared the trouble."

Ted forgot Carol's presence and gazed at his fiancée seriously.

"Just the same," he said, "I never deserved to get off so easily. I acted like a fool—I'm aware of that. I want you to know it, too, honey."

"Oh, well," said Polly. She plunged her fork into her salad. "Men can't be blamed, poor souls. They're built like that. Especially," she added tolerantly, "new ones."

THE E

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Holsum "Peanut Creme" Peanut Butter
Slices of bread
Tomato slices
Lettuce
Crisp bacon slices
Holsum Sweet Tasty Pickle Slices
Holsum Stuffed Olives

Here's the quick and easy way to fashion an appetizing meal! Spread slices of bread generously with *Holsum*'s smooth, nutritious "Peanut Creme" Peanut Butter. Cut in triangles and place on a luncheon plate on either side of a fan of crisp bacon. Garnish with *Holsum* Sweet Tasty Pickle Slices, *Holsum* Stuffed Olives, and tomato slices in lettuce nests.



HOLSUM

Recipe for Green-and-Gold Salad

½ cup *Holsum* Salad Dressing
1 3-oz. package cream cheese
Dash of salt
5 slices pineapple
4 thin rings green pepper
1 bunch watercress
4 *Holsum* Stuffed Olives, sliced

There's easy salad magic in creamy *Holsum* Salad Dressing! Blend just enough of it into cream cheese to soften it. Add salt. On each of 4 plates, arrange a pineapple slice cut into 4 sections and put back together with bands of cream cheese mixture. Quarter remaining pineapple slice and place 1 section in center of each salad. Top with green pepper ring. Fill center with cheese mixture. Garnish with watercress, *Holsum* Olives and *Holsum* Salad Dressing.



HOLSUM PRODUCTS
MILWAUKEE

THE PUMPKIN SHELL

(Continued from Page 35)

Willie wiggled her right foot and made the shoe slap against her bare heel. "Roger?"

"Can't do it, thanks, Willie."

"Then, *if* Pete shows up ——"

"Thought you said he called up he was coming," said Mrs. Hall belligerently. "Said he's coming, he's coming, ain't he?"

"*If* he doesn't change his mind," said Willie with edged patience. "You know, Mrs. Hall, people do change their minds. I realize it's terribly inconsiderate of them, but it does happen. Now about Jan. I'm afraid I don't ——"

"You dunno," said Mrs. Hall, summing up the whole matter. She turned and marched back to the kitchen.

Willie dropped her work, grabbed at her own hair with both hands and mimicked madness. "I ask you," she wailed softly. "What have I ever done that the rockbound coast of Maine itself should rear up in my kitchen? Roger, lamb, listen. I have begged, I have pleaded, I have implored her. 'Let us relax,' I have said. 'Please. It's summertime. Let us take things a little easier. Let us not worry about a trifle of dust or a minute or two, this way or that!' But"—Willie's voice was full of woe—"she won't, she can't. She doesn't hold with taking it easy."

Roger began to laugh. "Why don't you get you a nice fat mammy?"

"Because they're extinct," said Willie promptly. "Pity we didn't stuff one for the Smithsonian."

"THEM chickens Gray sent over," said the housekeeper, plunking the bucket back on the bar, "ain't fit to eat."

Willie peered over her glasses.

"You'd ought to tell Gray's boy when he comes with the cream."

"Couldn't you tell him, Mrs. Hall? I don't believe I'm much of an authority. I don't think I've met a chicken in the flesh for years." Willie's voice trailed.

"Roosters," snapped Ada Hall.

"That's bad, h'm?" said Willie. Roger choked on his new drink.

"What you'd ought to tell Gray, you didn't order no roosters and you won't be put off with none."

"But maybe he just made a mistake," said Willie gently. "Shall we give him the benefit of the doubt?"

"Only mistake he made, he forgot *I* was up here."

"Betcha." Willie's face twinkled wickedly for a moment. Then she held out her red-nailed hand. She cocked her dark head. "Are they impossible?"

"Miz Peterson," said Ada with great dignity, "if you want 'em, I'll cook 'em. But it's my place to let you know they ain't worth it."

"Yes, of course it is," cooed Willie, "and thank you, Mrs. Hall."

"You're welcome." Ada departed.

Roger rolled his lank form across the room, still laughing. "Don't you know a rooster from a hen, honest, Willie?"

"Would you? Without feathers? Minus sound effects?" Willie squared her angular shoulders. "Oh, I won't get out of it. You'll see. That woman cannot believe that I haven't got a burning interest in the economics of the kitchen. She ——"

"I bet she seen her duty and she done it, all her life. The type, eh, Willie?"

"That's our Ada. It's when she sees *my* duty and *I* gotta do it that it's so peachy," said Willie with a vicious jab of her crochet hook. "Oh, she's a ruby and all that, and I dasn't let her get away, because there's nobody else left in the world who's even interested in this job. Who can blame them, of course? If I can only maintain diplomatic relations through September, until I get Jan parked back in school ——"

"Speaking of your fair daughter, Willie, my old," said Roger, putting his glass down on the rummy table. "What's all this walking around? Come clean, now. I drop in here to see why the heck I haven't been asked out for a week end so far this summer, and no



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Jan for two hours. Out walking, you say. H'm. A likely story."

"Walking's the *thing*, you know," she said, casting him one of those glances over the spectacle rims. "Haven't you noticed the flat heels?"

"Diversions aside," said Roger. "Who's she walking with?"

"I bet you've met Cyrus. Not lately, since he's in the Air Corps. But before the war, he used to patrol that nasty little ten miles below the village."

"Not the cop!" groaned Roger, his mind licking up this interesting information. "Don't tell me he gave Jan a ticket and they met cute!"

"Nonsense," said Jan's mother. "She's known Cy ever since she was six years old, which is when we began to come up here."

"He's a native, huh? But what's the meaning of all this walking around?"

"Shut up, you clown," said Willie, leaning forward.

"Yes, but ——"

"Whisst—whisst. That's his mother."

"Oh," said Roger flatly.

"Doesn't mean a thing. How could it? Shut up, Roger."

Willie had ears like a fox. Ada Hall was bustling in, setting the table in the alcove.

"Cy's an awfully nice chap," said Willie in her lady voice. "You'd like him, Roger."

"Well, I'd—uh—certainly like to meet him—uh—certainly would," said Roger.

He was eaten with curiosity. It was his compelling emotion. He thought this was funny, both kinds of funny. Humorous funny and odd funny. Willie and this New England woman were a pair to laugh at. But Jan and the woman's son were out walking,

> **Folks think they grow old by living: but they grow old rather by not living.** —IVAN PANIN.

and that was . . . funny. He said no more, but his pale eyes were bright.

In the alcove, Ada Hall set, with exquisite efficiency, the supper table. Then the top half of the pale-timbered front door swung in. The man who pushed at it fumbled at the catch of the bottom half. He was a big man, dark, blue-jowled. He had good eyes, although the flesh around them was pouchy. The thinning hair on his bare head was rumpled, as if he'd been riding in the wind. He came in slowly. He had a suitcase in his hand.

Willie didn't even look behind her. "His nibs?" she said.

"Hiya, Pete." Roger was cordial. "So you made it?"

"Hello." Pete Peterson's voice was deep, soft and tired.

"How do, Mr. Peterson," said Ada Hall pleasantly.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hall," he replied gravely. "How are you?"

"Just fine, thanks," she said. She nodded and withdrew.

"That's another thing," said Willie moodily. "Respect, she gives *him*."

"I'm not around enough," said Pete Peterson coolly, "for her to learn better. Where's Jan?"

"The girl's walking like mad, in this heat," said Roger. "Say, thirsty? Use a drink?" He was more the host than his host was.

"Sold," said Pete. He sat down. He looked uneasy and out of place, in his business suit, his polished shoes, his town shirt and tie.

"Hot in town?" said Willie carelessly.

"Not very." The chill in his voice disappeared too obviously when he turned to Roger. "How's the air-conditioning business?"

"Flourishing, flourishing, or near enough. How's your racket? People buying themselves pipe organs today?"

Pete took the tall drink and looked down into it gloomily "We're a little confused."

"'Smatter? Materials?" chirped Roger. "What's the good word from Ben Jay?"

"*He's* flourishing," said Ben heavily. "Old slab of granite. Stubborn, you know. Won't



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adjust. Hung on through the entire war, refusing to change his ways. He'll bull his way back to normal by the same tactics."

"Sounds almost as if you're rooting for him," said Roger curiously. "I thought you kept the artistic old tongue in the cheek."

"Can't help it," said Pete, rubbing his face wearily. "After all, I've been tied up to the old so-and-so, saying 'yes,' 'no,' and 'maybe,' for twenty years now. I've got used to him."

"Adjusted, you know," said Willie, with sly malice.

"That's right," said Pete evenly and coldly. "I took the job originally so we could afford to get married, if you remember."

"Time flies, doesn't it?" said Willie, yawning.

The silence was tingling with a queer distant anger.

"Seriously," said Roger, hunching forward. He was adept at breaking these little silences, although he took notes, just the same. His gossipy mind gleaned what there was. "You're not worried, Pete?" he said.

"Ben Jay Wilcox needs no man's worry. Of course he made no money during the war. He simply rode it out. Did a little secondhand business. Not much. Survived."

"Never gave in to the pressure, did he?" said Roger wonderingly.

"Pressure?"

"Don't you remember? 'What did *you* do in the Great War?' his grandchildren are going to ask him."

"He hasn't got any grandchildren and I doubt if he'd care if he had. Too old to learn new tricks, he said. I can understand that." Pete drank deep. "Oh, we'll get back into the swing, although sometimes I get the strangest feeling that every other business in the world is riding on some generated steam we never tapped."

"Didn't hurt him to make no money. Couldn't, could it?"

"He's lousy with money," said Pete listlessly. "Always was. Always will be."

"Well." Roger looked at his watch. He got up. He tweaked Willie's ear. "And what did you do in the Great War, grandma?"

"Hadn't you realized?" said Willie brightly. "Now, you've heard of civilization? That which they all fought so gallantly to preserve? Well? *That* was *me*."

"Oh, *yeah!*" said Roger, as if he were enlightened.

"SPEAKING of civilization"—Pete's voice was bleak—"Aunt Ethel sent a present. It's in the car."

Willie dropped her yarn and began to tear her hair.

"What's the matter now?" Roger waited, anticipating fun.

"You never ran afoul of Pete's Aunt Ethel? Upholstered like a button-back couch, bluing in her hair?"

"Harmless old thing." Pete's dark eyes were fixed on his wife. "Coos at you."

"Harmless, like a dove with fangs," spat Willie. "The old dovesy's got the habit of sending me a present. Some crummy object she garners from a bazaar. And the ordeal!" Willie pantomimed despair. She uncurled her lean figure and rose and struckoneof herangular attitudes, always surprisingly full of Willie's own peculiar grace. "Look. First, I must be surprised. Then I make with the suspense. What, oh what, can it be? Then, at last I discover the crummy thing in its dear little nest of secondhand tissue paper and oh, how it must be exactly what I have always wanted. Then I must be ...come by Ethel's cleverness. How cou... ...divine my heart's desire! How could s... ...forth in the great city and, by sheer ur... ...terated genius, find it, right there in th... ...cent store!"

"Willie, you're a card," said Roge... ...lighted. "Sometimes I think I'll pop Ja... ...question, to get you for my mother-in-...

"Dear Roger"—she glinted at him ...edly—"what a pretty speech!"

"So long. Stiff upper lip." He patte... ...thin shoulder. "Be seeing you, Pete."

"Call me for lunch."

"O.K. Tell Jan she's a stinker."

"I'll do that," said Jan's father agree...

Roger touched his forehead and wen... the heavy timbered door.

ROGER was almost a professional fr... He was friend to each. Willie tickled hi... pieces. He was more or less in her train ... was a member of her audience. He v... friend of Pete's, quite independently. ... of course Jan was a honey, a little girl ... Roger was one of those bachelors wh... mained a beau, shifting down along the ... erations, so that when girls grew to be e... een or twenty, there he was. *See Jan an... day*. he thought.

It was nice up here in the country. ... money to have a place like this. Pete P... son did all right. Sitting on the right ha... Ben Jay Wilcox, fixed for life. Pete, R... thought now, took it a little hard. Life, ... is. He looked vaguely across the Peter... view. Had he been asked to prophesy ... cerning the Petersons, he would have ... fidently done so. He felt no sorrow. ... mind made no comment. He knew so n... people and he was curious about all of t... He drove away.

In the farmhouse, in the cool room, t... was silence like a held breath for a mom... Then Willie went back to her chair, cu... her long legs up under her and begar... crochet again. Pete roamed the floor. ... stood at the big window and stared ac... the valley. He finished his drink.

He said without turning his head, "W... Ethel's offering?"

"I do not," said Willie. "Let it rot."

"Better change my clothes," he m... mured. He made a detour around the fu... ture to the bar. He began to mix a dri... He said, "I got your letter."

"Glad to hear the post office is still ... liable," said Willie cheerfully. "You th... I'm right, don't you?"

"You're always right," he said. He stir... the drink, making quite a lot of noise. "W... kind of alimony are you going to ask, ... don't you know?"

(Continued on Page 166)



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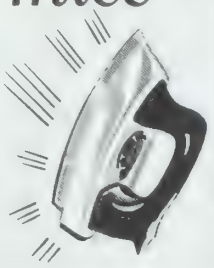
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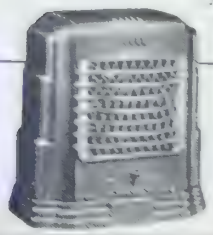
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(Continued from Page 104)

"All the traffic will bear, I suppose," she answered placidly. "I'd like to keep a decent small place."

In the man's mind leaped a vision of what she'd call decent. Something tiny, exquisite, expensive. "In town?" he asked.

"Naturally. Among my friends. We won't meet; and if we did, would it matter?"

"No," he said.

"What will you do with this place?"

"Sell it." He came down the room to stand behind the chair where Roger had been playing cards. He looked, not at her, but into the fireless hearth. He began to speak monotonously. "This place doesn't mean anything to me. Time and time again, I've come out here, always saying to myself, 'Ah, the country, peace, nature, air, sunshine.' But when I get here, it never works. I'm just uncomfortable. I think it's because I've got no room, no place to stay." Now he accused her. "You've usurped all the room, Willie."

"So you've said," she murmured.

"If I ever had my half, here, you've swarmed all over it. This room—I never even liked the color."

"Oh, it's amusing." She looked over her specs at the beams, the bright murals. "Of course you could have it painted over to your own notion. Something dingy and classical."

"This forty acres is the only bit of land I own," he went on, paying her no mind. "Everywhere else I am a renter, with my feet at least six stories off the ground."

"Oh, come now, Pete. In your palmiest days you were scarcely the barefoot type."

"You never shared anything in your life, Willie," he said flatly. "Once you take an interest, it's yours."

"Because you won't follow. With your peculiar brand of jealousy ——" She stopped herself and sighed gustily. "We both know all the vague, intangible, unsettleable grievances we've got against each other, and if they could have been settled, we'd have settled them. Therefore, it's just one of those things." She waved the crochet hook.

"That's right," he said.

"So shall we skip it? How about breaking the news to Jan?"

"It won't be news to her, do you think? You've ——"

"Would you like to indulge in about forty-five minutes of lecturing me on my iniquities?" she inquired sweetly. "Maybe you'd better get it off your chest once more." She smiled. It was a real smile. This was the baffling kind of thing Willie would do. The smile was real, he'd swear. The sweetness was real too. "Go ahead, Pete. Last chance, maybe. I can crochet."

HE said wearily, "Never mind. When it's got to the point that we're bored with quarreling ——"

"We've been bored with that for about nine years by my reckon," said Willie calmly, "though we quarreled with a good deal of gusto for eight."

"And we had a year, at the beginning ——"

Her eyes darted, behind the specs. "Oh, it was a novelty, being married. And we had a baby."

She's afraid I'm going to pull out a sentimental stop, the man thought. *She hates it. She can't bear it. She's afraid of it.* "*You* had a baby," he said bitterly. Some other part of his mind said it. She made no reply. "Why don't you say that happens to be Nature's arrangement?" he jabbed.

"It wasn't a very good crack the first seventeen times I made it." She yawned. "Aunt Ethel will have a fit," she added mildly.

"Yes." He got out of the chair and began to roam again. "I'm not unhappy about this divorce, you know," he told her.

Then Willie did it again, dropped her work, leaned to him, said warmly, "Oh, I know, Pete. But, like having a bad tooth out, you'll miss me for a while."

"That's a lot truer than you realize."

"I don't know why, whenever you agree with me it's because *I* don't know what I'm saying." She leaned back, sucked on the end of the crochet hook, and yet she was smiling.

He couldn't get anywhere, couldn't reach her. There was a wall up between them and

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n't know what it was made of. He said, Wl. then, as soon as Jan's off to ch —— What'll it cost you in Reno?"
'll take a census among my friends and iv ou an estimate," said Willie blithely. ot my successor picked?"
've never understood these women who et e fire all kindled before they jump out of frying pan," she said. "Me, I'm look- ng rward to the hunting season."
ou'll get one. Some lonely fellow who'll hi you're vivid and sprightly when he ee ou carry on about some trivia. He wo know how you go cold and dead, when- ev t matters." He listened to himself and th ht, *I'm trying to hurt her. I wonder why.* 'hat'll you choose to follow me, Pete? " She was looking wicked. No, not e. Mischief. Just Willie's mischief. "A e-wootsie?" she cooed. "A cuddly ?"
adn't thought," he said. "But what a hing that would be."
ndeed it would. Very good for you. Very al." She was nodding gravely.
wanted to slap her. "Is anything about atural, Willie?" he said at last wearily. metimes I wonder if it *is* my fault and you smack me down with some of your ance."
No blame," she said. "You got involved siness. Yet you keep thinking, if you had the time, your taste in all the small ements would be better than mine. *Yo re* the artist. So wh *I* choose, *I* dec- , *I* run the leisure de rtment, I usurp, yo ay. You resent it, res t me, and I resent yo Ah, me—it's not ev particularly sad, by ow."
No," he agreed, al- gh he felt sad. "It's er blah. I'll get off ea in the morning. I on't know what I ca e up for."
You came to tell Ja" she reminded ni

Did I?" he said.
W, he thought, *tell Jan, then, and get it* tor *be done with it.*
Excuse me," said Mrs. Hall loudly, m ching in. "Gray's boy's to the back door, M Peterson."
All right." Willie rose, she clasped her he l. "It seems I must bawl out the farmer's la and look at dead chickens, whether I will or o. Very well. If it will make you happy," cr d Willie with gestures, "lead on, Mrs. Hl. Where are the bodies?"
Exit, thought her husband. *Drama.* His he rt felt cold and empty. He looked at his gl s. He thought, *No, not another.*

They came out of the little thicket and th path lay before them across the lower m adow. Now they could see the house, up on the slope, a picture house, squat, thick- ro ed, fat-chimneyed, a foreign house in th se parts, departing violently from local tr ditions.
What shall we do, Cy?" Jan asked. "You'll have to stay for supper." She put he cheek on his arm, just below the shoul- d. They'd stopped walking, somehow.
I ought to stay down and eat with the ol man," Cy said. He put his chin on the to of her head.
But when we tell them—maybe we could go down and bring your father ——"
I don't want any family celebration."
There won't be any celebration," she said se erly.

He put his arm around her and kissed the c ner of her eye. He was tall, and big in p portion. There was something about him th t was quiet. Not that he wasn't vigorous an quick, not that he was placid, exactly, bu he had some strong, secret quietude. The gi l's face was suddenly calmed and smoothed to still beauty, as if by being near him she ha le a kind of rest, deep rest.
"Cy, you tell them," she murmured.

"All right." He made it seem a simple and easy thing to do. "Gosh," he said, "I remember your place when it was being built." He was looking up the hill. "Pa was boss carpenter, you know. Your mother bossed him. You don't remember the first time you came up here. You were too little."
"Oh, Cy," she protested, "I've known you ever since I was born."

"Nope. Not quite. You were kinda cute, Jan. I had to watch you, that day, to see you didn't get down as far as the mill pond." He grinned. "Me, at my age, minding babies."
"Fifteen years old."
"But I dunno how it was, I got the habit."
She smiled. "The first day, every year, I knew you'd be there. I relied on it. And then I'd find out what happened all winter. How the old diving log got lost ——"
"I remember."
"Oh, Cy."
"You were cute." His arm tightened. "But I never thought I'd marry you."
"Neither did I," said Jan.
He kissed the corner of her eye once more and put her on the path. "We'd better get along." They walked, holding hands. "Funny, how you grew up and the way I felt about you grew up too," he murmured. "Not that you're so awful grown."
She made a face. Jan was seventeen. She had Willie's grace without Willie's angles. She had Pete's fine eyes. And pale golden hair she seemed to have invented herself. Her features were dainty. She was a firm, round, little body and yet there was something delicate and fine and precise about her.
"I wonder why it was, I always felt I had to see you, your first day, every spring," he went on.
"Because you loved me?"
"I kinda worshiped you," he agreed soberly. "Gosh, Jan, you've been part of my life for years and years."
"You've been part of mine too. But it's strange, I never knew till now how important you were. How was it, Cy, that I didn't know?" He only shook his head. "Cy," she wailed, "I didn't even *think* about you in the winters. Oh—but I did! I did! I . . . felt that you were in the world."
"Did you?" he said tenderly.
"Somebody strong and friendly who watched out for me. But wasn't I stupid? Wasn't I dumb?"
They were below the brow of the hill. No one could see. He kissed her soundly, and the small expensive camera slung on a strap around her neck was crushed between them. Jan pulled away, and rearranged it.
"I hope they come out," she sighed. "Cy, let me take one more."
"I want all the eight I took of you, remember."
"To show the boys?"
"No, ma'am."
"If we could only get some of both of us ——"
"Yeah," he said, suddenly eager. "If I could have one of the two of us, close together, I could look at it and say, 'See, boy, it wasn't any dream. Here you are up in the snow, but there *was* a summer.' Kinda keep it, the sun and the summer humming around, and the way your hair smells."
"Oh"—she almost wept—"I wish we could."
"If I could look at you in that dress with your face a little bit dirty the way it is right now."
"Scares me." She grabbed his arm.
"Nah. Don't be scared," he said. "There's nothing. And it's not going to be for long. It'll be the last stretch for me."
"But so far," she whispered. "If you have to go so far again, a whole continent, a half a world ——"

Scientific etymology cannot explain how potatoes came to be called "spuds." Irish tradition, however, traces the word to the age of Elizabeth and Raleigh. When the famous cavalier brought the potato back from the New World, press and pulpit denounced it as unfit for human consumption. In Ireland, opposition was so strong that the antipotato faction formed a Society for the Prevention of Unclean Diet. From the initial letters of the group, so it is said, came the word "spud."

—WEBB B. GARRISON.

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"I'm [illegible] going to explain [illegible] to you [illegible]," said Cy. "Listen, Jean, it's [illegible] you said. You'll feel [illegible] in your world, a little [illegible] world after all. I know I'll feel [illegible] you [illegible] being out."

She nodded. Her face was beyond speaking, her eyes mere wells of hurt.

They climbed through a gap in the [illegible] that crossed the road. They could see [illegible] through the great window, and as [illegible] thought them a lovely ice figure. But when they had passed the door, they saw her.

"Ada!"

Ada Hall turned the gasoline pale a quarter of an inch in a [illegible] cylinder. "Hi, Cy!" She wiped a [illegible] she was, and they walked toward her. "This was [illegible] year. It was a pleasing [illegible] across the next mile.

"We [illegible] it up too. Just [illegible] afternoon."

Ada's long face another inward [illegible] smiled. Then at

"I [illegible] you don't mind," Jan's [illegible] pushed out [illegible] "I want to marry Cy [illegible] I do."

"I am [illegible] against you, Jan," said Cy's mother. The [illegible] pulled the girl off balance a little. She [illegible] back against Cy's chest. "But [illegible] Ada drew [illegible] in a [illegible] said [illegible] quietly also."

"Now see. We'll go [illegible] tell pa."

Ada leaned past them. "I've got [illegible] I said [illegible] be helped, we'll make the best of it." Her face was bleak. Jan looked to Cy for help.

"Sure. I'll talk him," said Cy, wary and smiling. "Say, Ada, you keep an eye out for [illegible] I'll [illegible] need?"

"Yeah, I will," the woman said. Her eyes watered, very blue in her [illegible] face. "Well, Jan, you and me'll [illegible] out, I guess."

There was no [illegible] Ada turned the [illegible] and, awkwardly, walked [illegible] main [illegible] and went out into the [illegible].

"Oh, Cy, doesn't she like me?"

"It will [illegible]."

"But, Cy! ——"

He [illegible] "Listen, kid. You'll catch on to [illegible] when it comes." He [illegible] "Say, [illegible] doesn't like it too much, but it's [illegible] mine, and it [illegible] that way we want [illegible] she'll be on our side, and we [illegible] pa [illegible]."

"I don't know," said Jan dubiously.

"Well, you will," he proclaimed [illegible] could [illegible] it."

"Hi there, peanut!" Pete, in a [illegible] shirt, a pair of slacks, came in from the [illegible] wing. He looked fresh and [illegible] an [illegible] tired.

"Hello, puppy-wuppy!" Jan [illegible] from Cy and dashed down to the [illegible] She kissed him lightly. "Pete, this is [illegible] Hall. You remember him, don't you."

"I think I [illegible]," said Pete, his brow [illegible] friendly bewilderment, "put it down [illegible] handsome uniform."

They shook hands, the two men.

It was then right then, Pete remembered afterward, that Jan knew herself so [illegible] sing in him. For he saw, although he [illegible] understand till later, the flash of [illegible] her face. The pain of the crushing [illegible] sensation, to be two people in one [illegible] Pete a loving pet, his sister, his [illegible] child, and also at the same time, [illegible] Cy's young woman, so sweetly and [illegible] in love. He saw her stare and reach [illegible] for something, anything, to say.

"Pete, do we a favor, will you?"

"Sure, pal. How much do you [illegible]?" Her father put his hand in his pocket.

"Oh, mother, money," scoffed Jan. It's not that. Take a picture of us. Of [illegible] me. Please, will you?"

"Is that your mother's camera?" He turned cautiously. "Not. Nothing [illegible]

"Aw, Pete"—Jan had the tiny [illegible] her hand, the strap off her neck [illegible] wouldn't you?"

"Nope. That's Willie's racket [illegible] won't tangle with it. Sorry, Jan. Ask [illegible] wife."

"I think you're mean," Jan pouted.

"Sure I am. I'm a mean old guy." He turned insultingly to Cy. "I do remember [illegible] I know you well, but I cannot think [illegible]

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I was on traffic duty for almost two years with the state police. Stopped you once or twice, Mr. Peterson."

"Well, of course. Obviously, a subconscious block there. No wonder I couldn't place the face."

"And you hired my father to build this house and my mother's in the kitchen." Cy's voice did nothing but remind.

Her father saw Jan's hands flutter on the camera as he caught up with his memory of this tall boy, who had come every spring, every spring taller and bigger. He covered over the little shock. "Hall, of course. Hall, you said. Oh, yes, of course. How is your father?"

"Not very well, sir, I'm sorry to say."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Where's Willie?" Jan asked tensely.

Willie was right there. She came striding, her hands flying, her words streaming. "Didn't I have to run out to the gate with Gray's boy and tell him I didn't mean a word of it! Your mother's a hard woman, young Cyrus. If you intend to stay to supper, you break the news. I'm askeered to. . . . Roger was here, Jan." Her bright restless eyes caught the camera. "Shot the roll, did you?" Her thin clever hands took it away from Jan. "Where's the sunshade? Where's the filter kit on here?"

"In my pocket, mother. I didn't bother."

"You probably didn't get anything but junk, either," said Willie. "You can't get clouds without a filter on a day like this."

"I didn't want any clouds."

"Mrs. Peterson," said Cy, "would you mind taking a couple of shots of Jan and me?"

"Why not?" said Willie easily. "Give me the meter."

"We could go out in the sun." Cy made as if to rise.

But Willie was holding the meter up, reading the dial. "No. No. Nature's a lousy background for a portrait. How about a silhouette effect in the window? As the sun goes down? Something sentimental you'd like to have, maybe?"

Pete's fingers tensed on his glass. He could see Jan's eyes.

"I'd like to see our faces," Cy said. "All I meant, Mrs. Peterson, is just a snapshot."

"Snapshot!" cried Willie, in that mock horror of hers. "What innocence! Well, O.K. Let's make it real corny. How about the Victorian? Cy, you sit stiff. Fetch a stool or something, Jan. You put your hand on his shoulder and both of you make like your heads are clamped."

"No," said Jan. Her face was strained.

"Well, you're right, of course," said Willie gracefully. "It's been done. What's this going to be for? Pin-up? I could do a glamour thing with legs. Hike your skirt up, Jan."

"I won't," Jan said. Her father winced.

"Couldn't you," Cy said pleasantly, "just take our picture, the way we are?"

"My dear lad, a picture's got to have an idea."

"Well, that's the idea," Cy said.

"You're not talking about candid!" cried Willie in her half-false dismay. "Jan, do you want him to go back to the barracks with a candid shot? Anyhow, the light's not too strong this time of the day. I'll have to pose you."

"We could sit still," said Cy. And now his voice, still pleasant, still calm, was deeply stubborn.

Willie sighed. "Well, duckies, lean your heads together and smile. I can take a corny picture if I have to."

Cy was still patient. "We didn't exactly want a corny picture. What we wanted was a ——"

"Snapshot?" said Willie, and her voice had the thin, too sweet edge on it, the little sneer, the amusement.

Simplicity is an exact medium between too little and too much.

—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

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CANNED ORANGE JUICE



SLICE half a whole SPAM. • Dice the rest. **BROWN** SPAM lightly in 2 tbsp. hot fat. Remove. • Combine the diced SPAM with 4 cups boiled, cubed potatoes, 1 onion chopped, ½ cup sliced radishes. • **HEAT** to boiling point ⅔ cup your favorite French dressing, pour over SPAM-potato mixture and blend well. • **TOP** with SPAM slices and garnish with onion rings and curly endive. • Six generous servings.



HEARTY BREAKFAST—scrambled eggs and fried SPAM. Hits the spot for lunch or dinner, too. Or serve SPAM with eggs any style— fried, boiled, shirred, or an omelet.



QUICK LUNCH. Split a bun, toast it if you like. Fry SPAM crisp and golden for one half, hot baked beans for the other. Good for husbands home for lunch.



"Never mind." Jan snatched at the camera. "It doesn't matter." She put the camera on the coffee table.

Cy said quietly, "I guess that's so. I guess it doesn't really matter." He smiled at Jan.

Willie dumped herself into a chair. "Ah, well"—she yawned—"I assure you, like a bare baby on a fur rug, you'd be sorry."

Pete shifted his body. "Are you going to take supper with us—er—Cy?" He was intuitively certain. He was afraid as he watched the boy hesitate and look to Jan.

But Willie's drawl crashed into the little pause. "Your father has an announcement to make," she said, shockingly, ruthlessly.

"If I have," choked Pete, "I'll make it when I think ——"

"Oh, don't make such a thing," said Willie. "Always a good idea to speak up when there's company. Takes the curse off. Go ahead, why don't you?"

"What's the matter?" Jan said.

Cy made as if to rise.

"Don't go," said Pete in cold anger. "Willie wants to be casual. Let us be casual, by all means. Jan, Willie's going to Reno in the fall, as soon as you're off to school. After that I dare say you'll see us, much as you do now, except that you won't see us together." He thought, *What a way to tell her! Damn Willie! Damn her soul!*

Jan stood still in the dying light. She swayed a little.

"Do you mind, duck?" drawled her mother.

She said slowly and rather bitterly, "No, I don't think so. As a matter of fact, you're both a lot more human when you're *not* together, and I'm the one to know it."

"Baby ——" Pete got up.

"Don't pick at her," Willie snapped. "We need no scene. What are you after? Baby fingers, drawing us together?"

Jan sat down suddenly and laughed a short ugly little laugh. "*That* I wouldn't even try," she said.

"And that's so wise, my pet," said Willie. "Now, a drink, please. You too, baby. I prescribe it. Pete, sit down. The new youth's not as vulnerable as in your day, remember. For instance, mark our friend Cyrus over there, all bright-eyed with interest, not even feigning to turn the pages of a book in polite embarrassment."

Pete whirled. "He'll be embarrassed yet, if you can manage it. . . . Sorry, Cy. This is no kind of thing for you to have to listen to," he told him. "Better have another drink all around."

"I was interested," said Cy. "You see, Jan's promised to marry me." He got up and walked over and stood beside his girl. He didn't touch her. He stood there with a certain alertness, waiting.

After a paralyzed moment, Willie moved her head. "Ah, now, that's very sweet," she trilled. "Now, it dawns. Hence the snapshot! Why, my dears"—she came gaily down the room for the camera—"a souvenir you shall have."

"I don't know if you . . . heard me," said Cy quietly. "She's promised to marry me."

"Yes, darling, I heard you," said Willie saucily. "And we shall preserve this charming moment for the album."

"Cy thinks he can get a short leave in the next month," said Jan nervously. "He doesn't think they'll be shipped out for a while. He wants me to come down to New York ——"

"Between now and September?" said Willie vaguely. "So hot in town." She squinted at the meter.

"To get married," Jan said.

"Evidently," said Pete tensely, moving at last, "they mean it, just like that."

"Why would you think we didn't m it?" said Cy.

Willie dropped the meter. "Just let understand," she purred, "exactly what y have in mind."

"We have in mind getting married," sa Jan shrilly. "We t-told you. Cy's got to back. He'll be sent off, maybe to Alas again, for six months and I can't go. So could still go to school in the fall—I mea after we're married." Her lips quivered.

"My poor lambs," murmured Willie.

"Can you support a wife, Mr. Hall said Pete suddenly.

"No better than anyone else in the ser ice, sir. I can once I'm out."

"How?"

"I expect to have my own garage, servi and repairs. I'm a good mechanic."

"This," said Willie, "is ridiculous, yo know. We are nowhere near any financi stage. Jan's not of age."

"No, ma'am," said Cy promptly. "S we'd like your blessing."

"You'll get no blessing out of me. . . Be quiet." She stopped Jan's wail. "Yo two have been treading the fleecy clou and hearing the birdies sing, and that's yo privilege. This wedding, however, is som thing else again. . . . Pete," she demande "do you agree wi me?"

"I do," he sa sadly. "It can't hap pen, Jan."

"Why can't it hap pen?" said Cyru Hall mildly. "Do yo disapprove of me c do you just think she too young?"

"Both, Mr. Hall, snapped Pete.

"Ah, the poor kid dies, and them i love," crooned Willie "Ah, too bad."

"Oh, stop it, Wil lie." Jan leaped u and stamped her foot "I knew you wouldn' like it, but you coul take it with a littl grace. You ——"

"'Grace,' is it?" said Willie grimly "Don't get me wrong, duck. Free is free. know you can run away, and I know *yo* know we'd shrink from the mess it would b to bring you back. Nevertheless, if you do you will be making a whopping big mistake Furthermore, I'd be glad to tell you *why*, i you'd care to hear a little realistic speculation, or if you *can* hear it through the moonlight and the roses."

"I can hear you, Mrs. Peterson," said Cyrus. "Go ahead."

Willie leaned herself against a chair. Her husband watched her. He felt sick at heart. He knew she could be cruel. Let her do it.

"As a matter of fact," said Willie, her green eyes fixed judiciously on the boy, "Jan's not good enough for you."

"What do you mean by that, Mrs. Peterson?" Cyrus' young face was keen, listening hard.

"Look, my lad. Your mother's a sterling character, and so is your father, I know. They are hard-working, God-fearing souls. You've got their ways, and you must, of course, live as you've learned best. Jan's been brought up with a different set of ideas. She's been brought up to think life's too short, while, to you, life is real and life is earnest. Isn't that so? Jan's conditioned toward one kind of life, Cy—a superficial kind it may be, and is, in your lexicon. But, if you marry, I give you a year, no longer, and then the inevitable falling apart."

"Why do you say inevitable, Mrs. Peterson?" asked Cy with that deep and stubborn patience. "Do you go by your own experience?"

Willie's thin brows writhed.

"It isn't always background," said Pete painfully. "Jan, you'd better listen."

(Continued on Page 172)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Jealousy

By Rhina P. Espaillat

Oh, let me care for lasting things:
The naked tree, the carven stone
That will not fade away to dust
And leave my songs and me alone—

Let me be lost in heartless things;
Only the heartless can endure—
Lest all should fail me in the end,
And I be left with nothing sure.

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Betty Crocker Cocoa Chiffon

(WITH HOBNAIL ICING)

You can make it in any of the pans shown under STEP 3 below.

Important: This recipe is for SOFTASILK (the Betty Crocker) Cake Flour only. Using any other flour risks a failure.

LARGE CAKE (16 to 20 Servings)	SMALLER CAKE (8 to 10 Servings)

Preheat oven (*see pan sizes and corresponding temperatures below*). SIFT an ample amount of SOFTASILK Cake Flour onto a square of paper.

STEP 1 . . . . . STIR until smooth. Cool:

¾ cup boiling water	⅜ cup (¼ cup plus 2 tbsp.) boiling water
½ cup cocoa	¼ cup cocoa

MEASURE (level measurements) and SIFT together into mixing bowl:

1¾ cups *sifted* SOFTASILK (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack)	⅞ cup (¾ cup plus 2 tbsp.) *sifted* SOFTASILK (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack)
1¾ cups sugar	⅞ cup sugar
3 tsp. baking powder	1½ tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt	½ tsp. salt

MAKE a well and add in order:

½ cup cooking (salad) oil such as Wesson or Mazola	¼ cup cooking (salad) oil such as Wesson or Mazola
7 unbeaten egg yolks (medium-sized)	4 unbeaten egg yolks (medium-sized)
the cooled cocoa mixture	the cooled cocoa mixture
1 tsp. vanilla	½ tsp. vanilla
¼ tsp. red food coloring, if desired	⅛ tsp. red food coloring, if desired

BEAT with spoon until smooth.

STEP 2 . . . . . MEASURE into *large* mixing bowl:

1 cup egg whites (7 or 8)	½ cup egg whites (4 whites)
½ tsp. cream of tartar	¼ tsp. cream of tartar

WHIP until whites form *very stiff* peaks. They should be much stiffer than for angel food or meringue. Do NOT UNDERBEAT.

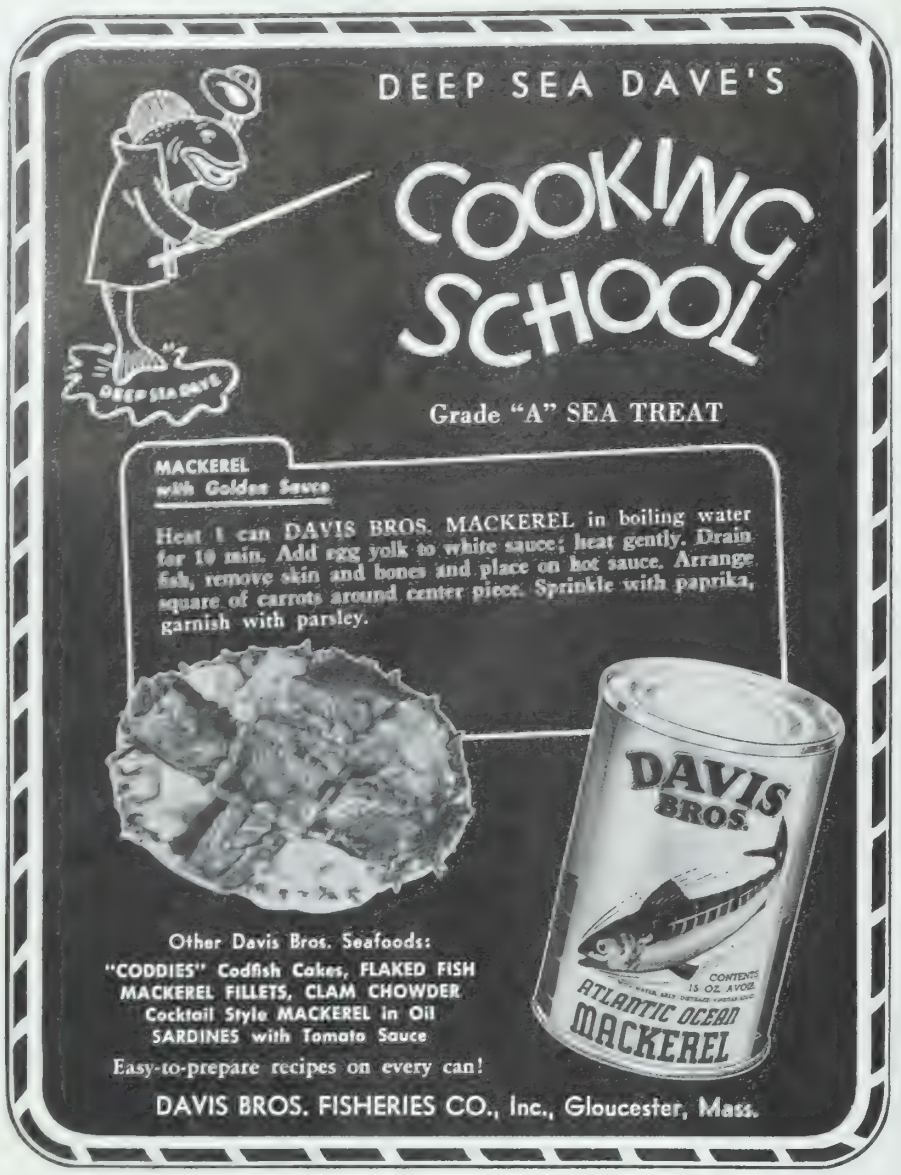
STEP 3 . . . POUR egg yolk mixture gradually over whipped egg whites—*gently* folding with rubber scraper *just* until blended. Do NOT STIR! Pour into *ungreased* pan immediately. Bake in:

10-in. tube, 4-in. deep— 325°—55 min., then 350°—10 to 15 min.	8x8x2-in. or 9x9x2-in. square— 350°—30 to 35 min.
	5x10x3-in. loaf— 325°—50 to 55 min.
9x13x2-in. oblong— 350°—45 to 50 min.	9-in. tube, 3½-in. deep— 325°—50 to 55 min.

. . . or until top springs back when *lightly* touched.

Immediately turn pan upside down, placing tube part over neck of funnel or bottle, or resting edges of square, oblong or loaf pans on two other pans. Let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen from sides and tube with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen. Delicious uniced, or . . .

HOBNAIL ICING. Place bowl in ice water, beat with rotary beater until consistency to spread (3 to 5 minutes) 1 cup *sifted* confectioners' sugar; 2 or 3 egg yolks (or 1 small egg); ¼ cup milk; 3 sq. unsweetened chocolate (3 oz.), melted; 1 tbsp. soft shortening; ½ tsp. vanilla. Double the recipe for larger cakes. Make Hobnail effect with tip of teaspoon.





(Continued from Page 170)

"Our case," said Willie impatiently, "is a little more subtle, a little less plain. Ye gods, Cyrus"—she threw out her hands—"one look at your mother and me ought to be gruesome-enough warning!"

Pete was looking at Jan's bright hair against that shoulder. "You won't have enough money," he blurted. "I'm afraid Jan can't throw certain luxuries out the window as gaily as she thinks."

"Don't believe them," wailed Jan. "Don't listen, Cy."

"Don't cry," said Cyrus almost absent-mindedly.

"Jan knows we are right," said Willie softly. "That's why she cries."

"It isn't! It's not true!" wept Jan.

"Ah, ah, the little girl protests too much," said Willie gently. "My poor lad, the things that could happen to you and you reck not of. What about dates with other men? Jan's seen married folk, all her life, going about just as if they were people. But in your world, I know, it's like the Ark. The animals go in, two by two, forevermore."

"And so?" said Cy soberly.

"A better way, I grant you," she said quickly, "leading not into temptation. But so dull, Cyrus! And what about your friends? Even your jokes won't seem funny to each other, and that, my dears —— Ah, no!"

"Look, Mrs. Peterson. If you think my way is so much better, so good and all, and if Jan wants to live with me—if she *wants* to ——"

"How clever of you," cried Willie triumphantly, "to come directly to the point. This is what I am trying to tell you. *Wanting* will make no difference. It isn't that she doesn't want to, or *shouldn't* want to. It's that she *cannot*. Let me ask you, could you live our way?"

"No," said Cy a trifle dangerously, "but you see, I don't want to."

"ARE you so sure Jan wants to?" said Pete. He was looking at the small, stricken face. He ached for her. He thought, *If the fight is won, let's know it. Let's stop it.*

Cy hardly looked at her. "Take it easy, honey. We better get this straight." He let her go. Jan slipped woefully into a big chair. Cy said, "I know how she's been brought up. I've seen some of it, hanging around here. You claim we'll irritate each other. I can see what you're afraid of. All I want to ask—is that a law?"

"Yes, it's a law," said Willie. "Jan's one of the world's bright young people, full of the tricks of living, and you are one of the world's workingmen, with no tricks at all. I'm not saying which is more admirable. That' the point. The point is, you cannot these facts. And, they being what the you won't live happily ever after, you live together."

Cyrus Hall looked back down at cramped shoulders. He said to Willie H son, "I wonder if you know anything a living together."

"I beg your pardon?"

The deep quiet inside Cyrus was begin to churn. Anger was booming up in his "You don't believe in a little effort, do Mrs. Willie? You just aim to unders all and forgive all, and you sit around i places and you analyze. You wouldn't t do anything. No, no, that would be p corny. Your motto's 'What's the use? mans are so human. Nature's so natural for all of you, the world's going plum hell, although, of course, you can ana the reasons why. It must be nice to 'un stand' with such charming despair."

"UPON my word," said Willie, "we being attacked! This is fascinating." W had her chin up, her head cocked, and maintained that bright interested pos Cy's very teeth.

"All right," Cy said. "I'm plenty mad I'm talking too much, but I've watched You and your first names and your p and your profanity. So you *took* the soft that *he* paid for, but it was no use gi even a little effort in return. Don't mak laugh. As if you ever had the faintest what it means to be a family."

"Just a minute, here," said Pete. "Th as far as you go, my friend. That will

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Pete," said wife brittlely. "Chivalry went out with turn of the century." She crossed her and picked up a cigarette. "Now," she s "go on, Cy."

Cy stood in the middle of the floor, e mous and still angry. They looked at e other.

"That's pretty good, Mrs. Willie," he s "I've got a little respect for you. You're perfect type." He went on slowly, anyhow, you're not very important. O when you tell my girl"—the timbre of voice went deeper—"we can't live toget and you tell her it's no use even to try, you tell her she's got to go on the rest of life being smart and meaningless ——"

"We are all meaningless," chirped Wi "Why not be smart about it?"

"Yeah, it's been smart," said Cyrus moment, "to have no respect for the eff of man. But you're getting old. The fa

(Continued on Page 174)



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Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

(Continued from Page 172)

ions will change on you and you won't realize. Your ideas will be as funny as your hats, someday—to the people who come after. I couldn't wish you worse."

"That's right, you couldn't," said Willie steadily.

The fight had taken an odd turn. They understood each other too well. Cyrus seemed to sense and regret it.

"Oh, now *I'm* being smart," said he in sudden disgust, and he looked young and bewildered. "Listen, listen," he pleaded. "Everything's changing. *Got* to be changing. There's been too much death, too much fear, too much despair. The world's got to face around. What's the matter with you? You're not in it!"

"What's this?" said Ada's sensible voice. She stood in the kitchen door and sent her authority spinning like a dart down to her son. "Cyrus!"

"All right, ma." He looked exhausted and sad. "I'm through." He went around the chair. He took Jan's miserable shoulders in his big, strong, gentle hands. "Jan, figure it out by yourself." She raised her drowned eyes. "You've had a bad break, being born into this. I know you're confused. Only remember one thing they'll never tell you. You don't have to be the way they are. Not if you don't like it. You're not helpless and nobody is. They'll say it's tough going to fight yourself, and the stuff you're used to, and they're right about that. But when they say we'd surely fail—listen, honey, *that's not necessarily so.*"

"Cy—Cy ——" She reached for him. She implored him. But he held her off.

"Well, you let me know," he said abruptly. "I'm going home, ma." He walked out the front door.

"But a deluge!" said Willie.

Jan looked wildly around her. She surged slowly up. She clenched her hands and her gaze went far, over their heads. She cried Cy's name and stumbled after him.

"You see, Mrs. Hall," said Willie a little breathlessly, "they wanted to marry."

"Ayah," said Ada. "Ructions." Her mouth was grim, "They ain't suited as well as they think they are."

"Of course not. Then you agree ——" Willie leaned forward.

"*She* don't know where she's at, but Cy's grown. *I* got nothing to say." The blue eyes flashed. Then Ada went away.

PETE could see them standing in the road. Standing apart, leaning toward each other with a kind of yearning, yet moving no closer together. There was nothing he could do, out there.

"How did Jan get into this?" he demanded angrily.

"Don't look at me," said Willie irritably. "Oh, the war broke the system open. Cy in a uniform looks possible. He's going off into danger, I presume, and Jan's just now old enough to want to suffer."

"She'll suffer," he said.

"Because of cruel us," said Willie. "Resign yourself to being an ogre, Pete. Best thing for her. She can take it out on us until a new face comes along." Willie shrugged. "Interesting boy," she rattled on. "Quite a flexible vocabulary. Of course he was angry, and one's vocabulary does swell up at such a time. Did you notice how rhythmical his emotion was?"

"Naturally; it was pure emotion," he agreed glibly. He was grateful to Willie. It was comforting to talk. "He couldn't accept our point of view, intellectually, bound up as it was in his own disappointment." He frowned. He saw his wife's thin shoulders shake. There in her deep chair, Willie was shuddering. "What's the matter?"

"I wonder if he didn't state my position quite shrewdly," she murmured. "My charming despair."

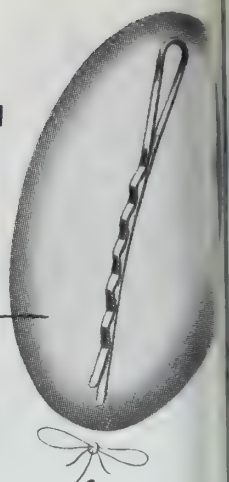
"Did you mind that?" he said, astonished.

"Ah, well, so long as it's *charming*," said Willie in her mocking way. "What are they doing out there, Pete? Embracing?"

"He's halfway down the hill," Pete said. "I can't see—no, she isn't with him."

They listened. There was no sound, no cry.

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5 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

When Jan came in at last, Willie said sharply, "Go wash your face."

But Jan said in a clear voice, "You'll be relieved to know that he refuses to marry me until I am of age."

"I *am* relieved." Willie was frank.

"Yes," said her father, "yes, baby, that's better."

"Darling," said Willie, "don't say it. We all know you'll be of age in April. Meantime, wash your face, do! . . . Mix us a drink all around, Pete. And let us be civilized."

"Mix one for you," said Jan. She moved across the room toward the bedroom wing. "You two can settle down, all cozy, and analyze ——" Her voice broke on the last word, but she kept walking. She went to be alone. They would not be admitted, her resolute back explained, for they could not enter into her thought or the meaning of her life.

In the big room, now almost in twilight, her father mixed two drinks. Willie sat on her foot in the chair.

"Is there a door open," she said irritably, "or have I got the creeps, or what?"

He said stupidly, "Maybe there's a door open."

This October afternoon the countryside blazed softly with the season. Yellows and reds on the far hills were blended down by the blue autumn haze. Across the picture, the pin oak's lacy leaves still hung, now parchment brown. But inside the farmhouse, Willie Peterson was paying the lovely view no attention at all.

The house was rather violently out of order. In the middle of the big main room stood Willie's wardrobe trunk, half packed.

The longer we dwell on our misfortunes, the greater is their power to harm us. —VOLTAIRE.

Dresses and coats lay over the backs of chairs. Crumpled balls of brown paper, from the cleaners, were scattered on the floor. There were dirty dishes on the alcove table and the ash trays were overflowing, the fireplace was a mess of discarded combustibles.

Willie worked alone. She wore an old pair of gray-flannel slacks, a striped jersey, flat moccasins. Her face was none too clean and her dark hair was mussed.

When the phone rang, she snatched at it. "Oh, Anne, yes, darling. . . . Busy? My dear, I am going mad!" Willie's voice carried the fashionable woe. "Oh, the dumb help walked out on me. I'm absolutely high and dry." The phone made sympathetic noises. "I know," wailed Willie. "Two days ago. My jewel, my Mrs. Hall, just up and left. Oh, they will, whenever it's good and inconvenient. . . . No, darling, thanks. There's nothing in the world you can do. I don't *intend* to clean the house, mind you. Pete's coming up tonight and he can *hire* it done. . . . He must meet with some real-estate people. Besides, he's bringing me my wherewithal. To *get* to Reno. . . . Seems money's so necessary. . . . Oh, in the morning, as planned. . . . Believe me, if I ever get out of here and on that lovely train I shall batten myself down with cream on my face and go into a coma." Willie held the earpiece carelessly, only half listening to the words that poured out of it. "Yes," she said, "yes, in a couple of months. . . . Yes, dear, and thanks for calling."

She put the phone down, sighed and gathered a bunch of clothing in her arms. Her back was to the door. Some sound made her whirl, and there was Jan.

"What are you doing here!" screeched Willie. She made fending-off motions. "Go away! Go back to school!"

"For heaven's sakes," said Jan mildly. She came in, moving slowly. She wore a demure navy suit. She had a small overnight bag in her hand.

"You gave me a turn!" said Willie, dropping the clothes. "Now see here, what *is* this?"

(Continued on Page 177)

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(Continued from Page 175)

I won't bother you, Willie," said Jan ly. "Go ahead. Keep packing."

You'd better not," said her mother y. "I'm in no mood to be bothered." began to stuff things into the trunk. en are you going back?"

On the bus tomorrow. If I can stay to- ."

Well, of course your room's still here, this joint isn't a going concern. No s. No service. What are you here for?" e gave up working and jabbed a ciga- et at her mouth.

For nothing to do with you," said Jan. at down by the dead and littered hearth. ooked very young and forlorn. "There's hing I would like to ask, though." Jan l her head. "I don't care much for col- It doesn't seem to mean much. I ght ——"

That's too bad," cried Willie in an ex- ated tone. "That's just too bad. cky, there's nothing to be done about it. re settled in there and you'll simply to stay, at least until I get back from . I'm off in the morning, as you know. ose you have a little consideration for elders and post- this crisis, what- it is."

All right," said listlessly.

That's better." ie drew in smoke smashed her cig- e on the stone th with an angry . "Honestly, I'm sorry, but had about all an take, since nesday. Friend Hall, the rat, rted me in the dle of the pack- *And* the mess. she was going funeral. A like- ory."

Yes, I know," Jan in a low e. "I've just been e funeral. Cy's er died. Didn't know?"

illie's lips oped open. She into a chair. dear," she mur- ed. "She did *not* o. I'm *sure* she did not make that plain."

You probably didn't listen, Willie." It just a comment and bore no blame.

Ah, save us," said Willie slowly. "I ight it was one of those cousins like e boys for baseball games. Oh, Jan, I sorry." Her voice was full and warm. sounded sorry.

She wouldn't have said much, I guess," Jan. "She never does."

Must have thought me a monster."

When she comes up for her things you say soft words."

LLIE'S throat moved as she swallowed. od. I will. What were you doing at the ral, duck? On account of Cy?"

Yes. I liked Mr. Hall, anyhow. He was ce man." Jan's eyes met her mother's a trace of defiance. "I'm being good, ie," she said oddly.

Well, darling, it was sweet of you," said ie lightly. "Of course he was a nice man. s been sick a long time. hasn't he?"

I guess it wasn't exactly sudden."

Willie got up and went slowly to work. stacked hangers into the trunk neatly. ave you been hearing from Cy?"

He's way up north," said Jan painfully. 's pretty far, for regular mail."

Do you consider yourself engaged?" ie asked.

Yes. I do."

Does he?" said Willie shrewdly. Jan n't answer. "Poor kid." Willie was kind. ant a cup of tea? There's nothing on h to get you down like a funeral. Ghastly ordeals. I always claim the corpse has the best of it. Look, you could have tea, if there's a clean cup in the house, which I doubt." She was over at the table looking dubiously down.

"You could wash a cup, Willie," said Jan, with a strange little thread of pity.

Willie made tea and somehow went right on packing too. It was half an hour later that their heads turned at the sound of a car outside.

"Who drove in?" said Jan. "Maybe that's Mrs. Hall."

WILLIE strode to the window. "If it isn't Ethel! Now what!" She grabbed at her hair, rolled her eyes in comment on the state of the room, and then put on a company manner as quickly and neatly as one might pull down a blind. She faced the door. "Why, Ethel, darling, how nice to see you!" Then she and the plump little woman in dove gray and pearls were exchanging a fashionable cheek rubbing. "But," said Willie in charming confusion, "everything's so upset. I'm leaving in the morning, you know."

"I don't want to alarm you," said Ethel, in a voice of doom. "Janice, dear, how nice that you are here. I thought of that. I sent a wire to you at school. But of course you won't get it, now. I simply dropped everything."

Willie cut through. "What's happened to Pete?"

"He was in no fit state to come alone," said Ethel. "No. 'No,' I said, 'Neil shall drive you and I shall come along myself.'"

"Is Pete out there?"

Jan said, "Dad," and ran out the door.

"Wilhelmina, you will have to be very mature and understanding. You won't go to Reno now, of course. As I said to Peter, I am perfectly willing to do all that is necessary. I intend to stand by. But I will not pay your fare to Reno for a purpose of which I disapprove."

"What on earth's the matter?" said Willie lightly. "Pete, you look terrible."

"You see!" cried Ethel. "Wasn't I right not to let him come alone?"

Nobody heard her. Pete's big body filled the door. Jan, beside him, had her arms around him, but he didn't seem to know it. His face was grayish.

"Spit it out," said Willie quietly.

"Ben Jay's quit."

"Quit?"

"Folded up," he told her. "Business doesn't exist."

"Well?" she drawled.

"I have no income."

"Surely that's temporary," said Willie scornfully.

He didn't answer. He went across the room as if he walked in the dark and had to grope his way.

"My dear," chirped Aunt Ethel, "you must understand, as I do. It was the shock. In a few weeks or months, everything will look quite different. I said to Peter—and in the meantime, of course, dear Wilhelmina, there is nothing to worry about, for I am standing by. Am I not, Peter?"

"Be quiet," said Willie.

"Don't." Her husband held up his hand, wincing. "Aunt Ethel is going to take us in. Sweet of her." He crumpled into a chair.

"I do feel," said Ethel, "it would be stupid to keep up your rather elaborate apartment, my dear, when the third floor at my house is not in use."

NEXT MONTH

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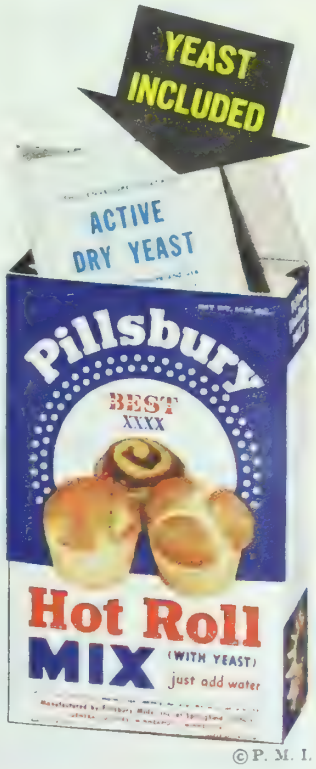
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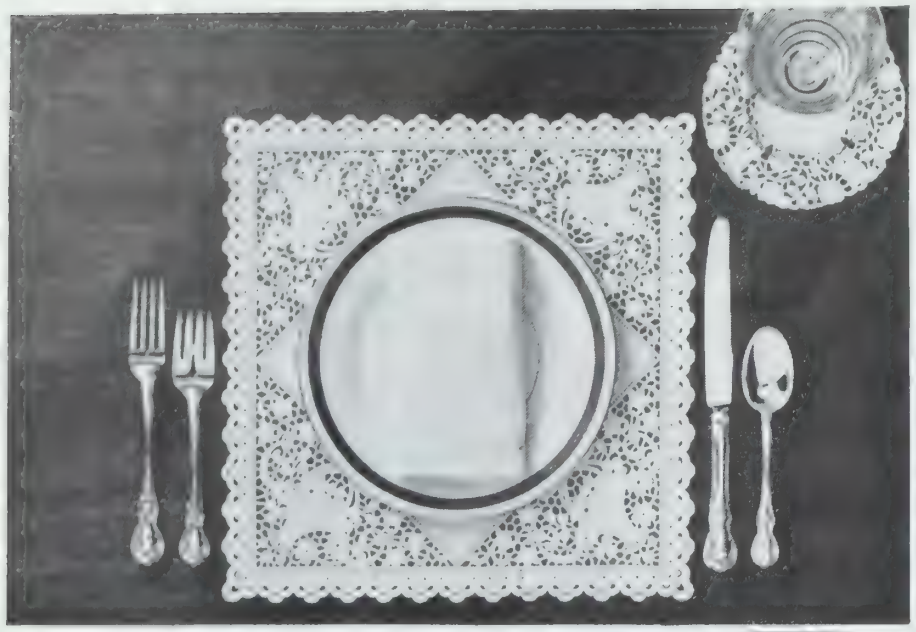


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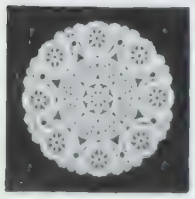


How to give every meal . . . more appeal



by Ellanor Martin, Homemaking Expert

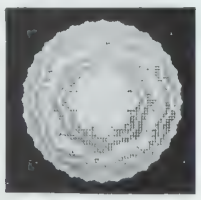
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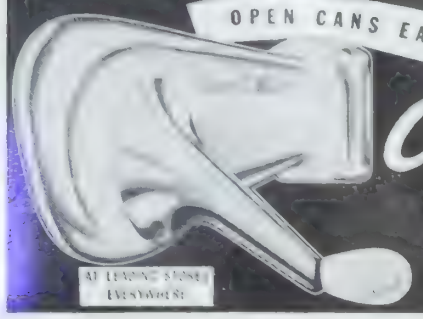
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But Willie sailed across the cluttered room and stood over Pete, taut and demanding. "Pete, are you broke—flat? Is that it?"

"I haven't got a hundred dollars free and clear."

"Nothing socked away, h'm?" said Jan brightly. She was excited.

"What I've got will cover what I owe—maybe," he said.

"I don't get this scene at all," said Willie rather angrily. "So Ben Jay Wilcox has folded up. You are out of a job. And you haven't got any money. Right? Why is that such a calamity, Pete?" Now Willie crouched down to look up into his face. "You've got credit. Why, for instance, does Ethel have to take us in?"

He made a feeble effort to smile because he could see that she was only asking. "Spent twenty years," he mumbled, "sewing myself up with Wilcox instruments. Time I'd rather have been playing them myself. Now, no more."

"Are you so tied to Ben Jay's apron strings that you're worthless in the open market?"

"Nearly," he said. "Willie, I can't . . . I'm old . . . not what *he* paid me. Never again."

She folded in her lower lip and bit it.

"Man spends his life," he went on mumbling, "working up the patter. All of a sudden, doesn't mean a thing. Lived too high, too high. Can't afford Reno . . . alimony."

"Cheer up," chirped Ethel. "Dear people, you shall never want, not actually. And Janice must continue her education. I am prepared to go on with her allowance. There now! It isn't so bad, is it? I said to Peter when he came to me ——"

Willie interrupted. "You went to her? What's *wrong* with you, Pete? What *is* it?"

"Don't know," he said. "Sunk."

"It *can't* be that bad."

"Yes, it can." He roused. She must understand. "Taken me three days to realize. It's the truth, though. I'm about as bare of financial prospects as if I'd just got out of school. I can get a job selling, maybe. Selling something. But I'll never support all, we've had. Or you, Willie—your place in town. There isn't a thing I can do, Willie, that will bring it in." He said, almost hysterically, "It's gone, I tell you. Like smoke. Incredible. Ben Jay gives up. I never thought of that. Tied myself to him. Big man. I was the jackal. I was worth it—to him. But he's gone, doesn't need me, can't use me. The whole thing—should have seen it coming. But I didn't."

"Pete," said Jan, in a high excited voice, "you own this farm, don't you? And the taxes are paid?"

"If it brings what I put into it, and it won't. Willie, I'm sorry." He tried to rally himself. "You don't know how it took the ground from under me."

Aunt Ethel moved some clothing with a fastidious little hand and she sat down, crossing her plump ankles, fixing her smile. "The third floor," she said, "is really very comfortable. But it *is* strange. The walls of that house are quite soundproof, but somehow the floors do echo in a queer way. When one walks, you know? I rest, ordinarily, from one to three. And of course I don't find myself able to make long evenings any more. Still, you are quite welcome. Any sacrifice on my part —— You know you are welcome, don't you?"

Someone knocked on the door. It was Ada, in decent black. Jan flew to let her in. She said in her ordinary voice. "Excuse me. Thought I might's well get my things while Joe was around with his car."

Willie turned. She dropped what she was doing and went quickly across the crowded floor, holding out her hands. "Mrs. Hall, please believe I hadn't realized your trouble. I'm terribly sorry if I seemed stupid and self-centered. I was, of course, and I am ashamed."

Ada touched Willie's hand briefly. "Why, never mind, Miz Peterson." Her blue eyes were steady. "He had to go, I guess." She looked around the wild scramble of the place. "I'll neaten this here up for you, if

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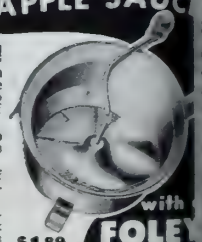
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you want. It'll finish out my week. Got the time, I might's well have the money."

The words bounced on silence.

"Oh, forgive me," cried Willie. "Aunt Ethel, may I present Mrs. Hall?"

Ada said, "How do?" She started for the kitchen. As she came to the alcove she quite mechanically began to gather up the dirty dishes. Ethel's brows climbed on her pink powder-frosted brow.

"Mrs. Hall has been cooking for us all summer," said Willie.

"Mrs. Hall is going to be my mother-in-law," said Jan merrily. "Something's happened," she cried to Ada. "I've got the perfect solution. You did mean it, didn't you?"

"Ayah," said Ada. "I meant it, Jan."

"Pete, Pete, listen." Jan ran back, to crouch before him as Willie had done. "Give me this farm."

"What? What's that, honey?"

"You could, couldn't you? It belongs to you? You said it wouldn't bring much. Instead of tuition—Pete, please!"

"What are you talking about?" said Willie.

"I'm not going back to school," said Jan. "I hate it. Now I don't even have to fight about it. Mrs. Hall's got a job, a factory job, in Stratford. And I could too. I'm young and healthy and I *know* they'd take me. And we could live here. Don't you see?"

"Who can?" said Willie.

"Mrs. Hall and me! Willie, she's lost her house. She'd have to take a room, if she could find one, and it's almost impossible. And I asked her, if I went, too, if she'd look after me. She promised Cy, so she said she *would*. We'll make oodles of money, the two of us, and we can use the station wagon—can't we, Pete? And we'd be just fine!"

He who gives when he is asked has waited too long. —BLAKE.

"What," said Ethel in a polite little scream, "is the child thinking of!"

"And besides," cried Jan as if this would make them all see the light at once, "it's a place for Cy to come home!"

Pete stirred. "Honey, you're welcome to anything I've got left in the world, but ——"

Ada said quietly, "If you wouldn't feel right about Jan living with me, Mr. Peterson, I wish you'd say so."

"Why, I think I would, Mrs. Hall," said Pete as if it surprised him. "I think she'd be fine with you. It's ——"

"There!" cried Jan.

"Not so fast," said Willie. "Not quite so fast. Please." Her green eyes took in that mottled red on Ethel's cheeks. "Sit still, Ethel dear, and let's us get to the bottom of this young and fairly wild idea. Suppose you sit down, Mrs. Hall. Now, in the first place, Jan, your education ——"

"I'm going to marry Cy," said Jan promptly and boldly. "I need a different kind of education."

Ethel said, "Mercy!"

Pete said, "Oh, honey."

But Willie said coolly, "Yes, I think you could learn some things you need to know. Suppose, under these circumstances, you do try earning your living, in a factory. That's one way to knock the glamour out of it. Now tell me, how are you going to manage a full-time job, fifteen miles away, and live here?"

"Oh, we can shop on the way home and there'd only be breakfast and dinner. My goodness, we can make the beds and that stuff before we leave." Jan had dreamed it instantly in all detail.

"Do you think it's feasible, Mrs. Hall?"

"Get up at six, you can do a lot," Ada said rather stubbornly.

"You can collapse, too," Willie murmured. She chewed her lip. "However, if, for instance, Mrs. Hall would be willing to stay on here and keep the house and if you could get another girl to go in with you—then ——"

"Forty-six-fifty a week, while I'm learning," said Ada briefly.

"I beg your pardon," said Willie with respect. "But look here, unless the two of you could hire someone ——"



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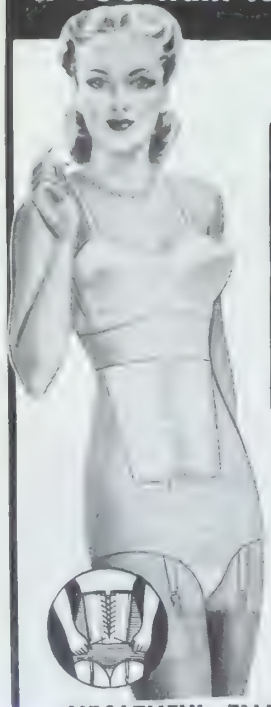
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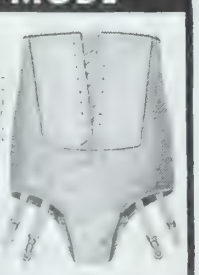
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"Who?" said Ada.

"Ah," said Willie, "who? I think, Jan, you'd better forget it, although it would have been an experience for you. Better take Aunt Ethel up on her very kind offer."

"No, mother! I couldn't stand it!"

Behind Willie, Ethel began to struggle up. Willie said, not turning her head, "If Ethel wasn't the saint she is, she'd have slapped your face long ago." Ethel, wearing a sudden halo, sank back again. "Now, Jan, come, think it out. There's no heat to speak of. There's winter ——"

"Mrs. Hall never had central heating and she's lived a long time."

"Might bring up my parlor stove," said Ada calmly.

Pete said suddenly, blinking as if he were awakening, "What are we talking —— No, no, honey. Too risky. Fires have to be tended. You can't manage."

"Maybe we'll have to manage," said Jan softly. Her hand flicked a little gesture at Ethel's flushed and outraged silence.

Pete swung out of his chair. He was alarmed. "Why, Aunt Ethel understands. It was an impulse, but you hadn't thought it through. Aunt Ethel's not *petty*, you know. Never worry about that."

Ethel's mean little eyes slid around.

"I wonder," said Willie. She had her arms folded, head turned, chin on her shoulder.

"What, Willie? What?" Jan brought her own hands together in hope.

"Have you any indigent female relative up your sleeve," said Willie with her eyes on Ada, "who'll come and do the dirty work for a roof over her head?"

"Know what you mean," said Ada, nodding. "Like Cousin Ella."

"That's the stuff!" said Willie. "Now, where is Cousin Ella?"

"*Was* in the Army," said Ada. "She's not what she used to be."

Willie bit her lips and made deep dimples in her cheeks. Her green eyes were dancing.

"Isn't there somebody?" Jan begged, but Ada shook her head. "Can't we advertise, then? There must be somebody, somewhere in the world—*somebody* like that!"

WILLIE unwound her arms. "Well"—her eyes slipped over Ethel, that puffed pigeon with the tight pink mouth, over Pete's bent shoulders, around the room, the mess—"as a matter of fact, there is. There's me."

"Willie, *you* can't keep house!"

"How do I know?" said Willie flippantly. "I've never tried."

"Do I understand ——" said Ethel, her voice curdling in her throat.

"Willie, honestly." Jan was wailing. "*Not you!*"

"For a roof over my head? Oh, don't you think so?" Willie looked wicked. "Now, let us be frank. We've lost our dough. Pete gives up. He can't support us. You're going to work, but you need a housekeeper. *I* need a roof."

"Am I a phantom?" cried Ethel, beating her satin breast.

"Ethel, dear, if you only were!" purred Willie. "But, frankly, if I had to inhabit your third floor, tiptoe, the way you'd have it, I should go mad. Since we are all going mad, anyhow, I'd rather do it in a freer way."

"Willie," said Jan breathlessly, "you might get a job in Stratford."

"Me, on an assembly line?" Willie bared her teeth. "I may be crazy, but not that crazy. No, I want this job." She swung on Ada. "How about it?"

"Sorry to hear you folks had trouble," said Ada nervously. "But this wasn't any part of the bargain, Jan, and I dunno ——"

"Let me point out to you, Ada Hall," said Willie, "I'll be far less in your hair than you've been in mine. You'll be out of here all day. Now listen. With no nonsense about sisterly love, I'll guarantee to feed you, keep the home fires burning, and put out your slippers every night. Speak up, now. Or will you turn me out into the storm?"

"Oh, Willie"—Jan melted—"if you really want to."

Ada folded and unfolded her long lips. "This is share and share alike on the expenses, Jan and me," she said dourly.

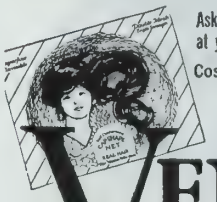
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"*And* on the authority," said Willie quickly. "I realize that."

"Well, I guess —— This here's your place. We'll see stranger things before we die," said Ada rather helplessly.

"Oh! Oh!" Jan pirouetted.

But Ethel was up now. She was moving toward the door. "Come along, Peter," she said. "It seems we made our generous plans for nothing."

"Wait," said Pete. "Where am I going?" He looked utterly dazed.

"You are going with me," his aunt said. "There are things to be settled."

"Which *are* settled," flounced Ethel.

"No, wait. I'm not going with you, Aunt Ethel." He ran his hands through his hair. "Wait a minute. I can get a job for *myself*. For myself, it's a cinch! What do *I* care what I do or for how much? I can do anything. I can live. It was the ——"

"Burden?" said Willie.

"Willie, are you going to do this? Am I ——"

"Released," she said. Her eyes were cold. "I've left your bed and board, if that's what you're asking. You are not responsible for any debts but your own."

"I am leaving," gasped Aunt Ethel, "and I shall not come again." Ethel was fading out the door. Pete stumbled after her, protesting, explaining.

There was silence in the room.

"So," said Willie. She kicked the ball of brown paper lightly. Ada Hall, quite mechanically, began to move, to bend to pick it up. But suddenly she stiffened her back. She straightened. She looked at Willie Peterson with her calm blue eyes. Willie looked back and her face was convulsed for a moment with a flash of rueful mirth. Then Willie bent down and picked the paper off the floor.

"Well," said Ada dryly, "for Jan's sake and all, we'll make a stab at it."

"Ayah," said Willie.

But Jan, hand at her throat, turned from the window. "Willie, think—quick," she whispered. "There goes a whole kind of life, manicures and teas. Willie, you won't like this! You can stop her. Go out and grovel and weep and you can have it back. Dishes and brooms! That's not for you, Willie. You can't stand it. Don't be a fool!"

"I'll thank you to shut up," said Willie.

"All right. Listen," Jan said loudly. "I won't have any dropping the work on Mrs. Hall. I mean it, Willie. If you think you can just live here—mother, you can't. So if you don't intend to keep your bargain, you'd better back out, fast. This is my farm now. And I'm on Cy's side, mother. I'm in the world you said I couldn't live in. Hurry up, she's going! Neil's backing the car."

"Small fry," said Willie gently, "I've been in this vale of tears twenty years before you were born, and I've been through more in my day than you ever heard of. I will not go and be Ethel's tame cat, and you can shut your trap. If I don't like it here, I can lump it or leave it, but not now. And furthermore, you can give me your respect, please. You don't know the servant problem, sweetheart!" Willie was rolling, her hands were flying. "You don't understand! *I* am the high cockalorum that rules the roost and cracks the whip! *I*," cried Willie with a flourish, "am the *cook!*"

She went over and closed the trunk with one fierce heave. She swooped on the chairs and gathered up armfuls. The farmhouse stopped dissolving. Abruptly, it changed direction. It solidified. The roof settled firmly down. Willie flashed around.

Pete stood in the door. "I'm sorry about Reno," he said painfully. "Maybe, later ——"

"Don't give it a thought," trilled Willie. "After all, if our hearts are pure, we can be divorced in the sight of God!" She seemed

(Continued on Page 183)

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(Continued from Page 181)

t ow the clothing into the bedroom. Then
le as in the kitchen. Ada went after and
ic mingled and then Willie's rose. "Fur-
er ore," she was declaiming, "to get a
ea n this kitchen is a rat race. The dishes
le ughly one half a mile from the sink. So
ng s *you* were doing the trotting, I held
y eace. But henceforward, sister, the
st n's mine."

J 's face broke into horrified mirth. She
ug ed her hands over her mouth and stared
h father.

"' od help us," he murmured. But he felt
ot ble of laughter coming up to his throat.
e ought, *I've said I'm sorry too many*
n *already. I will not say it again.*

T ere was no snow on the main highways,
t ne side road, where he turned off, was
t y and Roger took it carefully. It was a
os day. The sky was clouded. The whole
m was black and white, except for the
n er accents of the evergreens. Roger re-
ri ed himself of an icy spot on the inside
e curve at the base of the hill. How
ai winter Sundays had he driven this
ay *Too many*, he thought.

Y t he was in a fever of impatience to get
e For last week there'd been heavy
o and he hadn't attempted to make it.
w there would be two weeks' worth of
w His curiosity was beginning to turn in
t self and wonder what powerful fascina-
w drew him here. Of course he could dine
t ll week on tales about Willie now. And
d was going to be interesting, especially
te esting. For he had a titbit himself.

H took the last corner and started gin-
ri up the long hill. The farmhouse looked
ju in a cap of snow. A feather of smoke was
ri from one fat chimney against the gray
y

J ger grinned happily to himself. But
h he drew up on the frozen shoulder of
ro oad, and he saw that the door of the
w was open and the station wagon gone,
e perienced a twinge of disappointment
ra genuinely alarmed him.

T e big room was changed. Not only be-
u the picture in the window was muted
c lor and the oak was bare. The picture,
ic, was obscured by thin white glass cur-
ti, all across, that made a barrier against
th old distances. Besides, Ada's fat iron
wa stove with isinglass panes was glowing
e corner and there was a warm wool carpet, rescued from the town apartment, on the floor. In the center of the room stood the dining table from town, delicate mahogany, meant for formality. It was covered with coarse blue-and-white stuff, and in the very center stood a tumbler full of teaspoons, New England style. There were on it, besides, three plates, three cups, three forks, all licked clean. But these dishes had not yet been washed.

Shelves near the fireplace, which used to hold a very few subtly placed pieces of pottery, were now crammed to overflowing with books and papers. The bar was bare, except for salt and pepper shakers. Logs were stacked near the hearth, on a mat of old newspapers, not a foot from the damask of the town bred sofa. An old Morris chair, in yellow oak and faded red velvet, wildly incongruous with everything else in the room, took a place of honor.

In an old blue sweater and skirt, her hair tied with a blue ribbon, Jan was sitting cross-legged on the floor near the stove. She had a pad of paper and a pen in her hands, but she wasn't writing much down.

Ada, in her husband's Morris chair, was mending, but her mind wasn't on it. She kept darting nervous glances at the table. Finally she put her work aside, she got to her feet, she moved almost furtively.

"Ah, ah!" said Jan. "Better not!"

"Where is she?" said Ada in exasperated tones.

"She's got some complicated deal. It probably takes a lot of talking."

Ada sniffed. "I'm just going to pick them up," she said defiantly.

"You'll catch it, if you do."

"Weekdays, I don't mind," said Ada, "but come Sunday, Jan, I —— Them dishes are the worst. I wish she'd let me wash the dishes. There's only the six. That's what she's cut us down to."

Jan said, "You didn't hear her last night. She said now that we use only six dishes per meal, we have enough to last a whole week. She said maybe if she had only one day for washing dishes, it would be better for the dishes. She said if you wash them every day you tend to use the same ones over and over. She said it was the same principle as cross-switching your tires."

"I can't," said Ada, "stand no more of her days. Never cooks but Saturday and Monday. Never cleans but Wednesday."

"Honestly, Ada, you'd save wear and tear on yourself if you'd stop worrying about *how*



-ALI-

"I'll say I found buried treasure in the attic! A bunch of dad's old report cards!"



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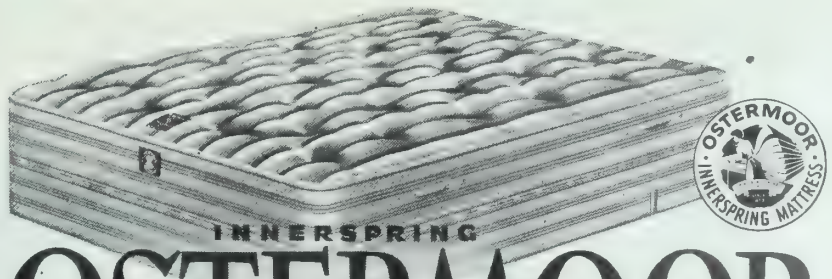
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she does it. It's unorthodox, but we eat. Don't we?"

"Then she sits and reads!" exploded Ada.

"Because she's studying," said Jan patiently. "She works hard when she does work. It's just different, Ada."

Ada sniffed. This type of sniff Jan took, quite peacefully, for an affectionate sound. She doodled on the margin of her paper.

"I'm agoing to grab the chance while she's out and wash my stockings," said Ada. "You got any?"

"One pair," said Jan without protest. She dreamed, gazing at the little orange panes of the stove. She heard the car. "Hiya, Roger," she called over her shoulder, letting him open the door for himself. "You're getting to be a Sunday institution, just like the funny papers."

"Say, thanks," he drawled. "Fact is, I've got a chore in the valley." He took off his overcoat. "How are you, baby? Where's Willie?"

"Out. Schemes, she's got."

"What?" said Roger eagerly. "What's she up to now? Never mind, don't tell me. She'll be back, won't she?"

"Oh, sure. Pretty soon."

"Sure is cozy in here, in a mad kind of way," said Roger, looking around him. "Where's Ada?"

Jan told him with a motion of her head.

"What do you hear from Cy?"

"Not much," she said sadly.

"Aw, poor kid. But mail's a funny thing, you know. Probably someday you'll get a whole pack of stuff, all at one time. How's the job?"

"All right. I like it. I really do. It's only on Sundays I have time to get a little droopy."

"Honey, you droop all you want," he said sympathetically. "Tell me, what did I miss? What's been going on this week, h'm?"

Jan sighed. "Oh, now it's biodynamics," she told him. "Willie says she's going to raise food for the whole year by planting it on the sides of little hills."

"What?"

"I dunno. You take an acre and you corrugate it. So you have twice as much area."

"Why doesn't she just take two acres?"

"Because then you'd have to walk twice as far with a hoe and stuff."

"Uh-*huh!*" crowed Roger.

"She's got Ada's hair standing on end as usual. Ada says it's agin nature. Willie says it's not at all. It's agin Ada's ancestral prejudices. Ada thinks you ought to suffer. And Willie doesn't see why, if you can figure out how not to."

"They conflict," said Roger happily. "You don't take sides, do you?"

"I keep the peace," said Jan. "But I favor Ada's way. I try. I work as hard as I can." Her face was smooth and serious.

"And think all the time about your boy," said Roger tenderly. He thought, *She's got herself right where she wants herself.* "Well, I tend to be pro-Willie, y'know."

"Yes, I know," said Jan.

He saw that she did know. She was ahead of him. They heard Willie coming.

"Ah!" said Roger, without meaning to.

WILLIE bounced in at the front door. She was wearing heavy wool pants, a plaid wool shirt, a disreputable mackintosh of a different and clashing plaid. Her hair was tied up in a bandanna. She let the mackintosh fall on the floor. She stripped off the bandanna and heaved at her hair with both hands. "Boy, howdy, did I do a deal!" she chortled. "Don't anyone speak! Lemme write it down before I forget!" She rummaged on the shelves, fishing out paper and pencil and some large notebooks. She plopped all this on the table and sat down before it.

Roger came drifting to a spot behind her. "What goes, Willie?" he murmured.

"Milton Conrad," said Willie in precise tones, making notes as she spoke, "gives Elijah Gray the use of his tractor plow. So Lije plows his own fields and an acre for me."

"Why?" said Roger.

"Oh, he feels good. Conrad would [illegible] him the tractor last year, but I fixed [illegible] naturally Lije wants to do me a fav[illegible]

"How did you fix it?"

"Well, old man Peabody gives Con[illegible] days' labor in April."

"Yeah?"

"Now, *I* give Peabody three l[illegible] manure to pay for the labor. Which [illegible] from Laverne Wilmerding. Laverne [illegible] me four loads of manure because I [illegible] so Conrad swaps him a tire he's got t[illegible] for a mess of poults."

"What's them?"

"Itty-bitty turkeys, you ignoramu[illegible]

"Yeah, but Willie ——"

"So I come out with my acre plow[illegible] one load of manure."

"Listen, you got something for n[illegible] there. You can't ——"

"I did not! Who did all the manipu[illegible] I'd like to know?"

"Yeah, but you can't do that!"

WILLIE slapped the paper with a flat[illegible] "Take a look. Tell me who gets g[illegible] Tell me that!" She went to pick [illegible] mackintosh and hang it on a purely[illegible] tional nail driven in the side wal[illegible] stuffed the bandanna into the sleeve. [illegible] all, it took me all day!" She move[illegible] the table. Her hands mechanically ga[illegible] up the six dishes and the silverwar[illegible] took them off to the kitchen.

Ada, sloshing rinsing water over a l[illegible] socks and stockings in the dishpan, ob[illegible] braced herself.

"Nearly through?" said Willie with [illegible] sweetness. "I'd like to wash these."

"One second," sa[illegible] She began to squee[illegible] the water betwee[illegible] palms faster than [illegible] meant to.

Willie leaned with[illegible] gerated patience [illegible] cupboards. The [illegible] pounced. "Nobody," she said acidly, [illegible] you to wash any pair of socks for me[illegible]

"I happened to feel like it," muttere[illegible]

"Pity you can't learn to control th[illegible] pulses," jeered Willie. "Besides, they w[illegible] dirty. It's a mere superstition tha[illegible] have to wash cotton socks every day, [illegible] *do* wash your feet. Cotton is not comp[illegible] to silk or nylon."

"No harm done," said Ada loftily. [illegible] furthermore, I'm going to hang the [illegible] here."

"Which is stupid," said Willie pro[illegible] "Fifteen minutes on the line b[illegible] stove ——"

"I won't do it. Looks bad on Sun[illegible]

"Better it should look bad for fiftee[illegible] utes than flop around here wet for t[illegible] four hours."

"I'm going to hang them out here, ju[illegible] same."

"O.K." Willie shrugged. "You're the[illegible]

"Ayah," said Ada gloomily.

Willie washed the six dishes in a twir[illegible] running hot water on them from t[illegible] and scrubbing them with a soapy brus[illegible] put them in a wire drainer. She dri[illegible] hands.

Roger was still poring over her note[illegible] clutched his head when she came back[illegible] licked," he said.

"I told you. Where's my red pe[illegible] Willie fetched some more books and [illegible] and spread them out.

Roger got out of the chair. "Say, [illegible] come on. Ride down the valley wit[illegible] I've got a chore."

"Seems to me," said Willie, "you'[illegible] an awful suspicious lot of chores in these[illegible] on Sundays."

"I manipulate," he grinned.

"You go, Jan." Willie was careless.

Roger opened his mouth and clo[illegible] again. Jan looked up from her pad. "[illegible] I'd just as soon not.

"Go on. Fresh air. Bright eyes. [illegible] cheeks." Willie was pawing her noteb[illegible]

"Let her alone, Willie, if she wa[illegible] mope," growled Roger. "You come."

(Continued on Page 186)

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(Continued from Page 184)

"Don't be ridiculous. I've had my quota of running around. I've got to map out my planting chart."

"Listen, Willie, you did that two weeks ago."

"I get better and better ideas."

"Turning into a mania," he grumbled. "You've got the queerest look in your eye."

"Ah," said Willie. "But now I've got manure!" She chewed her pencil. "It makes it all seem so real, somehow," she said dreamily. "Roger, dear—know what?"

"What?"

"I'm going to make money! This racket"—she pounded her notes—"is a gold mine today. Food! Comes up out of the ground! Astonishing! I'm going to start small, but before I get through —— Go away. I've got ideas. Don't bother me."

"She's barmy," said Roger sadly. "Come on, Jan. Don't make me go alone."

"Is it very cold?" said Jan, scrambling up.

"Bundle up, chickabiddy," he told her.

When the bedroom door swung shut behind her, Roger felt his heart take a sick leap. He moved closer to the tousled bent dark head.

"Listen, Willie, leave the beans be a minute, please," he pleaded. "Did you know Pete's in Stratford?"

"Um-hum," she said, unsurprised. "He called up. He's coming over."

Roger said desperately, "What's with you and Pete? Tell me. Honest, Willie."

"I dunno," said Willie, taking off her glasses. "Why?"

"Because if you get around to a legal divorce, I ——"

"We couldn't afford it," she said vaguely. "We ——" She looked back down at the catalogues spread out before her on the table. And then her head bent with sudden alertness. "What!"

"Yah, I—I want you and me to get hitched," said Roger awkwardly.

The courteous learns his courtesy from the discourteous.

Willie tilted her head back and stared up at him. "*Why?*"

"All right. Don't yell," he said nervously. "I'll tell you why. Because you're the most amusing woman I've ever known in my life. Because I can't keep away from here. And I'm not going to let you go for want of asking."

"Roger, I'm . . . flabbergasted."

"You've been the grandest sport in the world," he stammered. "Don't think I don't know it. Your antics are wonderful! But I'm in the dough now, Willie, and when you get tired—you're wonderful, but when you get bored with this stuff, I'd be happy to have you."

"Bored?" she said. She smiled. "Roger, dear." She wasn't, he made sure, mocking.

"And don't you say I'm half your age," he put in quickly. "I'm only two years younger. That's absolutely all. Don't say a word. Think—think it over. Give it a chance, will you, Willie?" He turned his back and walked toward the stove.

HE heard her say softly, "You've made me want to bawl." He swung around. But she was smiling.

And Jan was ready. "Ah," said Roger quickly, "got your mittens? Well, we'll push off and be back shortly. So long."

Willie was staring thoughtfully at the stove. Roger closed his eyes a brief moment, as if in prayer. He felt as if he'd jumped off the high board and hadn't yet hit the water. He pushed Jan ahead of him, out the door.

"She went, eh?" said Ada.

Willie was drowned in a sea of papers and didn't answer. Ada sat down in the Morris chair and picked up her work. Although she said no more, her posture, the set of her mouth, the very movement of her eyes radiated disapproval.

Suddenly Willie looked up and slid her spectacles down her nose. "H'm," she said. "What? Who? What's the matter?"

Ada's feet tapped the floor.

"You got no call to spread your ill feathers," Willie said.

"Jan's got no call to be running around with that Roger Lane. Out here every day."

"Don't be *silly!*"

"A woman's promised to a man, she better keep her mind onto him."

"Roger Lane," said Willie deliberately, "is thirty-five years old. And furthermore"—she put on an air of great reasonableness—"for the sake of argument, suppose Jan is fond of Roger? If we tell her she mustn't, then it's going to assume an importance it might not otherwise."

THIS kind of reasoning made no dent on Ada. "If she don't run around with him, how's she going to find out she likes him?"

"Uh-huh. What you don't know won't hurt you, eh?" said Willie thoughtfully. "Oh, Ada, discipline's discipline, but in a case out of love, for instance, you *fall!*"

"I dunno's I believe that," said Ada flatly. "And if it was so, no use running around looking for a banana peel, is they?"

"Let us," said Willie, "retire to our position of armed neutrality. What say?"

"Ayah," said Ada.

Willie doodled on the papers. "Let's here." She turned again in the chair. "What do *you* think I ought to do about Roger?"

"Tell him to stay away."

"I'm not going to do it," said Willie immediately. "I am very fond of Roger. I ask him to stay for supper. I'll ask him to stay over, if he likes."

"Where you going to put him?"

"In the old maid's room," defied Willie. "Right out there with all those things of Cy's. Right there in the shrine!"

"You're tempting Providence," said Ada.

"You don't know what I'm tempting.' Willie twisted her mouth. "Anyhow," she grumbled, "a man—any man who wants to hang around this female paradise, this hennery! I'm tired of cooking for women! You don't inspire me!"

"Wasn't aiming to," said Ada.

Pete Peterson, watching for the icy place, drove the rented car carefully up the hill. He parked it, got out and took a deep breath of the frosty air. The beauty of the winter prospect wrung a response from his senses even as he went quickly along the snowy path to the door.

Willie flung it open. "Hiya, Pete!" And there she was, after five months. She was unkempt, which seemed strange. And her face was different. There were more lines. There was more color. It looked, he thought with a shock, weather-beaten. Willie kissed him.

Pete took another good hard look at her, though he could read nothing in the friendly green eyes. "You look in the pink. Something agrees with you." He blinked at the room. "Hello, there, Mrs. Hall. You're looking well too."

"I'm feeling fine, Mr. Peterson," said Ada pleasantly. "And how are you?"

"Fine. Just fine."

There was a kind of verbal paralysis. Willie with her old malice, let it linger too long.

Pete said, "Yup. Sheer curiosity got the better of me."

And Willie laughed. "Well, take off your coat, then, and tell us all. Jan's gone for a little ride with Roger. She'll soon be back."

"How is she?"

"Thriving."

"You look very comfortable." He was taking in the changed aspect of the room.

"Oh, we're snug as three bugs in a rug, we are," said Willie. "What's this news?"

"A job," he said. "About time too."

"Where are you working, Mr. Peterson?" inquired Ada.

"Stratford," he said. "Surprised?"

"Since when?" Willie made her brows fly.

"Since a week. I found a little niche, I think."

"I bet you floundered around some, didn't you?" said Willie shrewdly. "How's Ethel?"

(Continued on Page 188)

THERE IS ONLY **ONE** WAMSUTTA



he Gulf Stream Room" — seventeenth Wamsutta Bridal Bedroom, designed by Muller-Barringer

VICTOR KEPPLER

Now YOU'RE YOUR OWN DECORATOR — thanks to Wamsutta's new *Color Coordination Plan.* With the skill and assurance of a master designer, you combine Caribbean Green and Cuban Gold... or your choice of many other exciting colors... bring new fresh beauty to your bedrooms. Colors are visualized for you in the *Color Coordination Chart.* You work out your own color schemes with actual swatches of sheets, blankets, towels and throws . . . all available in this single matching and harmonizing color range. The sheets are Wamsutta's own *Supercale** — Trousseau Sheet of America. The blankets, virgin wool by *Springfield.* This helpful new service will be offered soon by your favorite Wamsutta store. Ask for it.

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"Satina in my starch makes ironing 3 times easier!"

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WE'RE SO SURE *you'll* love Satina, if we can just get you to try it once, that we're offering you a *free* full-size package. Enough for 4 big starchings! Just you try it and judge Satina for *yourself.*

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A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

Women say: "Put SATINA in your starch! It makes starched ironing 3 times easier."

(Continued from Page 186)

"Oh, Ethel's off of us forever. Changed her will, I'm afraid."

"That's a pity. But the price was high."

"It was pretty high," he said.

She sat down in the straight chair at the table, hugged the back of it, with her chin on her arms, and her face was bright and interested. "Go on."

"I floundered, all right," he told her. "Tried working with my hands. Was I a flop! Tried out the old back muscles. I was terrible! You seem to need something over and above mere muscle."

"Ayah," said Ada, with animation, "folks think work like, say, farming is just plain hard work. Anybody can do it. But it ain't. There's a knack to it."

Pete saw Willie's chin go up, saw but did not understand the flash of defiance in her eye. "So never mind," purred Willie, "if you're *not* the seventh son of a seventh son of toil like some lucky people." Ada bridled. "So you went back to the department of the brain?"

"I am liaison," said Pete, leaning back. "I'm the one who sits in conference. Who wastes the time. I'm the one who takes people to lunch. I'm the smoother, the soother, the one who says 'yes' to both sides and makes it stick. Not much of a job. But it seems I serve a purpose."

"People are dumb," said Willie surprisingly. "They don't seem to be able to figure out a deal for mutual advantage unless somebody needles them into it. All they do is stand still in a deadlock and glare across the fence and mutter in their whiskers."

"When did you find that out?" He was amazed.

"Oh, I did a little liaison work myself today. For heaven's sakes, Pete, where is our hospitality? Let me fix you a drink."

"The bar's changed its looks, I see."

"We simply keep the ice handier."

"Mrs. Hall," said Pete, when Willie was out of the room, "who does the housework around here?"

"She does." Her blue eyes met his.

"Does she really?" said Pete in awe. He looked around. The room was clean and gay.

"Got her system," snorted Ada. She leaned toward him. "She's a terror! Much as your life is worth to have an impulse around here."

"What—what did you say?"

"I DON'T say I complain, mind you," continued Ada, "but I washed my dishes three times a day for forty year. Don't hardly seem like a meal's finished. Got her system, though." Her head wagged from side to side, and yet, in the depths of the blue eyes, something was dancing.

"How's about a little snort, Ada?" Willie came, offering. "Do you good."

"No, thanks," said Ada mildly. "I'm going to clean out my dresser drawers."

"That's your privilege," said Willie.

"One of them," said Ada. She went away.

"What have you been doing to her?" Pete was consumed with curiosity.

"She's an old die-hard!" said Willie indignantly. "She's encrusted with ancient ideas. A little liberalizing of the household arts isn't going to hurt her. Broaden her out. Here's to your job, Pete."

"To yours," he said. They drank, rather formally. "Doggone it," he said suddenly, "I'm a little miffed that you get along so swimmingly."

"How male of you!" drawled Willie. "Listen, if you want to contribute fifty cents, go ahead. We aren't so proud."

"Anything I can do ——" He leaped for the chance.

Willie said slowly, "But maybe we're proud. You know, there's a kind of fascination in 'making out,' as Ada says. Fully, making a living is a lot closer to what it is than I had thought. Pete"—her green eyes were honest—"are we really here to make our daily bread, and is all the higher, fine et cetera, just embroidery?"

"It's a thought, Willie," he said soberly.

"By gum," she said, "when you get your teeth into the real thing, such as do we or don't we, it has a flavor."

"It has," he said. He was trembling deeply, although no tremor reached the surface of his body. He felt as if he had stumbled into a long-lost place.

"WE must," said Willie in a high, bright voice, "sit down and have a good old-time analysis one day. I've nearly forgotten how to do it." Then she veered again. "Stay to supper," she begged warmly. "There's cold meat pie in the icebox all ready for the oven. For you, I'll open the pickles."

"I'd like to, Willie," he confessed.

"Good. I'll break out a clean napkin." She got up and walked across the floor.

He managed to speak in the old light tone. "What I really came to say, perhaps now, I could finance a modest inexpensive divorce, if you'd care to go ahead with that." She didn't look at her. He sensed when she turned.

"Why, that's wonderfully nice and thoughtful of you. As a matter of fact——" She stopped. She stood by the table. "Reno?" she asked.

He shrugged. I guess he supposed so.

"How the dickens can I get off for six or seven weeks?" cried Willie. "I can't do it," Pete. Not after the first of April. It's impossible!"

"Why?"

"Spring planting. The things I've got to do in April. Look here's a project ——"

"What's this?" he said stupidly. He got up and looked at the papers, at the charts she'd drawn. "Why that's beautiful!"

"You see"—her forefinger had a broken nail—"that's sweet corn. There are the pole beans. I figure them for the outside row. Now, the compost piles ——"

His eyes roved. He picked up another sheet. A series of figures, neatly computed, nicely organized. "What's this?"

"Oh, that's my estimate for canning. Overestimated, of course. If I get seventy-five per cent of that, I'll call it a triumph. And here, if I have any luck at all, is what I'm going to market."

He said wonderingly, "You sound like a blooming executive."

"H'm?" She hardly heard him. "I'm doing this over. I'm not satisfied. But look at the intercropping schedule. Isn't that fancy?"

"Amazing!" he said. "Willie, tell me who's going to do all this actual work?"

"Me, plus the unsophisticated labor of the Tinkham twins."

"Boys?"

"Girls. I've got no time to fight down tradition. I'm hiring me some girls who are innocent and unformed. Sharecroppers. I've gone back to barter, and it works to. I told Jan and Ada to stay outside the fence. Jan's too moony and Ada sniffs all the time. I've got the Tinkham girls all worked up. We are going to revolutionize the industry."

"Amazing," he repeated.

The phone rang. Pete watched her cross in her lithe long-legged stride. He hardly heard what she was saying. He was tasting his surprise. He was trying to understand. Then he was made aware, so well did he know the lines of Willie's body, that something was wrong. His ears alerted. He heard her say, "Yes, Mr. Burns, I'm quite sure

(Continued on Page 191)

Early Riser

By Elizabeth McFarland

The sky was dark. I waited till
It fumbled into gray,
And then I woke behind my love
As I do every day.

No matter though I rise by night,
My love is up before—
Smiling, and reaching hands to me,
And holding wide the door!

Announcing the new Easy Spindrier with AUTOMATIC SPIN-RINSE



atest most efficient Easy Washer
er built . . . at a price that makes
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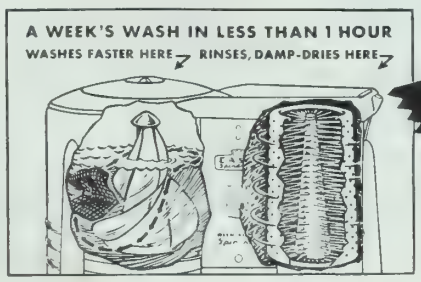
just turn a tap! A powerful needle
y of pure water surges up through hollow
in whirling spinner basket. Rinses a full
of clothes so thoroughly, the rise water
clear in just three minutes! Yet all this
s only three gallons of warm water — far
than any other rinsing method.

hiter, brighter wash in less than one
r because this new Easy washes and rinses
he same time. One tub washes a full load
le other tub super-rinses, then spins a full
l damp-dry. Whirls out up to 25% more
er than a wringer, so clothes are lighter to
dle and hang up. No deep-creased wringer
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e clothes in the spinner basket. No laundry tubs or fixed plumbing connections needed. No waiting for a fixed washing cycle . . . you can add forgotten items any time.

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Wonderful NEW Sleeping Comfort—because this mattress is

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You Sleep ON it . . . Not IN it!



Only the improved "Perfect Sleeper" combines:

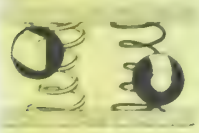
1. Exclusive Smooth-Top Serta Tuftless Construction
2. Patented Serta Reinforced Center Panel
3. Sensational New "Uni-Matic" Spring Top

1. SMOOTH—It's Tuftless! Exclusive smooth-top SERTA construction maintains a level, more comfortable sleeping surface without buttons, bumps or hollows. Easy to keep clean—makes a neater, trimmer bed. Thick, soft cushioning is permanently anchored to prevent shifting or lumping.



2. FIRM—MORE RESILIENT. Center panel of the "Perfect Sleeper" is reinforced with patented "Ribbon Steel" coils which have greater resiliency and strength than ordinary innerspring round wire coils. They give the correct support medical men recommend — where your back needs it most.

FLAT, NOT ROUND



3. New, Exclusive "Uni-Matic" Spring Top —gives your body healthful all-over support. Flexible "Ribbon Steel" bands running lengthwise across top and bottom of entire innerspring unit "weave" coils into one big resilient cushion. This eliminates the confining discomfort caused by close-clinging individual coil pressures. You turn without effort, sleep sounder—feel better.





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(Continued from Page 188)

. ll will want to take it herself." She t phone down.
e id quickly, "Cy?"
I ave to call her." Willie's hands met c ped.
H lidn't say what it ——"
s id, "But it's in his voice."
T e it easy." He felt a wave of dismay.
" said, as close to wailing as he'd ever r er, "Ah, but *she* won't, she doesn't w ow." But she went to Ada's door. y ard her footsteps.
T gram? For me?"
" nodded. "Mr. Burns can't send it l s on the phone."
d gave her a sharp look, a blue flash. s fened her spine and walked without i without haste to the black promise h hone. "Ayah, go ahead, Nathan. I'm r g." The silence was so deep Pete could e tiny scratch of the voice in the in- n t. At last Ada said, "No, no, you t eed to repeat it. Thanks." She put it d lown.
e felt Willie start, and then stifle, the u to go toward her. He, himself, said t "Won't you tell us, Mrs. Hall?"
d said quietly, "It's Cy. They call it s . Plane . . . lost. I expect it means n e."
E , Ada, maybe not . . . maybe not."
D n't ——" Pete said.
d said, "When he went, I told him good- I ve him up, when he first went into the . He waited late. He's young, and ac- n f his pa. But when he went, I gave u . It's no more than I was afraid of. . . . t ankful his pa's ahead of him. I'm t hankful for that. . . . I can ——"
V s bracing herself on her two arms, on a ck of the Morris i Her head snapped k "Who'll tell Jan?"
I tell her, Mrs. Hall," P ete.
I take it kindly if you a ." She was walking v ery old woman. Willie kept near, but l aved her sadly away. "No. I'd best b myself." Her door shut gently.
W ie sat down at the table. She held her h her palms.
" ow *can* I tell Jan!" Pete muttered.
" don't know." Willie turned her eyes t t her wrist.
" she still ——"
" e doesn't talk about it much. But s she's head over heels. He's her whole l n. She's done herself over, for him. e dedicated. If you could see the m ——" Willie turned her head the other w a writhing motion.
" on't *you* cry, Willie," he said in a panic.
" she said quietly, "Do you think Cy is a "
" e don't know. If he survived the crash a –if there was one ——" He swallowed. " afraid I do."
" es," she murmured. "Yes, it's likely."

M ticked along. Pete called the news- p s in Stratford, but he could learn little m than the fact that a plane was overdue, s rth. Too far.
O e he said, "Did Jan know I was com-
W lie said, "No, I didn't say. S-surprise."
s huddered.
A last the car came up. Pete felt the q quiver with his nerves. Jan's face was s with cold. Roger, back of her, said, " l-lo, Pete!"
" hy, dad!" She ran to him in her old l sh way, but he thought, *She's older. s stronger. She's lovely. She's grown.*
" said, "Hello, sweetheart."
S e was frightened at once. She got it i his voice. She searched his face. "Are y all right? Has anything happened?"
" pit it out, Pete," said Willie sharply.
D n't ——"
" an, dear, Mrs. Hall had a message. Cy's b ted missing. A plane is lost."
" ou scared me so!" Jan said. Her pulse s pounding in her throat. It was quite s le. She drew in a long shaky breath.
" t . . . missing?"

"Far in the north, Jan," he murmured. Roger said, "I'm sorry to hear that."
"They don't *know?*" Jan said.
"The wire called it missing," her father told her gently. "But, sweetheart, it's . . . not so good, you know."
"Where is she? Where's Ada?" Jan went to the bedroom door. She stood there just an instant, her hand on the knob. Then she opened the door, quietly, and slipped inside.
"Maybe I ought to . . . get out of here?" Roger inquired. He felt lost.
"I wouldn't know," Pete said harshly. "Maybe you ought to stick around. How do you stand with Jan?"
"You got me wrong, Pete," said Roger awkwardly. "I'm afraid I'm kinda courting Willie these days. That is, if you —— I didn't know ——" His throat fluttered.

PETE heard himself saying in a light surprise, "Well, I'll be darned. She'd make you a handsome wife, Roger."
"She would. If she would."
"Well," said Pete rather irritably, "won't she?"
"Oh, be quiet," said Willie with that writhing motion of her head.
"Sorry. Wrong moment, of course," said Roger. "You need a drink, Willie." He bungled off to the kitchen. He seemed, even to himself, to be making a lot of noise getting the drink.
Willie said in a low, monotonous tone, "I'm not anywhere near her. 'Live and let live,' I said. Now I don't know what to *do*. I can't even hold her and smooth her hair."
"Well, *I* can!" Pete flamed.
Then Jan was there. He went quickly and thrust his arm where it would support her. But she straightened away from it. "Ada's doing wrong," she cried. "Mother, she's all wrong! She says she's going to leave here. She says she's alone, now, and there's no tie. And she'd only remind me. But what a coward! I never knew she was a coward!"
"Hush," said Willie. "Oh, hush, duck, hush."
"But she gives up!" cried Jan. "She's afraid. Afraid to hope. She always takes the hard way. But it's *not* because she's so darned brave. She won't risk anything."
"Won't she?" said Willie oddly.
"But Cy's not like that! He's got more nerve! He's *not* like that, I tell you. He isn't afraid of anything, not even hope. And I don't care where he is, he hasn't given up, unless he's dead." Pete winced. "She's got crust to give him up!" Jan cried. "Why, I wouldn't dare! Cy isn't mine to give. He's his own. He belongs to himself. And he'll always be trying." Her voice quavered. "Cy's darnedest is pretty darned good."
"Of course it is," said Pete. "Of course it is. Hush, hush."
"I don't feel him gone out of the world yet," said Jan pitiably.
Her father sobbed, "Hush, dear."
"Let her talk," said Willie with a glow in her green eyes.
"And I *won't* beat myself to believe it, just because that'll get the worst over with," Jan said. "Lots of people have been lost. Just . . . missing? They're looking, aren't they? And if it turns out false, all right. I'll take that blow when it comes. Not *now*. Not *yet*. Not when it's *Cy*."
"You're right," said Pete shakily. "You're . . . fine." He felt that this was terrible.
Willie said, "Don't fret about Ada. I'll talk to her."
Jan said in a sudden nervous rush, "Oh, gee, I only make forty dollars a week, and if Ada goes away . . . how can I? How can I keep his room?" Her mouth quivered. She seemed ready to fly into pieces over this detail.
"Easily fix that," said Pete hoarsely. "Why don't I take over? I need board and room, don't I? Got a job. Right in Stratford, honey. Seventy-five a week too."

(Continued on Page 193)

One man with courage is a majority. —ANDREW JACKSON.

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(Continued from Page 191)

h Pete," his daughter said, "would e p me?" She began to cry at last and c her. He smoothed her hair.

sten," he said, "of course I will. I can da's share. Willie won't mind. Anyhow, oes she can go to Reno."

an't get away," said Willie. "I told an, we'll keep that room—we promise. y ——" Her mouth stayed open, her gasped in.

Roger, coming in with the tray, saw e could not speak, she was unable. ast him a sudden grateful smile.

said, his heart wrenched with love y, "Show me Cy's room, why don't weetheart?" They turned together. Roger, I f-forgot you were here." e, Jan, I ——"

's missing," she said. "That means st don't know where he is, exactly." k her father's hand and led him away.

ly cats," said Roger. "That's taking

at's what it is, my boy," said Willie in of reckless relief. "The hard way, be- e." She laced her fingers. "Pete's go- move in here."

ears pricked up. His hair seemed to What does that mean?"

means he's a good guy, Pete Peter- aid Willie. "He's a *father*. That's what! things!" Then she was pacing up and in her tail-lashing way. She spun . "Roger, tell me the truth. Am I Am I gray? Am I too far gone to go man?"

u wouldn't have to go far for me." His uttered. Then, interrogatively, "No?"

rry," said Willie ly. "I forgot all it."

ell," he conceded, l have been bored ith me." He looked l the room. "More right here," he said angrily.

ght," said Willie. "Right. Life and Love and potatoes. Sorrow and the of butter. The works. All in the . . . the family. In the family." amed up and down.

ow what are you up to?" said Roger. ge of curiosity drowned the queer e of relief and sorrow he was feeling. o late?" she asked the ceiling. "Too Too dead? Forever gone? Now, I . You fix your eye on a fair thing, you a vision. You hang on, do you? If ld be. . . . Who says it can't? e . . . maybe . . . maybe that . . . . . . necessarily . . . so!"

don't get it," Roger said.

lie rushed by him. Her green eyes were v. She looked, at the moment, full of vil. "And I know a trick or two," she red. She looked out the window at mmed scene, the vast winter world. I believe," said Willie; and then so he could hardly hear, "Help Thou my ief."

sten," said Roger uncomfortably, "I get it."

ear Roger," said Willie radiantly. She his cheek. "I dare say you never will." suddenly welled in the green eyes and to run down her mocking face. "I do e, I'm bawling!" said Willie. "Lend our petticoat."

N Roger went away, he went thought- Halfway down the hill, he looked back is shoulder at the squat farmhouse in now. He would be back. But when he the next time, he knew, he would come riend of the house. *A friend*, he thought, musèd, half wistful, *of the family*.

the farmhouse, there followed five ter- days. Every morning Pete would drive nd Ada in to Stratford. A cold, silent ey in the frosty dawn. They would dis- to their work, all three. In the evening would meet, drive home. Willie always ed to have been listening for them. The would swing open to the warmth and They were frozen, all the same.

What was happening—the efforts being made so far, far away—was like a dream. It was the nightmare, the one in which you run and run and gasp and try and cannot reach the goal.

From the sky, men saw where the wrecked plane was lying in the white wilderness.

Sometimes Jan would restate her stubborn hope, with the awful courage she'd taught herself, and Pete would add his heartbroken support. Ada said little. Willie was watchful and quiet. She ran the house without comment. Work was the saving grace for them all.

Every day it seemed a little colder.

LATE Friday night came the flash on the radio. Fourteen dead. Eight survivors. The wire came as they were listening. Cy had survived.

Jan went to pieces. Pete went out and walked in the snow for hours, lest he do the same. Ada shut herself away. In the morning she was quite composed. None of them could remember what Willie had said or done through that night. Sunday morning, however, she got out her planting charts.

They heard, in a day or two, about his feet. Frozen. Both. Amputated, below the knee.

March came and passed and April arrived. The fields emerged, dilapidated and muddy. Pete was still there, settled into the routine, in a neutral corner. The house was run according to Willie's system, which, he noticed, was far less rigidly fantastic than her preaching about it. But the running battle with Ada went merrily on. Pete would swap privately with Jan gleeful reports on one skirmish or another that had taken place.

To be occupied in what does not concern you is worse than doing nothing.
—BALTHASAR GRACIAN.

April wore on, and more than the house began to rock under Willie's attack. Slowly, miraculously, the level stretch below the house turned a soft brown. Every evening the turned earth seemed to bear more marks and lines until, at last, soft ridges fell all across in orderly beauty. As the sun went down and the workers returned, they would find Willie out of doors, leaning on the fence, gazing dreamily over the land. She would pull away, as if its fascination were a rubber band; she would come in and serve supper, and all the while they could feel how the land lay in her mind.

Pete did not know what else she might be thinking. He did not inquire. For, in a sense, the farmhouse held its breath. They worked. The routine went on. But actually, all this while, the farmhouse waited for Cy.

April was yielding to May and some small green was showing in the ground. Pete, as he got out of the car, thanked the parson, and turned to the door, squinted an eye at the field. He'd caught the habit from Willie. And it pleased him to see, each day, the tiny change, the subtle signs of growth. On the terrace, the great pin oak was budding. Even the far hills were faintly green and yellow.

Inside, the glass curtains were gone and spring lay handy to the eye. The room was shining clean. It had its best foot forward, all right. It looked lovely, he thought, standing with his bundles, feeling something rise in his throat. There were flowers everywhere, branches of blossoming trees Willie had persuaded to bloom indoors. And the whole house smelled of what was cooking. It was a festive smell, like Thanksgiving morning. Then Willie came in with an enormous bowl of jonquils in her arms.

Pete looked at her and swallowed. For Willie was wearing a dress. It was an old dress, a thin wool in soft blue. Her handsome legs were in silk. Her heels were high. Her hair was dressed sleekly. Her tanned face was rouged a little.

"You made it!" she cried, all smiles.

"Yup. Hitched a ride with the parson. I got the cream too."

"You're wonderful!" said Willie. She put her hands under his burdens. "What's this? Bananas! Oh, Pete!"

"You'd think they were orchids," he muttered. He let her have the packages. He shrugged off his topcoat.







"Just what I expected," she jeered scarcely bothering to lower her voice. "Blow in an hour before dinner and then start dressing!"

"You're not mad, Mama?" he asked.

"I don't think so," her voice came back. "I called the airport and he's due in."

"When?"

"Right now. They promise."

He stood the back of a chair with his palms. "You think Chet's there all right? You think I ought to drive over? Did you ask the girls?"

"Yes," said Willie. "Jo said no. Because he'll get here before they would meet him there. Chet's waiting." He spoke to him."

Pete rubbed his face. "Anything I can do? Mow flowers?"

There was Willie at the door with another load of the yellow stuff. "I got to picking them," she said childishly, "and I couldn't stop." He wondered if she knew she was a picture standing there in that blue with brave flowers. He wondered, very much, whether she knew. "I didn't see how there could be too many," said Willie with a sigh.

"Willie," said her husband suspiciously, "you look awful hefty female today."

"Certainly. I'm starting to look like a mother-in-law." She tripped to put the jonquils on the table.

"Then you're a dear," he said.

"A liar," she murmured. He dashed around to see if she was smiling. He thought her mouth was fighting a smile. He couldn't be sure. He thought, for the thousandth time in a week, I don't know.

"Get your things," said Willie, flapping her hands.

"What?"

"You'll have to take them out of his room."

"Oh," he said. "Yeah. Sure." He took a step. "Better put them out in the shed, had I? The so-called guesthouse?"

"Oh, no, it's too cold yet. Pete, you'd freeze."

"What will I do then?" He shoved his hands down in his pockets. He thought, Showdown, at last.

"We'll think of something before night falls," she said vaguely, caressing a blossom with her forefinger. "Hurry up. Up mustn't feel anyone is moving out for him."

He shambled off to the little room beyond the kitchen. He didn't know. He couldn't know. He looked around it. Flowers here too. And shining clean. And his suitcases on the floor. But he would know, before this day was over, whether or not he had a wife.

He picked up the bags and carried them back. She was looking out the window. "Hide them behind the door or something," she said impatiently. "There. Now, we just wait." He stood, still staring at her. "Oh, sit down," she said.

"This transformation is too much for me. The great day at last, is it?"

"An hideous day! Darned near the great moment." She sagged a little, resting her temple on the glass.

"The great moment is when Jan gets here," he said heavily.

"I hope she doesn't break her neck getting here, that's all. Pete, do you miss a piano?"

"What?" He was startled. He looked stupidly around the room, which, large as it was, seemed already rather crowded. "Yeah," he admitted. "Sure."

"I thought you did."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I just thought of it."

"The trouble is," he said carefully, "a piano's an awful permanent piece of furniture."

"Oh. I know," said Willie cheerfully. "Now, you take a harp ——"

He went over and sat down on the window seat beside her and hunted for her eyes. "Never mind harps," he said. "What's on your mind, Willie?"

"Same thing that's on yours, I imagine," she said serenely. "I think I'll keep the blank orange until tomorrow."

"What?"

The pudding. The blue mauve [illegible] night. It must be pe[illegible] that?" They both peered down [illegible] "I thought I heard Clem's car [illegible]

"Bunked?" Pete leaned back [illegible] at her.

"I'm a little nervous." She [illegible] relation, for her, with her head [illegible]

"Don't worry."

I can't quite help it, when Jan [illegible] a whacky look in her eye."

"Shucks," he grunted. "Enough to [illegible] you to drama. I know. I keep [illegible] how to feel about it."

"He feels bad," said Willie [illegible] pensively.

"And Jan's right off the earth. [illegible] isn't going to be so jolly." He [illegible] well, I'm glad I'm here. And it seem[illegible] that Willie answered. So am I. [illegible] She hadn't spoken. He looked at [illegible] eyed.

"Pete," she said, twisting her h[illegible] er—I kinda bumped into a piano [illegible] day."

"You did?"

"Furthermore I can swap for it [illegible] trunk I will."

He narrowed his legs. "You've a [illegible] a piano? For me?"

"You know that you ought not to [illegible] where there isn't a piano," she said [illegible] as if he were a naughty child.

"Willie, are [illegible] ing —— Listen [illegible] did get a divorce [illegible] know. Willie, [illegible] time ——"

"If we didn't [illegible] were, then we ha[illegible] one," she said. P[illegible] flew out in one of [illegible] bursts.

"We're still mar[illegible] said a little bre[illegible]

"Obviously."

"I've been ashamed," he [illegible] "When I remember the bitterness [illegible] cold—I don't see how we can st[illegible] again. It's—it's impossible to ask [illegible] the way you've been—what is it. W[illegible] words of one syllable, do you want [illegible] stay here?"

"Of course," she said lightly.

"Then I will," he said [illegible] course." He leaned back. She was [illegible] sentiment, he remembered. He was [illegible] But at least he wasn't moving out. [illegible] was something to know. Or was it a [illegible] at all but a queer inertia, an inattention [illegible] the whole question? Marriage by default, he thought.

"The piano's coming Saturday," [illegible] said.

"It is! Why, Willie, I'm touched. [illegible] make it?"

Her face went blank. "I don't kn[illegible]

An old ghost drowned in the win[illegible] smiled, a little uneasily. "I'd better [illegible] look at it, I'm."

"The thing is . . . I've kinda a [illegible] everything."

"Oh. You've already —— Oh, w[illegible] was darned sweet of you," he cried. [illegible] his heart cast in. She kept her green [illegible] him. "Er—is it in pretty fair cond[illegible]

A little nervous grin fled across h[illegible] "All the keys work, except just one—[illegible] those little squeaky ones, way up at th[illegible]

"I'd hardly ever use it," he said [illegible] He thought, Oh, Willie. "Well, that' [illegible] he heard his voice going on.

"I guess," she said soberly, "you [illegible] something superb. But I just thoug[illegible] piano at all would be better than not[illegible]

He thought, It's a showdown after [illegible] said gently, "Darling, there's som[illegible] maybe you don't quite understand. [illegible] is a cheap many affair—what is it, [illegible] right?" She nodded. "Well, you see, [illegible] how I'd rather think about music or it [illegible] music or ——"

"Just . . . s hum?" she murmured.

His heart sank. "Yes, it's just dream[illegible] it . . . rather than try to get it out [illegible] inferior instrument." He wished he [illegible] said it. "I hope you understand ——

(Continued on Page 100)

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(Continued from Page 194)

Willie answered gravely. "Oh, I do, Pete. And I'm terribly sorry. I shouldn't have been so impulsive."

"No, no," he cried. "It was a damned nice impulse." He pressed for enthusiasm. "After all, you were thinking of me."

"But I wasn't thinking of you quite enough," she said just a trifle bitterly.

"Don't say ——. Say, maybe it's a rare old instrument. It's all we know." He was desperately jovial.

"Well—er—no, it isn't, Pete."

"What is it?" he said gloomily.

"I never heard of it," she answered in the same glum tone.

He wanted to laugh. Maybe it was hysteria. Because he felt panic too. "I'm too funny," he cried. "What difference does it make? You're right about it, Willie."

"No. *You're* right." He looked at her. She wore a saintly sweetness on that thin clever face. "At least," she added, "you're right *too*." She held the sainthood another second. Then he saw the little crinkles deepening around her eyes, the writhe of her mouth, the softening of her thin cheek. "Is this conversation human?" inquired Willie, with droll curiosity.

He cried. "*Two* was the most inhuman, unnatural remark I ever heard in my life!"

"Nuts!" said Willie. She flew up off the bench and swung off down the rug, with her skirt flowing behind her as if she'd forgotten it. "I might have known!" And she was green-eyed, and full of mischief, and her hands were flying. "You're the type to look a gift piano in the strings. All right, maybe I'm dumb to think any old piano in the parlor is worth a couple of new ones in the bush. But I meant well. And furthermore ——"

"Sure," he said, grinning broadly, his heart settling with a tremendous relief, "in your slapdash way, that is so darned irritating, you were being very sweet."

"And a little bit kittenish, too," said Willie with a glint in her eye. "Pretty coy. But that crack of yours ——"

"All right. You can run the house and the finances and the farm and the whole works, but don't pick out my pianos."

"Just for that," she flipped at him, "I'll raise chickens. I'll get you a piano with gold in its teeth and a pedigree a mile long."

"THERE'S my old piano," he said sheepishly. She stopped in her tracks. "It's just sitting in storage."

"Why, the crust!" she cried. "You mean to sit there and tell me we've got a piano! Why didn't you say so?"

"I didn't know you wanted *me* around, let alone my piano."

"You did, too, know it!" she stormed. "What do you think I've been buttering you up for? For fun?"

He didn't laugh. He said tensely, "For what, then? For why?"

But a horn honked outside. The question died off his face. They went toward the door. His arm went uncertainly over her shoulders. There was just time for the briefest, most tentative caress. She slid away.

"He's walking!" cried Willie. "Oh, Cy!" She ran out into the spring air where sun made a shadow pattern of the pin oak's limbs. She didn't kiss the tall boy with the cane. She took his left hand in her two.

Cy said, in a tight voice, "Is this the right place?"

"You're darned tooting it is!" she cried.

He [illegible] the cane to the other hand. [illegible] the time Pete got to them. "But are we g[illegible] to see you!" Pete sent the warmth [illegible] path. He encircle[illegible] down along his arm. [illegible] boy's face was thin. He looked, in spite [illegible] pinched.

Willie put herself at his other side and [illegible] walked, all three, toward the house. "Y[illegible] mother and Jan will be here just as fast [illegible] they can," Willie told him.

"I expected to go to work today," P[illegible] said. "But it course we had no way of kn[illegible] long before you'd get in."

"Seems like ma," said Cy, stumblin[illegible] hot. Neither of them reached to help h[illegible] He caught the lower half of the door. P[illegible] pulled it open.

"You've all been living here," Cy said [illegible] a tone of wonder, as if although he'd be[illegible] told, he hadn't been able to imagine [illegible] "That's my father's chair," he said, as [illegible] they might not know.

"Darned comfortable chair," said Pe[illegible] "Try it."

The boy walked over to the Morris ch[illegible] His gait was stiff. He turned. He seeme[illegible] a trifle confused about how to lower hims[illegible] into it.

"You walk swell!" said Willie. She bu[illegible] past Pete and put her arm under Cy's [illegible] help him down, as competently, thou[illegible] Pete rather dazed, as if she'd been a nu[illegible] all her life.

"I can't get up and down too easy ye[illegible] Cy said. And a little of the taut nervousn[illegible] relaxed. "Thanks, Mrs. Peterson. Gee, [illegible] looks nice here."

"You see," said Pete impulsively, "[illegible] pretty functional now."

Cy made a small embarrassed gesture wi[illegible] one hand. "You've been swell to ma. I a[illegible] preciate it. And after the way I shot [illegible] mouth off ——" His face was flushed.

"Oh, nonsense," said Willie. "Surely J[illegible] told you! Your mother supported half of m[illegible] all winter, with cold, earned cash."

"Your mother's a great woman, a fi[illegible] woman," said Pete. "She's wonderful to us

Cy leaned back as if he were suddenly e[illegible] hausted. His lids closed. Pete watched hi[illegible] anxiously.

"How about a drink? Better ——" I[illegible] looked at Willie.

Her green eyes turned. They were anxio[illegible] too. "Or a cup of coffee. Tired, Cy?"

"I'm all right." A smile curved on Cy[illegible] blind face. "I was just feeling the feel of t[illegible] cushions. I smell food too." His eyes opene[illegible]

"Willie's cooked everything for mil[illegible] around," said Pete, his heart suddenly lighte[illegible] "How's your appetite?"

"Seems like I've got an appetite."

"I'm going to feed you something rig[illegible] now," proclaimed Willie. But she did n[illegible]

(Continued on Page 198)



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(Continued from Page 196)

go. She stood looking down at him. "Cy, please, could I see your new feet?"

He looked up into her face, in fright. Pete, watching, caught his breath.

"Just a glimpse of the ankles, h'm?" coaxed Willie. "They must be wonderful!"

The boy's eyes kept on hers. "Yeah," he said woodenly, "they're pretty good for being store-bought."

"You're not going to be coy," she said, not flippantly at all.

A look of blank patience, something, fell on Cy's face. "Kind of interesting, the way they did it," he said. "They tailored them right on."

"For goodness' sakes." She crouched down at his feet.

Cy's hand—how white it looked!—yanked at his trouser leg. "Right here," he said. "Fellows say the old kind used to hurt you, but these don't. I can get around pretty easy." He hesitated. He let out a notch of confidence. "One fellow in the ward could even jitterbug," he added.

"I don't believe it!" said Willie.

"I saw him."

"Holy cats!" she said solemnly. She was utterly sincere. Whatever holy cats could mean, at this point, Willie meant it. And the boy could tell. Pete found that suddenly the whole scene tickled him. Willie crouched there in her blue dress, looking so seriously up into the serious young face.

He laughed. He didn't quite know how. And he went to lift up Willie. "Come on, feed him, why don't you? You can admire his legs some other time."

"O.K.," said Willie. "I'm going to haul out a cup of coffee and a piece of chocolate cake, and if it spoils your supper, that's fine."

"I don't guess," said Cy, and now he was grinning, "it will spoil anything." Willie went flying off. "Gee, she's—gee ——"

"She's something, Willie is," said Pete, and knew he was beaming. "You should find out what goes on around here!" He felt as if he were bubbling with gossip, with delightful titbits. He checked himself. "But we want to hear about you."

Cy was looking across the room. "That's ma's old stove, isn't it?"

"Yes. Yes, I guess it is. Some of this stuff came from our apartment in New York. It's kind of a mixture."

"I guess," said Cy, "you didn't get a divorce."

"We couldn't afford it," Pete told him. "Now it looks as if we won't—er—bother." He felt the word was apt.

"That's swell," said Cy and shifted in the chair.

"Listen, son," said Pete desperately, "I made a mistake, way back. I think maybe I ought to tell you. You see, I wanted to be a musician, but I fell in love and I got the girl. And right away, I went out after money and stuff, for Willie, because I was crazy about her and I thought she'd like—well, presents, you know? I thought she'd be pleased to sit on a cushion and let me bring her things. Well, naturally, she thought *I* valued the money and stuff or the process of getting it. So we got off wrong. It comes over me now—maybe that wasn't what she wanted. I mean to say," Pete fumbled, "don't worry if you can't give Jan the embroidery. Maybe she'd rather have the works." The boy didn't respond. Pete thought, *I'm talking about myself.* He said, "What are you thinking?" as gently as he could.

"I was thinking," Cy said, flushing, "the light's nice, in here. I'm in a kind of daze, sir. Wasn't listening. I'm sorry."

"You've got a right to be in a daze if you want, son," Pete said. He felt the evasion, the uncertainty, with a heavy heart. "I think . . . there's the family wagon."

"It's . . . them?"

Pete recognized panic. He was sorry. There seemed nothing he could do.

As Jan yanked on the brake and the station wagon lurched to a stop, she said, "Just let me *see* him? I figured this out, Ada. You've got a priority." Jan opened the door



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on her side and fell out. She stumbled across the terrace.

Cy was rigid in the Morris chair. His face was as white as hers. She flew to him, slipped her arm across his taut shoulders, and put her cheek on his for an instant. "It's all right," she murmured, "as long as you got here." She straightened up, looking blindly at her father. Ada was moving more sedately through the door. "Come on, dad." Jan seized Pete's hand and drew him away with the rush of her resolve. They were out-of-doors. Around the corner of the house wall, she leaned against the wood. "He . . . looks . . . fine," she said. Cheek on her hand, she gazed across Willie's field. Pete watched with dumb misery. Nothing he could do or say. But slowly the glow came back into her face, the color and the shine.

"You all right, son?" said Ada.

"I guess so, ma."

"She's wrought up, some. Give her a minute."

Cy wrenched his eyes from the empty doorframe. "Ma, how are you?"

"Fine. I'm fine." She sat down near him. She put her hand on his arm, just above the wrist. "Wasn't so funny, I guess," she said, patting him, as once she had when he'd been a baby, "getting out of there. They hurt you, bad?"

"Pretty bad, for a while," he said. His head bent toward her, a little ducking motion. It was a memory too. "Sorry pa had to go while I was away," he said stiffly.

"Well, you was in his mind." Her hand retreated. There was too much emotion.

"Left you alone, though," he murmured. "But the Petersons been swell, h'm?"

Insomnia never comes to a man who has to get up at six o'clock.
—ELBERT HUBBARD.

Ada drew in a grand sniff. "I got nothing against the Petersons," she declared, "any of them." It was high praise and he nodded. "Can you walk, son?" she asked him then.

"Sure. I walked right in here."

Her head began to nod. "I believe you. Well, you're out of that now."

"Ayah."

A little silence spun between them, full of their mutual thoughts.

"You like having a real job, ma?"

"It ain't bad," she said. Then her blue gaze came around. "But I'll do for you, Cy, like I always did, time'll come you'll be working." His body twitched. "Expect you'll have to call off getting married," she went on. He didn't answer. But he was not shocked. This was what he had been waiting for. "Wouldn't be fair," she said. "War's over so long, it ain't the same as it was."

"I guess not," he said thinly. She seemed very strong and calm, sitting there. His muscles let go a little.

"She'd like to have a fit, though," sighed Ada.

"But I got to do what's right."

"Ayah," she said placidly. "Girl's got a right to a whole man."

Something in the boy settled clear.

"Ain't going to be so easy, son."

"Not if she don't . . . agree."

"You and me best be by ourselves," she began briskly. "I've looked around some."

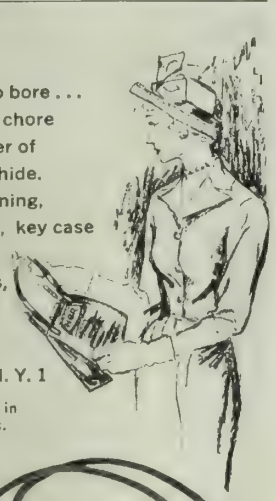
Cy pulled himself together. "Anyhow," he said, "what's left of me is mighty glad to be back, ma. Everything's so new-looking, as if I never saw it before. . . . She's so pretty."

"Ayah, pretty and sweet, too, that girl," said Ada vigorously. "And good reason why we'd best go, be by ourselves."

"I guess," he said.

"She hasn't thought more'n you coming home alive. Nobody's had the heart —— She's built a lot on you, Cy. She don't hardly know where she's at. You're going to have to ——"

His lips pressed on the pain. She put it clearly. She made it plain. "Right away," he promised.



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"Your ma'd be proud of you," said Ada. "Now, next call her." Ada rose.

Help me up," he said dismally.

Gently, with all her strength, she helped him up. He stood as straight as he could manage with the cane and all. Ada went out the door. And then came Jan.

She came right over to him and put herself into his arms. There was no way out to hold her. He forgot about his cane.

"We didn't think of this, did we?" He was looking over her head. How you talk with pain. "Not being able to get married after all."

She surged away to look up. He almost lost his balance.

"Just listen, quiet, Jan," he heard. "I have to make it plain, right away. You should have a whole man. We got to think for ahead."

"I never heard anything so rude——" Her voice went sparkling up and down.

"No, no," he said.

"Don't you . . . love me?" she whimpered.

"But I . . . don't count."

Willie was standing in the kitchen door with a tray in her hands. Neither of them saw her there.

"What have I been waiting for?" said Jan in a low voice. "What have I been living for? What have I been doing all this while? Don't you believe that I don't care?"

"You don't know, Jan. That's the thing. You don't know how you'll feel about it." She didn't answer. "And it's up to me . . . to look out for you, that's all." Then she wailed a high, hurt cry from the heart.

Jan whirled around. She saw Pete looking in, called by her cry. She saw Willie standing by the table. She saw Ada behind her father. She cried to all them: "He's going to take the hard way. No, Cy—no!"

Cy fell into the chair. "Time will go on," he muttered. "Ma and I will go away. It's better, Jan. Because later on—I nearly can't stand this you know that! But I couldn't stand it at all, when you'd begin to realize—when you'd blame me later on——"

Nobody moved. But Jan seemed to draw on some store of strength that was surely her own. "I guess you haven't thought it out, Cy," she said quietly. "I'm sorry you've lost your feet. It's awful that had to happen to us. But it happened to us. That's what you'll see when you think it out a little more. I'll wait until you do. I can wait a little longer." A strange peace was on her face, a radiant peace, a peace to break your heart. "Willie," she said "shall I help with supper?"

"If you please, my darling," said Willie clearly and sweetly. Willie came down alongside the dining table moving like a cat.

Jan was gone. Jan was in the kitchen. "Willie," warned Pete, "don't——" But he couldn't stop her, and all of a sudden he didn't want to.

She came down the room, aimed at the boy who was lying so senseless in the chair. There was nothing gentle about her, nothing soft, nothing pitying.

"You cheap little half-baked hero!" said Willie. "What a crust you've got! Insulting the men who got their wounds in battle! Was it a fad then? Wasn't there anything real in any girl's devotion? Or, I suppose," she sneered, "you'd like Jan to give you a twenty-year guaranty!"

The boy cringed. Pete thought, *This will never*—— But he stood back. He held Ada back.

"You," mocked Willie, "and your later on. May I ask what you are going to be doing between now and later on? Sitting around? Waiting for the worst? Putting it up to her to carry the cross? You forget, I think. Who preached a fine sermon, right here in this room? Who ranted and raved about faith and good works? You did, Cyrus Hall, and look at you now! Where's your faith, my fine fair-weather friend? Where's *your* believing effort? Haven't you got the nerve to take it that she loves you the way you'd dream about if you had the guts to dream so high?"

"I know that!" he flared, as if she'd whipped him and he screamed.

"But you'll throw it out, eh? And you think you *ought*. Because [illegible] your mother's disciplines and [illegible] suffering for the sake of suffering. I've got it. You've got to be better [illegible] you there's a harder way. And [illegible] a way that's got a little sense in it——"

"I don't understand you," [illegible] Cy said. He was sitting straighter. He was getting mad.

"You don't?" said Willie. "[illegible] where she is, and propose to [illegible] she says 'yes,' have the grace [illegible] she means it. Grace. You'll [illegible] you're going to have to mean [illegible] It can be something exquisite [illegible] It's there, in your hand!"

"But listen——" Cy said.

"If you've got the nerve to [illegible] make such a thing."

"Listen"—Cy broke open—"[illegible] me in the snow and she was with [illegible] I was and she always will be. [illegible] ever blame me—it it should [illegible] looks—— I'm scared, Mrs. Peterson. [illegible] you know it? *I'm scared!*"

"And you've got a right to be scared," said Willie boldly. "You'd be [illegible]. Of course she's *right* off the earth, and [illegible] been a way down, and you know [illegible] got no feet, and no money and [illegible] on with, but the two of you [illegible] right. What is that? What [illegible] What are you going to do about it?"

Cy held out a trembling hand. [illegible] voice, vibrant and exciting [illegible]

"If you could go ahead, Cy [illegible] and keep it lousy, and besides—a [illegible] music—go to work and build [illegible] ground. It's dangerous. God [illegible] risk is terrible. Sure, it can die! [illegible] not—if you nourish it. Maybe [illegible] throw your human effort in on [illegible] Remember?"

"Ayah." The word trembled out. [illegible] Willie looked up, blinked, and [illegible]

"Listen," the boy cried to Pete, "[illegible] tell me. You're a man!"

"You want me to tell you?" [illegible] "All right." He swallowed the [illegible] that tended to roll out from his [illegible] get up on your hind legs," he barked, [illegible] go apologize!"

"Yes, sir." Cy rose from his chair [illegible] ing with the cane, he made it about [illegible] help me," he said. "I think I . . . [illegible] can take it."

He walked, then, down the room [illegible] side the long center table. Nobody [illegible] him. He walked all the way to the [illegible] door. He pushed it open. He walked [illegible]

Willie took a step back. She wilted [illegible] knot on the sofa. She hid her face.

Ada made a croaking sound. "Sh[illegible] Pete barked at her. "It never happened, just got home and we're glad."

"Pete," said Willie, clearly and [illegible] coolly, without raising her head, [illegible] around?"

He reached for his pipe. Everything perfectly clear and perfectly fine. "[illegible] me?" he said casually. "Don't worry." sat down beside her and tossed his handkerchief into her lap.

Willie took it and covered her eyes. "[illegible] darn," she mourned, "there's a pumpkin in the oven and I turned it on!"

Ada came around and sat down [illegible] from them. She picked up her sewing, squinted at the needle. "Aw, let it burn, Willie," she croaked.

"Be a sinful waste," snapped Willie.

Pete put his head back and laughed to the rafters. "Sure, let it burn," he gasped. "I'm not much of a pumpkin eater," began [illegible] and then he closed his mouth.

Willie squirmed a little. Her dark head turned toward him, leaned against his arm. He could see the lashes half down over her wet green eyes. Their thoughts wheeled and knew, together: "——*had a wife who couldn't keep her. Put her in a pumpkin shell*——"

He put his chin down on the top of her head.

HOW HE CAME BACK

(Continued from Page 65)

Wa: are you doing here?" he asked.
W ng to get cold so I can go over and
Go a date?"
N'
I'l with you, then," he said.
Alr ght," I answered.
'e od in the doorway, however, waiting
etcld—I, anyway. For I still contained
hel e warmth of my house which I had
a ile back, still with the soft, polite,
di tone of my mother saying after me
w ed about the house:
N don't drink too much, son, but if
st drink, do it so that it won't be
c
n , "You can't drink that way."
T though."
A ight." Going out into the rain, hear-
h voice floating out after me:
D 't forget, son."
n , not answering, going away, and she:
o night, son."
o stood there beside him, remembering
h a lonely sort of way when he sud-
ly aid to me, "I'm afraid of doors."
W at?" I asked, staring at him.
I afraid to open doors," he said quietly,
si at my face.
W y?" I asked.
I tell you later," he said, and I nodded.
I added, "When we brew up."
n o I took the cigarette out of my mouth
f apped it to the rain where it went in a
g ide, hit the wet pavement, shot red
l s extinguished.
'Lady?" I asked.
He ropped his butt at his feet, stepped on
n took off with me, with lowered head at
r n, and we ran across the street. We got
u der the canopy and
o the rain from our
at nd hats, and up the
e I saw the trolley
c glowing like two
g ivers of silver.
W went in through the
r v door of the café,
e a time because the
t ice was hardly as
d as our bodies. That was how it was
il The building was shaped like a large
o and the roots formed the entrance. A
a rom New York did it.
V walked over to the bar and sat down
t heavy-cushioned high seats and put our
o s on the bar. Around the circular bar
a group of fellows and girls. The peculi-
it of their being together, the young men
o he young women, was that they were
o tually together in spirit but merely in
o because "the men," with the gold
r discharge buttons gleaming dully at
e lapels, stared ahead at their faces in the
i or in the center of the wall behind the
a while the girls leaned somewhat sideways
a g up at the young men, trying des-
e ely to be a part of them, their sorrow
h they could not understand, if it was sor-
w —which it wasn't really, but rather than
s w, displacement.

bartender carefully cleaned the bar
re us and not looking up asked, "What
you have?"
Whisky-soda," he said.
he bartender nodded and repeated,
hisky-soda."
Me too," I said to the bartender's search-
eyes.
hen the drinks were placed before us with
t , white bill which the bartender put dis-
t tly between our drinks, alongside of a
d e of mixed nuts, and then the two of us
d nk.
nd after a long period of silence he leaned
h head over to mine and talked to the side
o my face as I looked at my image in the
m ror.
He said, "I've tried to explain to them at
me but they don't seem to understand."
nodded, knowing what he was referring
t and I answered, "Maybe they can't un-
d stand."

He didn't answer but slowly toyed with his glass, and I turned from him to watch the cold young men smile coldly at the warm young girls. Then I heard his voice coming at me from the side and I turned to face him. He said, as if there had been no pause between sentences:

"We had just taken that town and the other outfit with us was moving up so we decided to rest in the town. We got four houses to bunk in, after chasing out the German families."

He turned his glass around on the wet bar and let out a great, deep sigh as if at that moment the sigh was the biggest and most important thing to do. His mouth was close to my ear and it wasn't noisy at the bar because it was the kind of café where soft light and low voices were in order, and so there wasn't any point in his being so close but he was and I nodded my head to him, and he said:

"After we got organized into sections we took over our rooms. We claimed places to sleep and then one of the guys wanted to know where the john was and so I went with him in search of it."

He tapped with his fingers on the bar and then quickly threw the remainder of his drink down his throat and called out, "Bartender!"

The bartender looked at him and raised his brows.

He pushed our glasses forward. "Hit it, twice," he said.

Then the shining drinks were before us and he looked into the glazed surface of his and then looked up at me and continued:

"So we came to the john and the door was closed. I said to my buddy, 'You go first.' But he refused and I put my hand on the doorknob and one hand flat on his back and said, 'Go ahead.'

"I whipped the door open and pushed him in and there was a terrific explosion which flung me back as if a great wind had hit me. I went smashing back against the wall. I lay dazed on the floor with the door partly covering me and the debris around my body, and hearing voices and footsteps rushing up the stairs." He shook his head violently. "Some Germans had booby-trapped the toilet door. I had opened it and pushed him in."

And I said, "Oh." It wasn't very much to say, but I think he understood.

He wet his lips. "I was bruised a little but he was deader than a mackerel."

That's all it was and I said, "You didn't know that it would happen that way."

He nodded. "That part I understand, but it's that I can't forget. After that I was afraid to open doors. It got very bad for me in the outfit and they sent me back to a hospital and then it got even worse for me and they sent me home. Now I'm like this." He stared at me, holding his drink in his hand.

"What will you do about it?" I asked.

"What can I do?"

I didn't answer.

"You see," he said, a little triumphantly, "there's nothing I can do. I'm just afraid to open doors. I want to open them but I can't."

Then I remembered the guy who had wanted an operation on his nose. I said, "In the hospital I was in overseas was a guy who needed an operation on his nose. He always told the doc that there was a terrible stink in his nostrils and would they please operate on him to take the odor away."

His eyes grew bright with a kind of interest and he moved nervously about his stool. "What happened to him?" he asked.

I said, "They put him in the neuropsychiatric ward for observation but he insisted that he needed an operation, so they gave him a nose wash but he said that what he needed was an operation, so they sent him back to the outfit he had come from."

He looked at me. "Did they cure him?"

I shrugged. "That's all I know. Later I went away."

> **Love, like money, must be spent.**
> —PAUL GERALDY: quoted in The Treasury of Wit and Wisdom: Norman Lockridge (Biltmore Publishing Company).

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"What good was it telling me?" he asked.

"Just thought you'd like to hear a story. I remembered it all of a sudden."

He nodded his head and said, "That's bad, having a smell in your nose that you can't take out." His eyes met mine. "That's bad, isn't it?" he asked.

"I guess so," I said.

So we sat there for a while talking of things which we should have known were best not to be talked of but which talk we were helpless to prevent. Then after that we lapsed into silence, hiding within our own inviolate thoughts.

Then he asked me suddenly, "Do you smell anything?"

I sniffed at the air about us and I said, "No."

"Like fire?" he asked.

Then I smelled the smoke and I said, "Yes, I do."

So we breathed in the smell and then looked back to where the curtain was which concealed the dance floor, and above the curtain a long column of thick smoke was coming forth and my friend said, "Bartender, don't you smell smoke?"

But the bartender didn't have much to say then because the dance-floor patrons were coming out in groups and quickly moving to the narrow entrance. Their voices filled the big room. Then there was a muffled explosion as if an oven exploded and there were screams of women. The people pushed madly at one another and shouted, "Fire!"

And I turned to my friend, but he wasn't with me. I looked around for him. His cigarettes and change remained by his drink but he was gone, and over the screams of the mob I heard his voice entreating, "Open the door, open the door."

I SAW him at the front of the frightened men and women and I realized that he must have leaped from his stool and was then suddenly confronted by the door and behind him the men and women pushing and crowding him. The door space was so narrow that he took up all its room.

And the people yelled at him, "Open that door!"

But I knew what was wrong with him and they didn't and so I pushed and beat my way toward him. When I was close I saw him with his shoulders and head bowed, his hands up to his face, shaking himself back and forth. I felt his horrible struggle with himself going through me, and I shouted, "Open that door. Open it!"

He must have heard me because his head snapped up. I saw him look around and his eyes grabbed my gaze and he looked yet beyond at the sea of mute faces staring at him with fear-filled expressions, beseeching him mutely, and I saw the gigantic pleading of his eyes for understanding from them; but he was up there in front, and he knew that he was and that he held their lives in the palm of his hand.

And then, perhaps because of the time past in the Army where he had been trained to assume great and sudden responsibilities, or whatever it was, anyway, he let forth a terrible, agonizing shriek, almost of defiance, and yelled, "Cover up, cover up," stilling the room to absolute silence, and he flung the door open. A convulsive heave of the crowd swept him out into the street and the crowd went forward and I with them on the wave.

I went out into the rain and I sought for him and I found him in a darkened doorway trembling, breathing heavily, and I stood with him.

He said, "I opened the door."

"Yes, you did. You opened the door," I answered.

Then, I think, I'm not sure, it might have been the rain on his face, but I think it was something else, anyway, he said, "I'll go home now."

We went out into the rain and I walked beside him. He stood for a moment in front of his house and then he reached down and took my hand, clasped it once tightly and then walked up the steps and opened his door.

I stood in the rain and stared at the door through which he had gone and then I walked home.

THE END



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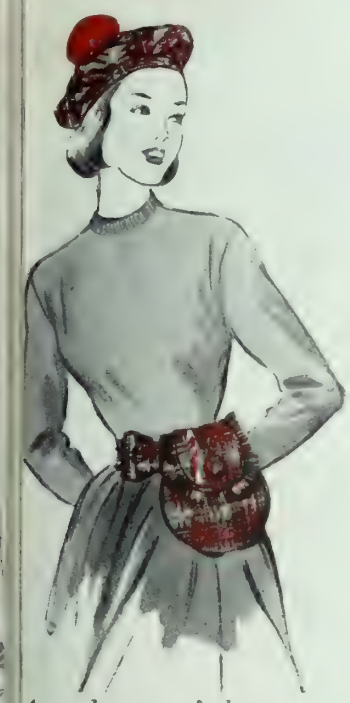
Pep up last year's clothes with any one of these pretty plaid ideas. You'll find them simple to make with little yardage or scraps from last winter's skirt. Try your favorite plaid in a coat lining; a belt with pouch bag; or a warm hood with scarf that wraps. ★ BY MARION PLUMMER



Plaid taffeta ribbon zipper front for last year's cardigan. Bind the neck and add a pussycat bow.



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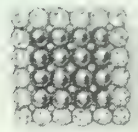
Cozy after-school slippers . . . they zip up. Sewn with bright red yarn to alpaca-lined soles.

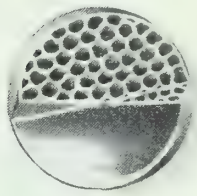


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Patterns and instructions for making Plaid Accessories, No. 2409, can be ordered from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, for 25¢.


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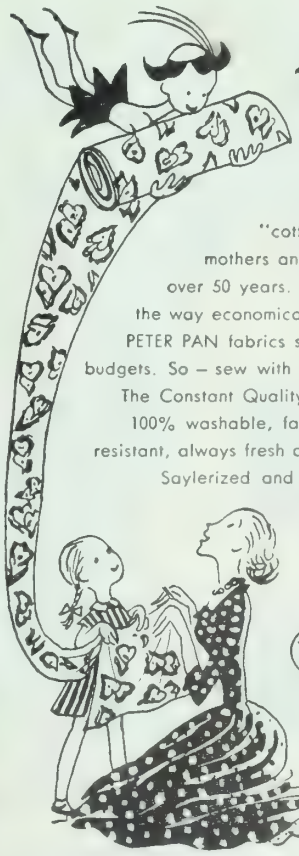
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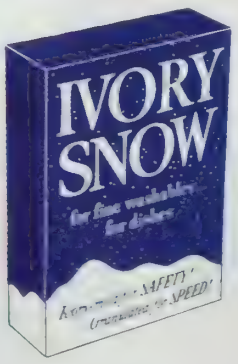
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College for three means hard work for five. But today's sacrifices can lead to tomorrow's satisfactions.



JORGENSEN

Sending Three Girls to College

BY JAN WEYL

WHEN Ray Melson was growing up in Alberta, Canada, going to school meant a three-mile ride every morning over a rough, hilly, dirt road aboard a mouse-colored pony named Dandy. Ray was a small, brown-haired boy whose size belied his strength. He had good strong muscles from hours of pitching hay, milking cows and shocking grain—and he had energy and determination. Weather permitting, he and Dandy made the trip in forty-five minutes. This small country school opened new worlds to Ray, and as he grew older he talked more and more to his dad about moving somewhere near a high school—and then a college.

Ray's wish came true—the result of his own hard work and his parents' understanding. Today he is touching fifty, a slight, baldheaded college graduate who looks like President Truman with his hat on, like what he really is with it off—an energetic, slightly harried family man who has definite goals for his family, and not enough money to make them come true without more of the same hard work that has been following him all his life. He works.



J. DUPLESS

MARILYN . . .

Pretty, 20, is a junior at Oregon State College, majoring in home economics. The family party girl, she averages three dates weekly, pays all college fees with only $85 a month.

ANNIE . . .

Intense at 21, devoted to music and recently married to pianist William Kapell, hopes for same career herself "if there's time with a traveling, talented husband around."

POSIE . . .

Eager, spirited, 19, will study the piano in Chicago this year on $1000 gift from piano teacher back home, hopes to keep her expenses to $85 monthly "if I don't eat too much."

How much do parents owe their chil



Relaxation: five minutes in the morning, maybe an hour at night. But a "busy life is the best," says Nellie, who went back to schoolteaching in 1943 and contributes her entire income to help pay her daughters' college expenses.

His wife works. And his three daughters work. All because the three girls have been going to college at the same time.

College, to Ray and Nellie, his lively, black-haired wife, is the means to an end—and that end is happiness. "We want each of the girls to be better equipped for life than the average, and to be in a position to take advantage of her capabilities," says Ray seriously. "The way we see it, college is the answer. Our job now is to provide money, and advice when it's needed." The quest for knowledge still excites Ray. He remembers his own college days, the classes he took, the new horizons which his studies unveiled. He reads newspapers avidly, buys magazines for articles on sociology and politics. Education, for him, is a working, living thing. And this opportunity to learn is what he is giving his daughters.

With Annie, their vivacious, red-haired oldest daughter, what to do has never been a problem. Ever since she began playing "lalas" on her grandmother's piano, Annie's life has been moving toward a career as a concert pianist. Recently married to William Kapell, outstanding young concert pianist, Annie is traveling in South America and this country with Willie, hopes to return to her own studies soon. Willie, whose own career is well established, is eager to help Annie with hers. Now twenty-one, Annie has had four years of college, and lived last year in a small, inexpensive studio apartment in Chicago where she studied music at De Paul University, practiced five hours a day, and restricted herself to one date a week. Annie is talented. According to her former teachers, she has "the ability to be a concert pianist—someday." She is young and intense—and if hard work and devotion are the marks of success, she should have it.

With Marilyn, who's twenty and a Home Economics major at Oregon State College, the way has been equally clear—and quite different. Marilyn, who has brown hair, clear blue eyes and a pretty, young face, says frankly, "My talents are sewing and cooking—and the future I



"My lazy days are far behind me." Nellie is teacher to forty lively third-graders in portable clapboard schoolroom where she stokes the wood furnace herself, studies nights and summers working for her own college degree.



"Our postcollege dream—a house in the country with an office for Ray, a workroom for Nellie." The Nelsons pay $503.58 yearly on house mortgage, bought furniture on the installment plan, painted the walls by themselves.

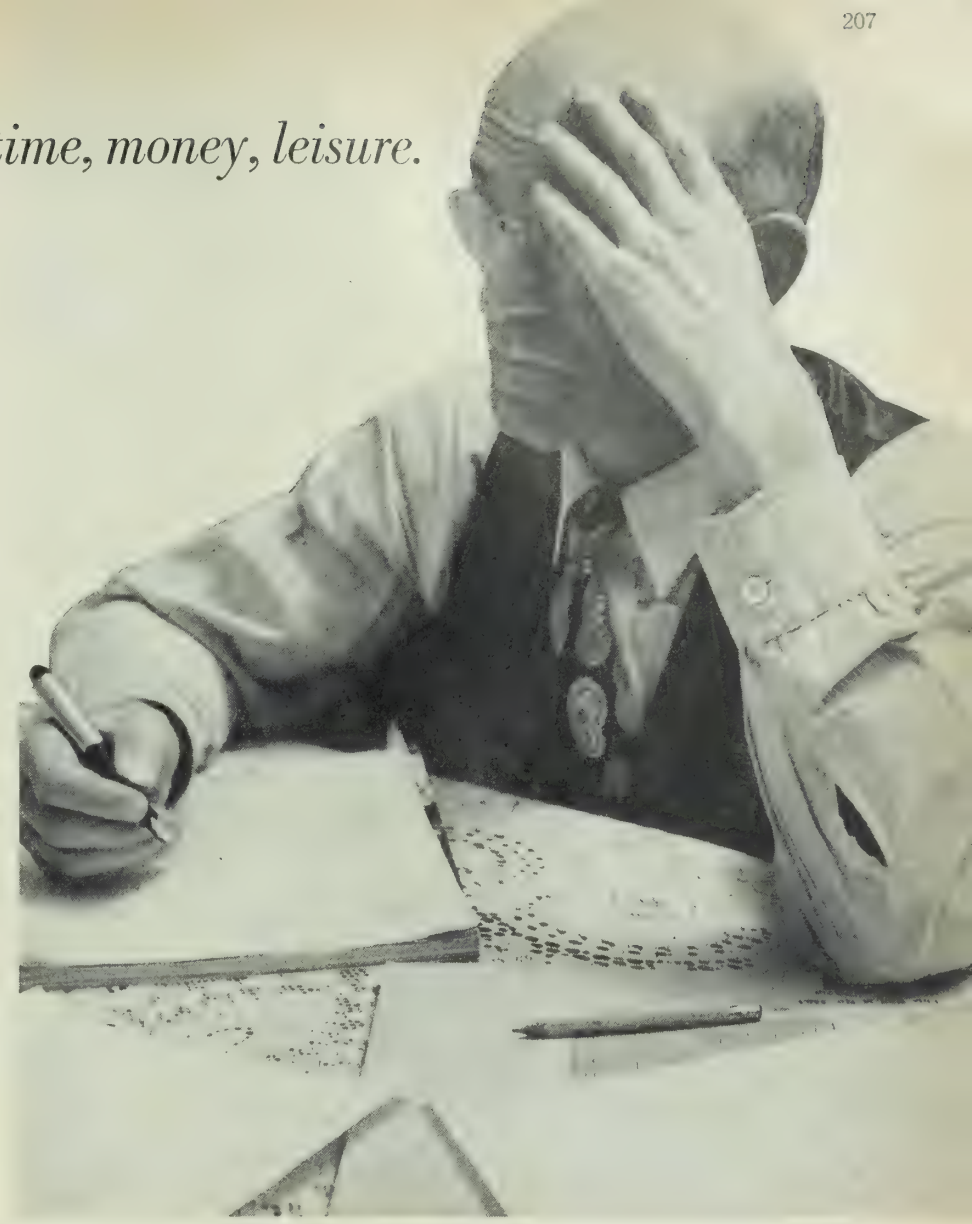
and Nellie, working overtime, give up time, money, leisure.

hope for is marriage." At school she is active in her sorority, dates more than either of her sisters. When she's home, she does most of the housework, spends her spare time sewing and knitting, and carrying on lengthy telephone conversations. The biggest problem in her life now is the hazard involved in dating three boys from the same fraternity house.

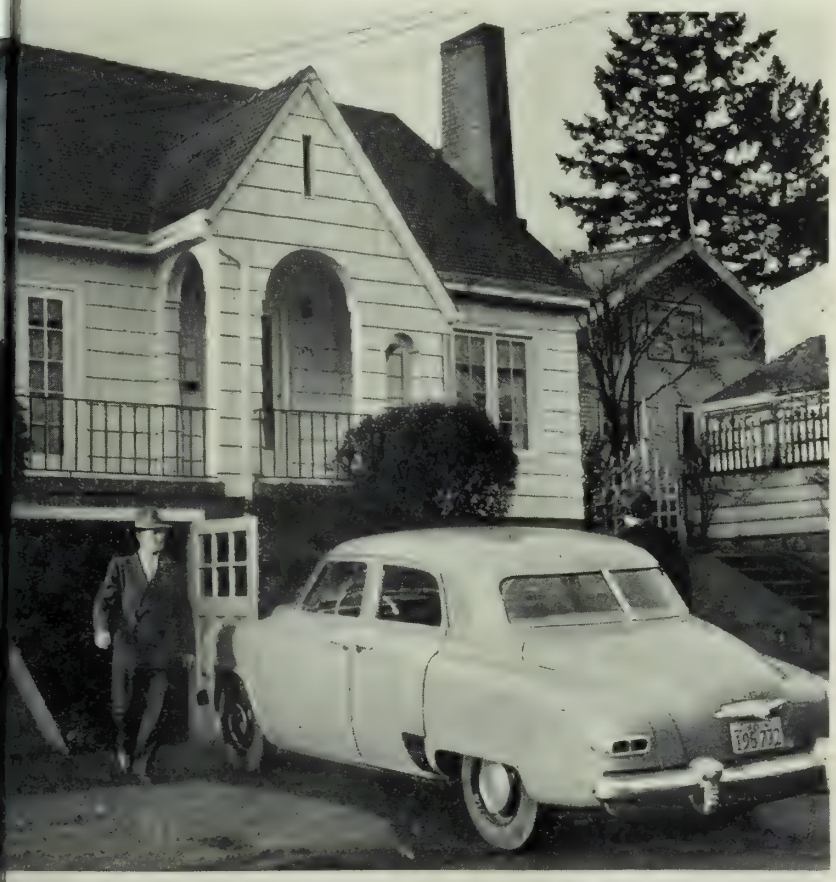
Ray and Nellie take each girl's future seriously, and, when nineteen-year-old Posie (Joyce) was trying to decide last spring whether to spend a second year at Portland's Reed College or to follow Annie's footsteps to De Paul and more music training, there were many family confabs before they decided in favor of De Paul. Posie is the fun lover of the three girls. She has a wide, attractive face with big blue eyes, wears her reddish-blond hair in a feather cut. She's more intelligent than her sisters, according to I. Q.'s, but she hasn't applied herself to anything yet. Posie, like Annie, plays the piano. Her teachers agree that she has more natural talent than Annie, but less application. She is too young yet to know what she definitely wants to do, but pretty sure, just the same, that she wants to marry and use her music "to make money, if I have to."

The Melsons live in a small, story-and-a-half white frame house on the east side of Portland, Oregon. The house sits on an equally small piece of land—too small for Nellie to have the kind of garden she's always wanted. The house is sparsely furnished. Only one room has a rug. There is a minimum of bric-a-brac. In the cellar Ray's desk and Nellie's washing machine are so close together that when clothes are hung up to dry, they drip on Ray's papers. In cold weather, if the whole family's home, Ray sleeps in his overcoat because there aren't enough blankets to keep everyone warm. Ray is on the road thirty out of fifty-two weeks selling aluminum cooking utensils. Nellie, since 1943, has been teaching grade school from eight to four, and spending three evenings a week at night school working for her college degree. Nellie is no

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICTOR JORGENSEN



"It's father who pays." Ray has no budget, would like to plan ahead but gets "no co-operation," worries because his savings account has never registered more than $120. His income—almost $5000—is highest he has ever made.



The car works overtime too. Ray is on the road thirty weeks a year selling aluminumware, lends car to girls on week ends for dates, near-by concerts. His six-cents-a-mile allotment from company covers most of gas and upkeep.



Ray sells the way he lives—being scrupulously fair to the other person. Many customers like this one let him write out order. Working half a territory more than usual brings "more money, less time to spend with Nellie and the girls."



Marilyn refuses date—"because he didn't call enough in advance." Posie, who spends more time practicing, wants to marry someone "who will make a supreme effort to understand me and beat me up whenever I need it."

"When your children know what t



Dance programs worth saving—her beaus write Marilyn poetry.

longer soprano soloist in the church choir. Ray has given up his Sunday-school class. There is little time for recreation, little time even to be together. These are things the Melsons *don't* have—they are sacrifices for college.

What they *do* have is of considerably more value to them. Between Ray and Nellie, and their daughters, there are tremendous love and respect. They like one another, and they like to be together. That's why, when the girls are home, they often invite friends over for breakfast before church, or dinner before a date. The family always spends its vacation on Nellie's father's big truck farm at Bellingham, Washington; they take summer Sunday jaunts to near-by beaches, loading Ray's car with parents, daughters, boy friends, picnic baskets. When the girls were in high school Ray went to football and basketball games "to see how the boy friends were doing." The boys who come into the house—and there are plenty—treat Ray and Nellie with breezy informality tempered with respect. Bill Rowley, who's dated all the girls and is now regarded as a family friend, thinks nothing of asking, "What's good in the refrigerator, Mrs. Melson?"

The secret of keeping close to your children, as Ray and Nellie see it, is to "always treat them as intelligent human beings, not as babies,



Posie, the family hairdresser, gives Marilyn home permanent before big prom. Girls, who started dating at fourteen, trade secrets, never trade boy friends if "hands off" policy is declared. "We rarely like the same type anyway."



Posie needs new wardrobe for Chicago. Just learning to sew, she has good teachers. Nellie won second prize in a national contest with a wedding dress. Marilyn has high average in college clothing classes, made her own wardrobe.

ut, you owe them the chance."

and to discuss things with them on their own terms." They have an honest desire to know how the girls feel about things. When Annie and Posie first took up the piano seriously, Ray, who has had virtually no musical background, took lessons himself. But when he couldn't get any farther than My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean because his fingers "kept getting all tangled up," he had to give up. Last year he and Nellie took a music-appreciation course. They have both read books on music and listen to symphonies on the radio.

The Melson girls value their father's careful, thoughtful reasoning and their mother's ability to look at things their way. When they started dating, Nellie taught them how to feel socially secure by helping them see boys as "people, not strange, unexplainable characters." She told them about boys' problems and dissatisfactions, feeling that would help them with their own. She helped them find the best make-up, clothes and hair styles, encouraged them to bring their friends home after school. She discussed emotional reactions and sex, and told the girls, "If there's anything you want to know, I'll be glad to tell you." And she always has. If she doesn't know the answer, she and her daughter "research it" in a psychology book. The girls appreciate the fact that Nellie is willing to say, "I don't know the answer—but I do know where we can find it." Nellie is always ready to help, but says realistically, "You can't force these talks. You have to wait for the girls to bring them up."

The girls are little more than a year apart in age, yet they get along remarkably well. There have been problems. Marilyn, whose interests are poles away from her sisters', used to feel excluded when Posie and Annie talked of music and books. Her own experience with music—



Folk dancing is Posie's favorite exercise, especially with Walter (above), "who will be quite somebody someday." Marilyn goes to more proms at coed school, Annie and Willie prefer small intellectual discussions with friends.



Teacher-composer Serge Tarnowsky says Annie has "the ability to be a concert pianist—someday." As struggling music student, Annie scrimped winters, worked summers, earned full-tuition scholarship at De Paul University.



Posie, a freshman at Portland's Reed College last year, lived home, paid $500 tuition, managed expenses on $20 a month. Teaching piano to neighbor (above) is one of many jobs which girls have held to earn extra cash.



Oregon State has two men to every girl. On rear of motor bike, Marilyn sits on pillow, clutches date as bike hits 30 mph. Below, Posie and date.

Girls learned healthy dating attitudes from mother's good advice.



BUFFORD

Two careers in one family? "Willie's will always come before mine."

first the piano, then singing, finally the saxophone—had been a dismal failure because she simply wasn't interested. On the night Annie gave a piano recital before 250 people just before her high-school graduation, Marilyn was in tears for the last time, wailed, "I'll never be able to do anything that anyone will want to come and see!" Now she feels more mature about these differences, has her own socially active life, and says matter-of-factly, "They have their line, and I have mine, and each one counts." Marilyn's life is following the pattern she has chosen; she is dated ahead for weeks, and getting better-than-average marks.

Until Annie's marriage, she and Posie shared a bedroom at home. Marilyn has her own bedroom next door, while Ray and Nellie sleep downstairs. Annie and Marilyn gang up together on Posie, and as is usually typical with the younger member of any family, worry about her clothes and table manners. Posie passes this off with nonchalance, keeps on doing things her way. She does listen to Annie seriously, however, about music.

Where men are concerned, the girls have definite rules. If one girl is interested in a man, she announces same, and her sisters obey a "hands off" policy. This has worked beautifully—the boys have always understood it, and no two girls have been interested in the same man, anyway, at the same time. The family, en masse, always inspects each new boy friend—"horrible for him, fun for us." Annie remembers waiting nervously for her first date to arrive. Finally the doorbell rang. Annie rushed to the door, opened it, and there stood Posie, grinning broadly! They've played similar tricks on Marilyn, but "we've never caught up with Posie."

(Continued on Page 240)



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BREAKING APRON STRINGS—AND HEART STRINGS

By Gladys Denny Shultz

JUST when do our children become grownups? At what age should we take hands off our offsprings' affairs, leave them to make their decisions unassisted and to live their lives in the way good to them, without parental admonition or interference?

Every intelligent parent realizes that this time must come. Yet how many know when the psychological moment has arrived? And what is our duty when we see our grown, or nearly grown, children making decisions and following a life pattern which seems wrong to us?

Ray and Nellie Melson have done a superlative job of preparing their daughters for responsible, successful and happy adulthood.

Ray, far more than most fathers, has given earnest attention to home problems. Ray and Nellie together have grounded their children in religion, morals and ethics. Early they gave each girl special training. They saw to it that each girl carried a full share of responsibility in the home, and also worked at a variety of jobs throughout high school, turning in her earnings to the family purse.

It was no surprise, therefore, to find the three Melson girls have never given any concern about their personal conduct; to find them hard-working and responsible, with feet firmly on the road to economic independence.

But it was a surprise and a challenge to find the Melsons at a storm-filled period in the important rite of breaking the apron strings, with rebellion, albeit of a most loving variety, rife among the daughters, and Ray and Nellie—particularly Ray—at wit's end.

Posie, the youngest, a freshman at Reed College, was warring upon what she considered her parents' intolerant views on religion and social customs. Marilyn, the middle one, a sophomore in home economics at Oregon State College, felt aggrieved because at home she was still ordered about like a little girl and kept so busy with household tasks that she had little time left for the sewing and studying she would like to do.

But it was twenty-one-year-old Anna Lou, the eldest, who had just precipitated the real bombshell. Anna Lou, recognized by her sisters as the beauty; Anna Lou, who had won scholarship after scholarship in music; Anna Lou, who had been so fanatically bent upon a career that her parents had feared she was sacrificing her personal life, that she might never marry.

Now she had just informed them, out of the blue, that she was planning to give up all this and marry William Kapell, at twenty-six already an internationally famous pianist—and a Jew. For the deeply Presbyterian Melsons, this last was quite a thing to swallow. She had called them from New York, where she had gone to be presented to Kapell's people, and told them of her plan to be married soon, so that she might accompany Kapell on his summer South American concert tour.

"I BEG of you, I implore you, don't do anything without consulting us first," her father pleaded. "Let's talk it over when you come home."

"*If* I come home," was Annie's reply. That had hurt Ray Melson more than anything else.

Here was a romance calculated to warm the heart of any fiction addict—the unknown music student marrying one of the prominent musicians of the day, and thereby sharing his luxury, fame and glamour. Yet as I talked with the Melsons, it was apparent that these considerations meant nothing to them. Their little daughter was proposing to abandon the pattern they had laid down for her and was making alone the most important decision of her life.

Thus was presented an opportunity to get both sides on three problems which come up in many homes in the transition period between childish dependence and full adult status. What obligation, if any, should grown-up children feel for maintaining the parental home? When are children old enough to marry? And what are parents to do when a boy or girl elects a choice of mate and kind of life which do not accord with the family tradition?

Children mature at widely differing ages; some never learn to manage their affairs wisely, some have to fight fiercely to keep from being stifled. But the three Melson girls are self-reliant and mature beyond their years. The only bonds they have to break are of unusual love and devotion to their interests. Can these latter, so worthy in themselves, nevertheless be a handicap to growing up?

THE Melsons offered an ideal clinic. Highly intelligent and articulate, all five faced their various problems from a background of mutual love and respect.

I talked with Marilyn first, alone. Closest of the three to her father, it has never entered her mind to doubt the values by which he lives his life. "We were brought up to believe certain things, and that's the way they are—we never question them."

As the middle child, an always difficult spot, complicated in her case by the fact that she was between two musically gifted sisters, Marilyn has had a special adjustment problem, which her parents have brought her through with signal success. The most popular when it comes to dates and parties, like the others she was freed when she reached college age of the rather close, though loving, supervision maintained by her parents throughout high school.

But at vacation time, her father is always calling Marilyn from things she would like to do, to help her mother with the housework. She recognizes fully that her mother needs the help and acknowledges it is only right and fair that while her parents are making sacrifices for her they should expect her to carry her share when she is at home.

"But I live for the day when I will be through college, and won't feel under obligation to them any more!" said Marilyn.

Ray, at whose leading strings Marilyn's resentment is directed, attributes his middle daughter's attitude to the fact that to give her confidence they permitted her as a child to pick and choose the tasks she would perform. Thus, while Marilyn works hard at things she is interested in, she is inclined to shirk those that do not appeal to her.

Nellie's reaction to her remark was the forthright one which I had come to expect from her.

"I wonder if youngsters ever realize that parents, too, look forward to the time when they won't have to feel obligation and responsibility for their children any more?" she replied instantly.

Marilyn's rebellion was minor. Posie's cut much deeper into the parental heart strings—because her parents taught her that only

cked people smoke and drink; that the ristian religion is the only right one, all hers being wrong; because she has followed Annie's footsteps in choosing music for a reer and in going to Reed; because until w her views have been formed, and her cisions made, by her parents or older sis-rs.

"Mother and dad were wonderfully good d reasonable about pointing out why their ay was the right one—but they wouldn't mit there was any other. I never could lk over anything on which I disagreed with em. For a long time after I came to col-ge, I was in a terrible state of confusion. I und that some very nice people smoke, d even drink moderately. In my humani-s course I learned that many religions ve virtues.

"The great trouble is that daddy wants l his daughters to be just as he would be if were a girl. It was daddy who started nnie and me on our musical careers. But began to worry when Annie applied her-lf so intensely, and started slipping away om his ideas about what she should do ith her life. He's objecting to my going to hicago next year to study, for fear I will come like Annie. But I'm not like Annie. addy just can't understand that we have be individuals, and do some things differ-ntly from the way he would do them."

Posie's present boy friend—like Annie's apell, he is Jewish—has been instrumental opening her eyes to the fact that she has t been encouraged to think for herself. e envies him his broader viewpoint.

"I suppose he is really an atheist, but to e he is as much a Christian as my father, not more so. He is kind nd tolerant of other peo-e's ideas, even when he sagrees with them. If at isn't Christianity, hat is?

"As long as I live I shall el guilty if I do some-ing of which I know y parents would disap-rove," Posie ended with a burst of feeling, and that just isn't right!"

In short, Posie is in typical adolescent re-olt, rejecting her parents' guidance and urning to that of others—an important fea-ure, really, of the weaning process. The ony which many worthy parents have ex-erienced is that the very advantages they ave worked and sacrificed to give their hildren have diverted them from concepts hich seem the only right ones to their arents.

It is a high tribute to the love, kindness nd wisdom with which Ray and Nellie have nparted their somewhat strict standards hat Posie's revolt is one of ideas only. She either drinks nor smokes; she has no hought of changing her religion; she wants o study in Chicago next year, even though his means following still further in her eld-st sister's footsteps. She is grateful for her pbringing, in spite of her feeling it made er something of a snob.

But Annie, at that time supposedly hard t work in Chicago, was the crux of the Mel-on story. My curiosity about her had grown s, in my talks with the others, her charac-er and personality had been unfolding.

I had gathered that she was a demon vorker, ambitious, a little self-centered in her drive toward the goal she had set her-elf, but attractive, talented and with an unusual faculty for engaging the interest and help of important people. (It was the wife of the manager of the Boston Symphony who had said to Annie, "You must meet our Willie!" and thus had started the romance now the storm center of the Melson affairs.)

Annie, indeed, was evidently quite a girl. Whether she married William Kapell or not I doubted that she would follow the course mapped out for her by the gentle, unself-seeking Ray Melson.

Ray, in his quiet voice, discussed his fears. Was Annie old enough to marry; did she know William Kapell well enough? Might she not later regret the sacrifice of all she had worked for in her own career?

(Kapell, accustomed to electrifying exacting audiences, and to being sought after, was somewhat taken aback by these objections when Annie tactfully relayed them to him. "After all, it isn't exactly as though I were a ditchdigger!" was his comment.)

Looming large in Ray Melson's mind was the matter of religious difference and of discrimination, to which Annie would be subjecting not only herself but her children.

"I wrote Annie that I didn't know as I very much liked the thought of a grandson of mine running down the street, with a gang of boys after him yelling, 'Sheeny, sheeny!'" was the way Ray expressed this. "And we have to take into consideration that certain of Mrs. Melson's relatives will think we have failed terribly and hold it against us if we permit a daughter of ours to marry outside the Christian religion. If only," he said feelingly, "we could get Annie back home here as part of the family again for three months. I think we could persuade her at least to wait until she is older and has her college degree. And if she wants to bring Kapell along," he added, generosity and fairness asserting themselves, "we would do our best to make friends with him."

Nellie Melson took exception in her forthright, yet kindly, way to her husband. She didn't feel the views of her relatives should be taken into account; she didn't believe that, in the artistic circles in which the young Kapells would move, they would suffer from discrimination.

Mrs. Melson herself had rebelled against the strict traditions of her family. Perhaps that is why she is freer than her husband to decide these things on their merits. Ray Melson suffers when he cannot get his loved ones to see things the family way.

Yet there is no trace of neurotic, selfish possessiveness; his love for this stormy-petrel daughter, his pride in her were evident. He showed me a letter Annie had written, in which she had set forth with passionate, yet loving and considerate, conviction her ideas about religion and human relationships, to prove to me that his eldest had a good head on her shoulders and was using it.

It may be imagined with what eagerness I looked forward to seeing Annie, and getting her story. I was to stop off the plane and breakfast with her in Chicago. But I didn't see Annie in Chicago. Her roommate told me, instead, that Annie had married William Kapell the day before, and had gone to New York, called there by the death of Kapell's teacher, Mme. Olga Samaroff. "Please don't tell anyone," begged the roommate. "Annie's parents don't know, and she wants to be the one to tell them."

I caught up with her in New York a week later. I was presented to a girl like any other college girl—slight, hatless, with true golden hair hanging a bit raggedly about a pale and slightly haggard face.

"I'll look better when I have had some sleep," she said. "You see, I haven't told my parents yet, and all I can think of is how they are going to feel."

Annie plunged into a frank discussion of the problems with her parents, and it was evident that their fears lest she was acting hastily and under emotional stress were unfounded. Annie is mature for twenty-one, with a quick intelligence. She respects her parents' viewpoint and has a sympathetic understanding of the way they have been molded by their own early experiences.

"My father is a rarely wonderful person, one of the two or three finest people I have ever known in my life. I know that everything he has ever done has been dictated by the most unselfish love, and that is why he suffers so much when there is the slightest conflict in the family. That's what has made all this so difficult for me—that I love and respect him so much. When he called me on the phone, I couldn't talk to him, I was weeping so."

(Continued on Page 266)

The real value of love is the increased general vitality it produces.

—VALÉRY quoted in The Art of Living: André Maurois (Harper & Brothers).

THE LARGE ECONOMY PACKAGE



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The corduroy jumper that goes to class with an assortment of blouses. Junior Vogue Design No. 3229, 9 to 15; "Easy-to-Make" blouse No. 6159, 12 to 40.





Marilyn Melson wearing her favorite tweed skirt with slit pockets, jersey blouse and matching tweed bag. Junior Vogue Design No. 3231, 9 to 15.



Clan plaid in an all-rayon fabric with black velveteen collar and cuffs. Make for under $8. "Easy-to-Make" Junior Vogue Design No. 3220, 9 to 15.



All-round campus coat that goes to a football game or a faculty tea. Crocheted hat and leopard shoes. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 6546, 12 to 42.

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For Other Views, Prices and Estimated Cost of Making, see page 270.

FOR AN A-PLUS WARDROBE WITH A C-MINUS BUDGET



Charming lemon-yellow velveteen date dress; waist-cinching midriff; pretty quilted collar, push-up sleeves. Junior Vogue Design No. 3210, 9 to 15.

DRAWINGS BY MARGARET SOMMERFELD PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



Marilyn's glamorous princess-line evening dress cost less than $19 to make. Cuffed neckline. Add diaphanous tulle stole. Junior Vogue Design No. 3222, 9 to 15.



Popular week-end suit-dress in black wool with velvet piping on jacket. New-looking flared peplum. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design suit-dress No. 6533, 12 to 20.

A budget, to many a college girl, means a limited amount of money . . . not necessarily a limited number of clothes, particularly when she makes them herself. Marilyn Melson has a talent for being the best-dressed girl in her class and probably spends less money on her clothes than any of her friends. She is so professional with the needle that bound buttonholes are as easy for her as turning a hem. She agrees that it's important that your clothes do *not* look as though you had made them. Let your friends be green with envy and your beaux beam with pride when you say you did. Keep an extra length of fabric in your favorite color on hand . . . perhaps a lush piece of satin for a dreamy prom dress. A portable sewing machine goes to college as naturally as a typewriter. (Remember this when you're wondering what you want for Christmas!) Have your roommate help in fitting and hanging a skirt, and you can do the same for her. Don't think that sewing is something you have to do if you can't afford to buy your clothes; rather, it is a creative talent. Develop it and your clothes will be as much a part of you as your current hair-do. ★ BY NORA O'LEARY

Here are nine college-girl experts telling Dawn Crowell Norman their individual ideas and formulas on what it takes to make a girl popular on a college campus.

PHOTOS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO





Posie Melson, music student at De Paul University, says, "Avoid campus gossip—unless it's complimentary!"



Marilyn Melson, of Oregon State, says, "Join school organizations. You don't have to wait to be asked!"

PASSPORT TO POPULARITY

A prom program penciled solid is a neon-bright addition to your college memory book. So is a straight-A report card, a snapshot of your roommate, or a clipping from the campus paper headlining you as beauty queen. But to shine in only one of these departments is symptomatic of a lopsided personality. You'll find the shortest distance between you and all-round popularity is a straight line of interest in other people. College girls from coast to coast, taking an interest in you, have submitted these questions—as a ruler first, then as a blueprint for improvement. Choose an "A" or "B" answer for each question. Then check page 249 and see how you may rate with your friends. ★ *By Dawn Crowell Norman*

1. Your roommate's rumba is famous; Betty is the campus Babe Zaharias. If neither the dance floor nor tennis court claims you as queen, do you ——

A. Mutter about "show-offs" and extroverts to compensate for your not being a girl of distinction?

B. Start an honest campaign to cultivate a special talent of your own, even if it's playing jazz on the ocarina?

2. You meet a new freshman, forlornly rinsing out her socks in the washroom. Do you ——

A. Ask if you can give her a hand getting acquainted?

B. Make sure she knows you're an upperclassman by coolly reminding her that her laundry is blocking traffic?

3. College men have a head for figures—especially when it comes to certain girls. If you're not one of them do you ——

A. Excuse your excess weight by describing the hypothyroid condition that runs in your family?

B. Plan a personal success course, including a really daily *run and a sweetless, starchless diet?*

4. Your date shows up with a movie-followed-by-hamburgers light in his eye. Do you ——

A. Beat him to the punch with your enthusiasm for Ingrid Bergman's latest?

B. Tell him what you want to do before you consider the light, or the state of his pocketbook?

5. Your roommate keeps her bed made and her dresser top shining. Do you ——

A. Dismiss your personal clutter as picturesque and Bohemian?

B. Share toward making your room an attractive home base for both of you?

6. The phone rings at 6 P.M. and you charge down two flights of stairs, because Philip said he'd call at six! But when you're sure it's for someone else, do you ——

A. Go out of your way to answer it anyway, hoping the other girls will do the same for you?

B. Put a record on the phonograph to drown out the noise?

7. Grace's room, three doors down, is *the* spot on your floor for bull sessions and brownies from home after dating hours. Have you ——

A. Stuck close to your desk, writing home to mother about unfair "cliques"?

B. Asked Grace for a friendly stop-in at your room, taking a few personal notes on her popularity quotient?

8. Patsy's rhinestone choker and Gloria's gloves lift your basic black out of the old look and into the new . . . they're dears to lend them; but when they feel the same about your perfume or charm bracelets, do you ——

A. Reciprocate, but quick!

B. Make excuses for not lending?

9. Last night, with you see-worthy in moonlight and a new formal, Tom asked you to wear his fraternity pin. Did you ——

A. Take it to spark your growing collection?

B. Tactfully pass it up, because Tom means nothing special to you?

(Continued on Page 249)



P.S. Test FRESH yourself at our expense. See if FRESH isn't more effective, creamier, smoother than any deodorant you've ever tried. Only FRESH can use the patented combination of amazing ingredients which gives you this safe, smooth cream that doesn't dry out . . . that really stops perspiration better. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for a free jar.

Club Aluminum

WATERLESS COOKWARE

How to cook eggs "over easy" without turning them



Here's How . . . to cook eggs done through, but not tough, without turning or basting. When the breakfast bacon is almost done, turn off the heat under your Club Aluminum Chicken Fryer, push bacon to one side, pour off excess fat, and slip in the eggs. Then quickly put the lid on, and leave for 3 to 6 minutes without turning on the heat. Lift the lid—you'll see a pretty sight. Eggs self-basted, tender, no burned edges. Chicken Fryer shown, 10-in. size, $4.95; 11¾-in., $5.95. *Still at low prewar prices.*

FULL FLAVOR



HEATS FROM ALL SIDES

Heats evenly. Flavor-laden steam rises to the moisture-sealed lid, falls back again to flavor, reflavor food. Vitamins, minerals stay in. Low-heat method saves fuel.

OTHER CLUB PIECES TO CHOOSE FROM



Club Aluminum [illegible] Cooker . . . [illegible] Sauce Pan . . .



Club Aluminum Covered [illegible] . . . [illegible] . . . [illegible] . . .

...in our House"

...OW AMERICA LIVES ★

...dd..., get in on the planning discussions. ...ha... way, each one will be more under- ...ar...ng of the over-all problem, and so ...or... willing to take his share of the work, ...e ...n and the financing. Now is the hour ...l... everything that has to be done and ...eci... what jobs, if any, will be handled ...om...e outside." Washing and ironing, for ...an...le; will the time and energy required ...e d... them at home cancel out the cost of ...ev... them done at a laundry? Such plans, ...c...rse, will be guided to a great extent ...f t... family's homemaking talents.

...ace the dollars. Sometimes, when ...m...s reach the point of pricing the serv- ...es ...hat will be bought if mother goes to ...w... in addition to clothes for a different ...yt... life, and probably transportation, it ...m... to light that there may be little or no ...sh... ain. Now's the time to balance dollars ...ag...nst dollars out, coolly and objectively.

...ir for bids. After lining up the neces- ...sy ...hores to be done at home, let each one ...d... the work he likes to do and does best. ...ut... such as dishwashing, are apt to be no- ...od... choice, yet still they must be done. ...P... robably fairest to rotate such unloved ...bs so that no one person has any one as a ...ly... nent assignment.

...r the decks. Give the home itself a ...al... viewpoint for the new order of things ...f... earing it of hard-to-care-for knick- ...ac... s, silver ornaments that need lots of ...ar...ng, small dust catchers, any work- ...ak... g objects that don't really contribute ...co...nfort and pleasure. Later, when every- ...e... not quite so busy, the frills may be ...br...ht back from their vacations.

...t yourselves. Invest in as many work- ...ve... as possible, good hard-working ap-

(Continued on Page 265)



Marilyn presses-



Mother makes beds-

Posie ...ans house ...Saturdays-



PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETRO

Mother ...eeps the ...den going-



Club Coffeeware

FOR FULL-FLAVOR COFFEE MAKING

At last - Something new in coffee making



Here's How...

1 Club Coffee Dispenser measures exactly. Each flip of lever gives you correct amount of coffee for one cup.

2 Upper bowl of drip coffee maker measures water exactly—by cup markings.

3 Filter-timer measures drip-time exactly—uniform speed-per-cup.

The Club Coffeeware Combination . . . Glass Drip Coffee Maker, 4-8 cups, $5.95; Club Wall Coffee Dispenser, $3.00 . . . both packed as a set for $7.95 (a $1 saving).

CRYSTAL-CLEAR CLUB GLASS COOKWARE

2-qt. Whistling Teakettle.....$2.95
6-cup Teapot.....$2.95
2-qt. Saucepan.....$2.45
1½-qt. Double Boiler.....$3.95
9-cup Percolator.....$3.95
8-cup Vacuum Coffee Maker (2 Covers)..$4.45

ALSO

Club Pot 'n' Pan Pads, package.....$ .25
Club Aluminum Hot Dish Pads 3 for $1.69

Here's news for coffee lovers—a coffee-making system that stops guesswork and puts the same full-flavored goodness into every potful, every cupful. A triple-measure, triple-sure system.

Accurate on coffee—the correct amount for each cupful every time you flip the lever of the Club Coffee Dispenser. *Accurate on water* — graduated markings on the upper bowl. And *accurate on brewing time*, thanks to Club's own patented flavor-filter.

Change your coffee problem to coffee pleasure by putting the Club Coffeeware combination—Club Coffee Dispenser and Club Drip Coffee Maker—on the job in your own home. Sold in many leading housewares stores.

CLUB ALUMINUM PRODUCTS CO., CHICAGO 14, ILLINOIS
Makers of famous Club Aluminum Hammercraft Waterless Cookware
Tune in "Club Time," ABC Network Tuesday mornings, and hear favorite hymns of famous people

© 1948 CAPCo



A masculine dream-cake... luscious as it looks... bound to be perfect—guarded by the wonderful double-action of Calumet Baking Powder.

FOR A BOY—AGED 8 TO 80

Chocolate Nut Sundae Cake

He never guessed you could make a cake so tender, so delicious, so *sumptuous*. But you can do it every time with double-acting Calumet Baking Powder!

So simple . . . even if you've never made cake before! Calumet's double-action takes care of your batter all the way.

You'll see why so many good cake recipes *specify* double-acting Calumet. Use it for all your baking—you'll be astonished at the difference in your biscuits, pancakes, and waffles . . . as well as cakes!

In fact, if you've never made a Calumet cake before, this Chocolate Nut Sundae Cake will open your eyes!

CHOCOLATE NUT SUNDAE LAYER CAKE

Preparations. Have the shortening at room temperature. Line bottoms of two deep 9-inch layer pans with paper; grease. Start oven for moderate heat (350°F.). Sift flour once before measuring.

Measure into sifter:

2½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
3 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
1¼ cups sugar

Measure into mixing bowl:

⅔ cup shortening

Measure into cup:

1 cup milk
1½ teaspoons vanilla

Have ready:

5 egg whites, beaten to meringue* with ½ cup sugar

*For meringue, beat 5 egg whites with rotary egg beater (or at high speed of electric mixer) until foamy; add ½ cup sugar gradually, beating only until meringue will hold up in soft peaks.

Now—The "Mix-Easy" Part! (Mix by hand or at a low speed of electric mixer.) Stir shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes*. Add meringue mixture and *beat 1 minute* longer. (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.)

Baking. Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 35 minutes. Spread Chocolate Sundae Frosting between layers and on top of cake, reserving ¼ cup frosting for decorating. Sprinkle ½ cup coarsely chopped nut meats over top of cake. Heat the reserved frosting with 2 teaspoons hot water over hot water until thinned, stirring constantly. Dribble from teaspoon over nuts.

Chocolate Sundae Frosting. Melt 4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate in double boiler. Remove from boiling water, add 2½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar and 4 tablespoons hot water and blend. Add 5 egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each. Then add 6 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon at a time, beating thoroughly after each amount.

(*All measurements are level.*)



CALUMET BAKING POWDER

Double-acting... for Double-sure Success!

Calumet is a product of General Foods

PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETRO



Marilyn does most of the Saturday baking. In spite of a balky oven, she bakes an excellent pie and cake for Sunday.

Week-end Cook-off

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

On Saturday and Sunday morning there's a whir of activity in Melson kitchen. Pots bubble on the range, the old oven works o time and everyone is busy cooking ahead for the week to foll

The Melsons have a busy schedule five days a week. In the past, t depended on quick broiler meals or what could be done in a few minute their pressure saucepan. They had no set plans for meals. First one ho started dinner, and meals were planned haphazardly from day to day. M Melson thought leftovers impractical, wasteful, but only because she h no definite plan for using them. Now she thinks the idea of planning a cooking ahead will work out fine for them, and perhaps it will for you t

Following are six dinners for Sunday through Friday, planned so that much cooking as possible can be done Saturdays and Sundays. A back of planned leftovers is part of the secret of this type of menu planni These are simple, everyday meals—made up of dishes most families l and serve often. You're familiar with their basic preparation, so you wo need recipes. It's the what-to-do and when-to-do-it that will make th menus really save time for you. We'll start with Saturday, as that's t key day for making it easy during the week.



Three pounds of hamburger are better than two when you have to think ahead on meals. Mrs. Melson shapes part into patties for a quick dinner Saturday night. The rest is made into a meat loaf that will come to the table Monday, and reappear Wednesday in casserole dish.

★ ★ ★

Saturday

a dinner tonight that is easy to so you may devote your kitchen reparing for the week to follow. sons often have a simple Saturer of broiled hamburgers, pres- ed vegetables, salad and fresh

morning, bake an apple pie for a pie shell for Wednesday. Bake you might work this in on Sunning. The Melsons are fond of bake one a week. If there are n your family, you might bake a cookies instead.

eat loaf for Monday. Shape in ly to bake with ham on Sunday. e a quart of cream sauce; boil in their jackets and make a pan o aspic for Monday's dinner.

applesauce and make a cooked of fresh pears and red plums for later in the week.

nay seem like a large dose of for Saturday, but Sunday then nore leisurely—the dinners dur- week well started.

★ ★ ★

Sunday Dinner

Glazed Baked Half Ham
Sweet-Potato Casserole
Corn on Cob
read *or* Rolls and Spread
Green Salad
Apple Pie—Cheese
Coffee—Milk

Melsons look forward to their as a time for leisure and an opy to get reacquainted. During k, they are so busy they have e for letting down. They have a inner at noon—a no-cook supper am sandwiches, relishes and their cake and ice cream.

the apple pie baked on Saturday, is free in the morning for baking , Monday's meat loaf and the otato casserole. Remember to ra sweet potatoes to have on hand ying Tuesday night. Cook extra the cob too. The extra cooked start the corn-and-ham pudding sday.

★ ★ ★

Monday Dinner

t Loaf—Potatoes au Gratin
Green Beans
Tomato Aspic
Bread and Spread
Pear-and-Plum Compote
Coffee—Milk

Checking off what is on hand: The pear-and-plum compote and tomato aspic are in the refrigerator, ready to serve. . . . The meat loaf is baked and may be reheated with the au-gratin potatoes or sliced and served cold. . . . For the au-gratin dish, peel and dice the cold potatoes, cooked on Saturday. Combine with the already-made cream sauce. Add grated cheese; pour into casserole and bake twenty-five minutes. . . . Cooking the green beans is a cinch, particularly if you have a pressure saucepan to quicken the cooking time.

★ ★ ★

Tuesday Dinner

Ham-and-Corn Pudding
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Spinach
Bread and Spread
Sliced Tomatoes Applesauce
Coffee—Milk

The applesauce is made. . . . For the pudding: Cut corn off the cob (left over from Sunday). Follow your regular recipe for corn pudding, but add diced baked ham. Bake in individual custard cups, instead of large casserole, to cut down baking time. . . . The sweet potatoes need only slicing and candying in sirup and a little butter or margarine. Remember, you cooked extra sweet potatoes Sunday, when you made the casserole. If you had any of the ham glaze left over Sunday and saved it in a jar, this is fine stuff to candy the sweet potatoes in. . . . Use frozen or canned spinach if you are especially pressed for time.

★ ★ ★

Wednesday Dinner

Collection Casserole
Avocado-and-Tomato-Aspic Salad
Bread and Spread
Butterscotch *or* Chocolate Pie
Coffee—Milk

This is the night odds and ends really have their inning. Dice meat loaf. Combine with any leftover green beans and potatoes au gratin. Reseason. Add 1 onion, chopped, and if you need to stretch the mixture, add 1 small can of peas and a little milk—not enough to make it soupy. Pour into casserole. Top with buttered crumbs and bake until bubbly. This is really good. Sometimes a casserole dish made up of this and that is better than one you'd start from scratch. . . . For the salad, dice leftover tomato aspic. Arrange it on salad greens with slices of ripe avocado and serve with French dressing—a pretty salad and one you might not have thought of if you hadn't had the tomato

(Continued on Page 265)

. and Mrs. Melson do their food shopping Saturday mornings—team on the put-away job before the business of week-end cooking begins.



if you're the one who does the cooking... look at the new

time-saving step-saving work-saving



CP TRADE MARK

Look for this "CP" seal when you buy—and get all these: automatic controls . . . smokeless broiling . . . uniform baking . . . thrifty roasting . . . cleanliness, coolness, economy! The TAPPAN Gas range shown is just one of many built to "CP" standards now available. Go to your local Gas Company or Gas appliance dealer's and choose one that's just perfect for your "New Freedom Gas Kitchen"*— today.

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

*Cert. Mark, Amer. Gas Assoc., Inc.

automatic gas *ranges!*

to be as good with Chicken



Individual chicken gelatin molds are excellent fare for buffet supper parties . . . and especially satisfying when served with Best Foods or Hellmann's *Real* Mayonnaise. Flavor-rich with eggs, added egg yolks, "Fresh-Press" salad oil, mild vinegar, and spices, this famous mayonnaise has no sissy sweetness. It's *real* mayonnaise.

as it is with Cheese



This colorful, fresh-tasting, fresh-looking salad served with lots of Best Foods or Hellmann's *Real* Mayonnaise tastes as simple salads should—*just plain good!* There's no starchy filler in America's favorite mayonnaise. It's *real* mayonnaise, flavorful and full-bodied as only *real* mayonnaise can be.

make sure it's
BEST FOODS
OR
HELLMANN'S
Real Mayonnaise



AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MAYONNAISE

THE CLIMATE OF A FREE PRESS

(Continued from Page 12)

distinguish between 5000 and 200 people; and I often longed for a good old newspaper with no higher ideal to promote than making money by telling the public the facts. For I am convinced that what every journalist and writer on public affairs should cultivate is a respect for accuracy and disinterestedness.

I do not believe that it is wise for the political writer to commit himself blindly to any party or persons, but to the ideal of truth. And where sufficient numbers of them do the latter, they create a climate and almost always win a following, for there is no more enduring reputation than that for honesty and disinterestedness.

Readers can do much, also, to help a free press become more free and more courageous.

They can help by being tolerant of opinion. Opinions are sustained or corrected by events. They cannot be infallible. But he with whom I differ today may prove to have been right tomorrow.

Readers should be intolerant of inaccurate facts. If the reader knows better, he should write to the editor or the writer. All writers occasionally make errors of fact and should be grateful to have them corrected. (This gives me a chance to correct an error of fact in a recent LADIES' HOME JOURNAL article when I quoted as from the Protestant Episcopal marriage ceremony the passage "with my body I thee worship," which is not in that service but in the ceremony of the Church of England. The book containing the service was not in my library; I have, usually, a good memory, but I should have checked it and looked it up! A number of clergymen promptly pointed out the error.)

A public intolerant of inaccurate reporting keeps the journalist on his toes, for though he may and should defend his opinion at the risk of losing readers, if he holds it strongly, bolstered by reason, no one can defend a misstatement of fact and should welcome its correction.

Readers should beware of judging opinions by association or by the search for personal motives. By association the reader argues: Mr. X, who is a communist, argues that democracy does not live up to its claims in respect to negroes. Mr. Y says the same thing. Therefore, Mr. Y is a communist.

Or Mr. X, a dyed-in-the-wool reactionary, is against the surplus-profits tax; Mr. Y, posing as a liberal, opposes it too; *ergo*, Mr. Y is a tool of reactionary interests.

This gets us nowhere. For it is conceivable that the gentlemen may agree on pure observation and reason on one thing, while disagreeing on almost everything else. What people write should be judged on its own merits, and not through association or the search for personal motives.

A free press is indeed a press which appeals to reason in the light of facts, and one in which ownership and direction respect truth and reason. In our country it seeks to pay its bills by pleasing readers. And if readers also respect truth, they will keep it free and make it more so.

PROPOSED HOME FOR JEWS

(Continued from Page 11)

Do any substantial number of the homeless *want* to go to Surinam? The answer is yes. The dream of mass immigration to Palestine has become a thing of the past. Many have indicated their eagerness to go to Surinam. The first problem is getting there, which takes money.

A specially selected commission, visiting Surinam to study its possibilities for Jewish colonization, was enthusiastically favorable. With proper health and sanitary measures, Surinam can become a productive, tropical paradise.

THE END

No pressure on handle!

You don't have to bear down ever!

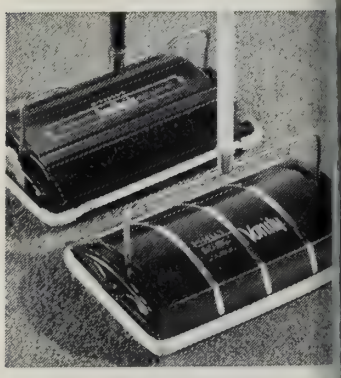
Just *glide* your new Bissell over any rug, under beds, under the dining room table . . . for perfect, instant pick-up!



"Bisco-matic" brush action does work for you!

This amazing new feature adjusts the brush *automatically* to any pile rug, thick or thin . . . with any pressure on the handle whatsoever!

It makes your quick clean-up faster, cleaner than ever!



"Bisco-matic" is exclusive with Bissell, and is available now in two models . . . the "Vanity", $8.45, and the "Grand Rapids" only $6.95.

Complete with "Sta-up" Handle and easy "Flip-O" Empty.

BISSELL SWEEPERS

The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Bissell's patented full spring controlled brush.

THE NINETY AND NINE

(Continued from Page 42)

beauty against the sky. The wind be-
ise. Grandmother decided she'd post-
aking for the bazaar until tomorrow,
he could see what the weather was
tside, a sheet of flame rent the heav-
l the thunder roared like doomsday.
nd whined, dropped to a whisper and
l. She heard the old-fashioned bell-
ck and snap back. The bell clanged
y. She tossed the paper on the table,
ed her hair, went to the front door
lled it open.

stranger was tall and darkly elegant,
his shoes were torn and his clothes
ttered and dusty. Black eyes, jutting
idged nose, flowing black mustache
ong white teeth. . . . *Why,* thought
nother with a start, *if he had on a*
il, he'd look just like Rudolph Rassen-
dam." The stranger swept off his hat
d it against his breast.

don't need any magazines," said
nother. She was about to slam the
but the stranger's resemblance to
h Rassendale was too strong. "I sup-
ou're working your way through
?"

ave nothing to sell," said the man.
ed lightning ran its tongue across the
d licked at the tops of the pine trees.
er barked a sharp and instant re-
. The stranger stood without moving
le.

ndmother liked men who didn't flinch.
oke in a kinder voice. "I'm glad
not selling any-

is storm"—the
indicated the
clouds with a
l movement of
nd—"I was hop-
haps I could find
for the night in
arn."

," said Grand-
r, "you can't."
pped aside so the doorway was open.
body who's allowed to stay on this
s good enough to sleep in the house.
in."

ally, I ——" the man demurred.
me in," commanded Grandmother.
tall stranger followed her into the
She led him down the dark hall and
e big kitchen. He stood politely while
ened the icebox and pulled out cold
n.

w long is it since you've eaten?"
a matter of fact, my hotel didn't serve
fast," said the man.

ey usually don't in barns." Grand-
r sniffed. She took a loaf of home-
bread, held it against her chest and,
the knife across it toward herself, cut
slices. "Sit down."

stranger sat.

ere's no coffee. Supper's over." She
d milk into a glass and put it on the
"You'll have to drink milk."

ndmother stood and watched him
he devoured the chicken and the
. She opened the old-fashioned bake
with the eagle and the thirteen stars
ated on its tin sides and produced a
of doughnuts. The stranger wolfed a
nut, hesitated, counted the number
n the tray and selected a second.

d be handsomer, thought Grandmother,
little fat on him. She went to the ice-
nd got out the butter crock. "Mr.
yfuddy likes to put butter on them;
e you would."

NDMOTHER watched him spread butter
s doughnut and eat it. He looked at the
paused and looked away. He drank the
f his milk, withdrew the handkerchief
his breast pocket and dusted imagi-
crumbs from his mustache.

Excellent," said the stranger. He stood
ugged at his coat until it fitted snugly
s his shoulders, then he crossed to the mirror over the kitchen sink and straightened his tie. He rubbed his fingers lightly over his chin and estimated the length of the black stubble. "Does your husband?" asked the man.

"Mr. Ruddyfuddy uses scissors," said Grandmother.

The stranger stopped looking at himself in the mirror and laughed. It was a strong, reckless laugh, the kind she'd expected he'd have. He walked toward her. The man was tall, but when he stood in front of Grandmother he had to look up at her.

"I'm six foot one inch," said the stranger. "How tall are you?"

"Six feet two and a half inches," said Grandmother.

"You're a fine figure of a woman," said the stranger.

"If you want more doughnuts," said Grandmother, "why don't you say so?"

The stranger laughed again and sat down at the table. Grandmother put doughnuts on his plate and dusted them with 4X sugar. The man began to eat.

JACOB SCHUSSLICH, the hired man, stuck his head in the kitchen door and saw the stranger. Jacob was so astonished he almost said, "Dihinker," in front of Grandmother. The stranger bit into a doughnut. His lips curled back from his strong white teeth as they sank eagerly into the sweet dough. Jacob shivered. The stranger chewed slowly and with enjoyment. Jacob began to chew in unison. The stranger swallowed. Jacob swallowed. The stranger's white teeth flashed and tore off another morsel.

"That a doughnut you're eating?" asked Jacob.

"You've got eyes, haven't you?" said Grandmother.

Jacob came the rest of the way into the kitchen. He watched the stranger finish his doughnut. "They smell good."

Grandmother took two more doughnuts from the tray and put them on a plate. She handed the plate to Jacob and returned to her place in front of the stove. Jacob sat down beside the stranger and continued to stare at him. The stranger stopped eating. His black eyes seemed to burn into Jacob's soul. His arm stretched out, took a doughnut from Jacob's plate and put it beside the two on his own plate. He reached into his pocket, withdrew a shining penny and dropped it through the hole in the center doughnut. Jacob heard the penny clink on the plate. The stranger moved the two end doughnuts slowly back and forth without touching or moving the middle one.

"Tell me which doughnut it's under and you can have both of mine."

"The middle one," said Jacob.

"If you're wrong I get both of yours," said the stranger.

"The middle one," said Jacob.

The man lifted the middle doughnut. There was no penny. "It's a game of skill." He reached over and took the second doughnut off Jacob's plate.

Lightning cracked across the window. "Dihinker!" said Jacob, and jumped. He looked at his empty plate, and he looked at the stranger's four doughnuts. "Mrs. Ruddyfuddy ——"

Grandmother walked to the table. She took two doughnuts from the stranger's plate and handed them to Jacob. "Now stop bothering me." She walked back to the stove. The stranger sat and smiled sardonically at Jacob.

Outside, darkness pressed against the house and it began to rain—big drops, widely spaced, that fell with a plop. The wind rose and the rain beat down faster. Grandfather came running in from the barn and burst into the kitchen. He stopped when he saw the stranger.

The most charming love poets have often shown no fervor in real love-making: Sir Philip Sidney's sonnets did not prevail with his Stella, who eloped with another man who was not a poet.

—DEAN INGE:
Our Present Discontents (Putnam & Co., Ltd.).

He will call you a Great Little Cook

if you bake him a fresh peach pie like this



It's easy...quick...

with the new

Pillsbury PIE CRUST MIX



9 full ounces—ample for a big, two-crust pie

Pillsbury BEST XXXX Mixes

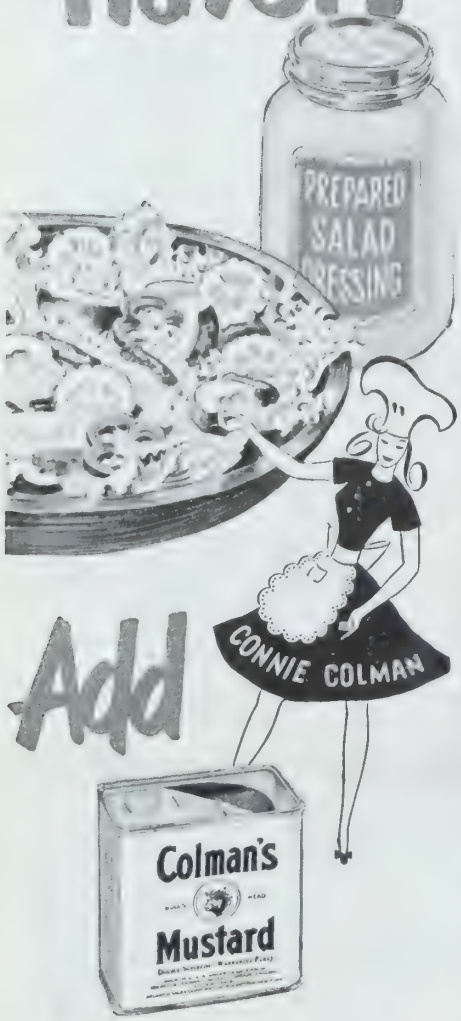
You and Ann Pillsbury can make a great team

Ann Pillsbury has developed a new pie crust mix in *her* kitchen to save you time in *your* kitchen, and give you perfect results every time

Every man likes to think of his wife as a fine cook. A homemade pie will clinch your reputation. You can't miss with the new Pillsbury Pie Crust Mix. Easy, quick. Perfect with peaches. Perfect with every one of your favorite pie fillings. Perfectly wonderful pie! Try it. See why it's America's largest-selling pie crust mix.

Tender, "short" crust—the light, flaky kind
Rich flavor of fine shortening
Tempting brown color
Cuts at touch of a fork
Edges seal easily
Fast — fix while oven heats
Just add water, mix, roll out

QUICK TRICK FOR
zippy flavor!



Add
Colman's Mustard
to your favorite prepared salad dressing

Your husband will love the extra zip and dash this famous dry mustard adds to his favorite prepared salad dressing. Here's all you do: Blend 2 teaspoonfuls of Colman's (dry) Mustard with a little water. Let stand for 10 or 15 minutes to bring out full flavor. Then add it to an 8-oz. jar of prepared salad dressing. Equally delicious with prepared mayonnaise or French dressing. Try it tonight!

THE FAMOUS DRY MUSTARD USED BY FINE COOKS EVERYWHERE

The stranger stood up. "Good evening, sir."

"Good evening," said Grandfather.

"I was caught in the storm," said the man, "and took the liberty of asking to spend the night."

"Well?" said Grandfather doubtfully. He looked at the saturnine face, the high forehead, the startlingly white skin.

"I've already told him he could," said Grandmother.

"In that case, you're very welcome." Grandfather extended his hand. "I'm Napoleon Ruddyfuddy."

The stranger put out his hand. "I'm Rudolph ——"

"What!" said Grandmother.

"Smith," said the man.

"Rudolph," said Grandmother, and paused. "Rudolph." She tried the name again and seemed to like it. "Rudolph, you'll take the room next to Jacob's. There's clean sheets on the bed."

"Thank you," said Rudolph. "Good night."

"Breakfast's at six," said Jacob. He led the way to the stairs, and stopped. It was very dark. "You go first," said Jacob. Rudolph shouldered his way by Jacob and went up the steps.

Grandmother banked the kitchen stove for the night and made sure all the windows were locked. Grandfather sat and watched her. She wound the cuckoo clock and took a last look around the kitchen. "I'm going to bed."

"I'll be up in a minute," said Grandfather.

Grandmother was undressed and sitting on the edge of the bed when Grandfather came upstairs. He took his time about getting ready and couldn't seem to make up his mind what he wanted to do. Grandmother waited impatiently to turn out the light. Finally he got his nightshirt on.

"Hurry up," said Grandmother.

Grandfather stood in the middle of the room in his bare feet. "I've half a mind to go out to the shop and bring in the shotgun."

"If you do, you'll sleep somewhere else," said Grandmother. "Come to bed."

Grandfather climbed into bed. "I'm not sure I like that fellow's looks."

"He is a handsome man," said Grandmother, and switched out the light.

Sometime in the middle of the night, Grandmother woke with a start. She sat up in bed and listened. Grandfather was snoring gently, and his whiskers floated up and down on top of the covers. In the distance, thunder worried the darkness like a dog with a bone. Somewhere in the house there had been a noise. She was almost certain of it. She slipped out of bed, pulled on her shoes and drew a light shawl over her shoulders. Quietly she tiptoed out of the room.

Halfway down the stairs, she stopped and listened. The house was black and silent. Perhaps she'd been dreaming. Maybe Grandfather's fears had her imagining things. She hesitated and considered going back. No, while she was about it she might as well look. The ends of the shawl were in her hands and she pulled it tighter around her shoulders. She took hold of the stair rail and felt her way cautiously down the steps. The stair carpet muffled her footfalls. Everything was so quiet she began to think of buzz saws and of being tied across railroad tracks in front of onrushing trains. *Humph,* said Grandmother, and shook herself. *What nonsense.* She extended her foot cautiously and stepped into the hall. Bang! Something hit her sharply across the legs. Grandmother let out a yell and kicked violently. In the dark something fell with a crash.

Grandmother felt along the wall, found the switch and snapped on the light. A kitchen chair lay sprawled and cracked on the floor from where Grandfather had placed it on the bottom step.

I might have known, said Grandmother. *The old fool.*

Behind her at the top of the stairs, Rudolph spoke. "Is anything wrong, Mrs. Ruddyfuddy? I heard you call." He had a blanket wrapped around him and came down the stairs. "Can I be of assistance?"

"Yes," said Grandmother. "Get the arnica."

She painted her shins with the medicine, thanked Rudolph and returned to her bedroom.

Grandfather stirred restlessly and mumbled, "Sha—shall I get the shotgun?" Grandmother ignored him and got into bed. She was almost asleep when Grandfather woke up. He sat erect, white whiskers bristling, and put a hand on her shoulder. He shook her violently. "Mother, did you scream?"

"Oh, drat!" said Grandmother. "Hairbreadth Harry!"

"What?" asked Grandfather.

"Nothing." Grandmother yanked the covers around her shoulders. "Go to sleep."

The next morning when Grandmother got up it was still raining, but the wind had shifted and she was more hopeful about the bazaar. She cooked breakfast for Grandfather and Jacob while they made pointed remarks about their guest's tardiness. Grandmother refused to notice them and put a plate of bacon and eggs in the oven to keep warm. Jacob clumped out into the rain to feed the chickens. Grandfather looked at the weather, guessed he'd do some things in the workshop, and left the kitchen.

Grandmother decided she'd make black-walnut doughnuts for the cake sale. She took her cookbook from the shelf and spread it open on the table. Originally it was a blank copybook, but over the years Grandmother had written in new recipes as she learned them, or without regard to alphabetical arrangement had stuck loose bundles of clippings between the pages. She put on her spectacles and began to leaf through the book. Shoofly pie—calico cake—macaroon custard; she came to a bundle of clippings. The recipe for black-walnut doughnuts wasn't on a clipping, but Grandmother couldn't resist looking at all of them. Cream

(Continued on Page 226)



"Hello. Using your automatic garbage disposal unit for the next few minutes?"

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Easy, quick, here's all you do: Add pinch of salt and pepper, a teaspoon of French's Worcestershire for each gla ful of tomato juice—mix well, and ser very cold. It's a Wow!

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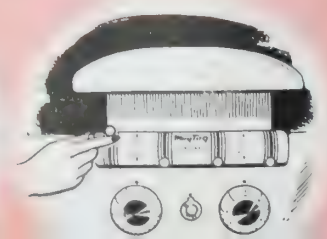
Colonial Dutch Ovens, food cooked and glorified by stored-up heat method, automatically yours.

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(Continued from Page 227)

sauce—apple fritters—drop cakes. Grandmother stacked the clippings and pushed them into the book. She turned a page—"Mrs. Nissly's Funeral Board Cake." Grandmother hesitated. She could imagine the expressions on the faces of the Ladies' Aid Society if she arrived with a dozen "Funeral Board Cakes." The idea appealed to her, but she discarded it. After all, the bazaar was to make money for a new window, and cakes made on Mrs. Nissly's recipe wouldn't attract many customers.

Rudolph came into the room. He was newly shaved, and his skin was fresh and white against his black hair. He smiled at her and apologized for being late. Grandmother smiled back, got the plate out of the oven and returned to her book.

Jacob stamped in from feeding the chickens. His shoes were soaking wet, and he squished muddy water all over the floor.

Grandmother looked up from her book. "Why aren't you wearing rubber boots?"

Jacob sneezed loudly. "I let Mr. Smith have them." He hesitated. "It seemed the Christian thing to do."

"Was it a game of skill?" demanded Grandmother.

"He said it was." Jacob sneezed again. "It's called Spit in the Ocean."

"Rudy!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Rudolph. He left his bacon and eggs and went upstairs with Jacob to return the boots to him.

While Rudolph finished his breakfast, Grandmother sifted flour into the biggest bowl she could find. She beat six eggs, added sour milk, salt, molasses, butter, nutmeg, baking powder and chopped black walnuts, and poured them into the flour. She sat down, put the bowl between her knees and began to stir.

"Let me do that," said Rudolph. He took the heavy bowl from her.

"You'll get all floury," said Grandmother.

She helped Rudolph take off his coat, and tied a big apron around him. He mixed the dough while she put the kettle of deep fat on the stove and brought it to a boil. Grandmother told him to scrape the contents of the bowl onto the breadboard, then she rolled it flat with the rolling pin. Rudolph used the cutter and sliced out rings of dough. Grandmother noticed he knew enough to dip the tin cutter in flour before he used it, so the dough wouldn't stick to the tin.

"How many doughnuts are we making?" asked Rudolph.

"Twenty dozen," said Grandmother. "They'll bring fifty cents a dozen at the bazaar this afternoon."

"Ten dollars for all this work!" Rudolph was astonished.

"Every bit helps," said Grandmother. "The window costs one hundred and ten dollars."

Rudolph continued to mix bowls of batter for Grandmother to fry. The pile of doughnuts mounted. He took one and bit into it.

"Stop eating those doughnuts," said Grandmother.

RUDOLPH munched the doughnut and watched Grandmother work. "Can't we at least get a dollar a dozen for them?" he asked.

"Not for doughnuts in Lancaster County," said Grandmother.

Rudolph took another doughnut. "You know, I'd like to come with you to the bazaar."

"You!" Grandmother stared at him in astonishment.

"I can help carry the doughnuts," said Rudolph. "I used to when I was little."

She looked at Rudolph and tried to picture him at the Ladies' Aid Society. Then she thought of the Funeral Board Cake and how she'd had to give it up. "You could wear one of Mr. Ruddyfuddy's clean shirts," she speculated.

If teaching and learning have a practical goal and a patriotic function, it is this: to keep the men who run our national plant from being run by it—that is, to keep them men or, even better, to keep them artists.

JACQUES BARZUN: Teacher in America, Atlantic Monthly Press (Little, Brown & Company).

"I can even sell doughnuts," said Rudolph.

"Go in the pantry and take off your pants," said Grandmother. "I'll [illegible] while you mix the rest of that batter."

"Madam!" said Rudolph.

"Go on," said Grandmother. "You sit in the chair while you stir. The [illegible] cover you."

By noon the doughnuts were all finished and it had stopped raining. Grandmother packed great baskets and covered them with snowy white napkins, then she called Grandfather to come and get dressed.

Grandfather came through the [illegible] and saw Rudolph immaculate in [illegible] white shirt and well-creased pants. His coat was draped over the back of a chair and a white handkerchief peeped out of the breast pocket. Grandfather went upstairs and decided to put on his best gray suit. He put on a white shirt with tiny pleats down the front, then he pulled on his gray pants and adjusted the suspenders over his shoulders. The suspenders had black-and-white stripes. Grandfather selected a pair of sleeve garters to match the suspenders. He tugged at his shirt sleeves until they bloused nicely above the sleeve garters. He looked himself over, then turned toward the mirror. Grandmother was finished centering her cameo pin and was putting on her hat. Grandfather started looking for his shoes. He went to the closet and peered in. He crossed to the bureau and searched on either side of it. Then he got down on his knees and looked under the walnut bed.

"Somebody's taken my black shoes!"

Grandmother [illegible] fully adjusted [illegible] "Rudy's [illegible] them."

Grandfather [illegible] his head. "Ouch!" crawled from under bed and brushed knees. "Those are best shoes."

"You could not expect an elegant [illegible] man like that to work shoes," said Grandmother calmly.

"While he's at the bazaar you'd better watch the cashbox," said Grandfather [illegible] and rubbed his head.

Grandmother finished the hat to her satisfaction. "I'll put a chair over it," she walked out of the room.

The Ladies' Aid Society stared at the woman when the Ruddyfuddys arrived at the bazaar. Rudolph jumped out of the buggy and offered his hand to Grandmother.

"What a fascinating-looking man!" said Miss Azaela Parker.

"I wonder Mr. Ruddyfuddy stands for it," said Miss Peachy Parker.

Grandmother descended from the carriage, lawn beside the little brownstone church dotted with trestle tables. She took her time until she found one that suited her. "We'll put them over there," said Grandmother.

Grandfather and Rudolph followed her, carrying the baskets. Grandmother took off her gloves and unpacked the doughnuts. She arranged them in blocks of a dozen each. She had a pile of paper bags and she set a shoe box on the table as a cashbox. Immediately business was very brisk. Grandfather waited for a while, then drifted off to pitch horseshoes. At each sale Grandmother would wrap the doughnuts in a bag while Rudolph collected the money and made change out of the shoe box. A few of the ladies weren't sure they received the right amount of change, but Rudolph's "Thank you, madam," was so polite they didn't like to say anything.

By the time the first rush was over, more than half the doughnuts were sold. Grandmother was very pleased and guessed that next time she visited some of the other booths herself. She told Rudy to mind the table while and not to get the doughnut sugar on his coat sleeves. Rudolph said he'd be careful and Grandmother left him. Rudolph counted the money in the shoe box. It came to [illegible] dollars. That left eight dozen at fifty cents a dozen to go. He put his hand in the

(Continued on Page 228)



Three New "Kitchen Jewels"

Here is news that will delight the millions of happy Revere Ware users. Three new "kitchen jewels" for which they've been pleading are now on sale at better stores everywhere—items that will bring new brightness to their kitchens and new lightness to their housework.

The new Revere 1-quart Covered Sauce Pan will delight you. It is so darling—and yet one of the most useful utensils to be found in any kitchen.

The new Revere Coffee Percolator comes in 6 and 8-cup sizes. This beautiful percolator makes good coffee seem better and brings cheer to your breakfast table.

The new Revere 3-quart pistol-grip Whistling Tea Kettle has the typical Revere smartness of appearance and convenience in use. All you need is a flick of the finger on the trigger to open or close the cap. You'll appreciate the convenience of this one-hand operation as you pour or fill it through the spout. And, like all Revere utensils, this kettle won't rust or burn through.

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1½, 2-qt.
Double Boiler

Revere Copper-Clad Stainless Steel Ware will ease your work and please your family's appetite. But to make sure you get the "kitchen jewels," look for the Revere trade mark in the thick copper bottom. Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated, Rome Manufacturing Company Division, Rome, N. Y.



2, 3-qt.
Covered Sauce Pan



5½-qt.
Dutch Oven



8, 10, 12-inch
Covered French Skillet



4-qt.
Covered Sauce Pot



Two generations of Marie Kuhns' family are Horton users. Her mother, Mrs. Frank J. Chmel, has been using the same Horton Ironer steadily for 37 years! Mrs. Kuhns does every bit of ironing for herself, her husband and 2½-year-old Edward.

Money can't buy Mrs. Chmel's Horton, which in 37 years of use has never needed repairs, except for replacement of one scorched pad!



This is the ironing Mrs. Kuhns did on her Horton Portable Ironer.



"I have time and energy for fun with Edward—even on ironing day!"

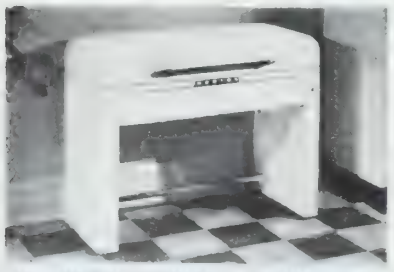
"An actual test proved to me that I could do my ironing in just about half the time with a Horton Ironer. The folks at Horton asked me to do a week's ironing two ways—once with a hand iron—then with my Horton Ironer*—keeping an accurate record of my time. With the hand iron it took me 4 hours and 18 minutes. The next day I did the identical ironing on my Horton and it only took me 2 hours and 15 minutes—*a saving of more than an hour and a half!*

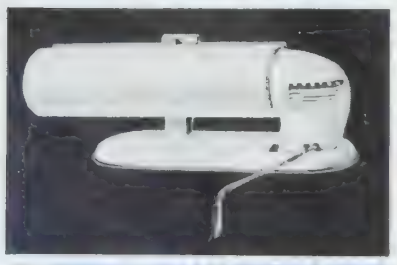
"I always knew the Horton was quicker! *But for me, the big thing was the amount of energy it saved.* Even my husband's heavy work clothes go through easily—I never have to exert any pressure, the ironer does that—and I can do things with my ironer that I couldn't begin to do by hand. I just couldn't keep house without my Horton."

For happier ironing days—days of new leisure when your ironer does the work while you sit in comfortable ease and guide the clothes—see your dealer who displays the sign below! Ask him to arrange a free demonstration and trial of any Horton Ironer in your own home.

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(Continued from Page 226)

lifted the money and let it run through his fingers.

"Ahem!" Rudolph looked up. Miss Azaela Parker stood before the table. She looked demurely at the doughnuts. Miss Peachy Parker stood protectingly behind Miss Azaela and looked at Rudolph.

"Madam," said Rudolph, "how would you like me to give you a dozen doughnuts?"

Miss Azaela blushed violently. "But they're worth fifty cents." Nervously she tucked a graying curl under her bonnet.

Rudolph took three doughnuts and placed them on the table in front of Miss Azaela. He selected a penny from the shoe box and dropped it in the hole of a doughnut. "It's a game of skill," said Rudolph. "If you tell me which doughnut covers the penny, you get a dozen free. If you don't guess it, you give me fifty cents and try again." He slid the doughnuts back and forth in front of Miss Azaela. Wordlessly she extended her hand and touched a doughnut. "Madam, you've a keen eye." He lifted the doughnut and the penny flashed before them. Rudolph put a dozen doughnuts in a paper bag and handed them to Miss Azaela.

"Let me try." Miss Peachy brushed Miss Azaela aside.

"Put down your fifty cents," said Rudolph.

Big Ears Washburn stopped to watch. Miss Peachy tried and lost. She tried again and failed. Miss Azaela tittered. Miss Peachy put a third fifty-cent piece on the table with a bang. Rudolph moved the doughnuts. Miss Peachy pointed to the one in the middle.

"That's not the one," said Big Ears.

"It is too."

"It's the one on the left," insisted Big Ears.

"The gentleman has a good eye," said Rudolph. He lifted the doughnut on the left. The penny lay under it. "Try again; we won't count that one."

Miss Peachy tried and won. Rudolph put a dozen doughnuts in a bag and handed them to her.

Big Ears set the edge of his fifty-cent piece on the table and spun it. "All right, brother, I'll take a dozen free doughnuts."

Rudolph put the penny in a doughnut and slid the three doughnuts back and forth.

"Darn," said Big Ears. He spun another fifty cents on the table.

"Perhaps you'd like to put something on the side," Rudolph suggested. He took a dollar from the shoe box and tossed it on the table.

"Suits me, brother." Big Ears threw a dollar on the table.

"The next time," said Rudolph, "you can try it for five dollars." He slid the doughnuts back and forth.

WHEN Grandmother returned the table was bare. Rudolph was folding the napkins and putting them in a basket.

"Rudy, how many doughnuts did you eat?" demanded Grandmother.

"Three," said Rudolph. Then he laughed. "May I smoke?"

"Not here," said Grandmother. "We'll be going as soon as Pastor Wettzel holds a short prayer service in the church. Come on."

Grandfather joined them at the ... fuddy pew and stood on one side of ... mother while Rudolph stood on the ... They bowed their heads while the ... explained to the Almighty the goo... that the Ladies' Aid Society had m... ward erecting a new window to His ... He asked God's blessing on everybo... had helped and on the heathen and on... suffering in Europe.

"We will now sing one verse of page ... six," said Pastor Wettzel.

MISS Azaela began to pedal the org... put her hands on the keys. Grandm... soprano was a little shaky, but R... threw back his dark head and his ba... rang clear and true. Grandmothe... Rudolph held ... hymnbook be... them. They hel... high Grandf... couldn't read ... words, so he ... hummed the tu...

"There were n... and nine that ... lay, in the she... the fold,
But one was o... the hills away, ... from the gates o...
Away on the mour... wild and bare, ...
Away from the ... shepherd's care...

Pastor We... raised his hand ... the congrega... "May God be m... ful unto you and g... you His peace."

When they ... outside the ch... and had said goo... to everybody, ... dolph turned ... Grandfather ... Grandmother. ... think it's time I ... on my way." ... reached in his pock... pulled out two ha... fuls of bills and si... and placed the mo... in Grandmoth... hands.

"Sakes aliv... said Grandmoth... "Where ——"

"A gentleman w... very large ears," s... Rudolph, "liked y... doughnuts so much, he wanted to m... a donation to the church."

Grandfather coughed gently. "You mi... at least count it, mother." He turned ... Rudolph. "I'll be getting the car." He h... out his hand. Rudolph took it and fel... folded bill pushed against his palm. ... started to protest. "It will bring you luc... said Grandfather. "Good-by." He walk... off toward the car.

Grandmother finished counting the mon... and stuck it in her purse. Her gray eyes he... Rudolph's black ones. "It comes to one hu... dred and ten dollars."

"I believe that's the amount you needed," said Rudolph.

"Rudy?" asked Grandmother.

"There's really no skill attached to it," said Rudolph.

Grandmother shook her head. "I gue... you're too old to give up your sinful ways."

"I'm afraid so." said Rudolph. He p... his arm around her shoulder.

"I can't understand," said Grandmothe... "why I should like you so much."

Rudolph laughed. It was strong and reck... less. "Good-by." He dropped his arm fro... her shoulder. "When I've made my fortun... I'll come back and visit you."

"Do," said Grandmother. She pause... and looked at him. "Someday I'd really lik... to see you in a swallow-tailed coat and a to... hat."

THE EN...

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Career

By Catherine Haydon Jacobs

For her they dreamed an early-famed career
Beyond the calm of academic halls;
From an imagined tower, they could hear
The prance of Pegasus beneath gray walls.
They saw her ride across the open way,
And climb to hilltops never touched before.
Each fair dream perished when, one summer day,
A lover drew in rein outside her door.
Why should their hopes be crushed and unfulfilled
Because they cannot know her published fame?
Cannot they see the radiance she gives
Where wifely arts are summoned forth to build?
A mother is a poet in God's name;
Her work, a noble masterpiece that lives!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



The U·S·S trade-mark shown at the left is one of a family of trade-marks. Some say "Premier Spring Wire" or "Vitrenamel" or "Stainless Steel" . . . but all are the same color, all have the big letters U·S·S prominently displayed. Whenever you see these letters — U·S·S — the trade-mark of United States Steel—you know the steel is good.

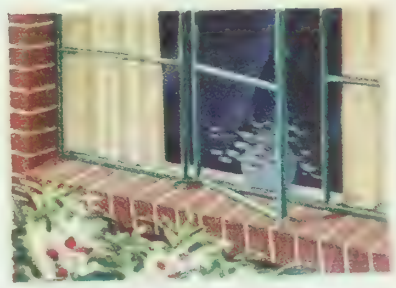
STEEL IS STRONG... STEEL LASTS LONGER...

and this trade-mark means the product is made of quality steel

EVER stop to think how many articles made of steel we take for granted but would be lost without? Steel comes close to being the "indispensable material" today. In the home alone, scores of things, from furnaces and ductwork to kitchen equipment and coat hangers, get their strength, efficiency, long life and good looks from steel. And here's a rule to remember: whenever you see the U·S·S trade-mark on any product made of steel, you know the steel in that article is *good* steel.



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TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY · UNION SUPPLY COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY
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By Kingsley Kahler Hubby

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"I try to give my family what they like best, no matter how familiar it may be."

I HAVE been called from the range by enough emergencies such as cuts, bruises and other mishaps to understand that it is neither practical nor economical to risk foods or time in the interests of culinary artistry. Our meals are of necessity easy to prepare and reasonably economical.

My children may be unusual in that they like recognizable foods, in taste as well as sight, but I doubt it. If it's leftover meat we are having, they want to know it and to recognize it from its former state. I have thrown away almost without exception the concoctions I have made painstakingly and on the best authority, in which any ingredient fails to retain its outlines and flavor.

I have given up, through sad experience, the recipes that demand constant watching, a superabundance of expensive ingredients or time-consuming preparation.

My efforts are all directed by a desire to improve the stand-bys that constitute our diet. I may seem to lack imagination in that I try to give my family what they like best to eat, no matter how familiar it may be, but they invariably display more satisfaction and pleasure in these repeats than in the occasional novelties I serve them.

I use an inexpensive diary in the kitchen for engagements, guests, menus, as well as shopping lists and reminders. At a glance I can recall what was fed to whom, avoiding repetition as well as refreshing my memory on successful menus.

LAZY MEAL

A disgracefully lazy meal, and one that is easy on the budget, too, is based on tuna-fish casserole. Potatoes and a pan of corn bread (made from a package mix) go in the oven with the casserole. For dessert, apple crisp or crunch (most cookbooks have this). A green salad or a frozen vegetable completes the menu and is the only item not utilizing the oven's heat.

Tuna-Fish Casserole

Place in a casserole 1 can tuna fish broken up with a fork, 1 can condensed mushroom soup, ½ cup milk. This can be made with or without benefit of buttered crumbs. Place in an oven where potatoes are already baking, and in which the dessert has reached completion. Bake half an hour.

FAMILY TREAT

Another easy menu that meets with popularity begins with chile con carne, with which I serve sour cream and cottage cheese mixed in equal proportions. Then coleslaw made with red cabbage, Italian bread (sliced but left as a loaf, brushed with butter or margarine and garlic and warmed in the oven until crisp), and macaroon-Bavarian cream (or any other cool and not too sweet dessert). Coffee, of course. For a quick dessert, add two tablespoons of instant coffee to a package of prepared vanilla pudding. Chopped *marrons glacés* added to the whipped cream served with it give a fillip to this dessert.

There are probably as many beliefs about making chile as there are about mint juleps, and I humbly submit the following recipe, the result of many experiments, which serves eight amply but should be halved for a family of fewer than six.

Chile Con Carne

Brown slowly in a little fat 6 medium onions, sliced, and 2 pounds ground beef. Break the meat with a fork until thoroughly cooked, then add 2 cans tomatoes, two cans kidney beans

Quick Tricks for Harried Housewives

- **I am no longer bothered by "what-is-its" in glass jars in the refrigerator. I mark the jar with a china-marking crayon when I put leftovers away. Not a bad idea to add the date too.**
- **We use rubber stamps with each child's name boldly printed thereon, and an indelible-ink pad, for quick and permanent marking. It is clearly legible after countless launderings on underwear, pajamas and shirts. It is good for insides of rubbers and galoshes and raincoats and immediately identifies sometimes disputed ownership of games, toys and schoolbooks.**
- **Rub a little soap over the bottoms of coffeepots and frying pans before using over outdoor grills. Smoke and grime wash off easily.**
- **When the tip comes off one of the youngster's shoelaces, use your clear nail polish to stiffen the end. Saves time and temper in the morning struggle of dressing.**
- **When the baby is beginning to eat solid foods all its clothing, its mother's clothing and the room for a radius of six feet seem to bear the strain. My solution of this cleaning problem has been to divest the tot of clothing and recline him on the support in the bathinet at mealtimes. With a protective apron on myself most of my previous work has been eliminated. The bath hour can usually be moved an hour or so to follow the feeding during this period of introduction to spoon feeding, which makes more sense than bathing before the big mess!**
- **A bit of baby oil rubbed on the baby's face before feeding will make face washing easier. Some baby cereals harden like plaster, and all babies hate forceful scrubbing.**
- **When I buy towels and washcloths, I have found it costs very little to have them marked with the children's names in bright-colored script (embroidered by machine). Identification encourages neatness and eliminates argument.**



and chili powder. (Adding chili powder is a matter of personal preference. A tablespoon should be average for the above, although some like it hotter.) Season with 3 teaspoons salt, and pepper to taste. Simmer over direct heat for two hours. My greatest contribution to this recipe is my conviction that chile is best the day after it is made. It should be well cooked and allowed to cool overnight, then warmed for at least half an hour before serving. The taste and consistency are far superior to those of chile recently prepared.

Macaroon-Bavarian Cream

Line a mold with stale macaroon crumbs which have been soaked in fruit juice (I use sherry). Pour in a Bavarian-cream mixture made from recipe in any cookbook, and chill.

FISH DINNER

For any menu, the specification nearest to my heart is that it be simple of preparation. When we have fish, I start with a clear soup followed by poached fish served with hot mayonnaise, browned potatoes and chopped spinach. For dessert, Indian pudding. If any spinach is left, make a cream of spinach soup and add grated cheese while heating.

Clear Soup

For this I either boil a can of tomatoes and an equal amount of water with a cut-up onion, a few stalks of celery, seasoning, and then strain it, or I use canned mixed vegetable juices, hot.

Poached Fish

A thick halibut steak (or any other firm white fish) poached in water that has boiled fifteen minutes with bay leaves, celery, parsley, carrots or any other herbs, and salt and pepper. Serve with hot mayonnaise.

Hot Mayonnaise

Warm over boiling water homemade or prepared mayonnaise. Prepared mayonnaise may be improved by the addition of lemon juice and seasonings.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For Robert, Out-of-Doors

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

I never saw the road so wide
The day that Robert took a ride,
Nor knew a maple half as tall,
As crimson-leafed in any fall!
And who is there so worn, so cold,
As now could tell me, "Fall is old!"
Or—"Autumn skies are *always*
clear!"
Or—"Maples crimson *every* year!"
There's no such thing as common
fare
When Robert reaches in the air
To catch a sunbeam; every part
Of life is new, and at its start . . .

Steel-eyed cynic, hold your tongue
That all the world is oversung!
How can a place become a bore
Where nothing has been done before?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

If I must divulge the whole truth, I use the tiny new potatoes that come in cans and brown them lightly in vegetable shortening, either in a frying pan or in the oven. Any favorite green may be used. I find spinach frozen and prechopped the simplest.

Indian Pudding

I make this according to the recipe found in my cookbooks, but I use twice the amount of spice called for. With 1 cup molasses I use 1 teaspoon each of cinnamon, nutmeg and mace, and ½ teaspoon each of ginger and allspice.

HOT-WEATHER MENU

One of our favorite hot-weather meals features cold veal paprika, starts with borsch—hot or cold, but minus the sour cream because of that used in the veal. With this we have a salad of slices of avocado and any melon—cantaloupe, watermelon or honeydew—and popovers. For dessert, meringue glacé. Homemade meringues are a command dessert in our house. Two egg whites make a good supply of small ones. I usually make them when we are having hollandaise sauce, to use both parts of the egg.

Cold Veal Paprika

Sauté 2 pounds veal in butter or margarine in which a little garlic has been browned and removed. When the veal is brown on all sides, add 1 cup water or stock, and salt and pepper. Cover and simmer one hour. Chop or grind the me[at], re[move] the range, add 1 cup sour cr[eam], a[dd] prika to taste. Blend thoroughly, [and] chill overnight.

The curried chicken descri[bed] b[elow] also a good summer meal whe[n] all[ow] jell in the refrigerator. Use le[ss] stoc[k] serving cold, to make a firmer [as]pic.

I notice that I have ignored [my] seasonings and feel that it is [use]s prescribe except to taste. The[se] pes demand salt and whatever s[pice] preferred. I have on hand at al[l] m[y] ket of seasonings, including cel[ery] pong pepper, creole seasoning, o[nion] lic and hickory-smoked salt an[d] use them by instinct and could [ev]e nate in what amounts.

PARTY MENU

I have one menu which has g[one] come (by popular request of tho[se] at the few parties we have) our [on]. For these occasions we have cu[rry] with ric[e], salad an[d] pumpern[ickel] ding or[ange] sponge. [Or] salad mi[xed] pared wel[l] which is [the] requisite [of] recipe in [the] of childre[n] dom boa[rd].

Curried Chicken with

Sauté [a] onions i[n] spoons fa[t] cubed [and] When ligh[tly] stir in 3 t[ea]spoons flour mix[ed] tablespo[ons] powder [and] blended, [add] stock and [½] from 1 [can] cooked fow[l] meat after skin and b[one] simmer ½ [hour] salt to ta[ste] with boile[d] just befo[re] add raisi[ns] rice—½ c[up] to 3 cups [of] serves 6 g[enerously]

Grated [raw] chopped pe[anuts] English-style chutney should be [in] separate bowls with the curry. T[he] green salad may be served with o[r] the curried chicken. We like, and [can] use, crisp young spinach leaves wi[th] in our salads. Dessert and coffee co[m]e meal. Here, again, advance prep[aration] my first consideration. The desse[rt] stand overnight in the refrigerator.

Chocolate-Pumpernickel B[read] Sponge

Over 1 cup ground dry pumpernic[kel] pour any fruit juice (we use [or]ange) moisten. Place in a dish in alterna[te] with 1 cup ground sweet chocola[te] cups sweetened whipped cream, w[ith] of currant or other jelly on each l[ayer] stand in refrigerator overnight.

Another dessert we frequently [have] this meal is chocolate sponge. This, [an] overnight dessert. For a cool-wea[ther] sert, heat canned pitted black che[rries] serve hot with cream cheese.

Chocolate Sponge

Soak 2 teaspoons unflavored gela[tine] cup cold water, add ¼ cup boilin[g] blend, and add to 1½ squares ch[ocolate] melted in the top of a double boile[r] egg yolks, add gradually ½ cup sug[ar] the whites of 3 eggs until stiff and [dry] with the egg yolks. Fold in the ch[ocolate] mixture. Turn into a chilled mold a[nd] the refrigerator several hours or ov[er]. Serve with whipped cream. T[o]





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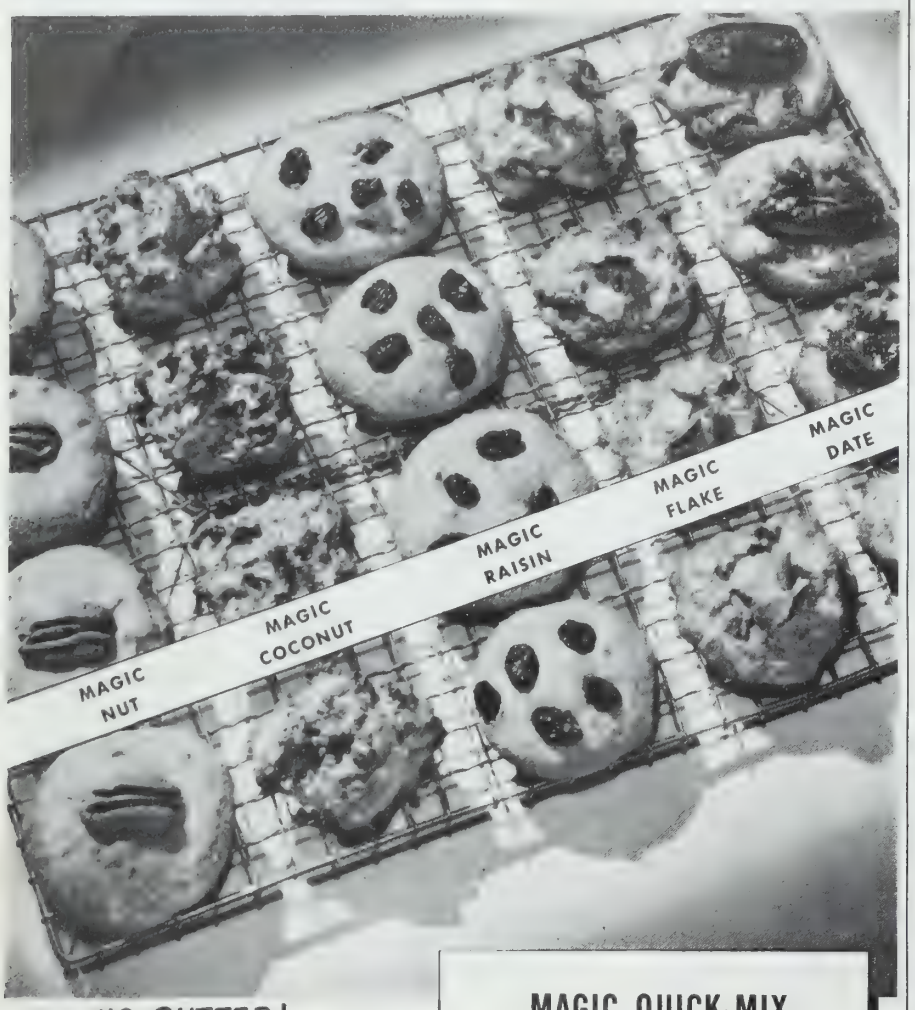
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Magic Quick-Mix Cookies

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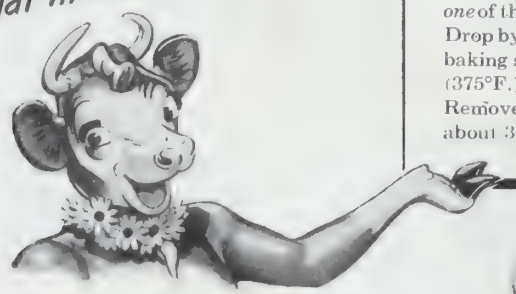
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1⅓ cups (15-oz. can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup peanut butter

Any *one* of these five ingredients:

1) **1 cup chopped nut meats**
2) **3 cups shredded coconut**
3) **2 cups raisins**
4) **2 cups corn flakes**
5) **2 cups chopped dates**

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, peanut butter, and any *one* of the five ingredients listed above. Drop by teaspoonfuls on well greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 12 minutes, or until brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes about 30 Magic Cookies.



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SWAPPER'S LUCK

(Continued from Page 70)

way home. Might not mention it, might not even *think* of it really, but you know how it is. We speculated about things like that; and if you've ever been on this kind of trip, you'll know exactly what I mean.

Antiques defy you. Try to resist a country antique shop. Out in the old red barn back of the low-roofed house stands a wooden horse fifteen feet high and colored as no horse on earth was ever bedecked. Or shining windows filled with old glass and ancient bottles may catch your eye and do things to your pocketbook. Old books and trays and shining brass are covered with no film of dust. No, sir. Each thing is spick-and-span and ready to go along with you. It would be all right if there were *one* antique shop, *one* such with tearoom attached. But there are a dozen—or more—and even if it's nowhere near any meal hour, we're hungry. We are there. We would make errand to stay. Until lunch or dinner or whatever they called their noontime meal. We were too weak, mentally and physically anyway. We stayed.

Mostly begging. Now you can buy an antique or a meal and pay for it and be on your way. But on this trip I had been doing something else besides. Gentle hints that I had a lot of nerve, or that my crust was colossal, didn't stop me. I kept right on and made out all right. Had to do some swapping so maybe it was a gentle racket, but we all had a good time and I'm going to pass along to you some of the collection I made as we traveled those quiet country roads or stopped by in a little city that made us feel at home. For I collected some of the receipts we sampled on our leisurely journey. And if you don't think it's quite a trick to get some up-and-coming tearoom lady to give you a choice bit, or to persuade that nice old lady, who had the kind of house you'd like to pick up as is and take right home, to share her secrets. Well!

A little trade helps. Such as these are sweet, they are charming, they'll explain Aunt Hetty's hair wreath and the quilt on the parlor bed, but receipts? "Well, dearie, I don't rightly know. Folks have so many highfalutin modern conveniences now" (this from one old lady) "that I'd feel sorta queer to have my New England succotash made with things that blow whistles and ring bells when they're done or need turning over or something. But if you think you can make it in the old-fashioned way, I'll try to set down the secret, as you call it. It ain't really. Everybody in this town knows it and some of 'em *make* it. I won't say how well, but when the corn-and-bean season is on, the men begin to talk about succotash. And there's church suppers coming along and practice don't hurt none, as you'll find out." So here it is, just as I got it from headquarters, and you're welcome!

OLD-HOMESTEAD SUCCOTASH SUPPER

Simmer a fowl or roasting chicken until tender. Also simmer a 4-pound piece of brisket corned beef very slowly to tenderness. (I wrap this in cheesecloth before cooking. It keeps it firm.) It takes 4 to 6 hours. Pour off the water it's cooked in after 1 hour of simmering and add fresh water. Do this beef-and-chicken cooking the day before you plan to have the succotash. Let the chicken and beef cool in their own broths overnight. Skim the fat from both broths the next day. Save some of the broth of each to reheat chicken and beef later. To the rest of the chicken broth add as much corned-beef broth as seems most palatable. Taste as you add. In this broth cook 4 pounds fresh Lima beans (4 pounds before shelling). In the winter, canned corn, dried Limas or dried yellow-eyed beans are country fare with this dish. August and September are the season for fresh Limas and corn. Score kernels of 2 dozen ears fresh corn with a sharp knife. Scrape out the creamy substance with the back of a knife. Add to the beans in the



Here it is—
Marcia Camp's
Marshmallo
SAUC



Serve it "Hot" over
Chocolate Ice Crea

Lickin' good—and what a hit with you
sters. Better keep this recipe handy so y
can use it often. It's easy to prepare.

½ cup sugar
1 cup water
24 Campfire or Angelus Marshmallows
½ teaspoon banana extract

Boil sugar and water for ten minutes. Th
add marshmallows. For quick melting c
marshmallows in quarters. Keep over h
until marshmallows begin to dissolv
Then remove from heat. Beat until smoo
Add extract. Serve over ice cream.

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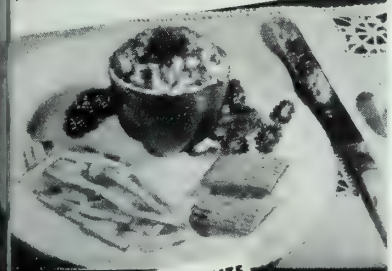
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rge green peppers
ups bread crumbs
up tomato juice or stewed tomatoes
1 small onion, chopped fine
1½ tablespoons melted butter
ans UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

ce off tops and scrape out contents of ppers. Parboil five minutes in boiling lted water. Mix UNDERWOOD EVILED HAM, crumbs and seasoning, d fill pepper shells. Cover tops with ne buttered crumbs, and bake in hot ven until peppers are tender.



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k for UNDERWOOD'S *by name* d always look for the Red Devil ademark, your guarantee of the *ginal* Deviled Ham. It is made of e selected whole hams, minced d spiced to perfection!

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How to make
BASIC FRENCH DRESSING

So easy to make—½ cup Pompeian Olive Oil, ¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice, ½ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. paprika, 1 tsp. sugar. Place in glass jar, shake and serve.

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Great name in olive oil

Pompeian Olive Oil Corp., Baltimore 24, Md.

broth. Season and let cook a few minutes. Remove the skin and bones from the chicken—leaving the chicken in good-sized pieces. Slice the corned beef. Heat up both in the broth. Add the corn and beans and their broth and season to taste, but fairly high. Beans and such need a boost. Serve from a tureen. Provide deep soup plates or bowls, but never a cup in sight.

Right out of the sea. Now there weren't any nice white muslins at any windows at the place where we stopped almost in the dooryard of the Atlantic Ocean. That ocean has a possessive air, and the day we were there, toward sundown, I thought it was going to move right in and take over.

Reassurance from the boss. "Now don't worry. She don't never come no higher. Drive your car up back of the shack and I'll have the cook see what's for supper. Just make yourselves to home and don't work up no appetite. Been clamming today and had the lobster pots to look to and *I'm* right empty. But you folks hold on. We don't serve 'family' meals. This here now is a *tea*-room."

So we waited. I won't keep *you*, but I'll tell you about that supper if it's the last thing I do. The old chap let down from the side of the shack on the porch a long table. Seat about twelve. When it was set up it held pickle jars and jelly dishes and all the relishes you could think of or our host could imagine, I guess. He was all spruced up now in spotless white, and when his "little woman" came out to greet us, she was as immaculate as one of those lovely polished shells they used for all sorts of things around that place.

CONQUERORS

The exasperated man who does not say what he might so easily have said.

All who do a day's work they detest.

Any who hide a sorrow.

The failures who never give in.

—H. L. GEE: Another Cheerful Day (Methuen & Co.).

We get famished—and called. Just in time we were summoned to the table. This is what we found when we sat down. Every place taken with faces as hungry as ours. A lot of joshing between host and guests about what a poor night it was, but things didn't pan out.

A great basket of hot rolls that melted in your mouth was passed from guest to guest—and replenished, like magic. Beautiful country butter, yellow as a field of buttercups. It's awfully easy to eat enough of these to spoil your appetite for what's to come. So we got a few rolls to take with us and sat back still starving.

Now came platters of broiled lobster, with everything that goes with them—little jugs of that same butter, melted and hot, potato puffs (I won't describe, but I got the receipt for them), more rolls, hot, hot, platters of *stuffed* clams as *we* shall call them, for I got *that* receipt too. This woman didn't mind a bit. She *swapped*.

Pie, cake, cheese. The desserts were marvelous and were not passed by a stingy waiter, but set, as everything was, on the table up and down and you just *took*. But Uncle Josh, as we were calling him now, came around the house with his wheelbarrow. And on it the biggest freezer of ice cream I ever hope to set eyes on and the most heavenly tasting—and I'm in doubt about tasting such again. And coffee—right through, all the time. Coffee? They said so. But it was ambrosia to us. And this was just a little snack. Eaten to the singing of the incoming tide. A hard place to leave.

STUFFED CLAMS

Make a cream sauce as follows: Melt 4 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add gradually 4 tablespoons flour and ¼ teaspoon dry mustard. Add ¾ cup milk

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Spring something grand—PEANUT TAPIOCA!

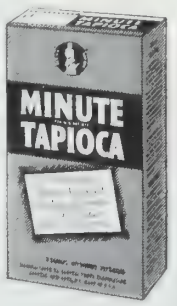
4 tablespoons butter
⅓ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg yolk
2 cups milk
⅛ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
1 egg white
2 tablespoons brown sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ cup chopped peanuts

Melt butter in saucepan. Add ⅓ cup brown sugar and cook until sugar is dissolved. Set aside.

Mix egg yolk with a small amount of the milk in saucepan. Add remaining milk, salt, and Minute Tapioca. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a full boil—this takes 5 to 8 minutes. (Do not overcook . . . mixture thickens as it cools.) Add brown sugar mixture and remove from heat.

Beat egg white until foamy; add 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, and continue beating until mixture stands in soft peaks. Add hot Tapioca mixture, stirring constantly. Add vanilla. Cool, stirring after 15 to 20 minutes. Add peanuts. Serve with butterscotch sauce and additional peanuts. Makes 4 or 5 extra-special portions of oh-so-elegant Tapioca dessert!

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gradually. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper and ¼ teaspoon onion juice. Add ¾ cup grated sharp American or Cheddar cheese. Stir until the cheese is melted. Remove from the heat and stir in 1 slightly beaten egg yolk, ½ cup fine soft bread crumbs and ½ teaspoon chopped parsley. Lastly drain juice off 2 seven-ounce cans minced clams. Add clams to the sauce. (Fresh-opened clams chopped to a terrific fineness take a little longer, but are worth it. Stir over very low heat, so as not to toughen the clams, until the liquor forms well. Then strain the clams in sieve. Save all your clam juices for broth. Add the clams to the sauce as you did the canned clams.) Heap mixture in washed clamshells. Set in rock salt in long shallow pan—the jelly-roll pan is a good choice. Broil 3 minutes or until lightly tinged with brown. For home use, serve with lemon as a first course or as an appetizer. This makes 1½ dozen stuffed clams. The mixture may be made up ahead and broiled when needed. You can buy clamshells or dig them right by the wild waves roaring. Keep them nice and scrubbed out after you've used them and up on a high shelf out of the way of temptation, where they won't be used as ash trays!

One hot noontime. In a fine little inn up in the Berkshires, we parked with joy and gladness, as the old hymn says. It had come off hot, and that means *hot*. And under the great green maples of that memorable place, we lunched on a cool porch over a tempting brook. And we found that that brook held the brook trout that we caught as wanted. Fresh fish, those. We had icy drinks, crisp, hot, hard little biscuits, butter out of this world and *then* the trout. Broiled, mostly boned and skillfully done to keep the fish's shape, and served with potatoes sliced in country cream, and corn on the cob. You weren't asked. There were no menus. You ate and were thankful.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Return

By Vesta Nickerson Lukei

Familiar of old
This gentle land
Of green and gold
Is strangely spanned
With ancient dreams
That haunt its peace
Until it seems
The ghosts increase
And slowly bind
With memories clear
The willing mind
To yesteryear.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This is a meat loaf as is. I will share with you the receipt for a meat loaf that the white-haired, handsome woman who ran the place gave me. It came from her sister-in-law, who lived out in that grand state of Texas. She was nice about it, too, but my partner muttered "nerve" and kept right on eating. Especially corn. It's early up there. And as tender as a bride's first kiss. How good it is.

COLD CHICKEN-AND-TONGUE LOAF

Cook a 3-to-4-pound chicken in water until tender. Cool the stock and don't have too much. It thins out, and you can always make up with some good canned chicken broth. Skim all the fat. Take the meat from the bones. Put through the food grinder, using the coarse knife, or chop it if you have to—it's not so bad. Put a jar of beef tongue through the grinder, too, but keep both meats separate. Soak 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water and let it get very soft. Add 3½ cups hot chicken stock and stir until the gelatin has dissolved. Hard cook and slice 6 eggs. Chop 1 bunch of parsley. Season the ground chicken (there should be 2½ cups) with 1 tablespoon salt, ¼ teaspoon black pepper and 1 small onion, grated. Add 1 cup diced celery. Mix with 1¼ cups of the stock to which you added the gelatin. Now season the ground tongue with 2½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1½ teaspoons dry mustard and 1 small onion, grated. Mix the seasoned tongue with 1 cup of the gelatin stock. Put a thin layer of the remaining gelatin stock in the bottom of a 2-quart loaf pan or other mold. Arrange slices of egg on top and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley. Add half the tongue mixture. Repeat with a layer of gelatin, sliced egg and chopped parsley. Pour on a little more gelatin stock over that. Let this set until almost firm. Add half the chicken mixture. Repe layers of egg, parsley and gelati tongue mixture and chicken mixtu all is used. Chill overnight. Unmol nish with tomatoes and cucumber tuce cups. This makes a large loaf won't last too long. Slice it thin—c nish, as all cold meats should be Try it and see.

I will share. Among the two salads I brought back here's a summe for still it's summer, and trips, like o winding up and folks *do* know whe live and you'd better be all set. So one for luncheon, supper, bridge p dinner. Makes you cool just to think it. Cooler to eat it.

LIME-AND-GINGER FRUIT SALAD

Drain 1 can pear halves. Dissolve l age lime-flavored gelatin in 1 cup water. Simmer 1 teaspoon finely c preserved or crystallized ginger in of the pear sirup 5 minutes. Add with ½ cup cold water, to the lime g Stir in ¼ teaspoon salt and 1½ tea vinegar. Pour a ½-inch layer of the g in a salad mold and chill until firm. while, chill the rest of gelatin unti the consistency of unbeaten whites. Beat it until light and s Mix 2 packages cheese smooth with of the gelatin mi then fold it into the the whipped gelatin the pears in ½-inch (makes about 2 cups fold in last. Pour th mixture over the clea when it is thoroughl Chill mold until it is Turn out and garnish salad greens, addi pear halves and canta balls. Any fruit-s dressing which happ strike your fancy m served with it—thou is delicious without at all.

Something re rare. Wherever you it's a fine place, and may serve these deli dessert griddlecakes, it will be too late to your appetite. Before settle down to your meal you smile and say, "Are there so-and-so tod and if the hostess says yes, let your science be your guide. They are little sh wonderful.

COTTAGE-CHEESE PANCAK WITH STRAWBERRIES

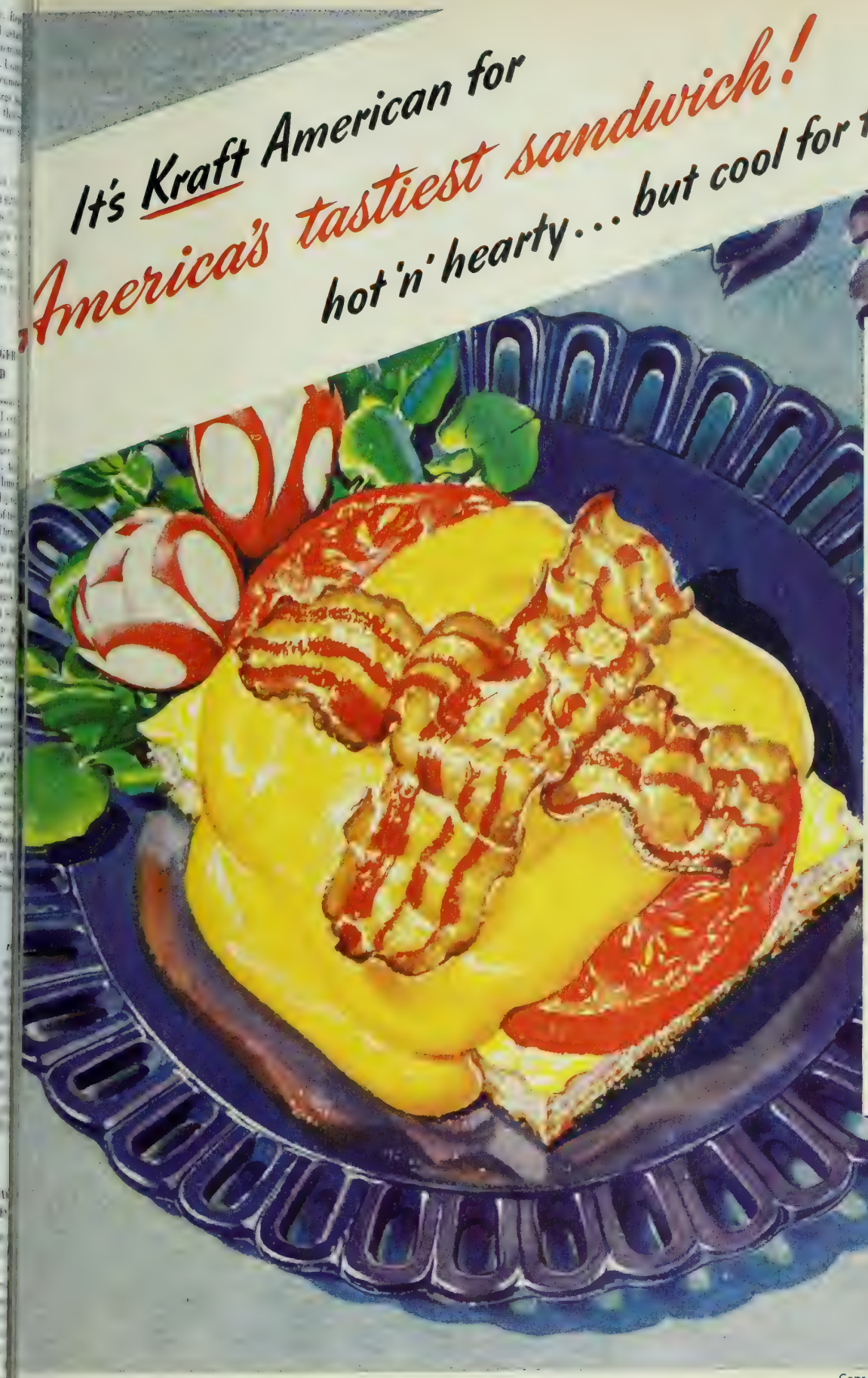
Sift ¾ cup flour with ½ teaspoon sa tablespoons sugar and ¾ teaspoon ba soda. Beat 4 egg yolks until thick. A cup sweet cream, ½ pint sour crea tablespoons melted butter or marga and ½ pound cottage cheese. Mix with dry ingredients. Mix all together until mixture is very smooth. Beat 4 egg wh until stiff but not dry. Fold into the ba Fold over and over again until smo Drop by spoonfuls on hot griddle, spr ing out each one with a spoon so the cake won't be too thick. Brown and as you would any griddlecake, but careful on the turn. They are soft, but won't have any trouble if you stay with them. Stack and keep warm. Sp with sweetened crushed berries of kind, or thawed frozen sliced strawber Roll up and serve with additional ber Or you may roll up pancakes without ries and serve crushed sweetened berri a bowl to pour over them.

This receipt makes about 3 dozen p cakes. If you do not want to make t all up at once, the batter keeps well in refrigerator.

And now desserts. Desserts that are enough and not too rich, inviting to loo and tasting better than they look are all well to talk about. But you don't find t *every* day.

(Continued on Page 238

It's Kraft American for America's tastiest sandwich! hot 'n' hearty . . . but cool for the cook



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(Continued from Page 236)

On our travels I managed to get three of the nicest ladies who ever served a hungry guest to part with their secrets. And each and every one is a honey. *But definitely.* One came from the kitchen of a great country house and the colored cook was all smiles and admonitions. I'll let you guess which one it

The other two are from really wonderful tearooms. (*Why* does that name stick?) L think of a better name for these fine p and put it over. Well, here are your desserts use care, use time, and be rewarded with praise and *more* praise. You may not mak them often, but you'll "Jes' love ev'ry of this here cake," as the cook who gave m the receipt of one said. "And I ain't some folks. I ain't kep' nothin' back no nothin' forred."

CHOCOLATE PECAN CAKE WITH SEA-FOAM ICING

Chocolate Cake. Put ½ cup shortening cup water and 4 squares unsweet chocolate in the top of the double boiler. Heat until the chocolate is melted. Add cups sugar. Mix well and cool the mixtu in the top part of the double boiler in of cold water. When chocolate mixture cool add 2 eggs. Beat up for all you worth with rotary egg beater. All th happens right in double boiler. (And w else would it be occurring, Macush Sift together 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon sa 2 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon baking soda. Add to chocolate mixtu Beat with a spoon real hard until it's all nice and smooth. Add 2 teaspoons vanilla and ½ cup sour milk or buttermilk. Be smooth again. (If you haven't any sour milk or buttermilk, add ½ teaspoon vine gar to ½ cup sweet milk.) Better keep s cream and milk on hand. Always wanting it. Pour batter into 2 greased 9-inch la cake pans which have been lined with wax paper and greased again. Bake 30–35 minutes in a moderate oven, 350°F. Take from the oven and cool in the pans a few minutes. Now take the cakes out on racks and let them cool ready for frosting, filling and whatever doings you plan.

Pecan Filling. Mix 1 teaspoon cornstarch with ⅓ cup sugar. Cream together with tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 3 well-beaten egg yolks and ⅔ cup milk. Pour into the top of the double boiler and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Add a pinch of salt and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Cool—and that means really cool. Add 1 cup chopped pecans. Spread on one layer of cake. Cover with the other layer. Frost with Sea-foam Icing.

Sea-foam Icing. Mix together ¾ cup brown sugar and ¾ cup granulated sugar. Add ⅓ cup hot water and a pinch of cream of tartar. Cover the pan and bring slowly to the simmering stage. Now uncover and cook till the sirup spins long threads—250°–255°F. Take from the heat. Beat 3 egg whites stiff. When the sirup has stopped bubbling, pour it over the egg whites in a fine stream, beating as you add the sirup. Continue beating until the mixture holds its shape and doesn't run. It will be very fluffy. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Frost the cake.

ORANGE MOUSSE IN CHOCOLATE SHELLS

Orange Mousse. Heat ⅔ cup strained orange juice with ⅔ cup sugar and a pinch of salt in the top of the double boiler. Beat 3 egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add to the orange-juice mixture gradually and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Cool thoroughly. Whip ½ pint heavy cream and fold into the orange mixture. Pour into individual tea-cake or muffin-size fluted paper cups. (Use two or three of the cups fitted together so the cups won't go into a recession.) Freeze until firm—about 2 hours for small cups. When firm, peel off the paper. This leaves a fluted marking on the mousses. Makes 17 two-inch size or 9 large muffin sizes. Serve plain or in the chocolate shells garnished with sliced oranges and sprinkled with coconut.

Chocolate Shells. Cream ½ cup shortening with 1½ cups sugar and add 1 egg. Mix in 2 squares melted chocolate. Sift 2½ cups flour with 2 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Add to the creamed mixture alternately with ¼ cup milk and 1 tea-

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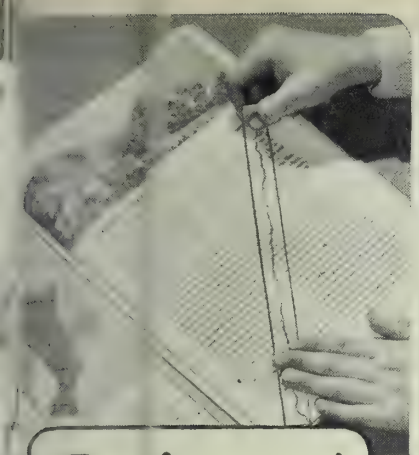
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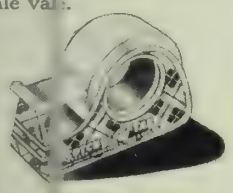
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spoon vanilla. Shape in a 2-inch roll and chill until firm—takes several hours. Cut off ½-inch slices and roll out thin on a lightly floured pastry cloth. Fit into individual tart pans, smooth-sided or fluted. Bake 8–10 minutes in a hot oven, 400°F. Let the shells cool a bit in the pans to crisp them. Loosen gently with the tip of a pointed knife. Turn upside down and tap gently on the bottom to free them from the pans. Cool thoroughly on a rack. To serve, set mousses in chocolate shells—garnish with orange sections and coconut. Be sure of this: if the shells are not cooled in the pan, they will not hold their shape well when taken out. So go about some other job and forget them until they're as cool as a morning-glory. You'll get enough out of this receipt for at least 14 guests. And a bonus for chocolate cookies. Comes the day.

MERINGUE RING WITH ICE CREAM AND PEACHES

Beat the whites of 4 eggs with a pinch of salt until stiff but not dry. Add 1¼ cups powdered (real powdered that's back again and all you want) sugar, a tablespoonful at a time, beating well between each spoonful so the sugar will be well dissolved in the egg white. Last, add 1 teaspoon vanilla and ¼ teaspoon almond flavoring. Wet a thick board thoroughly with water. Cover with brown paper. With a pastry bag and rosette tube end, make a circle of meringue on the paper about 8–9 inches in diameter, or of a size to fit your chop plate. Go around again with the tube to make a base about 1½–2 inches wide. Go round and round, building it up to form a ring about 2 inches high. Sprinkle with slivered blanched almonds. Bake in a slow oven, 250°F. Bake until the meringue is crisp and a light beige color. This will take an hour or more, and you'd better be slow and also give those nuts a chance to take on a little flavor and color. *You* know. Turn the oven off and allow meringue to cool slowly in oven 1 hour. Put a wet cloth under paper and the meringue ring can easily be slid off the paper with spatulas onto a chop plate for serving. Fill the ring with vanilla ice cream. Pour sweetened sliced peaches over the ice cream.

Marriage always is, and even under happy circumstances is what Keyserling calls a tension. The tension is not to separate the pair but to hold them together; it can indeed be a tonic and strengthening bond; it may well be the necessary condition for the finest joys of marriage. What can be said for marriage is, not that it avoids tension, or escapes being a discipline, but that at the best its rewards are great.

—HAVELOCK ELLIS: My Confessional:
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Loot divided. Well, as I said, we are home. It's a wonderful feeling. Makes it pay to take to the open road.

My companion cannot resist an antique shop, big or little—little preferred. Patronized liberally on this trip. Tried to make me envious, but I had my loot. Written carefully down in my battered notebook.

Not envy but— No, it is not envy that prompts me to admire that little Lalique vase with a blue that ebbs and flows as you look at it, and as the light brightens or withdraws itself. That Dresden shepherdess was a stern necessity on our whatnot, and I know it. Besides, it was a terrific bargain, she having been bereaved of her shepherd a long time ago, and we didn't need a shepherd anyway.

We are satisfied and happy. So it is, on and on, new beauty from old into a home that is old and knowing. And I have my book. My swaps and my begging cost no money. It got me some pretty nice acquaintances, and they won't break. And I can use any or all of my collection at any time. But in the meantime, we're home. Home again. **THE END**



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SENDING 3 GIRLS TO COLLEGE

(Continued from Page 210)

With clothes, the same camaraderie exists. So much trading goes on that friends tell by outfits who's home and who's away. When Posie appears in a gray-blue corduroy coat, they know Marilyn's back from Oregon State. If she's wearing a black topper, then Annie must be home. Ray, who dislikes the idea of their trading clothes, thought at last it was partly over when Annie and Marilyn went away, but says in a resigned tone, "Now they're *shipping* them back and forth."

The whole family feels the promise of the future—a *happy* future. Ray and Nellie miss more carefree days, sometimes, but they measure today's sacrifices in terms of tomorrow's satisfactions. They worry sometimes about their own future, but they never doubt that college itself is worth what they are giving up.

Paying for college has been like everything else with the Melsons—a family project. Ray never had the chance to save ahead. For twelve years when the children were small, he put more than $5000 into doctors' bills—a big lump for an income which, up until the war, averaged $3300 a year, depending on commissions. The same $5000 would almost have paid for the house when the new owner said "Buy or else," four years ago. Ray, who had hoped to continue renting the house until he could afford a place in the country, was forced to buy—and Nellie went back to teaching to get enough money for the $1950 down payment, and a debt of $700 borrowed earlier against Ray's life insurance. Since it was obvious that all three girls wanted to go to college, and couldn't without more money, Nellie continued teaching. Last year her salary of $2359.54 ran $87.10 short of paying the girls' educational expenses. This year, with Annie married, educational expenses will be cut $85 a month. Annie has given up the remaining two years of her three-year $1000-a-year scholarship from De Paul University. The money she received fr for room and board will be turned Posie, who has a $1000 scholarship Portland piano teacher, Miss Jessi who also helped Annie. Last year tended Reed, where the tuition is $ lived at home. Marilyn, at a state pays all her expenses, including tuiti less money than it cost Annie to live cago. Education will cost $500 less th with the extra money helping to b Ray and Nellie's "almost invisible" account.

Ray's job—selling aluminum cookin sils to stores and jobbers—hasn't c since his days at the University of W ton, where he was elected to Phi Beta top scholastic honor. He is making th est income he's ever made this year—b $4000 and $5000—but he's seeing les family, because of longer working hou less of his money. He's not sure wher goes, says, "We have gotten along what we needed, and then paying for i nothing would give me more security t operate on a definite budget. Mayb year I'll have time."

Ray's handiest answer to overdue b always been—more work. During th when Annie entered Reed, Ray was c to a desk job in the company's accounti partment, and for the second time things. During the First World War wanted to enlist, but was needed on the Now his income was lower than usual ($3000), his expenses higher. So he got as paper boy. For four months durin winter of 1943, he made $60 a month d ing the morning Oregonian to 165 neig hood families. He worked from 4 to 7 and when the going became too stren switched to evening and week-end wor the Railway Express Co. Here he loade press cars for 95 cents an hour, could



asmodically because "I was con- worn-out." His total earnings over a period came to $1000. At the same spent the remainder of his free hours ilverware door to door. Sometimes ent along, just for a chance to talk to ıy is still receiving commissions from re as orders are filled, and estimates ll collect roughly $750 in all.

goes for one Melson generally goes Melsons. The girls get jobs every because they need to, but also be- Ray feels it's good experience in people and handling money.

went to work at fifteen "baby sit- ht hours a day, spent the next summer a jerker, and by seventeen was work- n days a week as a stenographer in a lbooming with war- ısiness. She saved $500 that summer it back to the same d the next summer, ched in late July to ı a sawmill where rked 9½ hours a day piling small f lumber. Getting the pieces into d then carrying the piles to a near-by was quite a trick. Annie adds, "I ked quite a sight as I set out for work lue jeans, sweat shirt and big bulky loves." But the job was fun. Annie's on the ripsaw was French Canadian, the saw ripped through the wood he Annie memorize her French irregular Sometimes she got to work early and on a lumber pile reading her summer , Santayana. She made $50 a week ed $200. On V-J Day the job ended y and Annie finished out the summer in a dress shop, where she made $85. summer she was nineteen Annie went ner school at Reed and earned $150 g-in books in the library, filing in the r's office, and waiting on tables. That she moved to Chicago and was lucky to share an artist's studio. This was a ful start in a new city. Annie met many artists and musicians, spent her dating time with "five violinists and a pianist," and on the side picked up $300 modeling for painters and commercial photographers.

Ordinarily each girl would work at school, but Annie and Posie haven't had time to work and practice too. Marilyn could, but, says Ray, who did four years of farm work himself before he could get to college, "If one girl works, all three should."

Marilyn has been working summers, however, ever since her first job at $34 a week in a shipyard purchasing department when she was sixteen. She is very clothes-conscious, was thrilled when she had enough money for a cashmere sweater. She discovered, "Buying things with your own money makes you value them more." The next year she answered a newspaper ad and ended up as "puffer" for a local dry cleaner, in charge of ironing the collars, sleeves and tops of dresses. Marilyn loved the job because she learned about clothes and fabrics—and because she could save $300 each of the three summers she worked there.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the soul. —ADDISON.

Posie was too young to cash in on the wartime salary and job boom as her sisters did. At sixteen, she became secretary to the secretary to the head of a machine shop, collected $25 a week, and bought eight $18.75 War Bonds. These are still cached away in the bank "for a trip sometime," but, says Posie regretfully, "I may need them to bolster up my wardrobe for Chicago."

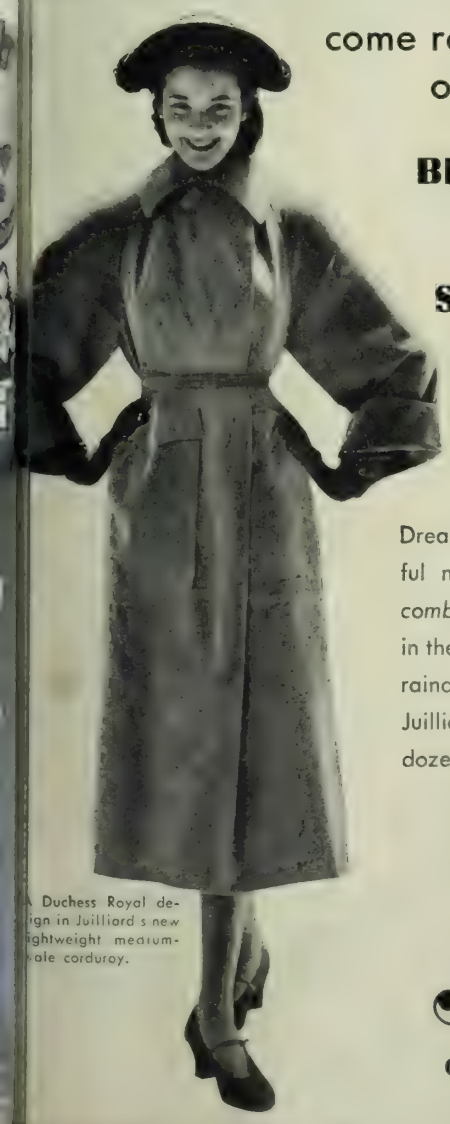
The next summer she couldn't find a job until the fall, when she worked Saturdays as salesgirl in a dress shop. But in 1947 she was back at a steady job drying prints and sorting and mailing pictures for an advertising photography agency. She gave her father $347.10 that summer, but didn't like the job because the people were "messy and crazy."

This past summer Marilyn and Posie have been working on the College Advisory Board of a large Portland department store, where they help prospective freshmen pick out



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by

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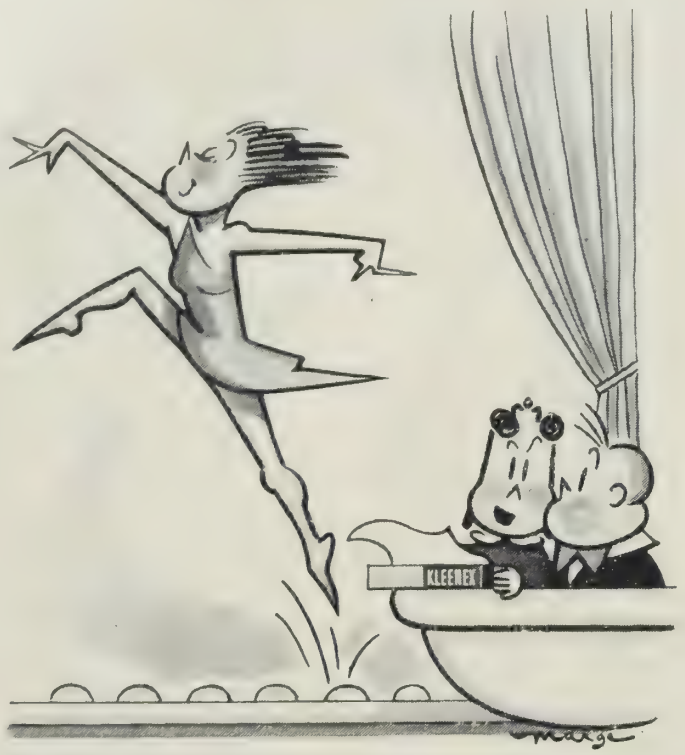


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Little Lulu says... Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-Tissue Box—pull *just one* double tissue—up pops another! Compare tissues, compare boxes—you'll see why Kleenex is America's favorite tissue.

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campus-clothing "musts." The salary is $125 a month plus a commission of 6¾ per cent on each sale after $125. The girls are running a friendly contest to see who can make the most, encouraged by the fact that last year Marilyn's roommate made $400 at the same job.

Nellie has the same incredible energy as her husband and children. When Ray couldn't spare money for living-room curtains, she earned $36 picking string beans for a commercial gardener on the north edge of town. Another summer she picked raspberries to collect $19 for a desk; and a third summer earned $61 toward a vacuum cleaner, picking and marketing strawberries.

Even clothes are a family enterprise. Nellie, who learned from her own mother, has taught the girls how to make not only blouses and dresses but tailored suits and coats. They buy good material, spend time finding the right pattern and doing a careful job of sewing and tailoring, and as a result have excellent clothes which really last. Nellie's four-year-old Forstmann wool coat, which cost $8 to make, is "still going strong." She and the girls make many hats, all the curtains. Marilyn generally has good luck on bargains at a local store's Friday Surprise Sale. Once she bought a strapless bathing suit reduced from $22.95 to $1, but says, "I found out why it was such a terrific reduction. Not one of us dares wear it!"

THE Melson alarm clock goes off briskly every weekday morning at 6:15 sharp. Nellie is the first one up—she goes to sleep fast, wakes up the same way—followed closely by Ray. Ray works automatically—pulls on his old brown bathrobe and worn brown leather slippers, brings in the Oregonian from the front porch and scans the front page quickly before starting the breakfast. Nellie is trotting barefooted ("I have no slippers, but I'd go barefooted anyway") between the bedroom and kitchen in her worn corduroy bathrobe, curlers in her hair, hurriedly dressing.

Nellie gets to school at 7:45, has an hour to prepare lessons for the day and do night-school homework. She arrives home about 5 by bus, and dinner is at 6:30, except for three nights a week, when she cooks a quick meal at 5 and leaves at 6:15 for a forty-five-minute trolley trip to night school.

Sunday is a day for "leisure, a big dinner, getting reacquainted with each other." But the Melsons still get up at 6:15, eat a late dinner, and have a "get your own" supper. Their bedtime is as early as their rising hour—usually 9:30. Most of the entertaining they do is for their daughters. They have a potluck dinner with four other couples once a month, bring friends home from church for dinner and a drive in the country, and, before Nellie's classes interfered, went to dancing class Monday nights. Now they enjoy their daughters' friends almost more than their own—"it keeps you young."

Posie's schedule in Chicago will closely follow Annie's of last year. Annie usually left her South Side apartment by 7:40 for a twenty-minute train trip to De Paul, in downtown Chicago, where she practiced and attended music-theory classes. She grabbed a candy bar for lunch, and rushed back to the University of Chicago for classes in physical sciences and English literature. Posie will concentrate on piano study and, like Annie, rush through dinner "with one hand on the piano and one hand on the plate."

The fact that Annie was living in an apartment where she didn't have the "group contact" that Marilyn has at Oregon State bothered Ray and Nellie. They still have a hard time understanding her intense devotion to music, and feel that she's letting it drive her too much. "We care more about Annie than her music. We don't want it to change her personality." They see chiefly that, according to their standards, she is becoming too self-centered, careless about manners and consideration of others. She spends hours at the piano, little time making friends, and when she's home little time seeing her family. Since her marriage to Willie, whose whole life *is* music, Annie has concentrated even harder on her career. Ray and Nellie think Willie is a fine person, but wish that Annie's life were "more regular." Because of the

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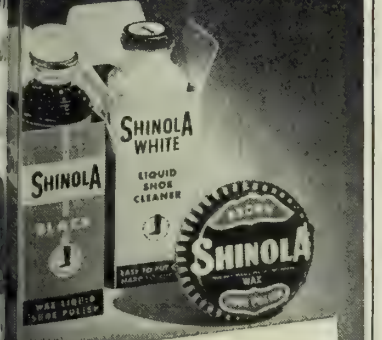
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changes they see in Annie, they were hesitant about sending Posie to De Paul, but were convinced by Posie that "I could never subjugate myself to music as Annie does."

When these problems come up, Miss Lewis, who has taught both girls, usually becomes the arbiter. She has explained that if Annie is to become a concert pianist, she must submerge her social life and even her family contacts for the next few years. There is no other way.

Marilyn's life at Oregon State follows the general college pattern of classes, sorority functions, week-end dates and parties. She sleeps with the rest of the girls on a large sleeping porch loaded with double-decker beds, eats in the sorority dining room, has a heavy schedule of cooking and clothing classes. Ray and Nellie would have liked Annie and Posie to have this same training, which closely approximates Nellie's own studies. She had two years of normal school before she started teaching, was particularly interested in home-economics courses.

Nellie was home on vacation the hot July day in 1924 when a young salesman named Ray Melson asked her mother if he could put on a demonstration in her kitchen. As Ray tells it, Nellie kept saying, "No, don't"—but her mother agreed anyway. Ray showed how to cook a pot roast without water, and hot cakes without grease, and baked a cake on top of the stove, but says, "Everytime I stopped talking for even a second, Nellie would switch the conversation to something else." They finally got together when Nellie helped him wash the dishes. Soon they were conversing easily about their mutual interest, mountain climbing. They climbed Mount Baker together two weeks later, and inside of two months were engaged. Nellie says now, "If my daughters did that I'd say they were crazy." Ray was 26, Nellie 22.

They were married a year later in the living room of Nellie's home before forty guests. Nellie wore a short white Spanish-lace dress that she'd made herself; Ray had a new navy-blue suit. After the reception they drove to Canada to visit Ray's parents, hurried back so Ray wouldn't miss the beginning of his senior year, and Nellie could enroll in home-economics classes. They each contributed $500 to a joint bank account, and lived in a small campus apartment. Nellie was pregnant the last three months of that year—not an unusual sight today, perhaps, but definitely out of the ordinary then. When they moved to Portland two years later, their family was bigger by two, their bankbook flat, their outlook young and full of hope.

If Ray and Nellie have had a good married life, one big reason is the similarity of their own upbringings, and their complete accord on the way their daughters should grow up. Ray picked Nellie because "she was the kind of person who wanted a home and family."

FOREMAN WITH A FUTURE

BEN was 2 when his father was killed in a factory accident, his mother had to take in washing, and her brood of 11 had to start earning their keep early. By the time Ben was 12 he was self-supporting; today he's a foreman with a future—edging into the $5000-a-year bracket. Three women set his feet on the highroad to happiness: the first gave him courage; the second, confidence; and the third, love.

Meet Ben Schultz, on his way up, his wife Mary and their three young charmers, a factory family of Rossford, Ohio.

How America Lives

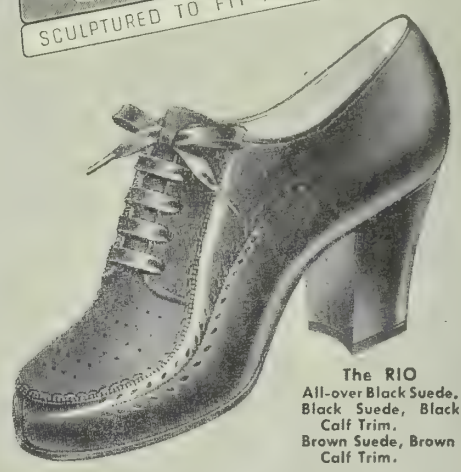
BY JOAN YOUNGER

★ The October Journal ★

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TIME FOR NITEY NITE

Bedtime is **"Time for Nitey Nite."**
Cradle your darlings in blossom-bright
Nitey Nite Sleepers.* Sturdily tailored of soft, absorbent, pure cotton, they guard your little ones from yawn to dawn. The sweater-cuff encircles little wrists snug-as-a-hug and provides four inches of adjustable sleeve-length. The comfortable "bootee foot" is double-soled for double warmth and wear. Generously, dependably sized, every smooth seam is nine-thread sewn; every point of strain is reinforced.



Gripper-fasteners end button problems, encourage self-help.
Easy to wash, ***Nitey Nite Sleepers*** keep their shape after countless trips to the tub. Your youngsters will look their prettiest in the gay sud-fast colors—Buttercup, Delphinium, Rosebud, Lotus. Two-piece style; extra pants; sizes 0-4. One-piece style; sizes 4-8.

Ask at your favorite store about the *Nitey Nite Amateur Photograph Contest.* $2500 in cash prizes.



*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

GLENDALE KNITTING CORPORATION, Perry, N. Y.

She picked him for the same reason, and adds, "When I heard he was a Phi Beta Kappa, it made a big difference." They go to church regularly, disapprove of smoking and drinking, were strongly disciplined in their youth, and have disciplined their daughters firmly, although less strongly. They still expect the girls in from dates by 12:30. They have asked them not to smoke or drink, but told them, "If you must, please do it at home first." None do. When Annie wanted to join a high-school sorority, Ray said no—"They hurt more people than they help"—but later reversed himself for Marilyn because he thought she needed, then, the social confidence that a sorority gives.

Ray and Nellie have generally approved of and liked the girls' friends. With Posie and Annie, who've met and liked people who smoke and drink and have "liberal" leanings, there have been occasional difficulties. The girls try to see both sides of the question and do what they themselves think right. Usually they find themselves agreeing with their parents: "They've never asked us to do something they wouldn't do themselves. How can you disagree when their whole point of view is guided by your own future?"

The Melson sights are set on college for at least two more years. After that? Annie, Marilyn and Posie have a definite answer: "Time for mother and dad to use their money for themselves, have fun and get that house in the country. We've had our turn. They've waited overtime, already, for theirs."

HOW THE MELSONS SPEND THEIR MONEY

Food	$1063.47
Clothing	888.32
Property upkeep	395.57
Furnishings and upkeep (includes $12-a-month payments on new $200 dining-room table and chairs	304.63
Taxes	980.32
House payments	503.58
Fuel, light, water and garbage disposal	175.28
Insurance	134.10
Car (above 6c-a-mile allotment from Ray's firm)	105.89
Medical, dentist and prepaid hospital and physician's service[1]	5
Recreation	1
Gifts	1
Church, charities	1
Telephone[2]	
Newspapers and magazines	
Cosmetics	
Transportation	
Savings	12
Education[3]	44
Sundries	
Total	

[1]Ray had an abnormally high de ($255).

[2]Roughly $50 went for long-distanc Chicago and Oregon State—"a pleasa ness," says Ray, who labels the co calls "the money we save not dri smoking."

[3]Educational expenses last year incl for Annie, $795 for Marilyn, $705 f $121.64 for Nellie. Posie this year wi $825.

Annie's Monthly Budget in Cl

Rent	$1
Food	4
Clothes	
Carfare	
Laundry and cleaning	
Music	
Books	
Total	$8

Marilyn's Monthly Budg at Oregon State College

Room and board	$6
Tuition	1
($125 yearly)	
Incidentals	1
Total	$8

Posie's Monthly Budget at Reed College

Transportation	$1
Incidentals	1
Total	$2

This was the barest minimum. Occa Posie asked Ray for more to cover at Reed, other incidentals. Her $500 was paid by Ray in a lump sum.

HOW WELL ARE YOU?

(Continued from Page 45)

In addition to the foregoing, an up-to-the-minute yearly health audit will include:

1. Blood-sugar test, where there is a family history of diabetes, or symptoms of the disease such as excessive hunger and thirst, itching in various parts of the body, loss of weight or persistent boils.

(A recent survey in a Massachusetts town indicated that for every four known cases of diabetes, there were three hitherto unknown. If these figures are correct and can be applied to the whole United States, something like a million Americans are running the risk of incurring diabetic gangrene, or going into a coma from which they may not recover.)

2. Electrocardiogram in all middle-aged and elderly persons, and in all others who have indications of heart disease, such as irregularity of the pulse and attacks of pain under the breastbone.

3. X ray of chest, when there is a family history of tuberculosis, or the patient has been exposed to the disease, or there are symptoms such as a cough, loss of weight, hoarseness, fatigue, afternoon fever and night sweats. (Such X-ray surveys of the general population have shown that one out of every hundred persons has unrecognized tuberculosis, or nearly two million in the whole population.)

4. X-ray and fluoroscopic examination of the stomach, gall bladder and bowel in *all* middle-aged women. This is important, since most cases of digestive disturbance in this age group are due to gall-bladder disease.

5. Vaginal examination and vaginal smear in all women of middle age and older, and when there are irregularities in the female functions.

6. Blood-sedimentation test when toms suggest an infection in the bod cannot be definitely determined i ways. This test, taken together w white-blood-cell count, reveals quic surely whether infection is present. I useful in checking on the progress of a infection, such as rheumatic fever.

7. Test for nonprotein nitrogen blood, in all cases of kidney distu high blood pressure and hardening arteries.

8. Kidney-clearance test in all c hypertension, arteriosclerosis, as well a ever signs of kidney malfunction are p another test of kidney function via the Dye is injected into a vein, and the t quired for the dye to go through the tory system and appear in the urine precise check on the way the kidn doing their work.

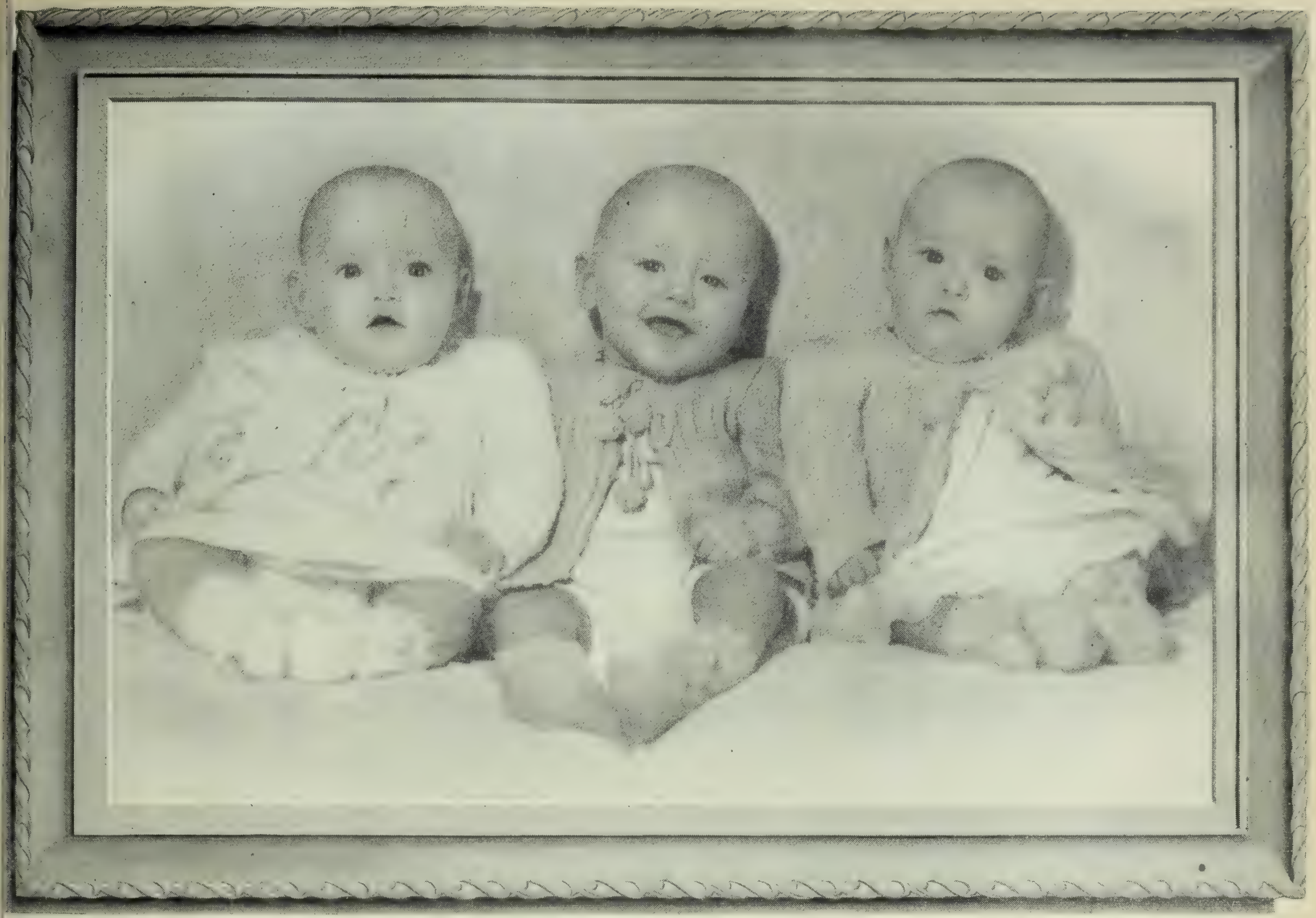
9. Complete dental examination, ing X rays of all the teeth, if the sedimentation test reveals an infectio system, or any other suspicious ind

When it comes to cancer, no point mered on more steadily in medical j than this:

"Don't just watch a suspicious co to see how it is going to develop. biopsy, and make sure."

To do a biopsy, the doctor takes a tissue from the affected part and has amined under the microscope with t most care, to see whether or not canc are present. It is comparatively simpl a biopsy when there are growths in the or on the skin, or in the vaginal trac

(Continued on Page 246)



Melanie, Robert and Merrilee Bryan, of Roscoe, Calif., three of FORMULAC'S Family Album

Triple Trouble?

Yes, three can easily be a crowd, when it comes to choosing the right milk for infants. But this trio's doctor prescribed FORMULAC Infant Food, and they've thrived on it!

Doctors write us that they feed their own children on FORMULAC, as well as children under their care. One doctor says: "I have used FORMULAC for my own baby—and have prescribed it for many of my cases. I have found it to be an ideal milk for baby formulas."*

What is FORMULAC? This milk product—in convenient liquid form—contains *all the vitamins and minerals a growing infant is known to need.* It is an excellent formula basis for normal or difficult cases.

When baby is fed on FORMULAC, no cod liver oil or orange juice is necessary. *The vitamins are in the milk itself.* Simply add water and sugar, as your doctor directs.

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Ask your doctor about this vitamin-and-mineral fortified baby food. He'll tell you FORMULAC has been clinically tested and proved—and that it has the acceptance of the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

For further information about FORMULAC, drop a card to National Dairy Products Company, Inc., 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

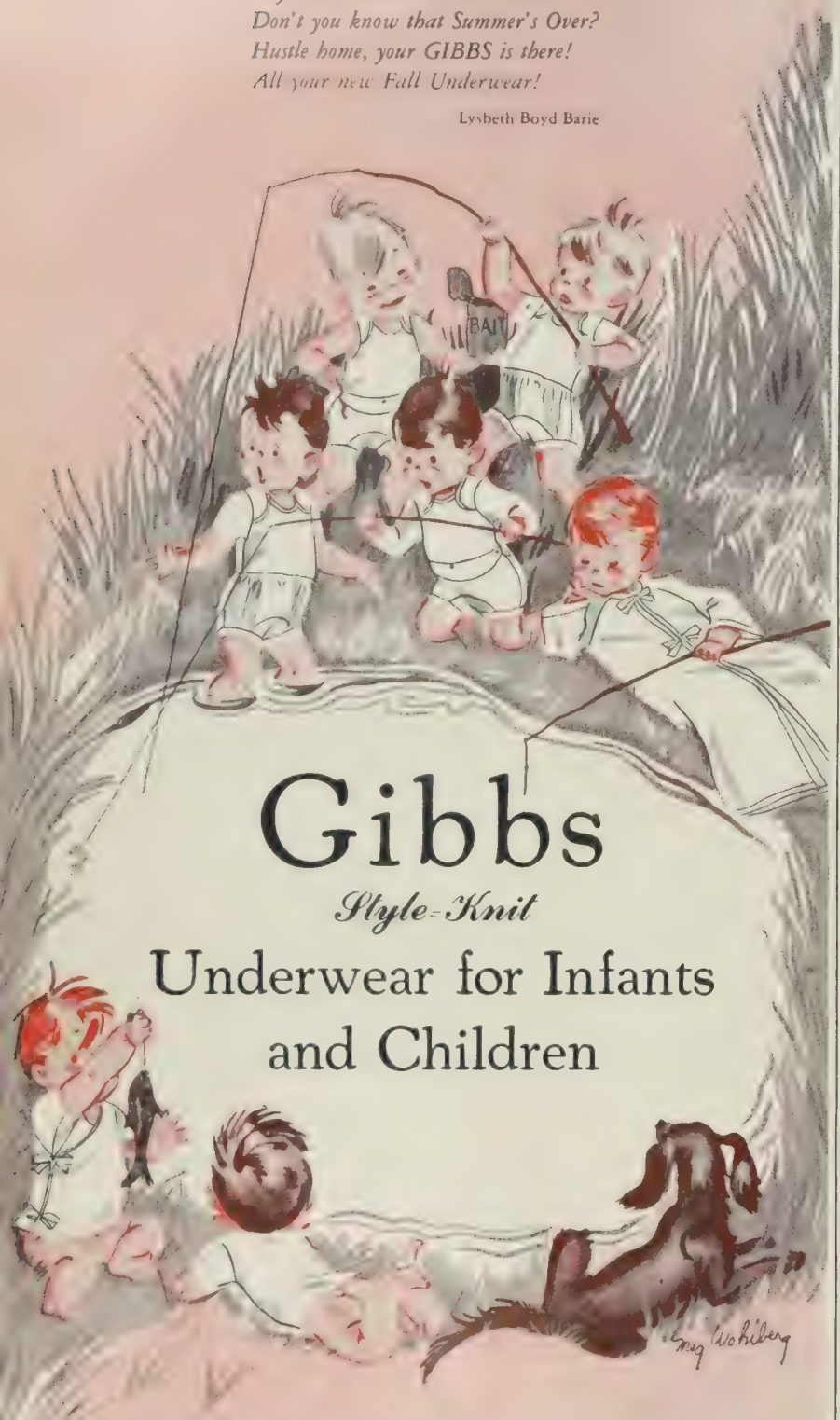


Formulac is a product of National Dairy research, distributed by Kraft Foods Company

**For ethical reasons, we cannot include this doctor's name in advertising. His letter is in our files.*

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Hustle home, your GIBBS is there!
All your new Fall Underwear!

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Underwear for Infants and Children

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Start them right with Gibbs and follow through the teen age years. Every Gibbs Garment is made of selected Fine Quality Combed Yarn for long wear. Easy to launder . . . stays soft . . . holds shape. Exquisitely tailored to prevent binding or chafing . . . allows plenty of room for action. At leading Department Stores and Specialty Shops.

GIBBS UNDERWEAR CO. Empire State Bldg., New York 1, Phila. 34, Pa.

(Continued from Page 244)

now the diagnostician has at his command delicate and intricate instruments which probe into nearly every part of the body, reveal to him the state of affairs there, and often procure material for biopsy as well.

Thus, continued hoarseness calls for examination by the laryngoscope, a tube with a light, which can be passed into the larynx. Coughing, and perhaps pain in the chest, sometimes betoken lung cancer. In addition to X ray, study by bronchoscope is indicated, an apparatus that goes far down into the lung. Even though a cancer may be beyond the reach of the "eye" of the bronchoscope, secretions can be sucked up and tested for malignant cells, and many a lung cancer has been definitely established in this way.

When cancer within the abdomen is suspected, complete X-ray studies are called for, as well as rectal examination, and the use of the proctoscope and perhaps the gastroscope.

It cannot be said too often that vaginal bleeding between periods, or after the menopause, may be a sign of cancer. It calls for an immediate thorough examination, including a biopsy.

THERE are, of course, many other tests for a great variety of conditions, which the doctor may use because of certain symptoms. The foregoing is a brief outline of the ones now available for the commoner conditions that afflict many of us as we grow older. The "complete physical" of today costs more than the one of yesteryear, but it is well worth it.

To go to one of the famous clinics for a thorough check taking a few days to a week would probably cost between $200 and $300. From the family physician, the routine tests described, including blood tests, basal metabolism, liver- and kidney-function tests and necessary X rays, might run anywhere from $50 to $100, depending upon the locality. (Medical charges are higher as a rule in large communities than in small ones, because the physician's overhead is higher.) However, these figures must be weighed against the expenses of the illnesses, operations and hospitalization that may be prevented—costs which often mount astronomically.

There is a final step. Ask your doctor to give you the reports of all the findings of the laboratory and X-ray examinations, after he has finished with them, and keep them. If other studies are needed, or if there is a change of physicians, it may not be necessary for you to take all of them over again. Or comparison with present reports may be a help in diagnosis.

How often should a health audit be made? Every year, if you have reached the middle and later ages, when normal organs often begin to show signs of wear and tear, or if there has been in your family such a disorder as cancer, diabetes, hypertension or tuberculosis.

One prominent gynecologist, alert to the menace of cancer, further suggests a vaginal examination and vaginal smear, plus examination of breasts, every six months when women have passed forty—that period when cancer is more likely to begin.

The younger woman, no matter how perfect her health record, should have a thorough check at every time of crisis in her life: as soon as she becomes pregnant, and after the birth of each child; when domestic burdens seem too heavy to bear; when signs of menopause first appear.

Many a divorce might be avoided if unhappy wives were to seek a doctor instead of a lawyer.

Someday it may be considered a crime against society to let preventable disease reach a point where it disables, and where healthy men and women must use their time and strength to care for the needlessly sick. Today it is a crime against yourself to let symptoms get pronounced before seeking medical aid. The means are at hand for many of us to go actively and happily through the seventies, the eighties, and—who knows?—perhaps even through the nineties.

THE END

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H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Convalescence can be trying—but it can also be changed into a period of relaxation and enjoyment by the resourceful mother.

A Happy Convalescence for Your Child

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

It isn't so bad when the little ones are sick," I have heard many mothers say, "but when they start to get well—watch out!"

All of us hate to see children suffer the pain or discomfort of illness and are naturally delighted when the worst is over and convalescence starts. But it is a fact, as all parents know, that convalescent children are often hard to manage. Days—or even weeks, sometimes—before it is safe to turn the loose at full speed again, they feel all right and are impatient to be up and back at school or at play. The convalescent child cannot understand the reason for restraints imposed on him. To his way of thinking, mother and doctor are simply plotting to hurt his desires.

During convalescence, therefore, bad habits often start. The mother is fearful that the child may have a relapse and so she gives in to his every whim. I recall that when one of my grandchildren had an operation, his mother took him into her bed if he cried, so that she could be sure he was all right. Thus a bad habit was started right in my own home that later on was difficult to break. Unless parents are careful, there can easily be a backsliding into baby ways.

No question about it, convalescence can be trying. And yet, I have seen many a resourceful mother turn it into a period of relaxation and enjoyment, so that the child got needed rest without the usual boredom, impatience and irritations.

How can you make your child's convalescence a positive instead of a negative experience for both of you?

The most important part of the answer to that question, I believe, lies in your own mental attitude. If you approach the care of your sick or convalescent child as a task that has to be performed, or as an excuse for indulgence and breaking all the rules, the chances are that it is going to be burdensome for you and bad for your child. If, instead, you look upon it as an opportunity for growing together—sharing an island of intimacy in the restless, surging sea of life—then you will find many ways to make the hours pass swiftly and profitably for you both.

Let's say that your child is just past the critical point in one of the common illnesses—a mild scarlet fever, perhaps, or measles. Ahead of you is a period of enforced quiet for the youngster before normal activity can be resumed. What plans can you make to prevent the storms that threaten?

The first step is an obvious one, yet it is frequently overlooked. Get in touch with your doctor and find out exactly what the child should and should not be permitted to do.

Many times mothers, in their anxiety to protect the child who has been ill, impose rules that are too strict, keeping the child quieter than he needs to be kept, or for longer periods than are necessary. In fact, doctors today lean more and more toward letting the child do as much as he feels like doing, so long as he does not become overtired.

Even with the most liberal-minded doctor, however, there are going to be some hours in bed. Precisely how these hours are spent will depend mainly on the age and special interests of the individual child. Necessarily, the very small child will need more of his mother's time and attention.

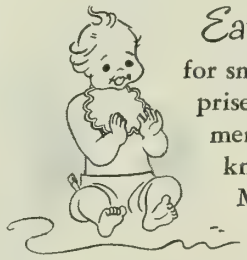
GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, **a necessary supplement** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



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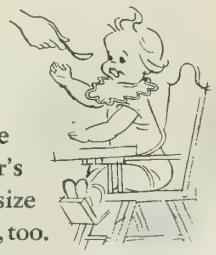


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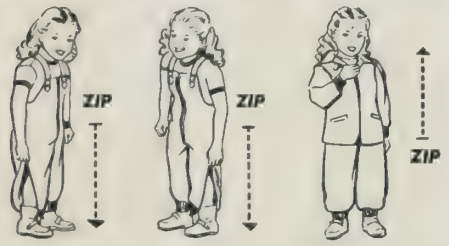
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For the school-age youngster, mother can serve best as an "idea factory," making suggestions and providing materials, but letting the child carry on by himself a great part of the time.

From my own observations of convalescent children during the many years of my experience with mothers and children, and from the fine way that, as health commissioner, I have seen the family doctors handle these cases, I offer these general suggestions as helps toward successful management of the child's convalescence:

1. Let all but the most important of your other duties go during this period. If the sick child's comfort and happiness are your only obligations, you aren't as likely to feel nervous and harassed—feelings which are quickly transmitted to and shared by the child.

2. At the same time, however, wean the child from the constant attendance that may have been necessary when his illness was acute. Let him amuse himself as much as he can, being ready to step in yourself for a time when he becomes bored or tired. Thus will you avoid establishing a babyish dependency on you.

3. Plan a varying program of diversions. For the small child, periods of reading aloud or storytelling will be enjoyed by both of you. In between, the phonograph is an excellent substitute. Most of the old familiar childhood stories are on records today. Buy or borrow a supply. The small child may also have a variety of picture books and dolls, including paper ones, and toy animals, which you will change from time to time to keep him from wearying of them. If he can be propped up in bed, a bed tray or light board placed across his knees will give him a base for all kinds of games.

The nasturtium comes to us from South America, chiefly from Peru and Chile. The original small nasturtium was cultivated because of the high value placed on its seeds, which were pickled when full-grown but yet green. Leaves and flowers also were used in making salads, and the plant was commonly grown in kitchen vegetable gardens.

—FLOWER FACTS AND FANCIES
(Society of American Florists).

4. Some children can amuse themselves endlessly by listening to the radio. While I do not share the views of those alarmists who think that radio programs are making all our children neurotic, I do agree that a daylong diet of soap operas and mystery thrillers is not wholesome entertainment for the convalescent youngster. Phonograph records give you control of the content your child hears, and are much to be preferred for younger children.

5. In any neighborhood, a practically inexhaustible supply of children's games, coloring and cutout books, puzzles and other forms of entertainment can be developed if mothers will trade equipment. Start the practice by offering your supply when a neighbor's child is sick. By pooling their resources, a few families together can keep their children happily occupied most of the time.

6. Unless the convalescence is going to last for months, most school and health authorities think it is a mistake to give the child schoolwork to do in bed. Often the pressing sense of school tasks to be done will worry the child and retard his recovery. Teachers say that work done at home under these conditions is rarely satisfactory; the ground must usually be covered again, anyway, when the child gets back to school.

In general, all the activities of the convalescent period should be aimed at producing mental and emotional repose as well as physical rest. Whatever contributes to this end aids recovery, and whatever makes for anxiety or upset of any kind delays the return of health and well-being. THE END

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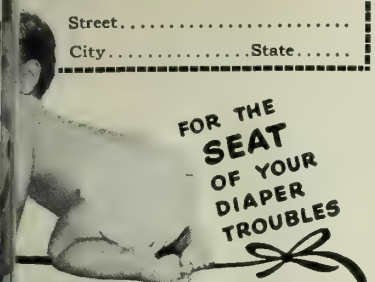
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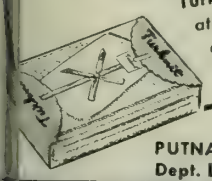
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PASSPORT TO POPULARITY

(Continued from Page 216)

10. You've cemented friendly relations with Academic Annie; objective: a date with her football-hero-plus brother. Now that you've been out with him twice, will you ——
A. Plan a foursome with her brother, to show Annie school means beaus as well as books?
B. Drop Annie—she's not your type?

11. The dorm dance, staged by Dotty, seems to have sagged in the middle. Do you ——
A. Sit back writing yourself mental notes about Dotty's mistakes?
B. Pitch in with a transfusion of suggestions to bring the party back to life?

12. When it comes to extracurricular activities, do you ——
A. Generate enthusiasm for new people, new ideas and new projects?
B. Stick to Coke drinking as your only after-school activity?

13. Before an exam, do you ——
A. Keep your date with Jim, with only a slight shudder at the thought of cramming into the wee hours on your roommate's lecture notes and a copy of last year's exam?
B. Settle down at the library with your own text and your own notes?

14. Betty's beau seems to be the man-of-a-lifetime to both Betty and you. Do you ——
A. Renounce him (maybe a little sadly) and check the unclaimed dream-man department?
B. Say "All's fair!" and go after him?

15. Not every college girl wants to be a "big wheel" in campus activities, but ——
A. Are you a campus isolationist, surrounded rather sparsely by "best friends"?
B. Do many people know your name?

16. You're strong on conversation, but weak on dance-floor technique. Do you ——
A. Hie yourself to the campus dancing class and encourage your favorite physicist to come along?
B. Tell yourself you prefer a "brain" to a party boy and stick to boys who like nothing better than to talk about nuclear fission?

17. Every fall you meet so many new people, it's hard to keep track of old friends. Do you ——
A. Maintain a blasé "I can't be bothered" attitude?
B. Make a point of remembering names and faces (that match), so that your "hello" carries a special brand of friendliness?

18. The competitive spirit of college life may make you want to keep the boys you know on your own tight list. Are you ——
A. Generous about finding dates for other girls?
B. Sure everybody knows that the boys you date are a strictly-hands-off commodity?

19. In college, when your time isn't already spoken for, a blind date is a good way of getting acquainted. If you found out in advance that the boy was a drip, would you ——
A. Call it off?
B. Stick to your bargain, but remember the line between a martyr and a good sport?

20. You're a real whiz when it comes to knitting Argyle socks. If a girl down the hall had a birthday dead line to meet and still one sock to go, would you ——
A. Lend her an expert hand?
B. Glue your nose to a book, and tell her you're way behind in your studying?

SCOREBOARD

Even-numbered questions rate "A" answers; odd numbers, "B." Give yourself 5 points for every right answer.

If your score tots up to between 90 and 100, you not only have your passport to popularity in your pocket—you're on board for your destination, whether it's interfraternity queen or captain of the hockey team!

If your score is under 90, your friends like you (as you have probably guessed), but you'll find new 24K popularity once you've turned your personality quirks to assets! If you have answered less than half correctly, don't give up the ship. You can be on it, passport in hand, by working out a personality do-over plan. If you start now, you can name your own prize: the right guy saying, "What are you doing New Year's?" THE END

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OW ROMANTIC ARE YOU?

By Marguerite Barze

you ever seriously consider throwg a few things into your suitcase d heading for Malaya or Cairo or eru to become personally acquainted dventure and romance? Or do you le, "That's all very well, but think heat and the dirt and all the natives rk around corners just waiting to rists the local version of the Brookidge"?

s your heart surge ahead and govern deas and actions, or does it always trudge in the shadow of your mind? Or do your mind and heart co-operate to give you a well-balanced, clear-eyed view of a life you thoroughly enjoy?

Romanticist or realist, you're safer and happier if you choose a companion who shares your own ideas—for opposites may attract, but they are bound to conflict.

So check the following statements—*T* for True and *F* for False—and see how romantic you really are and what you can do about it.

	TRUE	FALSE
1. Falling in love is the signal for you to drift into a ries of daydreams—even though most of them don't me true.	___	___
2. People in love interest and excite you—you sort of t into the spirit of the thing.	___	___
3. Your theory is that love isn't haphazard. Fate has arked one particular person for each man and woman the world.	___	___
4. Real love is lightning-quick and as easy to recognize.	___	___
5. As far as you're concerned, the person you love is ractically perfect; you're apt to dust off a pedestal and lace him on it.	___	___
6. It's a mistake, in your opinion, to look at love hrough a microscope; analyze too closely and you brush way the magic.	___	___
7. You think that books which lack a love story might ist as well not have been written.	___	___
8. During a movie love scene, you associate yourself rongly with the people on the screen.	___	___
9. Love can blaze as suddenly as a comet streaking cross the sky, and just as quickly fade away.	___	___
10. You want romantic courting to continue all hrough your marriage.	___	___
11. Love sets up blinders that block out any faults your weetheart may harbor.	___	___
12. You frequently wonder whether you've chosen the ght person.	___	___
13. Every once in a while you come down to earth with thud—love isn't as glamorous as you believed.	___	___
14. Some special screen star often invades your day-reams.	___	___
15. You like to match up the unmarried men and omen that you know—and you're as happy as they are hen it sticks.	___	___
16. You believe that a woman should make the man she ves feel rock-sturdy by pointing up her own femininity.	___	___
17. After a date, you invariably spend several hours reaming about your moments together.	___	___
18. You would trade in a theater ticket for an invitation o a wedding any day.	___	___
19. Sometimes you catch yourself daydreaming about omeone other than the person you're supposed to love.	___	___
20. Just the idea of love has appealed to you for a long ime, and you're looking forward to the day when it en-elops you completely.	___	___

unt the number of *T*'s you have and our classification:

or fewer T's:

hat you need is a good brush-up e in romance. If you can be lured to us, you never seem to hear the calliope the clowns and spangled performall you can see is the dust and the . You've raised an invulnerable de- against love—but all you have to ce it is a bleak wall of cynicism. It's not to let dreams obscure clear vision, t's even wiser to relax every once in le. You're missing a lot!

to 10 T's:

e scales balance pretty evenly for —with perhaps a slight tilt in favor e mind. You know that emotion must urbed and guided, and though you object to an occasional flight into y, you bring to an abrupt halt dreams that overstep common sense. Romance is an escape, but don't be afraid it'll get out of hand—just enjoy it.

If 11 to 14 T's:

You're the lucky one who believes in romance wholeheartedly, and who can express your emotions without fear and unrepressed by a heavy fog of dreams. Love is as real as a rock to you, but not as immovable. It must always be reinforced with stern-enough stuff to keep it from flying off like an escaped balloon.

If 15 or more T's:

You sail in happy oblivion to about six yards below the highest cloud. Completely subjective, you rise to heights of hilarity only to wind up face to face with despair, and you pay for hair-trigger emotions with bullet-deep wounds. Your ivory tower has shaky foundations—better reinforce it with a little hard reality. **THE END**

all skin types

all skin tones

look lovelier

in any climate

in any weather

with

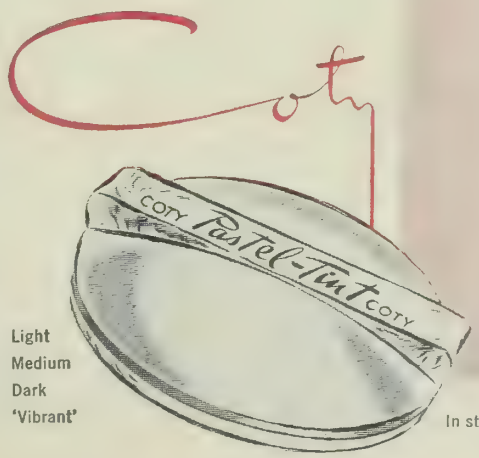
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Easily smoothed on any skin...easy to retouch or refresh...easy to carry. No dryness, no shine, no streaks.

Constantly at your service, right in your purse...to keep you looking fresh and glowing.



Light
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'Vibrant'

In streamlined Purse Compact $1.50 (plus tax)



You are his world—your loving care means so much to his daily c

His thinner baby skin needs your gentlest care



You pat him gently dry with his own special soft towel. You wouldn't dream of using a grownup's "rough" bath towel on that tender skin. His baby skin really is much thinner and more sensitive than yours. Recent studies show it would chafe more easily, "rub off" sooner. How trustingly your baby looks to you to give his tender skin your gentlest care.



It's a labor of love to see that he is kept comfortably dry, that his diapers are rinsed of every last speck of irritating soap. Be careful too, to choose only a soft, fine bathroom tissue. Look for 3 important "tender skin" qualities. Feather softness that never chafes. Instant absorbency for cleanest cleansing. Just enough strength to prevent shredding.



More mothers every day are finding this ideal bination of "tender skin" qualities in ScotTissue can trust ScotTissue in caring for your baby's t skin. Up to 6 months, try cushioning his diapers v or more sheets of fluffed-up ScotTissue. Just flush the soiled tissue. It's pleasanter for baby—easier fo

Trade Mark "ScotTissue" Reg. U. S

ScotTissue is soft as old linen

HOT SCHOOL LUNCHES . . . IDAHO PROVIDES

(Continued from Page 23)

b ause he'd always have the vacuum bottle b ken in a couple of days. He'd come home fr n school ravenous and make a beeline fo the cooky box and then have no appetite fo supper. Last winter, when he got his lu ch at school, he put on ten pounds and on y once had a touch of sore throat."

ruitland, Idaho (population 782), lies in th rich farming belt irrigated by the Payette R er. It is a wealthy community by West- n standards; a family can live comfortably on a few acres of prune or apple orchards w ere land now sells for $1000 an acre.

ust a few miles from the comfortable citi- zens of Fruitland with their electrically li ted homes, new cars, and the latest and m st scientific farm equipment—including s inkler systems big enough to irrigate acres o potatoes and beets and beans—just a few m es out into the desert live the home- st aders who lead lives of toil as perilous as th first pioneers.

There are 41 new homesteads in the Govern- m nt-owned Black Canyon Dam district. M st of the homesteaders were formerly te ants, or on relief. They moved in from C o, Nebraska, Oregon, nailed up shacks of ta paper and old boards, then started the b kbreaking job of plowing and clearing th sagebrush on the barren dunes, making th m bloom with wheat and corn. They pay n thing for this public land; in three years it s theirs. The first generation usually work th mselves to death, according to the local d tor, pouring their sweat into the hot, p ched sand. With enough courage and lu k and energy, the farms will provide a de- c t livelihood by the time the sons now t dling in the fields are grown men.

The Orchutts moved their tar-papered sh ck from Oregon five years ago, plunked it down on a sand dune in the middle of a h dred acres of sagebrush. Their house and c thes bespeak their struggle for a liveli- hod; but Mrs. Orchutt points proudly to th poppies and willows and irises bordering wat will someday be a lawn, a site where th ir new house will arise. Her children will g to college, and no one looking at the clear, d termined eyes in her sunburned and w thered face can doubt that they will.

The Frys, a Mormon family also living in t newly opened Black Canyon Dam dis- t t, moved onto their land in 1942 with $27 i cash and $34 worth of food stamps. Now t y have 30 head of cows. Their 8 children, i luding a baby of 15 months, overflow a trailer and tiny wooden shack. "One of the boys, I'm not ashamed to admit it," says Mrs. Fry, an energetic, black-haired woman with a look of eagles, "sleeps down in the hoghouse. 'Course there're no pigs down there now and we scrubbed it up good."

Mrs. Fry has 6 children in the Fruitland school, including 18-year-old twins, outstanding in scholarship and 4-H work, who will go to college if the Frys can possibly swing it.

It was Mrs. Fry, in fact, who spark-plugged the idea of a hot school lunch at Fruitland. This consolidated school draws its enrollment of 672 pupils from as far away as 17 miles. Those on the outer radius, such as the homesteaders, walk a half mile or so to catch the school bus at 7:30 A.M., are seldom home before five.

Mrs. Fry stood up at a P.T.A. meeting to protest the apathy of the townsfolk toward a school lunchroom. "My kids rushing to get that bus in the morning don't eat half their breakfast," she said. "And I have to get up an hour earlier to fix their lunches. Just for sandwiches I use a loaf and a half a day. If you count in the cost of the fillings, it would be cheaper if they ate in school and they'd be getting good hot food too."

An excited stir went through the room as other mothers leaned forward eagerly, anxious to hear more. Then a member of the school board spoke. "You folks out there on unimproved land don't pay any taxes; what right have you to tell us how to spend school money? People should take care of their own children."

Looking back on it, the parents of Fruitland now agree that the sense of indignation they felt as Mrs. Fry fumbled for her seat was all they needed to push the lunch program through. After some lively argument, a committee was set up to investigate the possibilities. The position of the school board remained adamant: afraid that it would cause more work for the teachers or dip into school funds, they said they would provide nothing—not electricity for a lunchroom, or janitor service; they refused to put an insurance rider on their policy for a cafeteria; for a while they even refused to provide water and told the parents to dig their own well. The P.T.A., which had been on the point of disbanding through general apathy, suddenly boiled to a white heat.

Since the school had divorced itself from the whole project, it was necessary for the

(Continued on Page 255)

PHOTO BY HAROLD RHODENBAUGH—FPG



Rosier cheeks, brighter eyes, fewer colds, alert minds are credited to the nourishing hot lunch that Fruitland, Idaho, grade- and high-school children eat daily. The year-and-a-half-old program has been in the black from the start. Daily cost to each child is 22 cents.





A little meat means a lot to baby!



Swift's Diced Meats for Juniors

Chopped—tender and juicy. (Confidentially, the whole family will go for these meats!)

Body-building meat gives baby so much to grow on—complete, high-quality proteins (and baby needs 3 to 4 times *more* proteins, proportionately, than a grownup)! Meat supplies B vitamins and blood-building iron, too! And babies simply can't resist meat the way Swift prepares it—all soft, smooth and temptingly seasoned with just a touch of salt! It's easy to give your baby the wonderful benefits of meat *earlier* in life—with Swift's Strained Meats!

Six tempting kinds provide a variety that authorities say helps build sound eating habits. Swift's Strained Meats are *all meat*—not mixtures—so baby gets to know the individual, distinctive flavors of beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver and heart. These six Swift's Strained Meats acquaint your baby *early* in life with nourishing meats he will be eating *all his life.*

***ASK YOUR DOCTOR**—when and how much Swift's Strained Meats to give your baby. You'll be surprised how much meat a fast-growing baby can eat!

Mother—

read the actual results of feeding tests with Swift's Strained Meats

Actual test feedings show babies thrive on Swift's Strained Meats! Feeding tests have established that meat-fed babies are in better physical condition than babies who received no meat. The blood-building iron of meat helps prevent anemia which commonly occurs in infancy.

All nutritional statements made in this advertisement are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION

SWIFT QUALITY FOODS

SWIFT...foremost name in meats...first with 100% Meats for Babies

(Continued from Page 253)

rents to raise a good bit of money for all e necessary equipment—stoves, sinks, rigerator, and so on. Their original esti-ate was $1500. Since the start of the proj- in October, 1946, over $2100 has been sed, $700 by direct donation. The P.T.A. ve a Community Talent Night, a card rty, and a White Elephant Sale which ought some fantastic proceeds. A cake was ctioned for $10, a loaf of home-baked ead for $2.50. One forgetful lady, in her gerness, bought her own white elephant.

By December, 1946, there was enough oney on hand to start operations. Mrs. bert Groves, a home-economics major at llege, who had been in the habit of driving r young son five miles back and forth from me so he could get a hot lunch at noon, aded the enterprise. On the first Tuesday December, 1946, she found that if they nted Federal assistance their applications ust be filed at the state capitol in two days. hurried trip to the State Department of ucation in Boise, which supervises the hot hool lunch in Idaho, revealed that the U. S. overnment would give them $663 toward o stoves and a sink, and would also pay ne cents a day for every meal served. How-er, no assistance would be available for 47 unless the first meal was served by bruary first, only a few weeks away!

They had planned to convert two unused oms in the basement of the old red brick gade school which were piled high with dis-ded junk, the plastered walls cracked m leaking pipes and black with soot, most the windows broken. At this point discour-ng rumors circulated about town: "A hy basement like that is no place to serve d to children." . . . "There isn't enough ter." . . . "It isn't big enough," and so on.

Uncertain and dismayed, the local com-ittee asked a state sanitation expert to look place over. Appalled at first by what she w, she was soon sketching and planning, nounced the plan feasible. "I never ought they'd be able to make the dead line," she said later, "but they were so hopeful and enthusiastic that I pretended to feel that way too."

From then on, all Fruitland was fused into a frenzy of effort. Housewives rolled up their sleeves, donned slacks and bandannas, inched their way into the cluttered rooms. Methodists and Brethren who had never before spoken, so fierce was the feeling be-tween these two leading sects, introduced themselves on their knees with pails and scrub brushes.

A skilled carpenter volunteered to super-vise the renovating. Before he was finished, he had given three full weeks to the project. Instead of mending their own fences at home, farmers spent the cold winter days ripping out some old shower stalls, uniting the two rooms by cutting arches in the connecting wall, patching plaster and replacing windows. Eighteen picnic-style tables were built with benches attached, big enough to seat 200–250 children at a shift. Table tops of fiber-board were thoroughly varnished and an eighteen-foot serving counter built on one side of the kitchen, with a twenty-foot cup-board and work cabinets across the end.

A calcimining and painting crew of mothers made an unbelievable transformation of the grimy walls with one coat of cold-water paint. Two coats of flat and one coat of white enamel made the woodwork glisten. With an orange enamel accent around the wooden edges of the brown fiberboard table tops and yellow plastic curtains at the windows, the place became cheerful and inviting.

Gradually the project neared completion. Plumbers dodged painters while installing the lavatory, water pipes and a three-com-partment stainless-steel sink. Drainage ditches were ready for pipe installation after persistent workers hacked through frozen ground. All labor was donated. About 150 individuals gave a total of more than 1600 man-hours of labor.

Activity and anxiety increased as the opening day approached and equipment was

(Continued on Page 257)



Know your child's weight, Mother, and you'll know the correct size underwear to buy!

Weigh your children BEFORE you buy their underwear—then you'll surely get the right size E-Z undergarment. E-Z Underwear, for babies as well as for older children, is plainly marked with WEIGHT as well as age and size, so you can't go wrong. And E-Z Underwear is styled and finished for long, hard wear, as generations of satisfied mothers have known.

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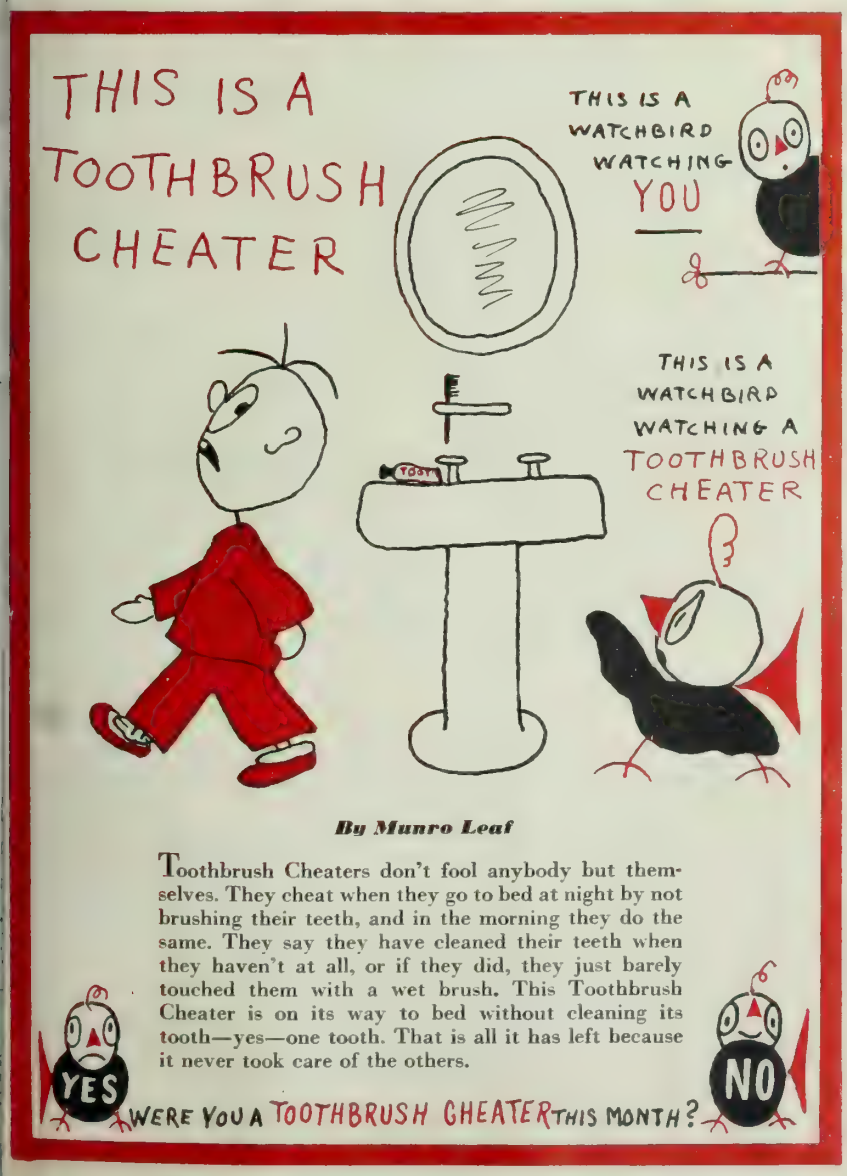
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KROEHLER Furniture

(Say KRAY-LER)

(Continued from Page 255)

in arriving. All ended well when the
ins completed installation of the
ayed stoves and water heater one
re the scheduled open-house celebra-
is was an oyster and chili feed which
n additional $210 for the lunchroom.
were printed by a local pastor, while
ckets for the children were donated
Payette County newspapers.
bruary first, hot lunches were offered
rst four grades, and two days later,
tire school. Only the first two grades
eir lunches ready on the tables,
ps loosened. Trays are too heavy and
spillable for them to handle. Older
get their meals cafeteria style. They
heir own plates, stack their dishes
carts, put the silverware in gallon
.

e 323 lunches served daily at Fruit-
out half the enrollment of grade and
ool), about 15 or 16 are free to chil-
o cannot afford to pay the 22 cents
The teachers and school nurse spot
pils who seem under par, watch the
s of their lunch pails, then contact
ents to see how much they could pay.
nes this assistance is bluntly refused;
s are proud. Quite a few children
roduce, such as a sack of potatoes or
pay for their lunches. The school
al admits that probably more free
are needed, but adds, "The problem
istribute more free lunches without
the child." Eight students work for
eals, such as Mrs. Fry's twins, who
ishes for 50 cents an hour.

rnment-subsidized
s have been avail-
Idaho since 1937.
235 hot-lunch pro-
now in operation,
ingle one has been
inued, even when it
a deficit. (When
ppens, the school or
makes up the dif-
.) In Stibnite, Idaho,
ten-mining town so inaccessible that
sonnel and supplies must be flown in
ne, *all* school lunches are free. The
l Government gives its 9 cents per
child, and the school board and min-
mpany split the rest.
Fruitland lunch program has been
in the black since its inception a year
half ago. One big reason for this has
he skill and ingenuity of the cooks, the
t sisters, who occupy a special niche
affections of the community. About
y meats they feel they can afford to buy
ound beef and short ribs; these are
ith endless variety. The short ribs are
until the meat tenderly separates
he bones and is combined with noodles,
atoes, or white Lima beans. Ground
comes meat loaf, spaghetti and meat
baked hash. Desserts are kept simple:
auce, gelatin or chocolate pudding.
mes jam or jelly is served instead.
appeal is carefully considered so that
lower, for instance, is never served
macaroni.

eggs and milk are used for all cook-
rposes; these are furnished free by the
l Government, which also provides
surplus foods, such as peanut butter,
dried peaches and prunes, canned
oes and cheese. A colony of Japanese
Fruitland provides free onions for the
m each year, and many townsfolk put
ra row of carrots in their kitchen gar-
for the school lunch. Last year the
rs put up 52 gallons of strawberry
92 gallons of apricot jam and 276 cans
et potatoes at the community cannery.
ldren, as a rule, are very suspicious of
oods; what the Fruitland kids leave on
plates is a good indication of what their
acks at home. The cooks have given up
g spinach, as they won't touch it. They
at applesauce, but not the beautiful
ious apples native to the area. Stewed
nned fruits disappear only if they are
ined with gelatin. Raisins are carefully
ved from puddings by little fingers and
laid on the side of the plate. Lamb is never served (too expensive, say the cooks), but there are adults in Fruitland who have never tasted lamb in their lives, although it is good sheep country—shades of the old bitter feud between cattlemen and the sheep herders!

THE cooks point proudly to their success with raw-carrot sticks, which most of the children had never seen before. The school nurse claims that because of them she can see an improvement in the children's eyesight. One girl's eyes changed from 20–50 to 20–30 in one year, and her headaches vanished. She also believes that the hot lunch was a big factor in cutting down colds and sore throats last winter, and that by raising general body resistance it even helped in diseases like impetigo. A child in the Fruitland school and a child in a school where there was no hot lunch both came down with impetigo at the same time. Although they came from similar homes, there was a week's difference in their absence from school, in favor of the child from Fruitland.

In some cases, school grades improved; but there are too many other variable factors to make a positive statement about this. Without exception, the mothers whose children eat in the lunchroom see a big difference in their vitality. The teachers, who eat the same food as the children, are all enthusiastic. "It does away with that all-in four o'clock feeling," says the third-grade teacher. "If it peps up an adult, it's bound to sustain the energy of a child."

None of the mothers seems to feel that 22 cents a day is too much. "It used to cost me all of that to put up Kenneth'slunch," remarks the wife of a seed rancher. "I used to make him two sandwiches, one with jam and the other with meat. Then he had an orange or banana, some cookies and potato chips. He didn't take anything to drink." Kenneth's grades are up to Excellent this year. He had no bad colds, and missed only two days all year.

It is well that there is no one without a fault, for he would not have a friend in the world. He would seem to belong to a different species.
—WILLIAM HAZLITT.

It is felt that in the course of the next few years, Fruitland can either increase the amount of food it serves or reduce the price. Thanks to excellent management and planning, it is starting this school year with a balance of $1800 in cash. Since the program is still in its infancy, this money is needed for additional equipment such as a lavatory for the help, an electric grinder and mixer, and silverware. (The children donated forks and spoons from home; this year they will be replaced with stainless steel at a cost of $250.) The first year's profits were spent for a root cellar ($750) and two ventilating fans ($200). Of course, all school-lunch programs must be nonprofit in order to receive Federal assistance. When Fruitland acquires all the necessary equipment, then its surplus funds can be spent to benefit the children more directly. In the meantime, it may be necessary, as Mrs. Groves suggests, to raise by a few cents the cost of the lunch for high-schoolers.

The hot lunch in Fruitland has brought other results than rounder, rosier cheeks and brighter eyes. It has brought the fathers' practical good sense into the P.T.A., and it has inspired the start of a similar program in near-by Payette—to the delight of the townsfolk. "We've always been kind of a country cousin to Payette." The school board, which blinked its eyes over the miraculous transformation of their dingy basement, rushed to convert an old gymnasium into three bright new classrooms. The Methodists and Brethren who scrubbed together on their hands and knees are still speaking—a year and a half later. For the first time in Fruitland's history, they now hold joint church services.

The townsfolk and the homesteaders have grown a lot closer too. "Why, the way they're improving their land out there, they'll be paying taxes too," says a farmer's wife happily. "They've got the spunk we need. We're going to fight for a lot of improvements in this town together."

THE END



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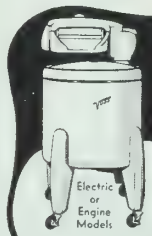
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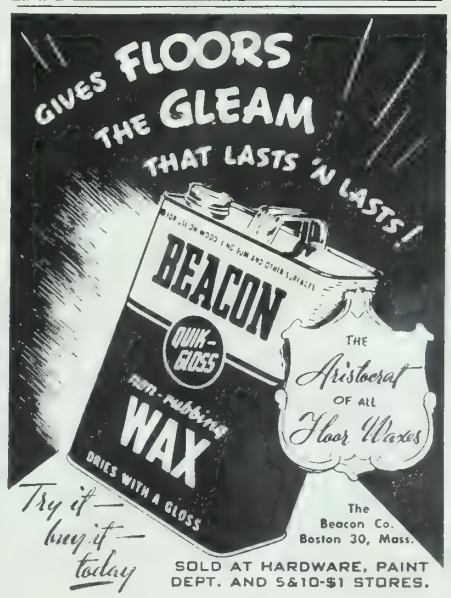
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PHOTOS BY HAROLD POWER

Gracious lines for a traditional room: an early nineteenth-century porcelain oil lamp. The shade is silk shantung, stretched taut, lined in white silk, traced with gilt galloon. Much more than just a source of light, it is really a jewel that the room wears proudly.

Make Light of It

BY H. T. WILLIAMS

TO find the perfect lamps for your rooms, be uninhibited about their start in life. Some of the most beautiful lamps I have ever seen were originally jars, decanters or vases, andirons, even hitching posts. Nine of the lamps shown here began as something completely unrelated to light; two were oil lamps. You can see they've been reincarnated most successfully.

Consider first if the piece to be converted will need a base to give it added decorative quality, weight or height. Wood is used most often—polished, painted, gilded, mirrored, whatever best suits the lamp itself. Decide in advance upon the height of the shade, since this will determine the length of the wiring rod. Naturally, it must be in pleasing proportion to the base, I I feel that too many shades are undersized, causing the lamps to lose mi of their possible style and importance. The wiring will require the service an expert electrician. Many electrical shops are equipped to do all the bori sometimes, however, they will recommend that a cabinetmaker or met worker be consulted. Try to have a photograph or sketch of the effect y want to achieve. Costs of wiring and fixtures are usually fairly reasonal the major expense is likely to be the shade, which a clever woman might ma herself, buying only frame and fabric.



In the spirit of a contemporary room: a sleekly curved lamp base of vibrant pink opaline shaded in white silk of smoothly tailored simplicity.



Important in scale as it is in fact, a masculine sort of lamp whose base was once a brass andiron. The shade is highly glazed tortoise-shell paper.



For a stately room or a hall, a bronze scu head becomes a fitting lamp, takes a sh painted metal, a monogram of tall painted





aper shade, painted ink blue, scrolled in white, a lamp of ivy-wreathed chalk-white earthen- e that was once a vase of Mediterranean origin.



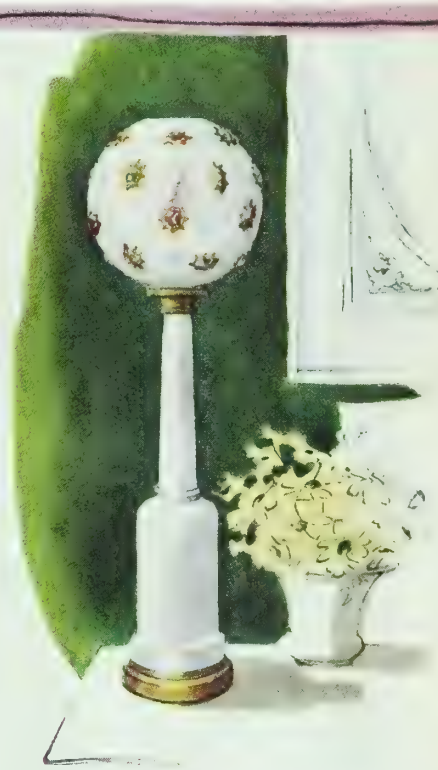
An erstwhile Dutch brass pitcher, with anothe handle added, is lacquered black, mounted o marbleized wood. A tole shade is lime inside



Long ago, this carved, faintly gilded pineapple base vas part of a handsome four-poster bed. The shade s a brilliantly colored Polynesian print fabric.



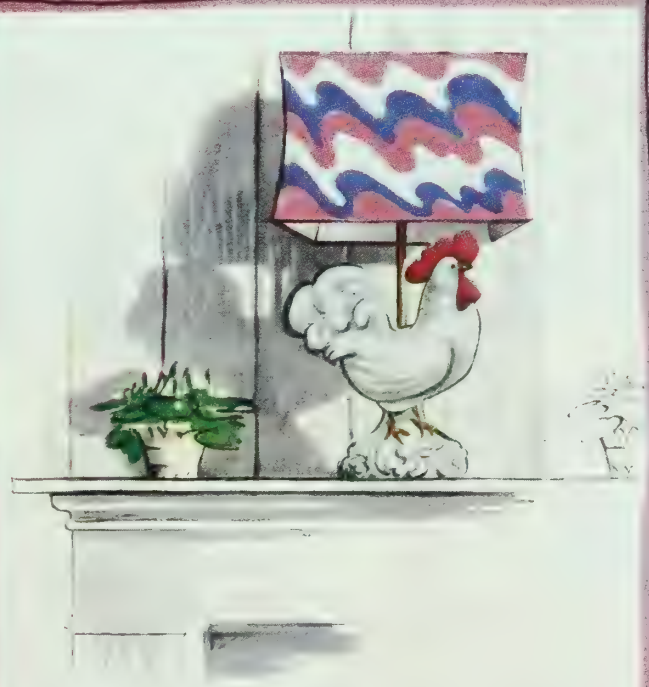
A graceful Bohemian-glass carnation vase, enameled with tiny flowers, mounted on brass. The paper shade is spattered with oil paints in many colors.



Paste jewels are set in the translucent globe of white Bristol Victorian oil lamp, converted fo a foyer or to grace a feminine dressing table



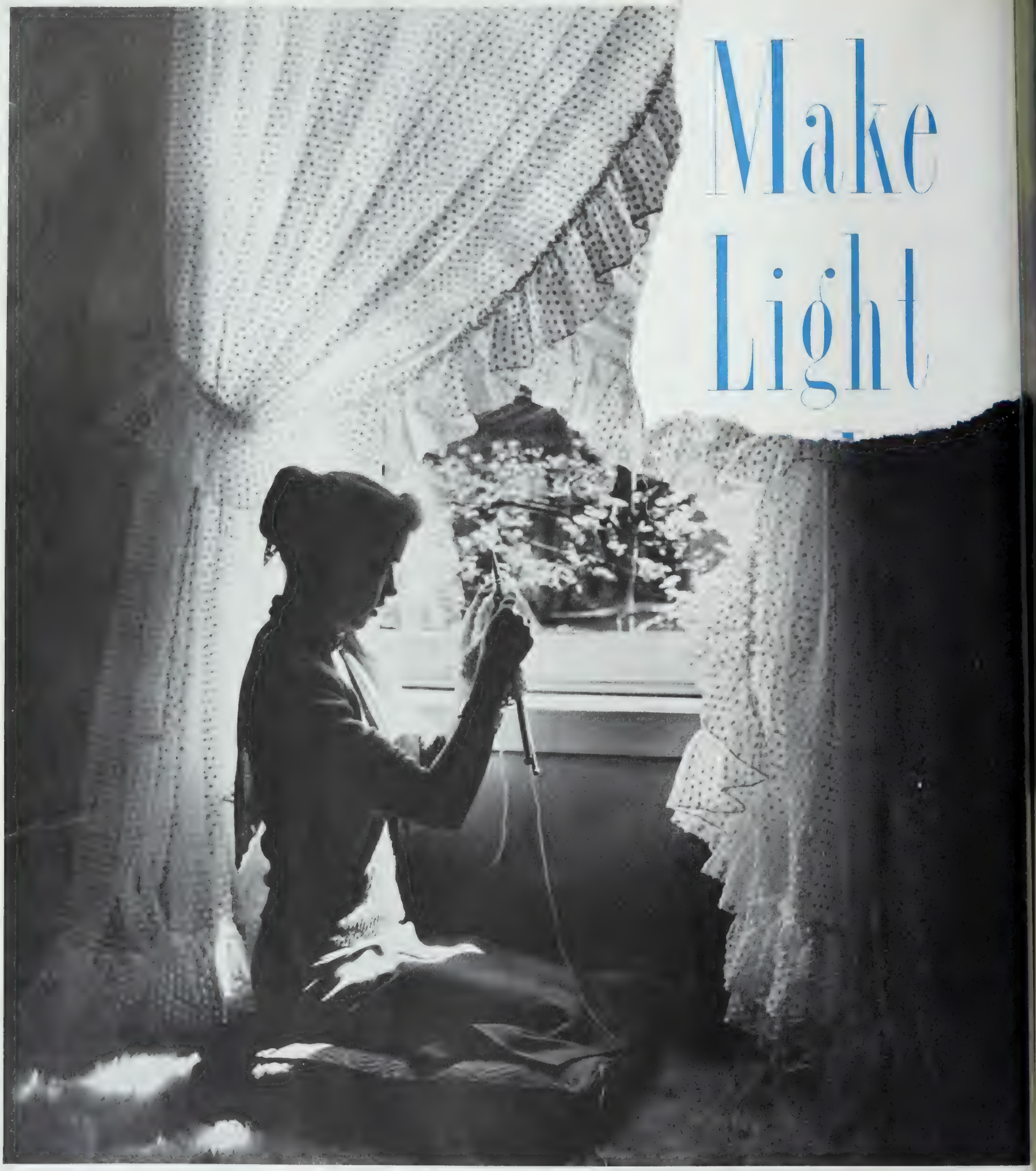
Designed for a formal room: a lamp of French ancestry in carved wood painted white, shadowed in Venetian blue, with a shade of marbleized paper.



A glazed pottery rooster who came from Brittany perhaps a century ago is reincarnated to enliven a country room, as a base for a gay print fabric shade.



Lamp for a modern room, converted from wooden wallpaper roller and banded with bra The shade: tropical leaves painted on pa



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For year-round delight, choose curtains of Hathaway Dots that wash easily, stay fresh and lovely! Ask for them by name . . . be sure you get curtains of genuine Hathaway Dots. For store nearest you and for helpful booklet on "How to Buy Curtains," write Dept. L9, Hathaway Manufacturing Co., New Bedford, Mass.

Woven by the makers of Hathaway Nylon Marquisette.

PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER

A dashing scheme will cancel out the old look many dreary apartments have. This one has south-of-the-border colors, new ways with a few old items.



Parade your hobbies as part of the decorations, add snap to inexpensive furniture. Music, art, books, all have a place in decoration, give personality to informal spots.

Career Girl Apartment

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

NOTHING looks less like your dream castle than a dingy third-floor apartment before you start decorating. Happy as you may be to have a place of your own, the chances are the new rooms will be dark, with patched plaster, lumpy paint and dated plumbing. Of course this sad state is the very reason why you can pick up an apartment at your own budget price, but also why you will have such a joyous adventure turning it into the kind of place you like.

Keep in mind four things when planning the job, if you want really successful results and fun while you work. Here they are:

Color is your cheapest and most effective decoration. It is the by-product of all you do and costs nothing in itself. Next, buy second-hand furnishings or shop outside the beaten path, as we did, to find inexpensive, adaptable items that will give personality to your rooms. Then be sure to locate a neighborhood handy man to saw and nail



It's the finest Sealy I've ever had!

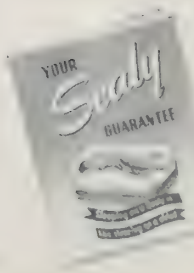
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where need be; and, lastly, remember not to overdecorate your living room with amateur crafts such as stencils, fun designs or whimseys. If you like them, save these for your bath and kitchenette.

It's more fun to decorate around a theme, even though you use secondhand furnishings. Gay Pan-American colors gave us both our theme and our scheme, and make the room attractive in an unusual way.

Details . . . The landlord will paint, of course, and therein lies your first triumph. Fresh, new, high-style color will cancel out the old ordinary look, and give you a lift with the rest of your scheme. Think things over carefully, for it is easy to get a wrong start with your backgrounds. Some colors just won't do on imperfect walls, or on any but the most modern, flawless surfaces. This is because colors have varying characters, such as elegance, formality, distinction, gaiety and sophistication. It is best to stay away from the elegancies such as chalk-blue, coral-pink dead white and black. But go as far as you like with dramatic greens, yellows, turquoise or the rich dusty pastels.

The walls of the room in the photograph are painted a strong grayed-chartreuse, appropriately called avocado. It is easy to mix if you put chrome yellow into medium green and add a touch of red. The color is new, has style, and combines well with almost anything. Paint your ceiling the same color as your walls.

The Furniture . . . If you haven't a separate bedroom, buy two studio couches and use them in a corner arrangement. The effect looks built in, and of course the couches serve as seats during the day. For the average person, thirty-inch couches are wide enough for beds and make more comfortable seats than those which are wider.

The newest couches have wooden legs for a modern look, but box couches are good style, also, and have the advantage of storage space inside. You can have your mattresses upholstered in a sturdy fabric such as sailcloth, or make slip covers which can be removed at night.

Any upholstered chair will slip-cover. Of course the job is easier and the effect more professional if the chair has straight lines, so if you have a choice of styles, keep the slip-covering job in mind and choose the chairs with simple lines.

Cushions are almost a necessity if you use your couches for seats. Make soft plump ones, preferably out of feather pillows, and have the colors repeat your scheme.

You will need a desk, and this may be a used one, painted, or simply a commodious table with space for a lamp and writing accessories.

Table styles are changing. Since lamps have grown in scale, tables are larger also. Few of the larger tables now in the market are priced for economy schemes, so you can do one of two things for the new table look. For your coffee table, saw off the legs of an old-style table and paint it exactly to match your furniture. This is not new, of course, but a modern innovation is to buy a woven rush mat for under $2.00, and apply it over the top of your old table, fastening down the edges with a commercial stock molding. The table in the photograph is plywood with straight sawed legs, and the woven top is one of those rush mats common to Mexico and all South American countries.

Try double-decker tables for small rooms or apartments. The one in the photograph is easy to do. You make them out of ordinary tables by adding a superstructure like a shelf on legs. This arrangement gives you a place for books and magazines without crowding the space for your lamp.

Floors . . . Don't think you have to have room-size wool rugs for a studio-type living room. This is the era of innovations in floor coverings, and there are all manner of charming rugs that cost comparatively little and add style to an informal room. Big woven rush rugs such as the one shown in the photograph are extremely durable, easy to care for and cost less than $50.00. They come in

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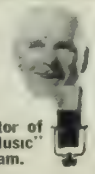
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many sizes and their natural hue is a soft, neutral grass tone.

If your floor is painted, don't make the mistake of using wood tans and browns. Instead try deep green, rich dark red, midnight blue or off-black. These dark hues set off your other colors to advantage.

Lamps . . . Remember that lamps are huge these days, and most shades have rather straight sides. If you want to keep the cost low, make your lamps out of big jars or colored glass bottles.

The lamps in the photograph are made from inexpensive Mexican glass bottles costing $6.00 with light adapters in the tops and fitted with shades in scale with their height. You can do the whole job yourself. Such bottles are to be found in almost any store these days, and in various colorings. The adapters you buy in an electric shop or a hardware store, and the shades you paint yourself. They are heavy paper which takes either oil or water paint, and may be found in the lamp department of the average store.

Accessory Charm . . . By all means dramatize your love of art, your hobby or your recreation as part of the room's decoration. If you play the piano, include the instrument in your scheme by color-styling it to suit your particular harmony. If you don't want to paint the case, turn it away from the room, cover the back with painted plywood, and use the space for pictures or background as we did in the photograph.

If you collect prints, have them uniformly framed and hang them in groups. If you have a surplus of books, build rows or tiers of shelves and allow the covers to be part of your decorative scheme.

Once settled on a scheme or a theme with unusual colors, you will need to watch carefully to keep out alien hues. You can do this easily if you consider each subsequent addition to the room and make sure it has a rightful place in the picture.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ten Yards of Boys

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

Being boys, they sit by kind,
They desert the she-ones there;
Along the window rails they sit
In their spanked-down party hair.

In society they will have
Only the onlooker's part,
They sit like Stoics blank of face
With irony in the heart.

They pity their parents and the girls
Making believe the world is good
And singing songs. Their Spartan seats
Press on the hard and splintery wood.

Ten yards of solemn lonely boy,
Aloof from laughter, love and light,
Wise with nine or ten long years.
Ten yards of poems and dynamite!

For in these much too early men
Our glory and our power hide,
And they will soon leap down and split
The world and show the flame inside.

These boys will join the party late,
But they will make it ring and shine,
Once they get over being old
And get their pants off the hard pine!

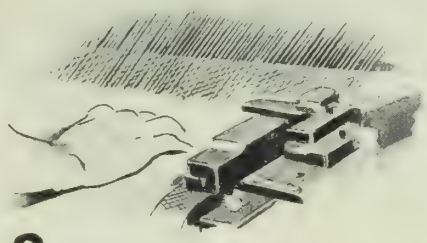
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"From Sheep to Sleep"
.in one easy lesson

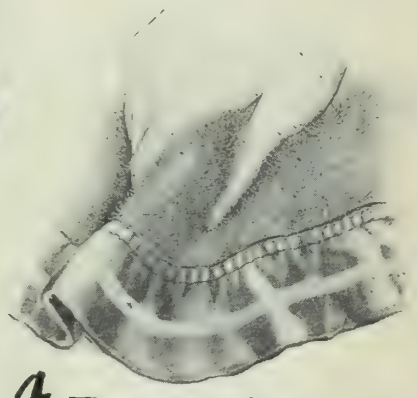


1 This is the sheep that grows the wool for Kenwood long-napped blankets.

2 This is the wool—fluffy and fleecy, with the long fibres that make the long nap possible.



3 This is the way the wool is skillfully woven to make a supple, softly draping fabric in which the long nap will be securely anchored.



4 This is the long nap that covers the entire surface of the blanket, turning it into a fleecy mantle of warmth.

5 This is the finished
Kenwood long-napped Blanket

richly bound, ready to bring you luxurious sleeping comfort, ready to come through countless washings and years of use, fresh and lovely, always like new.

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ONCE you've heard the amazing Zenith twin triumphs in tone . . . once you've experienced this thrill that no other radio can give you . . . you will have the sure evidence of your own senses to tell you why Zenith is not and cannot be successfully imitated.

The exclusive Cobra Tone Arm (so good that hundreds of AM and FM radio stations use it to broadcast records) —the one and only genuine Zenith-Armstrong FM— these twin triumphs, and all the other exclusive advantages Zenith gives you, are products of Zenith's unique experience and position in radionics exclusively. There is no substitute for the more than 30 years of "know-how" that go into every Zenith, from the largest console combination to the most compact portable or table model.

Zenith challenges comparison. Accept your Zenith dealer's invitation to come in and let your own eyes and ears tell you why no other radio at any price can give you what Zenith gives you.

New Zenith "Georgian," shown closed above, open at right. Console combination with Cobra Tone Arm; Silent-Speed INTERMIX Record Changer—handles 10-inch records, 12-inch, or both sizes *intermixed;* FM on *both* bands, Standard Broadcast; Radiorgan Tone Control; Wavemagnet.

$239.50*

*Other Zenith models from $[illegible] to $675.00**



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New way to play records! Invented and perfected by Zenith . . . reveals tone beauty never heard before, keeps records sounding like new for over 2,000 plays by actual test!

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With FM aerial built-in—just plug in and play! Gives glorious new radio fidelity—static-free—with quality and sharp tuning not possible with imitation FM sets.

PLUS—*Radiorgan Tone Control*—makes you master of 64 different tone blendings and shadings; *Wavemagnet*—up to eleven times more effective than a 50-foot outside aerial; *DialSpeaker*—in portables and table models, combines dial and speaker into one unit, permits larger speaker than in any other sets of same size; *Consoltone*—exclusive Zenith circuit that gives table size radios the big, rich tone usually found only in large consoles.

**West Coast prices slightly higher.*
All prices subject to change without notice.

WEEK-END COOK-OFF

(Continued from Page 221)

n the refrigerator. . . . Tonight is ght to use the pie shell. One of the scotch or chocolate-pudding desserts an excellent and quick filling. If ven't time to make a meringue for the d can afford the cream, spread the top whipped cream and sprinkle with ed nuts.

★ ★ ★

Thursday Dinner

Stuffed Peppers *or* Risotto
Hot Biscuits
Fruit Salad
Coffee—Milk

end of the ham is near! Time to do hing with the py bits that close to the Combine the with cooked tomato sauce, s and season- Stuff into par- green-pepper s and bake. Or might make a o with rice, tomato sauce, s and green pep- good ham hash to be sniffed her, if you have boiled potatoes refrigerator. . . . dinner memo: a good split- oup for Friday the ham bone. It can simmer away you're doing the darning.

★ ★ ★

Friday Dinner

Split-Pea Soup
Quick Tunaroni—Buttered Beets
Cucumber Salad
Apple Whip—Fruit Sauce
Coffee—Milk

enty of applesauce left to combine with n egg whites for the whip. You haven't to make custard sauce, but there's still of the pear-and-plum compote. Thicken uice with a little cornstarch. Cool, add cut into pieces, and pour over the h. . . . You've used up the meat for the e—do not have time to shop for fresh f You have a can of macaroni and cheese, of tuna fish and one of canned condensed room soup. You combine all three, first ing off oil from tuna fish. Add milk to to saucy consistency and heat in double r. It's really super.

few canned products on the shelf are ys handy to have for that end-of-the- dinner—before you start out on a fresh eting trip on Saturday.

TITIAN

The rich but subdued coloring of beautiful reddish golden hair such as the Venetian painter Titian spent so much time in portraying in the women he painted has come down to us as an epithet in the term "Titian-haired." A Titian is not strictly a redhead, but rather, as some wit has put it, Titian is the color ascribed to the hair of a poor ordinary redheaded girl as soon as she comes into a large amount of money.

—David T. Armstrong.

ON YOUR GROCERY LIST

If you have a good and ample refrigerator, most of the food for these dinners can be purchased on Saturday or whatever your main shopping day may be. Milk and cream, of course, you will buy as needed; and if your family is large, you will have to buy bread or rolls several times a week. Ice cream may be bought Saturday and stored in the freezing tray of the refrigerator. All meats, vegetables and fruits may be purchased at one time, with the exception of additional salad greens and fresh fruit for salad (unless you used canned) along about Wednesday. Friday's main dish is particularly planned to be made up of canned foods, so that you won't have to stop at the store on Friday when your regular marketing day is to be Saturday.

Following is a check list of the special things you will need to prepare these dinners—just to remind you when you shop. Food for Saturday's dinner is not included. Since this meal does not involve advance planning, you can add the items to your list according to what you think the family might like and what is particularly easy to prepare.

A broiler meal and fresh fruit might be the best choice, as this is a busy day.

Meats, eggs and cheese. Smoked ham, ground beef or a combination of ground beef, pork and veal for meat loaf, cheese and eggs.

Fresh Fruits. Fresh pears, red plums, other fresh fruit such as large slicing oranges and grapefruit that will keep for Thursday's salad, apples—enough for a pie and applesauce for two meals—and an avocado (buy an unripe one—on the hard side; it will be just right to eat by Wednesday).

Fresh vegetables. Green beans (enough for two meals), spinach, potatoes and sweet potatoes (enough for two meals each), tomatoes, cucumber, corn on the cob (enough for two meals), beets, green peppers, onions and salad greens. These will need to be replaced once during the week unless you have ample space and the type of refrigerator that keeps leafy vegetables fresh.

Groceries. Biscuit mix, pastry mix, shortening, butter or margarine, tomato juice, unflavored gelatin, packaged butterscotch or chocolate-pudding dessert, nuts, rice, tomato sauce or tomato paste, split peas, canned peas, canned spinach (unless you bought fresh or frozen), canned tuna fish, canned fruit, canned macaroni and cheese, canned condensed mushroom soup, French dressing or ingredients for making your own, flour, sugar, coffee, and so on.

"EVERYBODY WORKS IN OUR HOUSE"

(Continued from Page 219)

lices that save people's time, energy and, he long run, money. Especially during everybody's-busy period in a family's a good vacuum cleaner, a washing ma- e, an efficient iron or electric ironer, to e just a few, will seem like the good ds they really are. To the Melsons, pres- saucepans (they have three and keep n all pretty busy) are a great help, for times are uncertain, and no one has h time to spend preparing food on kday nights.

Keep in touch. Set up an information rd for posting messages, notes, direc- s from mother, reminders of who's to do t. In a family whose members come and ike trains in the Grand Central Station, elps to keep track of everyone this way.

Change the pace. Review your family plan often, encourage new ideas and new skills. Boredom and monotony, vacations, weather and accidents must be considered. The best of plans, like the best of minds, are flexible though firm. Everyone starts off on such a project as "let's all work" with enthusiasm; it takes real character on someone's part (probably mother's) to keep everyone up to the pitch he's promised. Change of pace helps, if it's only changing from official bedmaker to official vegetable preparer for a while. Even a carrot can be a challenge!

Last but certainly not least, as a smoother-outer, never forget the old maxim, "A place for everything and everything in its place." It's trite only because it's so maddeningly true that it bears repeating often! THE END



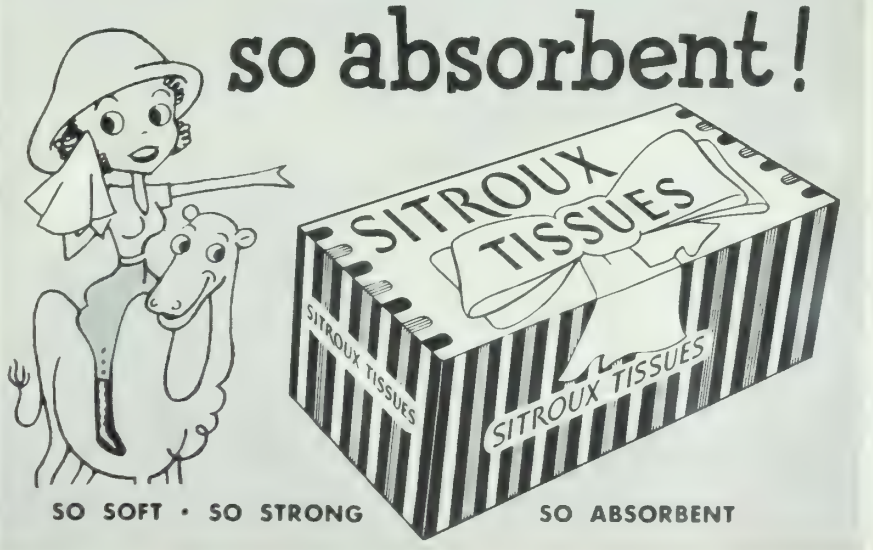
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50 for $1 WITH NAME
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Rinse Hair Off Legs IN 5 MINUTES
. . . without rubbing or risk of bristly razor-stubble!
Amazing improvement—is the new Neet with *lanolin*. Creamy, pleasantly scented, Neet works faster, better. You simply spread Neet on, rinse off in 5 minutes, then thrill to the super-smooth feel of your lovely hair-free legs . . . to their sleek as satin look. Neet removes hair *closer* to the follicle itself to avoid prickly razor-stubble. And just see—each time you use Neet—how long it keeps your skin hair-free! Get Neet Cream Hair Remover at drug or cosmetic counters. Be sure—get it *today!*

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PHOTOGRAPH BY
PAUL DAVIS

furniture with enduring charm . . .

fashioned by New England craftsmen

A nice feeling for our colonial heritage, integrity of construction and a thorough-going regard for comfort characterize Heywood-Wakefield Old Colony furniture. Made in New England by craftsmen who have been making furniture since the early days of the Republic, these pieces in rich and mellow Winthrop Maple finish are all "*Home Planned.*" That is, you can buy them from open stock—as you buy your silver. You can add to them as your home grows—transforming your living room, dining room and bed rooms into a harmonious, beautifully integrated whole.

You'll find Heywood-Wakefield Old Colony furniture at better stores everywhere.

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD
EST. 1826

Gardner, Massachusetts

(Continued from Page 213)

Yet Annie has known for years that she would have to make a break from the life pattern her father had laid down for her, because it was not the right one for her. Heretofore, however, she had avoided a head-on collision.

"Deciding to marry Willie is the first thing I have ever done in my life without consulting my parents—and to carry it through against their wishes was the hardest thing I have ever done in my life. I realized that if I did marry Willie, I must be willing to put my husband's career ahead of everything else—it is such a tremendous thing, you see, so precious. I faced the question of my own feelings—did I love Willie enough to marry him, apart from our common absorption in music and the glamour of his place in music? If music and career were taken away, would he still be what I wanted? When I knew beyond doubt he was the only man I could ever love, I told him I would marry him."

I have sense enough, but it always comes too late.
—MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

The fact that Kapell belongs to a group often discriminated against did not disturb Annie at all. She lifted her chin proudly when this was mentioned.

"Suppose there are hotels at which we won't be able to stay? I wouldn't go to such places anyway. Discriminations against any group are wrong, and the only way to do away with them is to do something about them. Willie and I both want a family—four children, at least—and we want to start right away. Discrimination will never be solved as long as we yield to it."

Why had they married so suddenly, and without letting her parents know?

"It wasn't selfishness, really, as I know they will think. In fact, I was trying to be unselfish. My father had said he didn't see how they would have time to give me a wedding—mother is going to summer school, you know, after her teaching term ends. Mother had said flatly that she wouldn't come East if we were married at Willie's home. So there we were. But the principal reason why we did [so] suddenly was that Willie wasn't get[ting] practicing done!"

She added, gesturing widely with h[er] ful musician's hands: "Father and [Mother] will always be a part of me, the bigg[est] of me. If I can only make them unde[rstand]

So all the threads of the Melson [story] surely a most loving one—are gath[ered] gether, and we see that the devot[ion] care and training Ray and Nellie [Melson] have bestowed on their daughters h[ave] duced three lovely, talented, pu[re] young women, intellectually alive, [so]conscious. In spite of the fact that ea[ch] rebelling, or has rebelled, against th[e] strings, each has found or will find [her] best suited to her individuality and [talent]. Thus Ray and Nellie Melson have [accom]plished the end pu[rpose] the rearing of their[daugh]ters, even though t[he] sition to full adulth[ood] been attended by [storms] and thunderstorm[s].

Now, to contin[ue] adult life the harm[ony] loving relationship[s] has marked their family life, it is neces[sary] Ray and Nellie to take one step mor[e]alize that when we have given our chil[dren] ucation to help them use their minds [and] not set limits to their thinking; that [what] encouraged and developed may ta[ke] youngsters away from patterns whi[ch] best to us—and that this is not trag[ic] progress.

I believe that intelligent, devoted [Ray] Nellie Melson will have the wisdom [to] this further step.

Even in Portland, unaware as y[et] Annie's marriage was a *fait accompli* [for] Ray Melson groping through the ties [and] dition by which he is bound.

"Maybe I have tried to hold on [to] daughters too closely," he said.

Nellie Melson leaned forward. "Wh[at] need are some new interests, father," s[he]

"Yes, I guess maybe I should develo[p] new interests," said Ray.

SHOULD RELIGION BE TAUGHT IN OUR SCHOOLS?

(Continued from Page 40)

like finance, industry and business generally, and in this case it seems to have gone farther than in any previous decision toward nationalizing our system of public education. One of the Justices himself expressed the fear that through zeal for its own opinions the Court had now "constituted itself a super board of education for every school district in the nation." He reminded his colleagues that "there are 256 separate religious bodies in the United States and that each of them has as good a right as this plaintiff to demand that the courts compel the schools to sift out of their teaching everything inconsistent with its doctrines."

That such fears were justified is evident from the large number of suits which have already been filed against local boards and the reluctance of such boards to take action on matters formerly clearly within their province.

Before we can discuss how far-reaching the effects of the decision may be on various phases of American education, we must consider just what it has declared illegal. Its language seems almost combative and is as downright as a box on the ear. It reaffirms, "No tax in any amount, large or small, can be levied to support any religious activities or institutions, whatever they may be called, or whatever form they may adopt to teach or practice religion." It specifically condemns "the use of tax-supported property for religious instruction." This would seem to affect higher education as well. A recent survey showed that 80 per cent of our state universities and colleges have instituted departments of religion or are offering courses specifically designed to "teach religion." Anyone who has visited the campuses of tax-supported colleges can testify that or[ganized] of them nothing in recent years has s[eriously] ously depressed faculty morale as the C[ourt's] decision. Some of these institutions [have] been threatened with the withdrawal [of] propriations and many of them must b[e] pared to defend themselves against sui[ts]. a curious irony their teachers feel th[at] academic freedom to teach religion, [in] their states have wisely accorded th[em] now being placed in jeopardy by the Court to which they once looked for p[ro]tion.

Let us now consider our central pro[blem]: the place, if any, which religion shou[ld] cupy in education. To free our minds [of] legalistic preoccupations, let us assume education has an aim of its own and even tax-supported schools and colleges not in order to exemplify a rule of law b[ut] give every young citizen the soundest p[re]ration for life consistent with the publi[c] fare. When on this basis we ask wha[t] effects of eliminating religion might be, one of the concurring Justices can help u[s] tells us that if we cast out of public e[du]tion all that some people may reasonab[ly] gard as religious instruction, we tak[e] heart out of teaching in many fields. [The] fact is that "for good or ill, nearly every in our culture worth transmitting, e[very] thing which gives meaning to life is satu[rated] with religious influences. One can h[ardly] respect," he concludes, "a system of e[du]tion that would leave the student ign[orant] of the currents of religious thought that [move] the world society, for a part in which [he] being prepared."

(Continued on Page 268)



CARY GRANT and MYRNA LOY—stars of the new RKO Radio movie, "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House," a Selznick release—play the hat game. The inviting carved-effect carpet: Bigelow's superb Serenade 6910-12. Around $13.95* a sq. yd.



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(Continued from Page 266)

We all recognize the role which the study of the arts, music, painting, architecture, literature has come to play in the study and understanding of civilizations. We know that works of art survive the collapse of empires, that the coin outlasts Tiberius. We also know that religion, more than any other single influence, has determined the nature, subject and spirit of the greatest works of art and literature. The student cannot understand Gothic architecture or Italian painting or the music of Bach, the poems of Homer, Vergil, Dante, Milton or even of T. S. Eliot, or the novels of Melville or Hawthorne, unless he understands the religious conception on which they are based. Novalis has said that philosophy bakes us no bread but gives us God, freedom and immortality. The same might be said of religion.

Some may feel this is not a serious matter and that the arts may be dismissed as luxury subjects, but religion not only underlies and informs works of art. In wide areas it underlies and informs our language as well. To respect Vashti McCollum's wishes, for instance, we would have to exclude not only expressions like "God" and "Holy Writ," but a host of other words like the little word "sin." It has no place in the atheist's vocabulary, but will probably be used for some time to come. Any effective attempt by a teacher to explain it, or to distinguish sin from crime, will force her in some degree at least to resort to religious education.

An educational diet which omits all religion rapidly becomes what the Italians call a saltless pumpkin. It not only lacks savor, it also lacks significance. You can no more teach any cultural subject without teaching religion than you can teach family relations without discussing sex.

Quarrels and the sea are best viewed from afar.

In religious matters we have had much fanaticism of the right—the fanaticism of orthodox sectarians. Atheism is also a form of fanaticism—the fanaticism of the left. To Mrs. McCollum the only true religion is irreligion. She has a right to be protected in her private beliefs. She has no right to ask that a system of public education eliminate everything not in accordance with her private convictions. It is one of the virtues of democracy that it allows each of us to live in his own private universe. It was by apparently entertaining Mrs. McCollum's complaints that the Court plunged us all into confusion. It does not help to have our Justices tell us that in excluding the teaching of religion from our schools and colleges they are not "indifferent" to the interests of religion. To some this is only a quibble. It is like saying after you have deprived a man of one of his most valuable tools, or most valuable assets, that you are not indifferent to property rights.

When we introduce any subject of study into the schools, we give it significance and status. When we introduce civics or cooking or American history or dressmaking, it is our way of telling pupils these subjects are important in their preparation for life. When we omit only one subject, religion, we help to confirm that schoolboy definition of religion, as "believing what you know ain't so." It does not advance matters very much to say that religion can best be taught in the home. At a time when we have come to teach every other conceivable subject, including home economics, in the schools, this is not honest. It is only stultifying. We must face the fact that a policy which today would exclude religion from its system of education is not neutral, it is unfavorable to religion.

We must now turn briefly to what may be an important aspect of the problem of teaching religion: its relation to political systems. Some of us may offhand be inclined to accept the schoolboy's definition mentioned above. For that reason let us have before us a simple and more generally accepted definition, that given by Webster's New International Dictionary. Religion is "An apprehension, awareness, or conviction of the existence of a supreme being, or more widely, of supernatural forces or influences controlling one's humanity's, or nature's destiny."

We shall see that religion therefore not underlies and informs the art, the liter and the language of our tradition, it u lies and informs our great political docur and conceptions as well. By Webster's d tion, the Declaration of Independence religious document. It justifies the foun of our Government in an appeal to "the of nature's God." We have a right to d our inalienable rights because all men endowed with them by their Creator.

The greatest threat to our civilizatio the twentieth century has lain, and still in what the Germans call the Revolt ag the West. So far, this revolt has taken forms. In both of them, Nazism and Rus Communism, one political party elimin all other parties and took control of ed tion. Both promptly eliminated religion the schools. The Nazis derived their ra not from religion but from biology, from mones and chromosomes. The official Primer used for the instruction of H Youth tells us that conceptions like "hun ity, liberty, equality, fraternity are ca words of religious origin." It warns yo Nazis against them and tells them in s that "Christians reject the race idea with citation, 'Before God all men are equa Russian totalitarianism follows the same religious line. The treatise on Pedagogy in Soviet teacher training is also scornf "the Commandments of God": "We re any such morality which is derived from ex human (religious) con tions. It is a fraud . designed to dull minds of workers peasants. . . . Commu ethics is devoted to purpose of creatin communist society," "with this struggle must be linked ev step in the education of youth." Too m of us are unwilling to admit that ther any virtue in Soviet ethics. It must be ognized, however, that it does accept on same terms members of any race who are ing to join the communist fold. Soviet et begins (and ends) with adherence to a par ular political regime. The citizen who dep from the party line loses all claim to con eration and may be ruthlessly purged. ethics, our faith in human rights and fr doms, precede and transcend all polit considerations. The success of our democr can best be measured by the degree to wh it respects those freedoms. Its weaknesses not lie in the source of its principles, but our failure to live up to them.

Whenever any church, any establishm of religion, attempts to dominate our syst of public education, it becomes a threat freedom of religion and is subversive of democracy. That was happening in Virgi in 1785, where Church of England paris dominated and had been an establis church. That church sought to have the tax levied on all citizens, used to support its o schools. It was not because we were hostile religion, but because we feared the domina of one sect, that we developed the policy separation of church and state. When a s tem of education is controlled by any church or any one political party, we ha taken the first long step toward what we u to call absolutism, and in its newer forms call totalitarianism. Eternal vigilance is he and always will be, the price of liberty.

Madame Roland, on her way to the guil tine, exclaimed, "O Liberty! What crim have been committed in thy name!" T same, also, must be said of religion. That d not mean that we should abolish either l erty or religion from life or education. It mea only that they have been among the m powerful forces which have made the tra history of mankind what it is. We do not ha to believe with Toynbee that the rise of re gion is the central phenomenon in the histo of civilization; but when we eliminate re gion from education we do help to render h tory, particularly American history, mea ingless.

(Continued on Page 270)

WALLACE STERLING

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(Continued from Page 268)

The attitude of totalitarian states, which eliminate religion because they find our conceptions of civil liberties and democracy anchored in it, suggests that the Court may be moving too fast and in the wrong direction. There is a poem of Goethe's about a sorcerer's apprentice who possessed magic enough to open floodgates, but not enough to close them. The Court is in this position.

Many teachers and citizens interested in education are asking, "Where does this leave us?" The Court's decision has raised many questions, but so far has settled only one. Champaign's released-time system is illegal. Other systems similar to Champaign's are illegal by implication. Four of the concurring justices were troubled by the character of the decision and indicated that their vote applied only to the Champaign plan. Communities with differing released-time programs may legally continue until, if and when sued, they have had their day in the U. S. Supreme Court.

In higher education, some state universities have taught courses in religion since their foundation. Graduate departments of religion have been training teachers whose competence is now on a par with that of scholars in other fields of study. The work of departments and schools of religion has been steadily extended with much profit to the work in other departments. In the recent per has been a marked trend in co strengthen what the Harvard Rep "General Education," and on many courses in religion have made a wide nized contribution. The Court's de that no tax-supported property can to teach religion has encouraged threaten suits, and some will cert tried. As yet, however, no colleg need be discontinued for legal reason is a very general hope that the Court when such suits are decided, seriousl state institutions and place them severe handicap as compared with in ent colleges.

One service the McCollum case dered. It has called attention in startli ion to what is perhaps the most im single question which we now face in education. All interested groups of particularly of teachers, are called up study and reassess the results of pr that have now been in operation fo years. The least, and perhaps the mo they can do is to make their convictio above all, their findings known. In a m such importance to the training of ou citizens, we can be confident that our will not be indifferent to reasoned publ ion and what the majority of Americ gard as sound public policy. TH

Estimated Cost of College Wardrobe

Jumper dress	$3\frac{3}{4}$ yds. @ $2.50	$ 9.37
Pattern		.50
Blouse	2 yds. @ $1.98	3.96
Pattern		.40
Blouse	$1\frac{3}{8}$ yds. @ $1.95	2.68
Skirt	$1\frac{5}{8}$ yds. @ $4.49	7.29
Pattern		.60
Plaid dress	$3\frac{3}{8}$ yds. @ $1.60	5.40
Pattern		.50
Coat	$3\frac{3}{4}$ yds. @ $9.50	35.62
Pattern		.75
Lining	$3\frac{1}{2}$ yds. @ $1.98	6.93
Velveteen date dress	$5\frac{1}{2}$ yds. @ $3.49	19.19
Pattern		.75
Satin evening dress	$6\frac{1}{4}$ yds. @ $2.98	18.62
Pattern		.75
Black suit-dress	$3\frac{5}{8}$ yds. @ $3.98	14.41
Pattern		.75
Suit lining	$1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. @ $1.98	2.97
Velveteen	1 yd. @ $2.95	2.95
	Findings for all the above	3.90
		$138.29

Back and Other Views and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 214 and

Junior Vogue Design No. 3229. "Easy-to-Make" jumper or sleeveless dress. 9 t 29½ to 33; 50¢.

Vogue Design No. 6159. "Easy-to-Make" blouse. 12 to 20; 30 to 40; 40¢.

Junior Vogue Design No. 3231. Blouse and skirt. 9 to 15; 29½ to 33. 60¢.

Junior Vogue Design No. 3220. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress. 9 to 15; 29½ to 33. 50¢.

Vogue Design No. 6546. "Easy-to-Make" coat. 12 to 20; 30 to 42. 75¢.

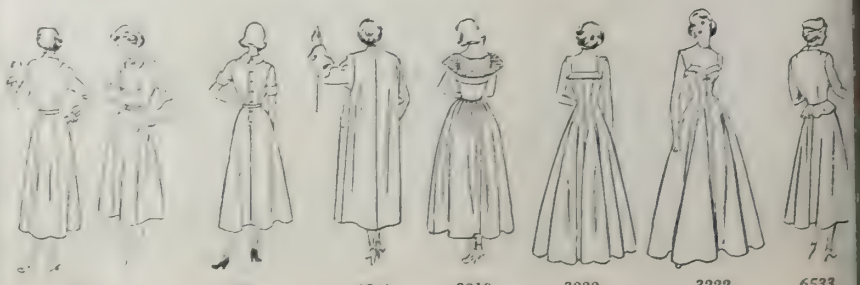
Junior Vogue Design No. 3210. One-piece dress. 9 to 15; 29½ to 33. 75¢.

Junior Vogue Design No. 3222. One-piece dress. 9 to 15; 29½ to 33. 75¢.

Vogue Design No. 6533. "Easy-to-Make" suit-dress. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 75¢.



3229 6159



3231 3220 6546 3210 3222 3222 6533

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Journal

The Magazine Women Believe In, Quite Rightly



PEARL S. BUCK

"My novel *Kinfolk* rose out of my deep interest in and continuing experience with the variety of China's people today. This variety is not to be found in different races and religions, as it is in the United States. Yet the variety is infinite; it comes from the breaking up of old patterns of life. Long isolated and secure in their own ways, the Chinese lived serene and confident lives. Now these old ways are changing and it is in this change that I found my material for *Kinfolk*." (First of five parts, page 34.)



ADELE S. OSHERSON

"I married at the end of my sophomore year at Smith and was graduated the following spring, thus winning innumerable family wagers. The next three years I spent traveling as an Army Air Corps wife. While stationed near Memphis our son, David Samuel, was born. Being modern parents, we are not allowed to brag how wonderful he is. My husband is happy about the publication of *Wait for Me Darling* (page 74). He says he will now buy a new typewriter and a whip, and retire."



PHYLLIS BOTTOME

This English novelist (Mrs. A. E. Forbes Dennis) is the author of many books, best known of which are *Private Worlds*, *The Mortal Storm*, and *Survival*. She has expressed her literary creed in these words: "If a writer is true to his characters they will give him his plot. The mind of the artist should shine out at us, without the blur of personal proclivities." This rule has helped to produce good fiction. To see how she has followed her creed in telling the story of her life, turn to *Search for a Soul*, page 36.

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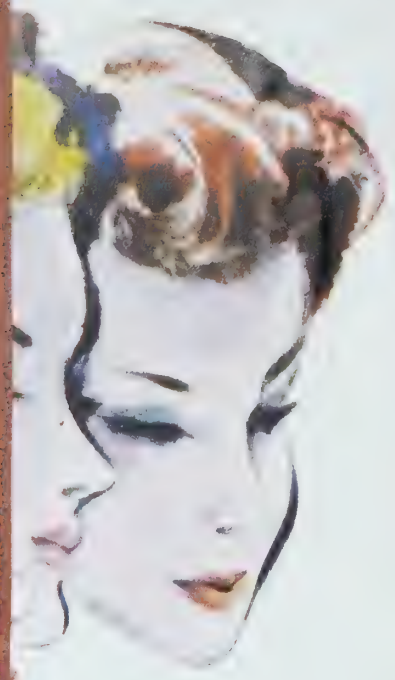
at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

The names of characters in all stories are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.



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Colors

Our Readers Write Us

A Good Man's Hard to Find

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Editor: How does a young woman in her early twenties go about meeting new young men? How does a young woman get to meet new people?

Eight hours a day, five days a week, I work in a fabulous advertising agency in Chicago. The only men I meet are the staff members whom I see every day of the year—and who are married. They are the men who ask the young ladies out for an innocent drink or dinner or etc.

But what if you don't want to play along? Then how do you meet new men, new people? For three years I've been going to evening school: for one reason, to finish up and get a degree; the second—to meet new people, have some social life.

So far I haven't. The nice men I've met are all married and through them I've formed wonderful friendships with their families.

My girl friends are all married. They married after the war and now have their husbands and children to worry about rather than fixing a spare girl up with a young man. The girls in our office have the same problem. They can't be bothered fixing another girl with a friend of theirs. Too much competition these days.

Then what do you do? Take to bars, where the men are certainly not the kind to bring home to mother? Go to dances stag and hope fearfully someone will ask you for one dance? Beg your friends to introduce you to their husbands' second cousin?

What do we do? It's all very easy to say join some clubs, do some entertaining, *try to meet new people*—if you know how!

Sincerely,
RUTH L. RATNY.

A Woman Needs a Man

New York City.

Dear Editor: I'm really getting sick of the way we bleat about women's hard-fought-for achievement of "independence." Along with it has come defeat too. This attitude about asserting your independence and getting a job instead of a husband is responsible for a great deal of the unhappiness today. Women don't dare admit they want a man and home and children. It's not smart. It's not using their hard-earned "independence."

Yours truly,
(Name withheld by request.)

"New Look" for Dad

Brooklyn, New York.

Dear Sir: I've decided to give my husband the "new look." No more does he



carry our infant son on his arms, but with a baby seat attached to his shoulders.

Yours truly,
THELMA HANS.

Likes Parker Covers

Compton, California.

Dear Editors: Isn't it about time you gave us a present? Please, we want two or three pages of full-color spread repeating in miniature your series of mother-daughter covers! We don't care whether the little girl has or hasn't grown up in just the right series of spurts. They have told a lovely story of love and companionship and family life that is really a bit of Americana.

Sincerely yours,
DOROTHEA MERRIFIELD.

Ever since their beginning in the JOURNAL, February, 1939, Al Parker's "Mother and Daughter" covers have been best liked by JOURNAL readers. ED.

Americans in Germany

With the American Occupation Forces, Germany.

Dear Editors: So very many people have the idea that all we do is play over here, that we live the "life of Riley" so to speak, that the Government offers us free servants, free homes, free boat trips. Well, in part some of this is true, but I would like the rest of the United States to know the score.

There are so many things I should like to tell you: about our lovely big house; our two servants and the difficulties I had with the language barrier at first (some of the things that came out of my kitchen that first month, oh my!); my draperies made out of nylon parachutes; my boar-hunting trips; the clothes I design or make from patterns for myself and the girls.

We have three children. Michaele Janet is 6, ready for school this fall, platinum-haired, very active and is just learning to play the piano. Kris Tina is 4, red-haired, a little minx. Then there is David III, who is 20 months, a perfect cross between a redhead and a platinum blond (and it would be curly!). He also is a minx, has learned to walk and talk in Germany. As a matter of fact, all the children speak and understand German better than we do. The other members of our family are: Arko, a Boxer who is lazy, homely, but definitely good for the children; August and Theressa, our houseman and house *frau* who are man and wife and to whom we are devoted.

As far as I am concerned, this is the first time since I have had little folks running around that I have had any time to myself. I am taking piano lessons again; learning how to shoot an Army carbine; starting German lessons in the fall; enjoying my husband, for I am able to go with him on his hunting and fishing trips, and we do as much sight-seeing as possible (we are planning a trip to Italy in the fall). I feel that this is an opportunity of a lifetime for me, something that I probably never would have been able to do otherwise. (One thing I dearly love and that is not having to do the dishes after dinner!)

On the other hand, there are many things that are difficult over here too. Our houses are furnished for us, true, but our rental allowance ($105 a month for us) comes out of our pay; the Government furnishes us with 1½ servants, but we feed them. So instead of feeding 5 I now am feeding 7 plus 1 meal a day for 5 days for my wash *frau*. My commissary bill was running between $160 to $170 a month before my husband left on maneuvers—quite a jump from what it was at home. Besides that, we keep our servants in shoes, clothing, razor blades, cream and some of the little things that make life more pleasant and which they have not been able to buy. Most of my Army friends have difficulty saving money because of the high expense of living over here.

One thing that most of us mothers worry about is disease. Skin diseases are especially bad in Germany.

Automobiles go to pieces easily because of the bad roads. Cobblestone streets are hardy but make even new cars rattle after a short time. We are in constant fear of being robbed.

It takes a heap of understanding, too, to live with these Germans. After all, we are the Americans who are setting the example of what Germans think Americans should be. Sometimes that is rather hard to do.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. DAVID M. KYLE.

Fans for Four Generations

Wilson, Arkansas.

Dear Editors: This is the fourth generation in our family to read the JOURNAL.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. L. M. LAMBERT.

Journal Poet

Claremont, California.

Dear Editors: Many JOURNAL readers have written to me during the years I have been a contributor and asked if I had a

(Continued on Page 6)

SAFE...IN SNOW!

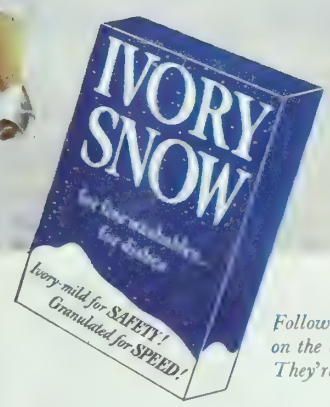
Now...your lovely lingerie can stay lovely longer



Your hands will tell you why!

Yes—even lingerie as beautiful as her sheer gown and negligee is so safe with Ivory Snow care. And you can *prove* how gentle it is! Just wash your dishes this week with Ivory Snow. When you see how it pampers your hands you'll KNOW it's kind to fine washables.

Ivory Snow is the new fashion in soaps . . . made especially for lovely things! 99 44/100% pure—it's granulated for efficiency to give you instant suds, *even in cool water*. And it's so convenient—so economical to use. Truly—there's no finer, no *safer* soap made! *Always* ask for Snow—*Ivory Snow!*



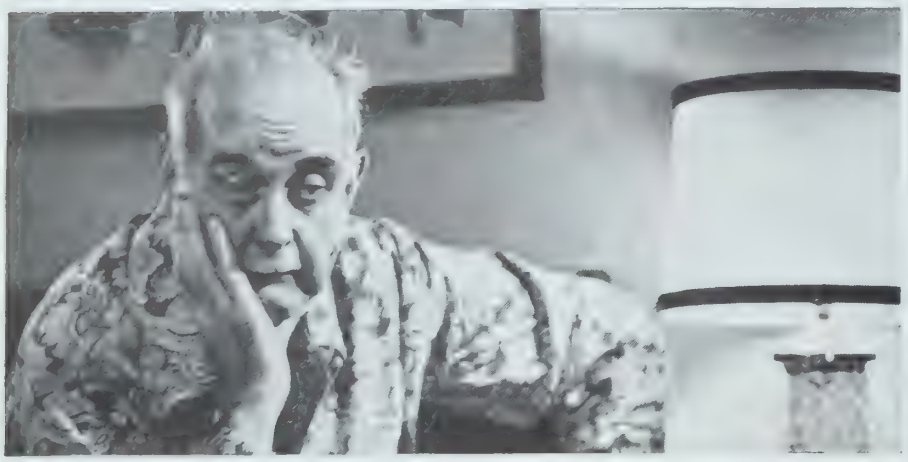
Follow directions on the box. They're tested!

IVORY SNOW

...the only soap both Ivory-mild and granulated for efficiency

Men like this will say

"HOORAY!"



So will all the many people kept awake, made nervous or jittery by the caffein in regular coffee! For . . .

THE NEW IMPROVED

SANKA COFFEE

—the "drink-it-and-sleep" coffee—now has a new, marvelous flavor to delight lovers of fine coffee! It has a truly wonderful taste—yet it's still 97% caffein-free.



FINER FLAVOR in Sanka Coffee is due to a brand-new flavor-saving process . . . a miracle method of taking the caffein out of the coffee.

Try Sanka Coffee today. See for yourself what a great flavor-improvement has been made. Sanka comes in two forms: Ground for drip or percolator; Instant Sanka, made instantly in the cup. Products of General Foods.



(Continued from Page 4)

book of verse in print and where they could buy it. At last I have. It is called These I've Loved ($3. Saunders Press, Claremont, California).

Sincerely yours,
ELIZABETH-ELLEN LONG.

Marriage Like Making a Pie

Roxbayton, Connecticut.

Dear Editors: After reading Making Marriage Work, by Clifford R. Adams, I tried to answer for myself "what I sought in marriage."

I found that I couldn't answer this question. Although Doctor Adams listed the ingredients for a happy marriage, no one can separate those ingredients or decide which is the most important, any more than anyone can decide, in making a good apple pie, whether the apples, the spices, the sugar or the piecrust is the most important ingredient. They are *all* important and inseparable, as are ingredients of a happy marriage. Sincerely,
HESTER W. MAURY.

Journal Saves Her Money

Hornell, New York.

Dear Editors: I used to read all the women's magazines, until I found that I never had time to read a book. I seemed to be living on caviar and cookies, while I needed some bread and butter. So, for a while, I cut them all out. But then I found that I *needed* to read a woman's magazine in order to keep in touch with things. Then, too, I had bought a sewing machine and had started making almost all my own and my daughter's clothes. So, I went back to the JOURNAL.

I often use Ann Batchelder recipes and menus—she could come cook for me any time. Her stuff is so practical—not all fancy teatime or card-party dainties as in some of the magazines. And she doesn't require you to use outlandish ingredients that can't be had in a small-city grocery store. Conversation Piece gives you ideas for the fancier party dishes.

Yours truly,
MRS. O. A. CAREY.

Of Illness—and Essentials

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: I just went through one of the patches of shadow that come to us all at times and have to be got through somehow or other. I was far from home, called in haste to help nurse someone with a bad kind of appendicitis. For the first time for many a year I again became acquainted with the breaking dawn, the little night noises of a strange garden, and the morning star. All life narrowed down, meantime, to the simple business of getting through another night. We didn't have enough pajamas for the patient, and there were no more coupons, though the shops seemed to be full of the garments. So endless washings had to be done, but there was a chronic shortage of soap. The patient needed fruit, but there weren't no fruit, except the sort the patient couldn't have. And we were on a hilltop, a very long way from shops of any kind, without very much petrol.

I have never had much to do with adult illness—and have always been one of those heartless people, apt to hand what my children called The Vombowl to the sufferer and tell them to get on with it. So—late in life—this came to teach me a good lesson—and to confirm a suspicion I have always had: that the burden one bilks is never cast off, but will be waiting farther down the road, very much increased and augmented, a little later on.

Life becomes immensely simple at times like these—and small things of vast importance. The wonderful gladness when the first bird sings and one thinks, "Well! Here we still are!" Or the sun coming out suddenly on the hills, and there seems to be no tomorrow and no yesterday—only one quavering hope that a time will come when we can look back on all this, saying, "Do you remember that hateful time?"

Later. How I have enjoyed the accounts of your child's wonderful wedding. I would love to marry off one daughter with pomp and ceremony, and all the benefits of flowers and bridesmaids. I was married at three days' notice, with Zeppelins wiffling overhead and the Channel full of submarines. I had to marry daughter Mary off in much the same utilitarian fashion, with a Court

(Continued on Page 8)



The Indians taught maple-sugar making to the French settlers who, in return, furnished metal kettles to replace crude Indian utensils.

Hankering for real maple sugar flavor

The Indians probably were the first to discover that delicious syrup could be made from the sap of the maple tree. But their crude methods could not produce the flavor you get in Vermont Maid Syrup.

Our skilled blenders select maple sap that's rich and full-bodied; then blend it with cane sugar. This blend gives you, at moderate cost, real maple sugar flavor that is uniformly rich and delicious. At your grocer's.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.
Burlington, Vermont



Vermont Maid Syrup

NEW-EASY oven-toasted recipe for "FRENCH FRIED" ALMONDS

CALIFORNIA STYLE

Blue Diamond Almonds
Butter or Salad Oil Salt

TOURISTS bring home from California mouth-watering tales of "French fried" almonds bought at rustic roadside stands. Here we tell you how to make this delicacy in your home—easily, quickly.

Place unblanched Blue Diamond Almonds in shallow baking pan with 1 teaspoon butter or salad oil per cup of almonds. Roast in slow oven (300° F.) 25 to 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Spread on paper to cool. Sprinkle with salt while hot.

BLUE DIAMOND ALMONDS BRAND

From the Valleys of California

Sold in cellophane bags: shelled and unshelled.

California Almond Growers Exchange
Sacramento, California



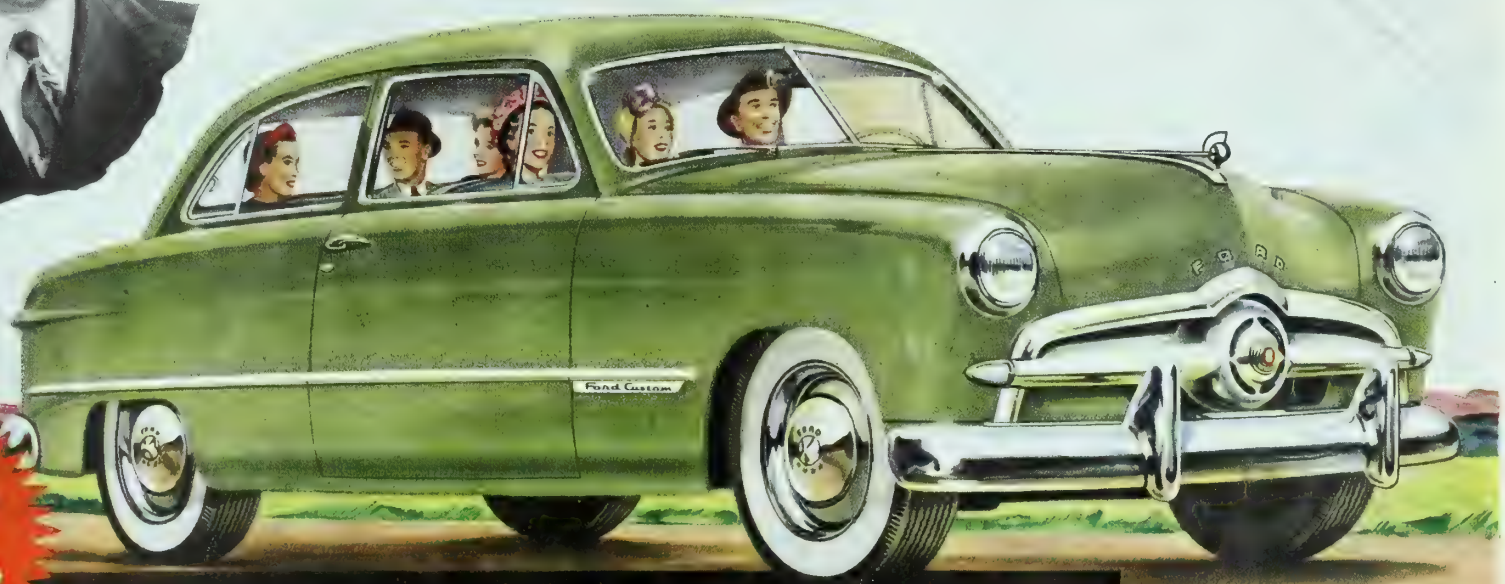
Name "The Great Gildersleeve" Mystery Baby

WIN A NEW '49 FORD

IN PARKAY MARGARINE'S $50,000 CONTEST

20 FORDS – 721 prizes in all !





$1000 jackpot for final winner!

20 FORDS ! 4 every week for 5 weeks !
OR CASH [RETAIL VALUE] IF YOU PREFER

721 WONDERFUL PRIZES IN ALL!

Every week for 5 weeks!

Every week! **4** '49 Fords

Every week! **20** Cory Coffee Makers

Every week! **20** "Toastmaster" toasters

Every week! **40** G. E. Table Radios

Every week! **60** Crisp new $10 bills

5 Big Weekly Contests

Four '49 Fords and
140 other prizes every week for 5 weeks
***plus* $1,000.00 jackpot for final winner**

1st weekly contest starts October 10, ends midnight October 16.

2nd weekly contest starts October 17, ends midnight October 23.

3rd weekly contest starts October 24, ends midnight October 30.

4th weekly contest starts October 31, ends midnight November 6.

5th weekly contest starts November 7, ends midnight November 13.

SO EASY! SUCH FUN! FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES TO WIN!

1. Print or write plainly your choice of a name for "The Great Gildersleeve" Mystery Baby on coupon at right, on grocery store entry blank or plain sheet of paper.

2. Send in as many entries as you wish. Write each name you send on a separate entry blank (your dealer has them) or on a separate plain sheet of paper. With *each entry* enclose the red end-flap from a package of Parkay Margarine.

3. Print your name and address plainly on your entry. (Include, too, the name and address of the dealer from whom you bought your Parkay Margarine.) Send your entries to: *Parkay Margarine*, Box 736—Chicago 77, Illinois.

4. There will be five weekly contests. First contest starts October 10, 1948, last contest ends midnight November 13, 1948. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of each closing date. Entries received before midnight October 16th will be judged in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be judged in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight November 13 and received by November 20, 1948. No entries will be returned, and no correspondence entered into. You accept conditions of these rules when you enter.

5. Winners and weekly prize winners will be notified by mail. Ford winners are eligible for the $1,000.00 jackpot prize and agree not to sell their prizes (if Ford is selected instead of cash) for one year. Complete lists of winners sent on request to anyone sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Weekly Ford winners will be announced on "The Great Gildersleeve" radio program, Wednesdays, 8:30 p.m. E.S.T., NBC.

6. Entries will be judged on originality, uniqueness and aptness of thought. Judge's decision is final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become the property of Kraft Foods Company.

7. Any person living in the continental limits of the United States may enter this contest—except employes of the Kraft Foods Company, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Contest subject to Federal and State regulations.

How to win your new '49 FORD!

"The Great Gildersleeve" . . . radio's popular bachelor . . . has become "nursemaid" to a cuddly little lost baby girl. He doesn't know who she belongs to—she has no name—and he needs your help. Name this Mystery Baby for him . . . and win a brand new '49 Ford!

20 Cars to be given away! Yes, 20 lucky entrants can win new Fords—"The Car of the Year"—in this easy Parkay Margarine baby naming contest. Four new Fords will be given away every week for 5 weeks. In addition, the final winner will receive a jackpot of $1,000—and 140 other wonderful prizes will be given away weekly, beginning October 10, 1948.

Easy to win! Just name "The Great Gildersleeve" Mystery Baby. She's blonde, cute, cuddly. Thinking up names for her will be easy—fun, too. You might call her Rose because of her rosebud mouth, or June or Wendy—names as simple as that might win. These are just samples, of course—you can easily think up better names yourself. Don't wait—enter now. Enter every week, as often as you like. With each entry include the red end-flap from a package of Parkay Margarine. You'll love Parkay—it's the Kraft quality margarine with the sweet-tasting flavor. Buy Parkay—clip the coupon—send in *now*. Get extra entry blanks from your dealer.



You can win even if you don't listen to "The Great Gildersleeve." But you'll have more fun if you tune in Wednesday nights 8:30 p.m. E.S.T., NBC.



Send red end-flap

CLIP COUPON NOW..

LH

get additional entry blanks from your dealer. Enclose the red end-flap from a package of Parkay Margarine with each entry. Send to Parkay Margarine, Box 736—Chicago 77, Illinois.

I name "The Great Gildersleeve" Mystery Baby....

.....

My own name is.....

My address is.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

My dealer's name and address is.....

.....

.....

MONTE CARLO...
and the Truth about that Hand Kiss



Tennis tournament—and I won! And the judge kissed my hand. (Was I thankful my hands felt smooth—glad I use Jergens Lotion!) Bob was watching and later...



Strolling near the Casino—*"Must be nice, that hand-kissing,"* Bob said, *"...when a girl's hands are soft as yours."* I shivered with joy. And that night...

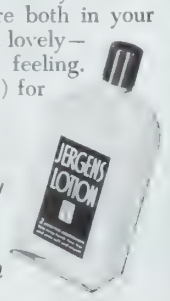


On the balcony—Bob kissed both my hands. *"So lovely,"* he said. *"I want your soft hands for mine—all my life."*

So my hands must be always soft. I know they can be—I'll always use Jergens.

Now your hands, too, can feel even softer and smoother with Jergens Lotion care. Today's Jergens Lotion is finer than ever, as a result of up-to-date research. Protects even longer, too.

Hollywood Stars are so wise—they use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 over any other hand care. And two ingredients many doctors use for skin-beautifying are both in your Jergens Lotion. Simple and lovely—no oiliness and no sticky feeling. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for today's Jergens Lotion—finer than ever.



Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

(Continued from Page 6)

frock pinned around a bit to make a wedding dress, and a cake out of a tin sent me by a kind American friend, hastily iced over with somebody's sugar ration. The sirens tuned up as she drove off for her honeymoon.

Not that it made any real difference, but I certainly would love to marry one daughter off really de luxe, with new luggage and six of everything, and a proper outfit of linen with monograms on it, and a canteen of good plate!

Love to you all.
DOROTHY BLACK.

Shortest Story?

At a recent party in New York, William March, favorite author of the "butcher paper" literary critics, contended that he had authored the "shortest short story ever written." ED.

UNTITLED STORY—
By William March

Here is the history of the credulous widow who met an admiring stranger in a cocktail lounge, and who, after turning her liquid assets over to him, was never seen again by her friends:

On Monday she was in his thoughts.
On Tuesday she was in his automobile.
On Wednesday she was in his hotel room.
On Thursday she was in his arms.
On Friday she was in his big wardrobe trunk, checked through to Los Angeles.

Friendly Complaint

Lemont, Illinois.

My dear Journalists: My only complaint with the JOURNAL is that it is too unwieldy to hold when nursing a baby. I keep banging him on the head when I turn the pages.

Seriously, the secret of your success for me is that you are all so friendly. You open your doors and invite us to come in.

Sincerely,
HELEN SHARPLESS.

Mutual Faults—and Marriage

Houma, Louisiana.

Dear Editor: My husband and I have been married two years, we have a one-year-old son, and we're happy. My husband's the only man I know who can say "You're spending too much money" without even hurting your feelings.

Sincerely,
MRS. V. MICHEL.

But do you spend less money? ED.

Wisest Way to Build?

Terre Haute, Indiana.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: After reading Housewife Builds a House in the July JOURNAL, I wondered why the JOURNAL would print such an article. I know little of building conditions or contractors in Canada, but as a contractor's wife, I am stating conditions that exist in the United States.

The lady from Canada stated her house was built in 5½ months ("a far shorter time than a contractor would take"). But here are some facts from one who knows:

My husband built in four months' time a six-room house, size 35′ x 46′2″, with two bathrooms, all the latest improvements, automatic oil heating system, well insulated and air conditioned. In three months he completed a six-room, all modern house with kitchen planned from the JOURNAL.

Next, the lady said she did nothing but get materials when the men needed them. A contractor figures out lists of materials well ahead, and places orders far enough in advance to have materials on the job always. Idle men waiting for someone to go get materials cost money.

The lady from Canada then stated: "We saved $5000 by building without a contractor." A small contractor, when not too busy, works along with his men, thereby saving the cost of another carpenter. With larger contractors, very few charge much for supervision. With the highest priced contractors, ones who charge 10 per cent for supervision, the lady from Canada would have had to build a home costing at least $50,000 to save $5000. From her story and the picture of her home, I judge her house to have cost less than $9000.

So where and how did she save $5000 by building without a contractor?

Sincerely yours,
MRS. JOSEPH L. WARNER.





THE CUTER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL

By Sonia Lee

AS THE TOWERS of Manhattan gleamed in the morning sun, Clara's hopeful young heart pounded with eagerness and expectation. "What a beautiful city!" she thought. "My city to be!"

There would be so many fascinating places to see . . . so many famous people to meet . . . such an interesting job in one of the big studios. And, of course, a wonderful man whom she would some day meet and marry.

The vast catacombs of brick and mortar held no terror for her whatsoever. With her courage, her ability, her looks, how could she fail? As the train shot into the tunnel she took a last look at the tall buildings, now warming under the rising sun.

"It's my oyster, my great, big, beautiful oyster! And I'm the one to open it."

At first, things seemed to go beautifully. She *did* meet a few famous people . . . but they didn't see her a second time. She *did* land a good job . . . but somehow it didn't last. And she *did* meet the dream man . . . but *he* didn't last, either.

Poor little, cute little Clara! She had every charm but one*. But without that one charm it is pretty hard for anyone to get by for very long. The cuter they are the harder they fall.

In romance as in business, halitosis* (unpleasant breath), whether chronic or occasional, can be three strikes against you. The insidious thing is that you, yourself, may not realize when you're guilty. But why risk offending even occasionally?

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY

Why put yourself in a bad light even once when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful *extra careful* precaution against bad breath? You merely rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, and instantly your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never omit *this extra careful precaution* before any appointment where you want to be at your best.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

(Advertisement)

Tonight we dare you to wash your glassware last!

JUST FOR FUN—TRY IT ONCE! SEE HOW DIFFERENT DREFT IS! DREFT MAKES GREASE VANISH—DISHES SHINE—AS NO SUDS EVER COULD BEFORE!



Just once—and just for the fun of it—try this unusual test. Wash your pots, pans and dishes in Dreft first and wash your glasses *last*. You'll be utterly astonished at the result!

For Dreft does what no suds ever could do before. Your glasses will rinse so clean, so free from grease that they'll shine—*even without wiping!*

MORE SUDS!

That's because Dreft makes an entirely different and more efficient kind of suds. And Dreft gives you *more suds* than any other product known (ounce for ounce in hardest water)!

Dreft suds make grease vanish from pots, pans, dishes, glasses—*and dishwater*—as never before. Yes, you can say good-bye and good riddance to scouring—and to soapy film and streaks!

FEEL THE DIFFERENCE!

You can even feel the difference. Dishwater doesn't *feel* greasy. Notice how good your hands feel, too! Little wonder more women wash dishes with Dreft than any other brand!



®
A HYMOSOL PRODUCT

Dreft makes dishes Shine
– even without wiping!

LADIES' HOME

Journal

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LOOK INTO YOUR MIRROR

EVERY year we hear of a Community Chest Fund "drive" to get us to "give" as much as we can "afford" for various "charitable causes" in our community. It may be better to give than to receive; but frankly, we sometimes feel it is no fun at all. We could get just as many laughs out of paying our debts or insurance premiums, and a good many more by spending the money for pleasure. We can't believe much in the sweetness of giving when the donation is impersonal and we never see the recipient. Especially that word "drive" we don't like.

Perhaps it would be better to think of payments to the Community Chest Fund as "citizenship assessments" or just plain debt or as payment for insurance or for pleasure. For it is all those things. The Red Feather Community Chest Fund supports many services in our community we wouldn't want to be without. The assessment is really many assessments in one and permits installment payment on our debts (Traveler's Aid, Community Centers, Day Nurseries, Clinics), our insurance (Homes for the Aged, Neighborhood Houses, Salvation Army) and our pleasures (Boy and Girl Scouts, Summer Camps, the USO and many others). These all seem to be good and necessary things, and no one has thought of a better way of financing them than through the consolidated Red Feather Community Chest Fund.

Maybe it is just as well the amount of our payment is optional, for we would be pressed to pay the debts we actually owe to one or another of these services. Undemanding generosity is an American tradition, and it's a good thing, although when we give anything to anybody we like to see his eyes light up. Probably we never shall see ourselves as others see us, and that's a good thing, too, but when our Community Chest assessment falls due we're going to look into a mirror.

Give . . . and give *enough!*

"I Never Became Acquainted With American Government"

By Dorothy Thompson

IN a recent congressional hearing on communist espionage activities in the United States, a star witness was Miss Elizabeth T. Bentley, a former member of the Communist Party, and, according to her own statement, a wartime courier for a communist spy ring. Miss Bentley, in her testimony, made candid confessions on her own account. She detailed the opinions she had once held, and which she now regards as illusions, described herself as a "confused liberal," and testified that she had been drawn toward communism because she "wanted to do something about conditions in this country which do exist and cannot be denied."

Then she made a statement which leaped out of the newspaper—to the eye of this reader, at least:

"I grew up to womanhood without becoming acquainted with the American government. . . . This fault, I think, runs all through our educational system."

If this statement is true, it is not because Miss Bentley was not "educated." She went through grammar school and high school, graduated in 1930 from a very highly rated woman's college in the East, and took a master's degree at Columbia University. She took a liberal arts course, majoring in English which she later taught, along with French and Italian. She must have had, all along the line, courses in history, including American history. She certainly knew how our government *functions*, or she would have been of no use to the communists in a confidential position.

What, then, did she mean by the statement that she had "grown to womanhood without becoming acquainted with the American government"? Obviously she must have meant that at no point in her education did she receive illumination of the American political philosophy enabling her to understand and appreciate the basic assumptions underlying our government and society; she had never, therefore, either clearly accepted or clearly rejected those assumptions. Hence she was unable to discriminate between what is compatible with loyal American citizenship and what incompatible. She did not reject American democracy as, for instance, a well-trained Marxian theorist rejects it; she abandoned it *without even knowing that she was doing so.*

And I am afraid that she was correct in saying that our education, even our higher education, is deficient in teaching our young people the fundamental philosophy of our government. Some years ago a friend, born and educated in Europe, was teaching political philosophy in a summer course at a graduate school, conducted largely for teachers. A poll of these graduate students, most of whom were teaching English, history, sociology or economics, revealed that hardly one of them had ever read the Federalist Papers. Yet in these papers, more than in any other single document, is set forth the political philosophy underlying the Constitution.

The basic concern of the founding fathers, as all know who have followed their reasoning processes, was the concern of



all the great political thinkers from Socrates and Aristotle to Bertrand Russell; namely, the problem of power. There can be, as they saw, no freedom without government, since there is no freedom for anyone in the jungle of anarchy. But since government, at its minimum, includes the power to legislate, to judge, to tax and to punish, it represents the single greatest power in society and is in possession of the instruments whereby it can extend its own power into a totality. Even the device of majority rule is no safeguard against such aggrandizement: 51 per cent of the population could, theoretically, exercise a tyranny over the other 49 per cent as oppressive as that of 1 per cent.

The framers of the American republic were above all concerned to create a system which would prevent the repetition of unhappy historical precedents—the degeneration of a society of free men into a tyranny, exercised either by an oligarchy of the privileged against the masses, or by a tyranny exercised by a faction leading the underprivileged against the rest, both varieties of tyranny having many historical examples. They therefore sought to close all accesses to government power over the thoughts of men (free speech, press, assembly); to place definite legal restraints upon government control over men's bodies (habeas corpus, trial by jury, prohibition of "cruel and unusual punishments"); to divide the functions of government between legislative, judicial and executive bodies, and between Federal, state and municipal authorities, so as to create checks and balances to power, and to retain for the individual and society, outside of government, the largest possible amount of autonomy.

The political thinkers who devised American democracy never for an instant conceived of the state (the Government) and the people as being coexistent and identical. The people and their society pre-existed. The state was an institution to which powers were delegated by consent.

These delegations of powers were necessary for any peaceful order of liberty under law. But their possession constituted a temptation and a danger which the eighteenth-century political philosophers clearly recognized. They were highly realistic men. Although their purpose was to create a human society offering hitherto unknown freedoms and opportunities, they reveal themselves in their writings as having a healthy pessimism about human nature. They were fully aware of the hunger of men, not only for knowledge and affection but for domination and power, and expected that the place they would seek it was through control of government and expansion of government power. Their basic concern was to prevent tyranny; and if to be an American means anything at all, in political-philosophical terms, it means to hate tyranny, whether it be a tyranny of the many over the few or of the few over the many. It means to regard every man's life as uniquely precious, all human power as limited and limitable, all punishable wrongdoing as individual; to conceive of law as impersonal, with all equally subject; and to regard the state as an instrument of society and not the devourer of society.

No one will pretend that these American political philosophers embodied all wisdom, or that they created government as a heavenly institution, sacred for all time and perfect for all circumstances. But certainly none of the developments of the twentieth century gives any reason for rejecting their primary assumptions about the dangers of centralized and total power. Nor is there anything in the American philosophy to inhibit radical reformers.

But anyone who has once digested the philosophy and accepted its primary assumptions is at least provided with a frame of reference from which to judge its challengers.

The very first question which a properly educated American is bound to ask of any political movement is: Does the movement, for whatever considerations of good, or of human welfare, tend to the extension of uncontrollable and irrevocable power over the bodies, minds and souls of all or any part of the people? If it does, he will reject it. However inflamed he may be by the very real injustices, inequities, greed and other evils he sees about him, and however devoted to the objective of removing them, he will never hope to cure the many smaller tyrannies by one grand tyranny, however benevolent its promises. He may seek to use the state to break the power of private oligarchies, but never to supplant the oligarchy by a governmental despotism which is at one and the same time law, judge, policeman, employer, teacher and priest. For he will know from his training that there is no man, or party, or group of men, however originally high-minded, who can be trusted with such a monopoly of power.

Therefore, I think Miss Bentley's confession a true one. She had never become acquainted with the American Government. She grew up without understanding its assumptions. Otherwise she would never have become a communist.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Old Orchard Day

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

Azure-and-gold peak of the year!
Sky like a Sandwich bowl, a deer
Slanting over an alder thicket,
Frostflowers like fallen sky, a cricket,
Still singing, inside an apple's core.
The day the boy at half past four
Will recall as he does his name
And the maple turned overnight to flame.

The orchard they glean is at the far
Island's end, remote as a star,
Walled around with wild pines singing.
Brothers shaking old limbs and bringing
Thunderstorms of apples down,
Gold lightning hits the small boy's crown.
As they gather the fallen goods,
A smaller thunder rolls in the woods,
A partridge goes up there afraid
Of thunder that the tame things made.
Apples in bags, and spiked on briers,
Apples in grass like yellow fires,
Gnarled apple wood with holes in rings
Drilled by woodpeckers and wilder things.
The sun gone sudden, shadows crossed
Over the world, the smell of frost.

A small boy tired out, and then
Bags of apples, the boys and men
Crowded together on the sea.
Cold boy on the warm wide knee
Of a man rowing. The west a wall
Of fire, then no west at all,
Only stars and a man's deep sound
Going out singing far around
The night. The scent of apples, deep . . .
Last, the slanting deer, the sleep.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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From The Thousand Window Bakeries

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"Harry, do you remember the hole we had in the fence?"

UNDER-COVER STUFF

By Bernardine Kielty

IF you want to get some questions for Information Please or any other quiz program, take a look at ANIMAL FACTS AND FALLACIES by ***Prof. Osmond Breland.*** Is there a manlike ape? What is the biggest baby in the world? How did the mermaid legend get started? How blind is a bat? How are kangaroos born? What mammal lives longest? What makes double eggs? Could the largest fish have swallowed Jonah? Can alligators and turtles mate? This, bear in mind, is not a book of humor, but of solid mammal-bird-fish-amphibian-reptile facts.

• • •

Did you know that, according to legend, Aeschylus (ancient Greek writer of tragedy) was killed when a high-flying eagle dropped a tortoise from its talons directly on his head? This was in 456 B.C., but eagles no doubt still carry tortoises.

• • •

People who delight in cats are—we'd say invariably—people with a sense of humor. Cats don't lend themselves to solemnity. That's why cats are such good company and why books about them are almost always such good reading. KING TUT AND HIS FRIENDS, by *John Hosford Hickey* and *Priscilla Beach*, is all of that—very pleasant chatter about the authors' cat and other people's cats.

Tut himself didn't like certain radio voices. He was funny that way. If the radio voice spoke intelligently, in mellow tones and with proper inflections, he would listen respectfully, often going close to the radio. But if the speaker ranted, Tut would meow back at him, his meow getting louder as the speaker's voice rose. Whenever they wanted to find Tut, Miss Beach would play Debussy's Clair de Lune on the piano; and if they wanted to get rid of him, she had only to start Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue in D Minor.

There are also practical reasons for having a cat around, especially these days. In England during the war cats developed an acute discernment of the approach of bombs and would warn of danger by dashing for shelter. Similarly back in Messina, in 1783, a merchant reported a wonderful tale. He heard his cats scratching on the floor of the room in which they lived, trying to get out. When he released them, they still wanted frantically to escape. Out of curiosity he followed them outside into the open fields, where they started to dig themselves into the earth. In the meantime the earth quaked, and the house in which the merchant and his cats had lived was destroyed along with many near-by buildings.

• • •

YOUR CAT AND ITS CARE, by *Mary Penshaw*, is a ten-cent pamphlet put out by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (.50 Madison Ave., New York City). It has everything. For the same price there is also YOUR DOG AND HIS CARE.

• • •

No one counts cats, but there are now 59,310,000 people in this country with dogs in the family. . . . Incidentally, Lassie does close-ups only.

(Continued on Page 16)

INTERNATIONAL



"Cat of the Year": Champion Winauma Masterpiece of Chalsu—alias "Pudge"—and mistress.

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Ask your grocer for Elf, *the new, different drain opener—clears, cleans, deodorizes*

JUDSON DUNAWAY Corp., Dover, N. H.

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(Continued from Page 14)

There are many readers—including this department—who consider ***William Faulkner*** our foremost living American novelist. Like Balzac in the France of Louis Philippe, so Faulkner in the town of Jefferson, Mississippi, of today is painting an enormous canvas, novel by novel, of the life of his time. It may seem a microcosm of life—this small town in a Southern

PIX



William Faulkner

state—beside Balzac's France, but the issues are quite as important, and the emotions run if anything deeper. Mississippi, with its short but luscious blooming before the Civil War, and its long slow depression ever since, is peculiar in American history. As a state with a large proportion of Negroes, it poses the red-hot color question. With much mixed blood, it makes for melodrama. In Faulkner's novels strange figures wander through the stately old pillared mansions now moldering. Miscegenation, outside the law, has worked its tragic effects.

Faulkner's novels are never easy to read. People talk straight in his stories, but the motives behind what they have to say are complicated by fears, by evil, by madness, by knowledge unrevealed. THE INTRUDER IN THE DUST is actually one of his most direct stories; nonetheless, it is difficult reading. Sentences are sometimes two pages long with practically no punctuation. At first the unbroken vista of words seems insurmountable. But as you read on, you get used to it, and in retrospect you see that the style serves its purpose. For Faulkner enthusiasts the arrival of this novel is an event.

• • •

A wise, urbane and delightful book is WANDERING SCHOLAR, *by* ***Prof. M. A. Bonn,*** *a German who has taught in many countries of the world and in many colleges across the United States.*

Professor Bonn is now in his seventies, and looks back on a long, full life. He is a Frankfurt Jew, his family having lived in Frankfurt from 1543 up to Hitler. When writing about his youth in Frankfurt, he makes an observation which warrants some thinking:

"To belong to a small, not highly thought-of religious community is undoubtedly a social disadvantage. Yet the consciousness of being somewhat different from most of one's fellow citizens makes up for it; it gives one the vantage point of detachment. It may prevent one from being swamped by a craving for oneness with a more or less amorphous crowd; it contributes to a kind of personal integrity. It makes it easy to break away from hoary tradition; one has not to pay for personal freedom by being subjected to social excommunication, which might be strong

(Continued on Page 18)

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Color, smartly used, will transform your bathroom as if by magic. The cost is surprisingly low. And you can do it yourself. It's easy! Start with a Church plain or pearl colored seat. Choose blue, coral, green, ivory, gray, tan or yellow. Immediately you achieve a pleasing contrast with the gleaming white bowl. Pick up the color harmony in towels, rugs and curtains. The ideas will come fast once you've started.

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Peek in *at Morgan-Jones' new "Duchess"*
. . . a luxurious super-size hobnail bedspread

With its rich, heavily knotted fringe, this regal bedspread measures a full 100 x 112 inches. And across the broad surface of the double bed size are more than 17,000 velvety cotton hobnails! Truly, this is a most beautiful bedspread . . . big, heavy, yet marvelously soft to the touch. Informal, feminine, yet notable for its quality. Surprisingly, it costs only about $12.00. With its Simpleat-tailored drapes, it will make even the loveliest bedroom lovelier still. And because it's so easy to wash, and never needs ironing, it will be a joy to you for years!

You'll also want to see Morgan-Jones' many *other* originals in bedspreads, for example, the lovely "Floral Ruffle", shown below. And don't overlook Morgan-Jones' bright-colored scatter rugs, soft-colored bath sets, and gay-colored dish cloths and dish towels!

(In better stores coast-to-coast.)



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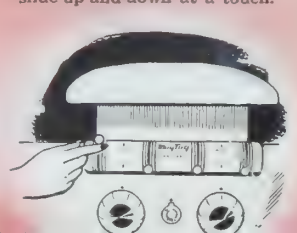
In colonial Dutch Ovens, food was cooked and glorified by the stored-up heat method, now automatically yours.



Extra-large oven is super-insulated on all sides with four inches of rock wool. Keeps heat in and keeps kitchen cool.



Safety Control Panel is out of tiny toddlers' reach, but handy for you. Lever-Action Controls slide up and down at a touch.



(Continued from Page 16)

enough to paralyze one's efforts. One becomes free without having to wear a martyr's crown."

• • •

If you're 45 or over, man or woman, you're a much better risk for your employer. According to a six-month survey made by the Labor Department on the work records of 18,000 workers of all ages, including 1300 women, "not only may the worker in the 45-or-over age group offer more highly developed skills, more mature judgment and more settled work habits as against the stamina and agility of youth, but he is frequently less likely to be absent and is less prone to injury than the younger workers."

Another advantage of being on the ripe side is the fun you'll have with a book called WHAT GRANDPA LAUGHED AT, by *Homer Croy.* It's an odd and amusing miscellany about what went on on the funny side, year by year, from 1893 to 1917. His favorite humorist is Kin Hubbard, who achieved fame on the Indianapolis News. Here are a couple of notes out of Hubbard's short unpublished autobiography:

"I married rather late in life, or after I got $300 together."

"I am taking up golf, although I feel as well as I ever did."

• • •

Now everybody can rest easier: the bristle-thighed curlew's nest has been found. The last North American bird has finally disclosed its breeding place and revealed its home life, in Alaska. How long it took to develop the atom bomb we wouldn't know. But scientists have been searching for the bristle-thighed curlew's nest for 163 years.

• • •

In a back issue of Harper's there is a delightful piece, *Newport: There She Sits,* by *Cleveland* (PROPER BOSTONIANS) *Amory.* In it is a record of a Newport wedding of 1946. Present were "not only a bride and a groom, but a daughter of the bride and the bride's ex-husband, two children of

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"I need some money, dear."

the groom and the groom's ex-wife, as well as the groom's ex-wife's present husband. The only conspicuous absentee was apparently the groom's ex-wife's present husband's ex-wife. She summers in Newport but no offense was intended—she was ill on the day of the wedding and just couldn't make it."

Mr. Amory also describes the churches, with and without weddings. The box pews at old Trinity, in the good old days, were upholstered in the same colors as the liveries of the worshipers. In the rear of the late Edwin Morgan's pew, hung in crim-

(Continued on Page 21)



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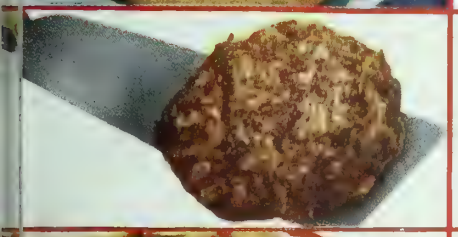


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 PORK	EXCELLENT	EXCELLENT	FAIR	EXCELLENT	EXCELLENT
 BEEF	EXCELLENT	FAIR	EXCELLENT	EXCELLENT	EXCELLENT
 LAMB	EXCELLENT	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELLENT	EXCELLENT
 VEAL	EXCELLENT	GOOD	GOOD	EXCELLENT	EXCELLENT
 VARIETY MEATS (LIVER, HEART, KIDNEY)	EXCELLENT	EXCELLENT	EXCELLENT	EXCELLENT	EXCELLENT
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All are necessary for growth, vigor and general well-being. **Thiamine**—essential for healthy nerves, good appetite. **Riboflavin**—protects against certain eye and skin conditions. **Niacin**—for prevention of pellagra, a serious deficiency disease.

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YOU knew meat was good . . . but did you know it was this good? Your instinct has always said "Yes" to meat . . . now science tells why. And the chart above only begins to tell the story.

Notice that it lists *complete* protein as the kind meat has. This means meat protein has all of the ten essential "building blocks" or amino acids. This is important because these "building blocks" can work only as a team.

Laboratory research indicates that when even one of the ten is missing at a meal, the team can't go to work efficiently building muscle tissue and blood, and replacing worn-out body cells with fresh, new ones. *None of these building blocks are missing when the meal is built around meat.*

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This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



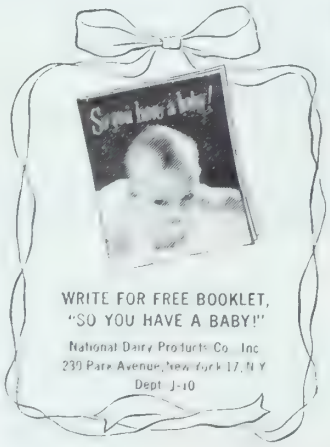
Write it down! Like other wise mothers, you'll want to keep a record of baby's weight progress to show your doctor. Best time for weighing is just before the morning bath. It's more convenient. Convenient, too, is FORMULAC — the vitamin-and-mineral fortified infant food — in liquid form for easy mixing!



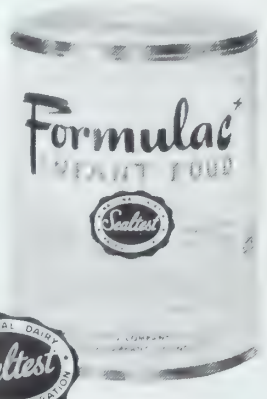
Every day is washday! Cleanliness is the first rule for infants. Tha means baby himself, his clothes, the things he touches. It especiall means his bottles, nipples and other nursing equipment should b boiled until they're germ-free and sterile. FORMULAC Infant Food already sterile, needs no boiling for purity!



Formulac tips on bringing up baby



What is Formulac? It's a milk product in convenient liquid form, homogenized and sterile — *containing all the vitamins and minerals a normal growing infant is known to need.* A normal baby needs neither vitamin B nor vitamin C if fed FORMULAC in proper quantities, for the vitamins are in the milk itself! FORMULAC Infant Food has the acceptance of the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association. At grocery and drug stores everywhere.



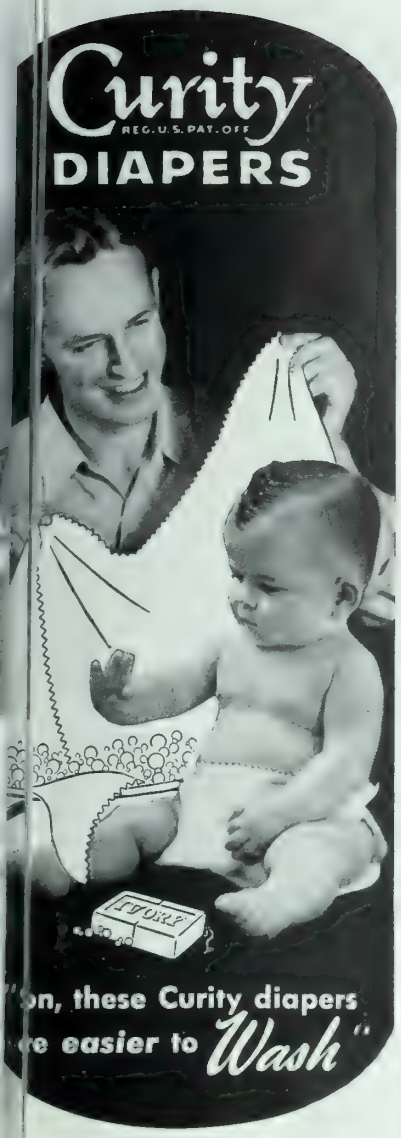
Formulac Sealtest NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORPORATION

— A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL DAIRY RESEARCH . . . *Distributed by Kraft Foods Company and National Dairy Products Co., Inc.*

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION



A time for cuddling! Take time out to enjoy your baby! Hold and cuddle him while he takes his bottle. Be sure the neck of the bottle is filled with milk. If the bottle is tilted so the neck holds air, baby can get colic. With FORMULAC Infant Food, baby gets his vitamins and minerals where he gets his milk — in his bottle!



TRY dry in record time, indoors or ou! And consider the many other ad ntages.

Easier to wash — their open weave penits speedier washing with pure Ivory Flakes, Ivory Soap or Dreft.

Faster drying speeds diaper laundering, indoors or out.

Highly absorbent — their surgical weave absorbs more thoroughly.

Have no hems to chafe or irritate baby's tender skin.

Curity Foldline, a patented feature, woven into the fabric, for easy, convenient size adjustment as baby grows.

Endorsed by medical authorities and leading hospitals.



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PAT. NO. 2,145,137

KENDALL MILLS — Division of The Kendall Company, Walpole, Mass., Dept. JN-10

Enclosed is 25c for full-size Curity Diaper and literature on Curity Nursery Products. (Only one diaper to a family.)

Name _____

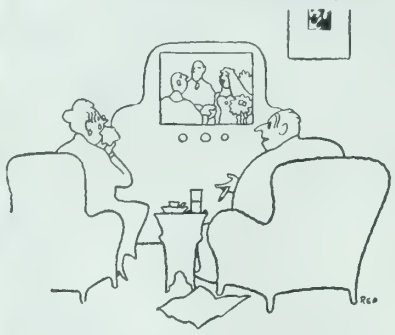
Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 18)

son damask and known as the Morgan "parlor car," were two large armchairs in back for papa and mamma, and in front, three well-oiled tapestried swivel chairs for the children, who could twist and turn to their hearts' content.

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"But, darling, you don't even know them."

You may have overlooked an excellent book that came out in 1943: JOSHUA, by *Thomas Costain* and *Rogers MacVeagh*. It is now out in a new edition with introduction by *Norman Vincent Peale* (A GUIDE TO CONFIDENT LIVING). It is the biography of the great military genius, fighting in a land whose terrain is still unchanged, a master of logistics who carried on his campaign without even the aid of maps. It is based on the Bible story (which is included) and enriched by study of ancient folk songs and poems, and the findings of recent archaeological research. As Doctor Peale says, "It is invariably a fact that sincere and truth-seeking scholarship never weakens but always strengthens faith. . . . This book portrays a greater Joshua and implies even a greater God than afforded by the traditional conceptions." Besides all else, the author's explanation of the fall of the walls of Jericho is News.

• • •

How much water do you think New York City uses daily? 1,100,000,000 gallons!

• • •

***Two good new mystery stories:* MURDER IN ANY LANGUAGE, by *Kelley Roos*—with a de luxe Berlitz-type school background; and BE A VILLAIN, by *Rex Stout*, a Nero Wolfe tale involving a lady broadcaster and her crew. We can just see the delight of Rex Stout, gourmet, playing mayhem with those radio gals who get dreamy over canned products and anemic soft drinks. There is a new *Manning Coles*, AMONG THOSE ABSENT, dealing with the London underworld. Also a way-above-average psychological thriller, THE THREE ROADS, by *Kenneth Millar*, husband of Margaret Millar, who wrote THE IRON GATES. A really rare novel—not a whodunit, but Literature—is WISTERIA COTTAGE, by *Robert Coates*.**

• • •

It happened in Hans Andersen's own country: a tomcat chased a sparrow in a Nysted (Denmark) street. The commotion frightened a horse, which bolted and jumped up on the hood of an ambulance. The horse frightened a woman riding in the ambulance with her sick husband. She fainted and could not be revived for two hours. (Whether the husband lived or not is not reported.)

• • •

***Damon Runyon** is quoted as saying (in a new collection of his random thoughts, posthumously collected in* I SECRETLY THINK*): "There aren't ten really beautiful women per half million of female population in the world."*

Yea, Carter's for Happy Wear



Everybody wins in Carter's. This famous knit underwear makes a science of long wear, easy care and good fit.
Ask for Jiffon→Nevabinds* for your layette crowd.
Keep saying, "Carter's please," when you buy jersey lingerie for yourself . . . underwear for growing boys, girls, and the big fellow, *Dad himself.*

The Carter's pictured

(*Reading clockwise from the top*)

Gay knitted kimonos. No ironing needed. Pink, blue, white. Birth to 1 yr., $1.50.

Tyke tops and no-droop Tyke† pant for boys or girls. 1 to 8 yrs. 75¢ to $1.15 each.

Jiffon-Nevabind gowns. Open or closed backs. Birth to 1 yr. $1.50 to $1.75.

Panti-dress Twosome sets. Pink, blue, or buttercup. 6 mos. to 2 yrs. About $2.

"Trigs" shirts and shorts for boys, 2 yrs. and up. 65¢ to $2.50 each.

Jiffon-Nevabind sleeper. 1 to 4 yrs. 1- or 2-pant sets. $1.89 to $3.25.

*®

†Pat. applied for

The William Carter Co., Needham Heights 94, Mass.



ONE way to make it-with...



Once you make a meat loaf with Hunt's Tomato Sauce—you'll never, never want to make one any other way!

Because Hunt's adds extra flavor that's rich, delicious—*wonderful!* Let your family enjoy it real soon. Then—

If there's any left over, plan to use it cold for the tastiest sandwiches that ever went on a picnic!

After that—you'll want to cook Hunt's Tomato Sauce into dozens of your recipes. Spaghetti, stews, soups, rice, fish, vegetables. And leftovers.

Get several cans of Hunt's at your grocer's. *It costs you only a few cents a can!*

Meat Loaf—Hunt Style

1 lb. ground beef
½ lb. sausage meat or fresh ground pork
1 cup bread crumbs
3 tbsp. chopped onion
1½ tsp. salt ⅛ tsp. pepper
2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
½ cup water

Lightly mix beef, pork, bread crumbs, onion and seasonings with 1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Form into loaf on greased shallow baking dish. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes. Mix remaining can of Hunt's Tomato Sauce and water. Pour over loaf. Bake 45 minutes longer, basting occasionally. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

TWO ways to enjoy it!



Meat Loaf Hot! With the smackin'-good flavor of rich, spicy Hunt's Tomato Sauce. A low-cost family treat!



Meat Loaf Cold! Ummm! Sandwiches *everybody* loves! Because that rich flavor of Hunt's Tomato Sauce lingers on.

Hunt-for the bes

Hunt's Fruits • Vegetables • Tomato Prod
Hunt Foods, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.

MOUNTAIN MOTHERS . . . Maternity Center

NEXT STEPS IN MEDICAL CARE

by MARGARET HICKEY

EACH year thousands of babies come into the world miles away from modern hospitals and medical care. Childbirth and the diseases of pregnancy still represent the second leading cause of death among women between the ages of 20 and 35 in this country. About 2000 mothers and 30,000 newborn infants die yearly, most of them because of inadequate obstetrical and pediatric services.

The states with the highest mother- and infant-mortality rates are Georgia, Tennessee, South Carolina, Colorado, Texas and New Mexico. Lowest mortality figures are proudly recorded by Connecticut, New Jersey, Minnesota, Illinois, New York and Wisconsin. Even in the states with the best records, a substantial percentage of deaths is from causes classified as preventable.

In ten years infant-mortality rates have been reduced one third and maternal deaths nearly two thirds. But there are great differences in the care received by white and nonwhite patients, by urban and by rural mothers. Eighty-four per cent of white live births occurred in hospitals in 1945 (latest figures available); 40 per cent of the nonwhite births. Two per cent of all white births were unattended by a medical person, compared with 38 per cent of the nonwhite. Ninety-one per cent of all city mothers had their babies in hospitals, but only 61 per cent of those living in isolated districts were hospitalized for childbirth. Altogether, 176,972 mothers had no medical care at the time of their babies' births in 1945, and four out of five of these mothers lived in rural areas.

Now, with the help of the U. S. Children's Bureau, many states and individual communities will be able to bring medical care to localities where maternity services are most needed and least available. This little-known work is made possible through the extension of maternal- and child-welfare services under the Social Security Act. These funds were increased by Congress from $11,200,000 in 1946 to $22,000,000 for 1947–48. In many instances, the states match from their own treasury the amount of the Federal grant. States with the lowest per capita income receive the largest proportionate shares. While the state itself must administer these funds, it has the advantages of the services and the counsel of Children's Bureau specialists.

Many of the public-health nurses, so important to rural communities, are paid in part from maternal- and child-health funds. Maternity clinics, where women come for advice and help during pregnancy, are also a part of the program. Well-baby conferences take care of thousands. In New Mexico, nuns are being trained as midwives to attend the Spanish-speaking mothers and their babies. In Birmingham, Alabama, the Slossfield Health Center serves a large Negro community. In Southeastern Alaska, doctors and nurses arrive by boat to reach the native population. The Oneida Maternity Center, described in the accompanying article, furnishes a demonstration model for the modern rural lying-in hospital.

Whatever is done in the expansion of these services to mothers and children should be done as a part of a community-wide health program. Health councils need the combined efforts of the public-health department, the medical and dental societies, the school board and women's and civic clubs. Among the states pioneering in this type of health planning are Alabama, North Carolina, West Virginia, Vermont and New Jersey, with 21 school health councils.

In 1940 the extension bureau of the University of Virginia studied medical care in rural areas, and as a result developed the Virginia Council on Health and Medical Care, representing 40 or more groups. Supported by volunteer contributions, it has succeeded in increasing scholarships for medical study and has asked for more hospital facilities under the Hill-Burton Act. Such councils can do much to bring modern medical knowledge within the reach of the most isolated mother and child. THE END

AT the swinging footbridge Sarah paused and glanced back at the rough hill trail. The Oneida baby hospital was only a short distance on the other side, but the bridge approach had never looked so steep before. She wondered if she would find the strength to get across. It wasn't as though it were her first baby. She had had five. She was afraid—afraid of having a baby in the hospital for the first time. She wanted to turn back, but the fear inside her became a sudden shaft of pain. She knew she had to cross that bridge—*now*.

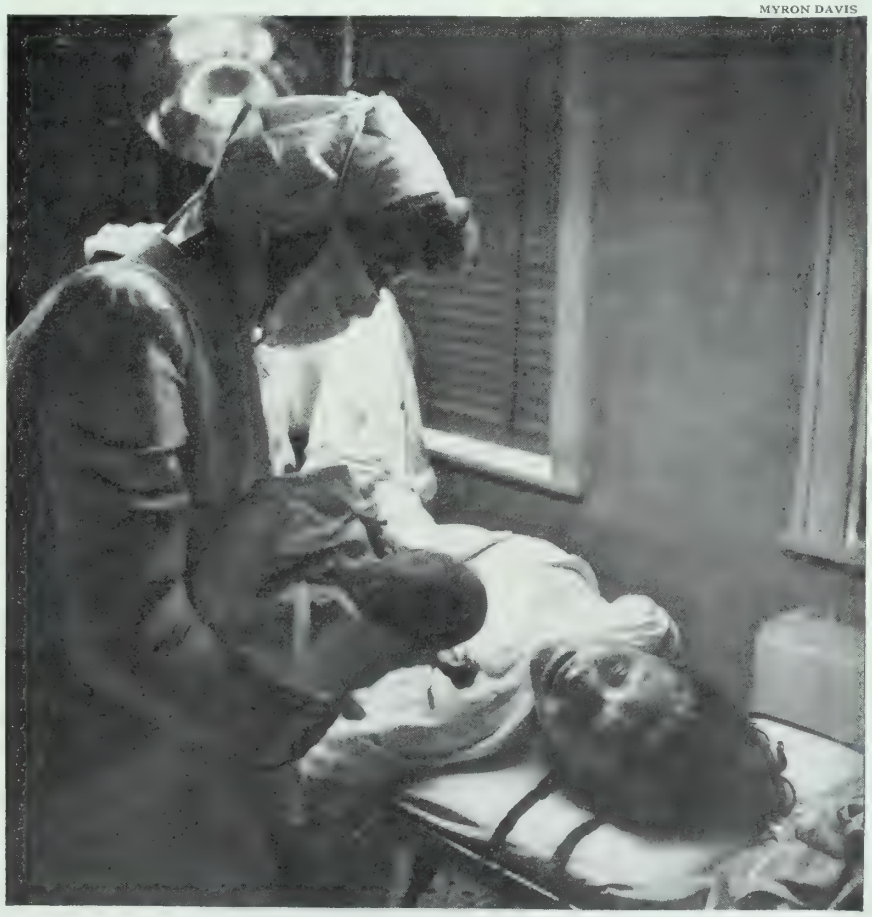
She could not have guessed then that tomorrow a stranger would be asking her curious questions like, "How did you like having your baby in a hospital?" Nor that she would answer, "Why, it was like a dream!"

From miles around, isolated mountaineer wives come to Oneida to have their babies in an excellently equipped delivery room and receive nursing care for a token charge of $1 a day if they can afford to pay. For most it is no dream, but it is better and safer obstetrical care than they have ever known. The Oneida Maternity Hospital, jointly supported by the state and the U. S. Children's Bureau, is the only rural lying-in hospital financed by public funds in the United States.

Oneida, Kentucky (population 300), is on Route 11, eleven miles east of Highway 21, in Clay County. Roads leading to Oneida are often barely passable, obstructed by landslides and full of mudholes almost deep enough to swallow an automobile. Where the roads end, mule paths follow the rivers snaking through the hills beyond.

Clay County frequently has the highest birth rate in Kentucky—one of the highest in the nation. In 1941 a survey of babies born in the county showed that more than 70 per cent were "ketched" by granny *(Continued on Page 102)*

MYRON DAVIS



A Kentucky mother and her newborn son meet in the safety of a modern delivery room made possible by Children's Bureau extended maternal-child-health program.



1

thrill

to the cosmetic effect of

Vitality shoes

Astonishing, but true—Vitality Shoes have a cosmetic effect! Their restful fit is reflected in your face—in the relaxed smile—in that inner glow of good feeling that comes out in your walk, your gestures, your very expression. Vitality's wonderfully supple materials cling to your feet as a glove clings to your hand. Vitality interprets the new fashions in gracious-lady styles.

TWICE AS SMART

VITALITY SHOES $10.95 • $11.95 • $12.95



2



3

Sizes 4 to 9 and 9½ to 12

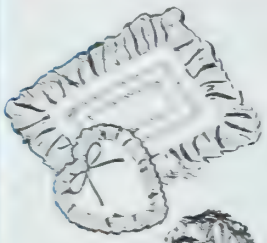
VITALITY SHOE COMPANY, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

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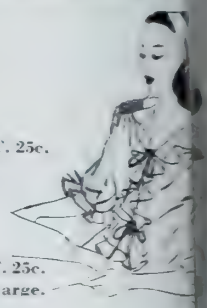
With Christmas in Mind

TOYS and sweaters, pincushions and aprons—these are only a few of the many lovely gifts you can make from JOURNAL patterns! And if there is a smart young miss on your list, you will want 2384, SUÈDE ACCESSORIES. Patterns for three hats, two bags, a vestee, belt and collar-and-cuff set are included—also where to buy the suède skins.

Patterns



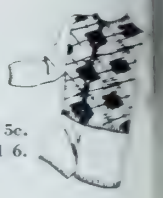
2414. PILLOW, HEART SACHET. 25c.
Make from organdy, net, satin.



2417. RUFFLED BED JACKET. 25c.
Available in small, medium, large.



2314. BOLSTER PILLOW. 25c.
A pretty gift in lace and crepe.



2152. ARGYLE SWEATER. 5c.
To knit in sizes 2, 4 and 6.



2384. COSMETIC CASE. 15c.
Make this to match a favorite dress.



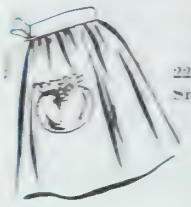
2103. ELEPHANT SEWING KIT. 5c.
Holds pins, needles and thimble.



1971. ORGANDY APRON. 5c.
Use ribbon to make initials.



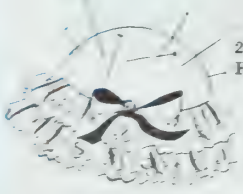
1841. SOFT TOY HORSE. 10c.
Stands approximately 2' 10".



2265. DIRNDL APRON. 15c.
Small, medium and large sizes.



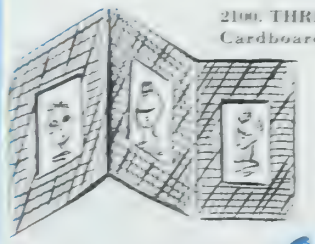
1884. BAG FOR KNITTING. 5c.
To crochet: use yarn from mouth.



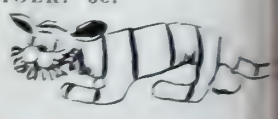
2110. DAINTY PINCUSHION. 5c.
For bits of lace, satin and ribbon.



2119. HUMPTY-DUMPTY TOY. 5c.
A delightful gift for those under six.



2100. THREE-FOLD PICTURE FRAME. 5c.
Cardboard covered with gingham.



2117. TOMMY TIGER. 5c.
Make from striped ticking.

Other Features

Lists are sent free postpaid. They give title, number and price of all our booklets and patterns.

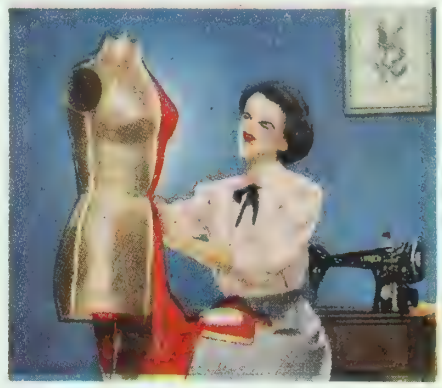
1000. LIST OF DEPARTMENTAL BOOKLETS
1001. SEW-EASY SEWING LIBRARY
1002. LIST OF JOURNAL HAT AND BAG PATTERNS
1003. CHILDREN'S PATTERN LIST
1076. TURN-TO-WEAR PATTERNS
1671. COMPLETE LIST OF PATTERNS FOR KNITTED AND CROCHETED ARTICLES
1752. MAKE-IT-YOURSELF PATTERNS

We will gladly send any of these booklets and patterns if you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of stamps, each booklet or pattern order. Do not send stamped addressed envelope or postage. Postage is all prepaid. Foreign and International Reply Coupons purchased at your post office. Please address all requests to Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Penna.





• **You learn** by actually making a dress! SINGER teachers guide you through every step from pattern-pinning to final placket. Complete courses: 8 lessons, only $10.



• **Perfect fitting** is easy, *sure* when you own a SINGER* Molded Dress Form. Matches your every curve. Saves time, saves try-ons. Sold *only* at SINGER SEWING CENTERS.

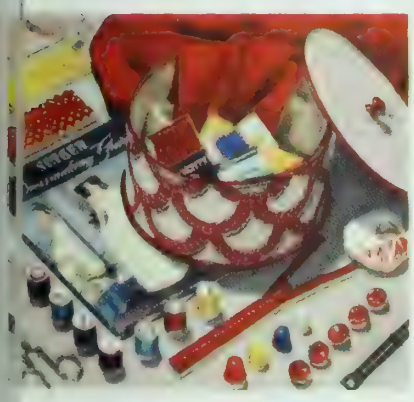
"You'll never guess how little it cost— thanks to the SINGER SEWING CENTER!"

SMART CLOTHES—small cost—you can have *both* when you learn to sew at your SINGER SEWING CENTER! You don't need a special knack with a needle. In 8 clear-as-crystal lessons, SINGER experts will teach you the art of making a whole dress, step by step.

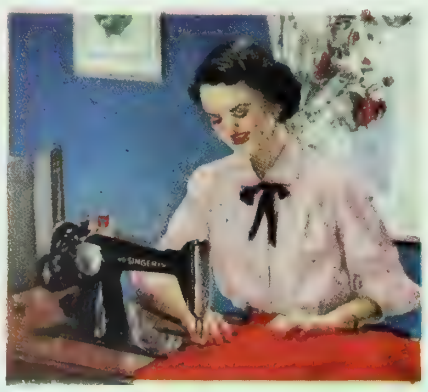
They'll show you the little "sewing tricks" of getting smooth fit, expensive-looking detail.

They'll cover buttons and belts, make buttonholes *for* you at next-to-nothing prices. And you can get every sewing notion you need right at their counters.

Stop in today. Let your SINGER SEWING CENTER help *you* make compliment-catching clothes!



• **Thread, zippers, binding**—you can get every notion you need at your SINGER SEWING CENTER. Right size, right color. Also 52-page *Dressmaking Guide*, only 25¢.



• **For smooth stitching,** there's nothing like a SINGER* Sewing Machine! Sews perfect lockstitch forward or backward. Attachments make tricky details a breeze.



• **Quick clean-ups** are easy with a SINGER* Hand Cleaner. Cleans upholstery, drapes—has extension tube for moldings, floors, stairs. Powerful suction. Only $27.25.



• **Covered buttons** add perfect finishing touch. SINGER makes them for a few cents apiece. Belts, buttonholes, hemstitching, too. Dress shown is Vogue Pattern #6482.



Queen Anne Model is one of SINGER's most popular machines. Beautiful to see, marvelous to sew on. Fine walnut finish. Matching stool with notion compartment.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION!

* SINGER sells its sewing machines and other products only through SINGER SEWING CENTERS, identified by the Red "S" on the window, and never through department stores or other outlets.

See classified telephone directory for address of your local SINGER SEWING CENTER.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.

Here's the SINGER SEWING CENTER at W. 830 Riverside Ave., Spokane, Wash.

Hundreds more from coast to coast. There's one near you!

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.



SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

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MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

Happiness is unlimited. How to increase it is necessary knowledge.

BY CLIFFORD R. ADAMS

Ph.D., The Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

COMPLAINTS OF UNHAPPY HUSBANDS

A WOMAN can often overcome her shortcomings as a wife, once she knows what they are. Unfortunately, finding out what her husband considers her shortcomings isn't always easy. Traits and habits of which she is unaware may disturb him deeply; she may even regard as wifely virtues some qualities—such as overzealous housekeeping—which seriously upset her husband.

We list below the complaints about wives most commonly associated with husbands' unhappiness in marriage. The list was compiled from the testimony of unhappy husbands participating in our continuous program of research into factors influencing married happiness. Though happy husbands also were questioned, their complaints were fewer, in their judgment less serious, and therefore less revealing to wives or husbands seeking guidance.

Our marriage is less happy than it should be because my wife——

"Lets her feelings be hurt too easily," say 20 per cent of unhappy husbands.

"Is nervous or emotional," say 18 per cent.

"Tries to improve me," say 16 per cent.

"Is quick-tempered," say 12 per cent.

"Is argumentative," say 11 per cent.

"Is easily influenced by others," say 11 per cent.

"Is a poor housekeeper," say 10 per cent.

"Criticizes me," say 9 per cent.

"Is jealous," say 9 per cent.

"Is not affectionate," say 8 per cent.

Many a conscientious wife may be surprised to find her at the top of the list "*easily hurt feelings*"—a trait which she knows she possesses, but had never thought of as grounds for complaint. Yet too easily hurt feelings can destroy the serenity of daily routine, and can make an emotional crisis out of a trivial incident. A husband who answers sharply when his wife talks to him while he shaves hasn't necessarily stopped loving her—he just isn't in the mood for conversation. The next time you feel like bursting into tears, ask yourself whether you have real reason to be upset—or whether you may be dramatizing a bit.

Nervous or emotional. This trait, though closely related to the first, is not identical. Aside from general personality maladjustments, a wife may be tense because she has worked too hard, slept too little or tried to do too much. More sleep and less work isn't an easy prescription for a busy housewife to follow, but it's worth it if it produces a more relaxed family atmosphere.

Tries to improve me. Marriage doesn't reform a man, or even change him very much basically, and the sooner a wife recognizes it the happier she and her husband will be.

The wife who is *argumentative*, or *critical* of her husband, often feels insecure and inferior herself, and is trying to relax her own tension by nagging at her husband. If she is *quick-tempered* as well, continuous quarreling is likely. Such a woman will do well to interest herself in a hobby or some outside activity, as an outlet of her own.

Jealousy often arises from a feeling of inferiority, rather than from a real cause. In either case, showing that you are jealous won't help. If you can't control your jealousy, at least conceal it.

Poor housekeeping. A man expects to support his wife; to create a comfortable and attractive home for him is her side of the bargain.

Lack of affection. A man may be undemonstrative, and still want reminders of his wife's affection. If you love him, let him know it.

Many other complaints were registered, including *nagging*, *selfishness*, *extravagance*, and more. But those we have discussed are the most common, and perhaps the hardest for a wife to see in herself.

The encouraging thing is that when we interviewed the wives of these husbands, many, who had not realized what they were doing, admitted the justice of the complaints, and were able to bring about an immediate improvement.

What are *your* husband's complaints? And can you, like the wives in our study, do something about them?

LIVING WITH IN-LAWS

FEW married couples, if they could do as they pleased, would choose to make their home with either set of in-laws. But emergencies often arise which make such an arrangement necessary, and today, because of the housing shortage, doubling up is particularly common.

Though sharing a home with in-laws may not be desirable, does it actually affect a couple's chances of married happiness? What can be done to minimize the difficulties of the arrangement? A recent study of the "living with in-laws" factors, based on the evidence of a thousand couples participating in our marriage prediction research, sheds light on both questions.

The study shows that living with in-laws is a definite handicap to married happiness. Evidence on this score is consistent and convincing. For example:

Of the couples who consider their marriage happy, 28 per cent have lived with in-laws at some time.

But among couples who rate their marriages unhappy, the proportion is 57 per cent, more than twice as many!

Clearly, living with in-laws is more than a mere inconvenience; it can be a real threat to happiness.

At the same time, the study makes it clear that the handicap is not insurmountable. Among *happy* couples, remember that more than one fourth have shared their homes with in-laws; further, among all the couples who have lived with in-laws, 27 per cent felt the arrangement worked out very well. Evidently the arrangement can be satisfactory.

What are the circumstances most favorable to success? If a young couple must move in with in-laws, how can they meet the situation with the best chance of happiness for everybody concerned? Here are suggestions based on the experience of couples in our survey:

1. The couple should pay a fair price, in money or its agreed-upon equivalent in work, for their board and lodging.

2. The husband's work (or the completion of his education and job training) should be satisfactory to him and approved by the parents with whom the couple lives.

3. He should not be in business with, nor work for, the parents with whom they live.

4. It's important that the parents be themselves happily married, that they genuinely want the young couple, and that they be free from financial difficulties.

5. The house should be large enough not only to accommodate the couple, but to assure some degree of privacy.

6. If either member of the couple opposes the idea of living with in-laws when it is first proposed, success is unlikely. Both must feel, without persuasion and from the very beginning, that living with in-laws can be a satisfactory arrangement.

7. If either member of the young couple was an only child, success is unlikely.

8. Living and financial arrangements and obligations of each family to the other should be defined and accepted by both families when they begin to live together.

Finally, when these conditions are met, there remains one essential: In this, as in all problems of marriage, one of the most significant factors is a realistic determination to *make* it work. If the two families, one mature and settled, the other recently established, are firmly resolved to work for the best interests of everybody concerned, if they are unselfish, tolerant and co-operative, they can live together in harmony, sometimes to the real advantage of both.

Are You Agreeable?

The ability to get along with others is an important asset, whether you are single or married. Answer these questions with a thoughtful "Yes" or "No."

1. Does it upset you to be told what you should do?
2. Are you offended when you are not invited to a small party?
3. Does it annoy you when a friend bungles a job you can do well?
4. Does it bother you to lose even a little argument?
5. Do you know someone you would like to put in his place?
6. When somebody hurts you, do you sometimes hold a grudge?
7. Do you hate to be told *how* to do a job?
8. Does anybody justifiably ever say that you are selfish?
9. Do you ever feel that most people are stupid?
10. Are there persons you would like to "tell off"?
11. In clubs you belong to, do you usually run for office?
12. Do you get a kick out of making others do your bidding?
13. Do some bossy people make you want to do the opposite of their wishes?
14. Do the ideas of some people you know "burn you up"?
15. Do most people need to be told what to do?
16. Is it easy for you to co-operate with the plans of others?
17. Do friends visit you at least once or twice a week?
18. Is your temper almost always under control?
19. Do you almost never have quarrels with tradespeople?
20. Are you nice to people you do not like?

Add the number of your *No* answers to the first 15 questions to the number of your *Yes* answers to the last 5 questions. With a score of 16 or above, you are probably a socially agreeable person. With a score of 11 or less, study your wrong answers to see how you can make yourself more pleasing.

DO YOU AGREE?

Does an only child have a tougher struggle in life than one with brothers and sisters?

Yes, in most cases. An only child, if unwanted, may grow up with no real sense of belongingness and security. At the other extreme, an only child is often overprotected and spoiled. In either case, maladjustment usually results.



Glass plates on dark linens let your Heirloom* Sterling shine supreme! Idea #2: Use a nail polish brush to silver-glaze ivy-leaf edges.

"Love me, use me a hundred years! Set the table with me 3 times a day, every day, all your life! I'm Heirloom Sterling... solid silver, all the way through. Won't show wear. Just the contrary!—the more you use me, the lovelier I'll get! And Heirloom's presence on your table will speak volumes about you, to new friends and old!"

This 6-piece Mansion House place setting* costs you no more than it might to give *one* party! Many couples start with two honeymoon place settings—add more later. Ask your jeweler also to show you Damask Rose*, Heiress*, Virginian* in Heirloom Sterling. Convenient payment terms, if you wish.

*Trade Mark. Copyright, 1948, Oneida, Ltd.

Such a treasure of artistry was lavished on this new pattern, that it was named after the original guild home (at Oneida, New York) of the craftsmen who fashioned it. Of museum caliber, the design is a master melding of the traditional and the modern.





The Trouble With—

BOYS... By Jerre Thieman

1. It's hard to get to know them. They call for a date, we speed off in a to a movie, dash in for a bite to eat, and that's the end. No long talks, no exange of ideas, no real understanding. Girls really don't need to be commercially ertained on every date. Some nights it's nice to stay home or perhaps walk to e corner drugstore. It isn't the car, it isn't the place—it's the boy.

2. They forget I've got ideas of my own. Sometimes I enjoy a hen party much as he enjoys stagging it. So if it's an extra-special date, I wish he'd call rly in the week. Girls honestly do have to plan things—their clothes take ore time than the boys would guess. We *do* meet fellows who think girls actuy *like* to be bossed. Don't forget, we've got heads on our shoulders too.

3. They should grow up. High-school guys don't have to show off to get tention. Girls notice other things, and most of us shy off from the bully. After while the "life of the party" gets tiresome, and who ever looked up to a practil joker? We really aren't looking for a guy who's always loud, always childish nd always the center of attraction.

4. They're speed demons on a date. A good-night kiss definitely is *not* ecessary, and necking and petting *don't* naturally come with time. There is uch a thing as dating a person purely because you like him and *not* because ou're in love. It isn't essential that you find your one-and-only in high school. t our age must we always fall in love; can't good times and fun be enough?

5. It's not easy to have them for friends. When I stop dating a fellow, t doesn't mean I stop talking to him. When we meet in the halls at school, why ct like strangers? When we find ourselves in the same crowd, why act like asual acquaintances? Breaking up with a boy doesn't mean breaking off riendship.

6. I like them, but I get tired of telling them so every minute. Sure I know Joe's a wonderful pitcher—but if I forget to ask him about baseball it doesn't mean that I've lost interest. Naturally, Johnny's got smart-looking clothes - but when I forget to tell him, he shouldn't think that I'm forgetting him.

7. I want them to be real. Nobody likes a steady sober-face, and nobody likes a guy who laughs at anything and everything. A fellow should be fun and cut up at the right time and still be able to think seriously at other times. Girls don't want bookworms for boy friends any more than they want fellows who detest any form of learning. It's sad, but true—popularity won't come to the shy and it won't come to those who "work at" having fun.

8. They are not socially mature. There are some common courtesies of life that all people should know, even that bold, brave, masculine species. Boys should make an effort to learn table manners, the correct actions on a date, and respect for older folks. It's a way of life everyone must master in order to grow up gracefully. The time you embarrass your date with bad manners may be the last time she is your date.

9. They hesitate to mix. Why is it that boys would rather die than ask a girl to dance in front of a few mutual friends? And when we're at a dance with several couples, why can't we exchange a few dances? The more mixing you do, the more people you'll meet—and people are so much fun when you know them.

10. They think all girls are alike. Just because one girl gives you a raw deal, n't think every girl would do the same. Alice may hand out phony excuses—ne Betty is sincere. Jane may want a big car and a night club—while Sue nts fun. Don't ever make the mistake of comparing us to a barrel of apples. ne bad one doesn't spoil the rest. Sometimes a boy gets hurt. Then he doesn't to figure out what really happened—just holds a grudge against all girls.

GIRLS... By Tom Weyl

1. Too many girls refuse to give a boy a pure simple answer of "yes" or "no" when asked for a date. They beat around the bush with, "Well, I don't know, I should study," or "Could I let you know tomorrow?" instead of saying definitely whether or not they'll go. Boys don't like to wait around for girls. They want to know where they stand.

2. Many girls seem to think that after a boy has dated them three or four times, they're going steady. Most boys like to play the field, but it's difficult to find a date who doesn't think the boy is committing a terrible sin by dating other girls. And when a girl starts talking of marriage, that's the boy's cue to move out—but quick.

3. Many girls, it seems, are afraid to tell one date that they've had other dates. This is silly. Although it can be overdone, there is a definite advantage in hearing where some other guy took your date. It gives you an idea of where, or where not, to take her yourself. It's also reassuring to know that your date gets around.

4. On the other hand, there are girls who talk of nothing *but* other dates. This gets very boring. The object—making the date jealous—may be reached but the girl's house may also be reached earlier than expected. The girl who drinks to excess—in other words, one who gets soused—is not popular long either. This is disgusting and won't be stood for by most boys.

5. Girls form cliques and consider boys outsiders or no-goods when they date girls from other cliques. It is even worse for a boy who dates a girl who doesn't belong to *any* of the "recognized" cliques. A boy won't take for long a girl who runs down other girls—or, particularly, other dates. It isn't hard to figure out that she'll do the same thing to him.

6. What boys dislike most, however, is artificiality. If a girl can't be natural, few boys will want to go out with her. Take, for instance, the girl who puts on the dog all evening; or the popularity girl who runs off to greet someone every other minute; or the girl who looks as if she's wearing a week's supply of make-up at one throw. Such things can be carried to extremes.

7. The prime requisite of any date is that she be able to talk. The idea of personality has been promoted in teen-age columns, but it can't be repeated often enough. It is not absolutely necessary that a date be good-looking. With boys today, if she can talk, looks are soon forgotten.

8. Too many girls never have any definite ideas on *any* subject. If a boy asks his date where she'd like to go, he wants to know. If it makes no difference to her, and she says so, then she shouldn't sulk around when he decides on a place. And if a boy is interested in a certain subject, and the girl knows it, she should try to be interested too. Most boys will do the same for most dates.

9. Following directly is what I call common decency and consideration. No boy likes to have his date try to teach him how to dance in the middle of the dance floor. Most boys are poor dancers and admit it, but if their date wants to improve them, she should suggest—tactfully—that they get together again in a more secluded spot. And when a girl introduces her date to someone else, it helps a great deal if she can give them some topic of common interest so that they won't stand around like two sad sacks when they could be carrying on a lively conversation, and learning more about each other.

10. Finally, girls sometimes forget that boys are the ones who have to pay for the evening. When a girl says to herself, "Expensive joint or no date," she will likely find herself with no date as soon as the boys wise up. And they aren't as dumb as some girls think. Boys are very anxious to get along with girls—but girls have to co-operate.

Make Speech a Game

By Alan Coutts

DID you ever sit back and listen to your children talk? Not just to what they say, but to the way they say it?

Any speech teacher will tell you that the speech level in this country is deplorable. But there is little the teacher can do about it. Good speech habits, like good health and eating habits, must be built upon foundations laid in the home.

Tonight, when your family is gathered around the dinner table, see how your youngsters stack up in this respect. Do they enunciate properly, bringing out each word clearly and distinctly? Do their sentences have emphasis, color, vocal enthusiasm, so that it would be a pleasure to hear them talk even if you couldn't understand the language they were speaking?

If that's the case, you may give yourself a big pat on the back—for they learned that manner of speech from you.

But be fair now—do you find, as you listen, poor enunciation and articulation? Do your offspring mumble their words? Do they run words together, or fill in gaps with "uhs" or "ands"?

Then yours are typical American youngsters—practically all young America does precisely these same things. And if you'll listen to yourself and analyze your own speech, ten to one you'll find that you do them too.

For speech is imitative. To illustrate: all nationalities in the Southern States produce children who have Southern accents; negroes in Jamaica have British accents; most people in Brooklyn say "bot-le" for bottle and "becauss" for because; all too often children whose mother lisps will do the same, whose father speaks ungrammatically will say "he don't" until some teacher breaks them of the habit painfully and embarrassingly.

Parents, if your children have starved speech, change their diet, give them some home-cooked remedies, make them as articulate as they are healthy.

The remedy can be fun. Play a game at the dinner table. Before you start on the salad, hold a contest for the whole family to see who can talk for sixty seconds without using a vocalized stall; that is, without saying "wella," "anda" or just plain "uh." Choose a subject, such as "What I Did Today," or "An Amusing Incident I Saw." Time the contestant and rap a cup with a spoon the first time he makes the fatal error. Go around the table, each of you standing and taking your turn. Start with yourself, mother, or call on father first. You know how much your youngsters enjoy doing something better than you.

HERE are some clues on how to improve the flow of your speech. Vocalized stalls are the result of faulty thinking, of thinking in terms of words instead of ideas. To illustrate with a parallel, take the process of learning to type. First you must learn the keyboard, as a small child must learn the sounds used in speech. From there the typist progresses to words. But if that is as far as he goes he never attains any speed, any real proficiency. He must begin to grasp whole groups of words, whole sentences, whole lines, and be so equipped with the finger skill of typing that he no longer has to think of the keyboard or the manipulation of his hands on the machine. So it is with speech. To rid yourself and your children of the meaningless wax words, the irritating "uhs" that clutter up the good human sounds we call language, you must help them to think not in words but in ideas. Try it at your dinner table.

One of the chief reasons people are so nervous about standing and talking in front of an audience, even a small one composed of friends, is that they are word-poor. Every day in my classes I hear students trying to express an idea that will not clarify with "and so forth," or "something like that," or "well, you get the idea." The audience does *not* get the idea, the speaker knows that his audience doesn't understand, and his nervousness increases. If only he knew the right word his point would be made, and he would feel a confidence that is priceless.

TAKE a look at a new big Webster's International Dictionary. Do you realize that the average person in the United States can claim a speaking knowledge of less than one inch of that book? It would be absurd to expect you to acquaint your family with all the words in the dictionary, but you can play another game at the dinner table which will help all of you to become more articulate. I know of a family that played it for years with excellent results. Each person came to the table with a new word encountered during the day in conversation, a newspaper or book. In turn they pronounced the word, defined it and used it in a sentence. There were six in the group. They kept at it almost daily for fifteen years. Do a little arithmetic on that. The father, foreign-born, who had had about four years of formal schooling, was a leader in the community, an easy speaker and a fine example to his children. The three boys are successful men in their professions, the daughter a good mother who is playing the game with her own children.

Much fun and benefit can be had out of an old laundry list. Pass it around the table and ask each person to read it in a different manner, such as "angrily," "beseechingly," "heroically," "fearfully," "ironically," "humorously." Each emotion must be expressed entirely with the voice. Certainly there is nothing particularly angry about "doilies, tea cloths, napkins, sheets, pillowcases," and so on. But flexibility, color, range, stress, force, pause and emphasis can be discovered and exercised.

Just as you train your children not to speak with their mouths full of food, so should you train them not to speak with their mouths almost closed. It is not so much a matter of reprimanding your offspring as it is that of being a good example to them. Most of the speech difficulties in this country can and should be taken care of in the home. More than once I have sent mothers home with the children they brought for instruction by saying, "Why pay me to do this when you can do it so much better yourself—at home?" For cases requiring special treatment, a speech teacher or a clinic is the right place, but for the ordinary faults of poor diction, slovenliness, monotone, faulty breathing, the home is the best place to begin.

You don't depend upon the school for your children's diet; the lunchroom only carries on the good meals you prepare at home. So it should be with speech. Change the diet of speaking, fill in the deficiencies, fatten your family with new words for fluency. And when you have done for your children, send them to their speech teachers for polishing. Do your part in making the level of speech in this country as high as our health. THE END

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...ifty Years Ago ...in the Journal



...N October, 1898, the U. S. demanded the Philippines from Spain; yellow fever drove all the state officials from Jackson, Mississippi; and Cleveland, Ohio, suffered three earthquakes. Victor Herbert wrote the Gypsy Love Song, and you could buy a mink scarf for ten dollars.

...ys the October, 1898, JOURNAL on the subject of Mark Twain: "...is favorite mode of writing is to lie flat on the floor on his stomach in his pajamas with a pipe in his mouth. He remains in his pajamas a great a part of the day as Mrs. Clemens will allow him."

...marks the author of a new column—About Men: "A mother belongs on a pedestal of purity, veneration and superiority. A man must be intimate and confidential with his mother, but not too familiar with her."

..."For a bag big enough to hold your opera glasses, bonbonnière and fan, I would advise heliotrope and faint rose brocade, with a faint smell of heliotrope about it," advises the fashion editor.

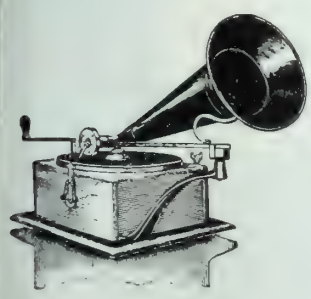
...ooking expert Mrs. Rorer gives ...ipes for some grand old desserts: ...ndy pudding, apple slump, ...ckberry roly-poly, and goose...rry fool.

...rning with hair: "A tear in a ...olen or cloth garment may be ...st neatly mended with hair, which ...strong enough for the purpose and ...fine that it does not show."

...ys' clothes: "Fauntleroy trou...rs are suitable for boys from four ...eight. They are made of cordu...y and finished with a ribbon and ...buckle at the knee."

...ys the JOURNAL in an article on ...chard Wagner: "At sixty he used ...ll to climb tall poplar trees. Within ...year of his death he would, in high ...ee, astound his sedate German ...ends by suddenly standing on his ...ad or playing leapfrog over the ...nchairs."

...rites Ruth Ashmore: "There is ...me poetry which I would not care ...have my girls read, but I can ...commend Rudyard Kipling."



Journal About Town



EUROPEAN

In poll of Journal editors, "Gurusome Twosome" Wallace (right) and Taylor get 7 votes. Truman, 7 votes; Dewey, 29.

AFTER taking many presidential polls, *Dr. George Gallup* observes that as soon as people know who the nominees are, voting minds are made up and seldom change. But as we went to press for this issue, no poll had been published which forecast the coming election, so we held a secret ballot of the editorial staff; and all we can say is that if the JOURNAL masthead is anything like a cross section of country-wide political sentiment, there should be no doubt about next month's result. For out of a total of 59 editors, 29 on the first of August cast their votes for *Dewey*, and only 7 for *Truman*, which seemed then a little out of line, though no more out of line than the fact that 7 also cast their votes for *Wallace* and *Taylor*, dubbed by *Mr. Gould* the "Gurusome Twosome." Nine editors hadn't yet made up their minds; one wasn't voting and six were away. . . . Well, let's see how close it comes to the real thing when November second arrives.

A man who signed himself, "Magically yours, Zovello," wrote us the other day about his school of magic up the street, "attended by doctors, lawyers, teachers, bankers, and even a New York City magistrate." Besides teaching tricks, he's an expert, he claims, at exposing psychic frauds, as is also one of his star pupils, ***Richard Himber***, the orchestra leader. Himber was stumped, however, one day at the school when a girl student, offering to "read" his mind, told him of a contract which he had signed that morning, giving details of a highly confidential nature. Himber rushed out to a broadcast rehearsal in a state of great excitement; whereupon the girl confessed to ***Zovello*** that she was the public stenographer who'd just been typing Himber's contract.

IRVING DESPOR



Maestro Himber tries a new trick.

Figures indicate that 84 per cent of employed women work because they must; another 8 per cent work for some specific purpose; the rest because they like to work or want extra money. . . . Among certain African natives, the word for heaven is "bingo." . . . There are 51 women judges now serving in this country. Three are Federal judges. Of the states, New York, with ten, has the most women judges. . . . Chicago, reputed to be the windiest city in the U. S., isn't at all. Twenty-one cities are windier, with Buffalo, New York, windiest of all. . . . More men are color-blind than women by a ratio of 8 to 1. . . . In Philadelphia, movie-theater managers say they can tell by popcorn sales how the movie appeals to moviegoers. If sales are high, it's a man's picture. If not, women are its most ardent fans. . . . Did you know that flowers themselves carry a message? Gladioli mean "Give me a break—I'm really sincere"; yellow lilies, "I'm walking on air!"; dark crimson carnations, "I'm carrying the torch for you." With daffodils, it's "The sun is always shining when I'm with you." An orchid means "Beautiful lady"; but with yellow carnations, watch out—"You have disappointed me." . . . The American divorce rate was down in 1947—the first decrease from a previous year since 1932. Chief reasons: the peak of breakdowns from war marriages is believed to be past; people getting married today are more mature and better prepared for marriage.

In going over a recent report from the Institute of Food Technologists, *Louella Shouer* was pleased to read that women, as tasters, are almost twice as sensitive as men. Roughly 250 men and an equal number of women were tested on the four basic tastes—sweet, sour, salt and bitter—with filter papers dipped, respectively, in solutions of sugar, citric acid, salt and quinine sulphate; and just to be mean, there was a blank paper too: 46 per cent of the men passed perfect tests, and 77 per cent of the women. Louella says the report also gave the result of a questionnaire to determine which of the sexes preferred their foods excessively sweet, salty and sour. The women came out way ahead on that one also, hands down.

*Ever since she read somewhere how the wardrobe women at Warner Brothers had found it took six yards of material to make a lady's bathing costume for a film with a story of 1900, a very pretty girl in our beauty department, **Leone Seastrom**, has been brooding about the fact that with the same amount of material she'd be able now, in 1948, to whip up not only a perfectly adequate bathing suit, but have enough goods left over to make herself a long, wide, billowing party skirt besides.*

Accepting the Navy's invitation to our Homemaking Department to inspect their first new enormous Lockheed Constitution recently over at Floyd Bennett Field, *Elizabeth Goetsch* was understandably drawn to the kitchenette-size galley. Kitchenette-size, she says, to look at, but full kitchen capacity when you consider it can serve, on featherweight plastic plates, 300 meals at a time. For if they want to

DI PIETRO



Miss G. in the flying kitchen.

carry nothing but passengers, the Navy man told Elizabeth, they can tuck in well over 300, to explain why he'd mentioned that many meals. "But what do you do about the dirty dishes?" our home economist asked. "Oh, we just turn them in for clean ones at the next landing field—still dirty!"

A lady from Kennebunk, Maine, has sent us a little piece out of The Living Church, which tells about what must be by now the most deliberately read single copy of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL ever printed. The item describes how a group of women missionaries at the Mosse Memorial Hospital, outside the city walls of Ta Tung Fu, in China, have been marooned by the communist forces; the only piece of current reading matter they've had in months being a copy of this magazine. To make it last, like castaways with a precious supply of water, they're reading it a page at a time—one page a day.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.



ILLUSTRATED BY aparker

The thought stirred at his heart—would her love be as fragile as her beauty?

KINFOLK

Neither pain nor death, anguish nor violence, could conquer one woman's love for them. Beginning a new serial • *By Pearl S. Buck*

THE theater in Chinatown was crowded to the doors. Every night in the year actors brought from Canton played the old Chinese plays and every year the businessmen voted enough money to bring them back again. The theater was a bulwark of home for them. Their children went to American schools, spoke the American language. The fathers and mothers were not highly educated people and they could not express to the children what China was. But in the theater the children could see for themselves. Here history was played again and ancient heroes came to life before their eyes. Parents brought their children early and stayed late. They talked with friends and neighbors, exchanged sweetmeats and gossip, and sat spellbound and dreaming when the curtain went up.

The play tonight was Mu Lan, the story of the heroine of a thousand years ago, who took her father's place when he fell in battle and so saved her nation from the invaders. This was a favorite play, and although it was nearly midnight the citizens of Chinatown waited with excitement for the curtain to rise on the fifth act.

At this moment Billy Pan, the manager of the theater, came to the door and looked over the crowd, searching for possible celebrities. It pleased the crowd if he could produce a celebrity after the show. At the middle seat in the tenth row his eyes halted. Dr. Liang Wen Hua! He had seen Doctor Liang only once, and then from a platform in Uptown New York, when during the war delegates from Chinatown had been invited to come to a celebration of Double Ten. Doctor Liang had made the chief address, and all the delegates had taken pride in the tall, handsome figure. But Doctor Liang had never accepted an invitation to Chinatown—he made the excuse that he could not speak Cantonese—yet here he was tonight.

The curtain went up, and through the darkness Billy Pan edged his way up the narrow aisle. At the tenth row he paused, whispered and waited. The man in the seat next to Doctor Liang came out obediently, and Billy Pan pushed into his place.

"Doctor Liang?" he whispered respectfully.

Doctor Liang turned his head.

"Excuse me, this is Billy Pan, proprietor of theater. I saw you. Great honor, I am sure! I am sorry you did not tell me you are coming and I would have better seat."

Doctor Liang inclined his head. "I am very comfortable, thank you," he said in his low, rich voice.

"You not come before, I think?"

"As a professor, I am kept busy," Doctor Liang replied. "I came to see whether my students might understand this play, as presented by Chinese actors."

"It is too poor," Billy Pan exclaimed.

Doctor Liang smiled. "I suppose American students will not be critical."

Behind them and beside them people were craning their heads. Everybody knew Billy Pan would not trouble himself about any ordinary person.

"Doctor Liang," Billy Pan begged. "I ask a great favor of you."

(Continued on Page 80)

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SEARCH FOR A



The search for a soul begins when our eyes open, and closes only when they close; but the choice of the individual's goal is unconsciously settled by himself in childhood.

My reason for writing these memoirs only up to the age of eighteen is that after adolescence we enter a new region of living where we cease to be an object with whom life is still at play, and become subjects playing upon life.

I have tried to write the truth about my own early and mistaken choice of character as well as to portray the influences which no doubt strengthened my choice. I had inevitably to show a critical attitude toward others besides myself. My parents are dead and cannot suffer from my criticisms, but I hope that I have not acted with disrespect toward their memories, since the mistakes I believe that they made were largely due to the insincerities and sentimentalities of their period, while the debt that I owe them for their unfailing love is one that I could never repay.

Such a study as I have attempted has only one aim and can have only one merit, that it is as true as I am able to make it.

CHILDREN who are born in May start well in the world and look on sunshine as their natural heritage. I was in this way among the most fortunate of children, for I was born on the night when May turns into June, in the year 1884—and my parents were young; and having suffered the bereavement of the loss of a boy a year before, they gave me a double share of their hearts.

My first memory is of sunshine, sitting on a green bank and knocking off the heads of grasses my mother held out to me for the purpose. I can also well remember my first journey to a new home when I was little over two years old. The Wantage Hill has impressed many people by its stubborn length—so that it is not surprising that it impressed a baby on the eternity of a wet afternoon, especially one who was not allowed to get out and pick the drenched bluebells in the hedges. The one horse climbed slowly—the rest of the family got out and walked to ease it. My mother and I were left alone inside watching the rain, the bluebells, the walkers and the horse. I remember nothing else—what we thought of the vicarage in the Berkshire village of Fawley-under-the-Downs when we arrived that day I have no idea. The memories of the two years we spent there (we seldom stayed for more than two years anywhere) are not consecutive, but many of them are very clear; and probably the most formative of a lifetime.

My mother was delicate, extremely beautiful, and very happy. My father was in the best of health and good spirits. By birth and upbringing he was American—but only of one generation, since his father had emigrated from a village in Derbyshire at the age of twenty-four, and his mother's parents came direct from the Isles. My mother was Yorkshire on both sides. I had two elder sisters, Wilmett and Mary, though I cannot remember them very well at this time.

Far more plainly stands out the birth of my baby brother. I did not want him, for I had been—and thought I safely was—"baby" par excellence. I had all the rights and privileges common to the youngest. My elder sisters were almost inconceivably older than myself—five and nearly seven years' seniority kept them well away from all my prerogatives. Why then should anything else happen to shake me? Yet the earthquake came. I was taken to see the baby. It was an extremely thin, ugly and unresponsive mite, yet I began to like it. It was alive. Later on, so I was assured, it would be more alive still. Very soon the creature began to respond to me: it watched me with its enormous brown eyes, it smiled when I leaned over and gently poked it. I was allowed to hold it, and it became "George."

I may say that though I loved my sister Mary with a lifelong depth of sisterly affection, and hated my sister Wilmett with a fervent passion, probably the deepest of my family feelings was for this strange creature that shared my nursery.

The second year of my life ran with a golden ease, and I remember only one sharp check that happened on my third birthday. Our household consisted, besides my parents and two sisters, of a cook called Lizzie, a lovable, red-cheeked parlormaid named Rose, and the gardener, my greatest friend, whose name was Ado. To celebrate my third birthday he presented me with what I felt to be a miracle. It was a double white tulip in a pot. He told me the tulip needed regular and careful watering or it would die, and then went off to his dinner.

I was alone on the terrace with this immaculate flower. I suppose the tulip must have been a very fine specimen—standing tall and stately with its white cup lifted to the sky. I know my heart was bound up in it. All that I wanted of it in return was that it should remain alive and beautiful forever—and, of course, mine. A dreadful fear began to invade my imagi-

★ Copyright, 1948, by Phyllis Bottome. This is a condensation of the book soon to be published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc. (A Reynal & Hitchcock book.) ★

How could father keep the love and respect of his children

SOUL

BY PHYLLIS BOTTOME



R.C.A.

rtion. How long had Ado been gone? How soon should it be watered ain? Ado had already just watered it. Would it not die if it were not wa-ed again? I had a small watering can, but it was nowhere in sight. In-ead, on the path leading to a water tap in the garden wall, was Ado's ormous watering can, a thing that in less flurried moments I should not ve considered that I was capable of lifting. But love, we are told, finds a y. I therefore hurled myself upon the watering can, dragged it to the b. A bright shaft of water soon filled the huge can to its brim, and slop-ng in every direction, I staggered manfully across the sunny terrace. hen I reached my tulip's side there it was blooming as highly and se-nely as before. I tipped the watering can, and the flood came. The tulip eled, staggered and fell forward into a bath of muddy water, its proud ad bowed forever.

I remember to this day the helpless chill of my grief as I stood looking what my love had done to the object of its devotion. I had quite literally ttered the life out of it. I don't know how long I stood there. I don't ow who found me or tried to administer comfort to me.

There was something in the universe that from that day I deeply dis-usted. Again and again in afterlife I was to see or feel in myself, or in me other person dear to me, an imaginary danger—one that had no real ncern with me—and put out all my powers to save it; and again and ain I have watched the white tulip fall.

Not all white tulips were as wholly innocent as the one I drowned on y third birthday. Nor, thank heaven, did all the objects of my care come so quick and formidable an end.

During this autumn my mother's ill health flung its first real shadow er us. Her lungs became slightly threatened and the doctor suggested a inter in the South of France. I have a feeling that at this time the fabric that enchanting happiness that hung about our early lives first began be shaken. It was not that my father loved my mother any the less, nor e him, but the tremendous gulf between their hidden aims began to ow through the wear and tear of everyday life. My mother dreaded life. he hated unknown and uncontrollable forces. She had no confidence hatever in herself—or in my father—or in destiny.

Her early youth had been very unhappy till she met my father—then, d only then, had she become important and idolized. She set to work un-nsciously to hold my father away from any and every other contact. he wanted him for herself alone. She did not interfere with his parish duties, but she always refused to share them. No clergyman's wife I ever knew so sedulously avoided any contact with her husband's duties. She did not even wish to hear about them. Above all, she would not allow—if she could help it—any social life under her own roof. Her husband, her home and her babies were all she would acknowledge as her business in life.

If my father demanded more of her in any direction she promptly became too ill to allow of even the slightest effort. There was never really anything at all serious the matter with my mother. She had, we were often assured by many able physicians, a particularly good constitution and sound organs. She thought she had contracted malaria at my birth. She had frequent and severe headaches. I do not know what would have happened to her at the hands of modern science. Many doctors from time to time tried to bring her out of these fancied ailments, but she merely disposed of the doctors, never of the ailments.

At first we all, including my father, believed in my mother's illnesses and were terrified of them. Then I think very gradually my father's eyes were opened, but ours were not. She was for her children not only madly dear—but mysteriously threatened. She went to church, she read enormously; she was the loving, gentle and beneficent background of our lives, but more and more she withdrew into herself like a sea anemone at the mere touch of any outside hand. All her rare intelligence, her sparkling humor, her perfectly sweet, sound temper were confined to the home. It cost her a great deal to leave us for the South of France, and she never, after this one absence, failed to take the whole family with her when her health became endangered.

But before this break occurred, we enjoyed the first of those American visits which became the romance of our lives. The American grandparents crossed the ocean, accompanied by young Uncle Frank on his way to take up a medical "vocation year" at Berlin.

My grandmother I remember on this first occasion only as a Presence, something large and fiery, and full of the most stimulating sense of drama, but always benevolent and pleasing drama; gales of laughter beset her path; her eyes danced; her deep, emphatic voice seemed a kind of human thunder with no ill effects.

My grandfather was on an altogether smaller scale; but I loved him as I have never loved anyone before or since—he was the only wholly flawless human being I have yet met. He had *(Continued on Page 170)*

hen his wife made him an outlaw in his own home?



The Rebellion of Willy Kepper

GIVE SOME GUYS AN INCH AND THEY'LL TAKE YOUR GIRL. • BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

WILLY KEPPER got the bad news on a Friday morning at nine-twenty-seven. He had a sheaf of letters and telegrams in one hand, a pencil between his teeth, and, as he had hoped, his brisk heel-and-toe pace carried him within range of Mary Frost, filing clerk.

Mary was slim and chestnut-haired, with astonishingly large eyes, and in the six months of her employment every male wolf in the concern, from the top-executive level on down, had made his play and been neatly and painlessly repulsed.

"Good morning, Willy," Mary said, and flashed her famous smile.

Willy's mouth opened, the pencil nose-dived, and Willy caught it neatly in his right hand, not breaking his stride. "'Morning," said Willy laconically, moving on past her, and nobody in the world could possibly have known that what Willy meant was, *Good morning, my dear, you have never looked so lovely.*

A lean young man with a boyish look and a permanent air of being in a hurry, Willy shot on down the corridor toward the shop and then halted abruptly outside Mr. Clayton's sanctum.

He went inside and the ordinarily genial sales chief had a withdrawn look that made Willy apprehensive.

"Willy," Mr. Clayton said, "I have bad news. I promised you the next opening in sales. And Carter is leaving the office this week. Going into the field. I'd recommended you for his job, but they've been pulling wires over my head. There's a new man coming in. Ogden, his name is."

Willy's head came up and Mr. Clayton's smile was ironic.

"Yes," Mr. Clayton continued, "he's Jasper Ogden's son. Of course Mr. Ogden is no longer active in the business, but he controls forty per cent of the stock. His son graduated from college last week and his proud papa has the brilliant idea of installing him in Carter's place. He wants him to begin at the bottom, so he says. He has odd ideas about where the bottom is located." Mr. Clayton paused suddenly as though he had said too much. "Sorry, Willy," he finished. "We'll have another opening someday."

Willy, not trusting himself to speak, turned and went outside and into the shop to check an order. Workmen spoke to him, but Willy walked faster than ever and didn't see them.

His mind went back over the years. He was a seventeen-year-old kid again, a gawky, rawboned youngster leaving school and, cap in hand, walking up the steps where the sign read EMPLOYMENT OFFICE. A long time ago.

You fill out an application and pass your physical. You get a locker and put on a paint-stained uniform. You wrestle steel drums and unload paint and develop muscles you never knew you had. And finally they teach you how to make the paint. With *(Continued on Page 268)*

ILLUSTRATED BY



In the six months of Mary's
employment every male wolf had made his
play and been neatly and painlessly repuls

HOW CAN WE GET THE SCHOOLS WE WANT?

The kind of world you are preparing for your child will be determined by today's school. • *By T. R. McConnell*

THERE is an old saying that a man of words and not of deeds is like a garden full of weeds. This can also be held true of a nation. We are now aroused to the need for extending and bettering our educational facilities; the prime question is: What are we going to do about it?

In the research that has been done, the studies made, a comprehensive program clearly emerges, a program which I consider four-pronged in purpose, and vital to the action demanded from the communities, the states and the Federal Government.

This program is:

1. We should broaden our conception of education to include social, emotional and moral attitudes as well as intellectual abilities, in order that we may surmount the problems of our time and live the full, rich lives open to us.

2. We should see that educational opportunities are equally available to all, regardless of race, color, sex, creed, age and money.

3. We should extend public education beyond the high-school level for a larger number of deserving students.

4. We should improve the quality of education at all levels.

An education which is adequate for today's world involves far more than the mastery of fundamental skills in reading, spelling, mathematics and the like, essential as these tools are in school and in life. It goes beyond a knowledge of literature, science, history, economics, political science and other subjects. The true measure of the schools' effectiveness is how pupils live and work together in the school itself, and later how they behave as citizens, workers, members of families, and as decent, resourceful, self-respecting people. In other words, the test of education is how well one can utilize the skill and knowledge, the methods of learning and problem solving acquired in school when he faces the situations of everyday life. When tested in this concrete way, education which emphasizes knowledge alone is glaringly deficient. Education which measures up to the demands of modern life requires students to face their ethical and moral responsibilities, for these values determine to a large degree the character of human relationships.

Two years ago, President Truman appointed a Commission on Higher Education and charged it with the task of defining the responsibilities of colleges and universities in American democracy and in international affairs. The twenty-eight members of the commission included distinguished laymen as well as educational leaders. The commission's report was published in six volumes covering the functions of higher education, the need for equalizing educational opportunity, the provision of teaching and administrative staff, the organization of higher education, and the means of financing colleges and universities. Although in treating the functions of higher education the commission discussed the importance of specialized and professional training in modern society, it put particular emphasis on the importance of a unifying general education for all students. General education, of course, is not the exclusive province of colleges and universities. It is the responsibility of education at all levels, for it is concerned with the means of living a rich and satisfying personal life and with the activities in which all men and women engage as citizens, workers and members of family groups.

Like the articles in the JOURNAL series, the commission's report characterized education not in terms of what an educated man should *know*, but in terms of what he should do. It recognized that in order to act intelligently, one must possess a great deal of relevant information. But it emphasized that knowledge is not enough. For example, it pointed out that in order to live effectively in a rapidly changing world, modern man must learn how to revise his store of information and how to modify and reorganize his ideas in the light of new discoveries and new conditions. Futhermore, said the commission, purposeful behavior depends on motives and attitudes. A citizen is not likely to put his knowledge and his ideals to work in the community unless he feels a personal responsibility for the welfare of others as well as himself.

To attain understanding and knowledge that "man is not an island" many things are necessary: a code of ethics, objective thought, the ability to express oneself and communicate with others, mental and physical health—all the ingredients of true maturity.

Because a misguided minority can seduce a multitude, and one fool can panic a crowd, it is vital to our democracy that *all* of us become educated. Because better living means happier living, our obligation is also our pleasure. So—our second task becomes that of seeing that education is available to all.

At present there are numerous barriers to equal educational opportunity. Limited economic resources constitute one of these barriers in great regions of our country, especially in the South. Particular communities in wealthier states may also have relatively limited financial resources. Young people who live in these areas are denied education equal in quality to that which is offered in more fortunate communities.

Inadequate family resources deprive thousands, perhaps millions, of young people of the educational *(Continued on Page 108)*



REPRODUCED COURTESY CHESTER DALE COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Madame René Degas—Painted 1872-1873

SOME of the best French paintings of the last century, curiously enough, were painted in America. Hilaire Germain Edgar Degas—1834–1917—whom many critics consider the greatest French artist of his generation, went to New Orleans in 1872. His mother had been born there, and his uncle and brothers had established themselves as cotton merchants. In a letter he describes his gratitude to one of his brothers, René, whose wife appears in the painting reproduced: "I knew neither English nor the art of traveling in America, so I obeyed him [René] blindly. I should have been lost without him! He is married, and his wife, our cousin, is blind, almost hopelessly blind, poor woman! She has borne him two children and is about to have a third, whose godfather I shall be; and, as the widow of a young American killed in the War of Secession, she has also brought him a little girl nine years old." With tactful subtlety Degas has suggested the blind, unfocused stare of his sister-in-law. The portrait seems unposed, the sitter unself-conscious. Thus Degas conveys that feeling of fortuitous objectivity which was his goal in portraiture. As he once said, he was interested in doing "portraits of people in familiar and typical attitudes, above all in giving their faces the same choice of expression as one gives to their bodies." Consequently, he sought to transcribe appearance accurately, to achieve photographic veracity, as though the camera had just clicked and the artist had transposed to the canvas his exact mental picture. But though the casual yet perfectly balanced design of this canvas has the immediacy of a snapshot, the artist, because draftsmanship is more flexible than photography, has been able to eliminate all extraneous detail and to concentrate attention on the important features of his sitter. Unfortunately, contemporary portraiture has lost the secret of combining aesthetic perception with photographic likeness.

—JOHN WALKER, *Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art.*

Father tells the Truth



ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

IT WAS A QUESTION NO MAN SHOULD HAVE HAD TO ANSWER—ESPECIALLY BEFORE HIS WIFE. • BY VAL TEAL

ONE thing about my father, he's honest. Mother came down the street with this new hat in a hatbox, swinging the box by the tape handle. "Must be something special," father said, watching her through the window. "The way she's swinging along."

The hat *was* something special. Mother came in and set it on the dining-room table.

"Put some water on in the teakettle," she told me. "We'll have lunch in a jiffy. I'm starved. But *first*, I want to *show* you something." And her voice was all quivery.

"We *had* lunch," I said.

"It's almost two," father said.

"No wonder I'm so hungry," mother said. "Put the water on for tea for me, then. I brought some rolls. Don't you want some with me? Just wait till you see this," she said. She was having trouble with the tape ties on the box. But then she got it and she lifted out this hat. "Isn't it a dream?" she said. "It's a hat." And she held it high on her hand and looked at it.

"Glad you told me," father said. "I thought it was a coat you needed so much."

"Oh, I do," mother said. "I do. I do. Mine is so definitely old look. But"—and she sighed—"I couldn't afford a coat. So I got this extra-special hat. When I wear it no one will look at my coat. Don't you *love* it?" she said.

"I guess so," father said. "After all, what's a hat without a woman under it?"

Mother laughed. "You shall have the woman," she said, "in a moment. It's a name hat," she said. "Do you know what that means?"

"Yes," father said. "They put your name in it."

"Not *my* name," mother said. "The big designer's name. It's designed by a man so well known in the millinery field that his name is sewed in his creations. This is one of the cheaper ones, of course, but some of these hats run way up in price. In the hundreds."

"Apiece?" father said.

"Sure, apiece," mother said. "They don't come in dozens. There is only one of a kind, and that name in a hat," mother said, and she showed the name inside the hat to father, "makes women green with envy."

"I should think, then, it would be sewed on the outside," father said. "A couple of very common names for such a whiz of a hat," he said.

Mother laughed. "Sewed on the outside!" she said. "That would be bragging. It doesn't need to be. Women who know enough to get green can tell without the sign."

"Then," father said, "why sew it in?"

"For proof, I suppose," mother said. "In case of a challenge. You know what?" mother said. "The designer of this hat might meet me on the street if he came to town and he'd recognize the hat, of course, and if he liked it he'd bow low and say, 'My compliments, madame,' or something like that. But if he didn't, you know what he'd do? He'd stop dead in his tracks, and say, 'Madame, that hat was not meant for you!'"

"*Well!*" father said. "Do people know when he's coming, so they can be careful?"

"*I* don't know," mother said. "It doesn't worry *me*. This is *my* hat. The clerk said so. It makes me feel young and gay and important just to read the label. You know what I might do?" she said. "I might save the label and sew it in a cheaper hat later."

That shocked father. "You wouldn't really?" he said.

Mother looked up at the ceiling and considered it. "I'm not sure. It would depend on if I thought I could get away with it. Anyway, here goes. This hat is a *hat*. It takes putting on. Don't go away. I'll be right back."

She went into the lavatory where she has mirrors arranged on opposite walls so she can see all sides of herself. *(Continued on Page 248)*



This Rita was very special. I thought she was going to be as old as mother, but she wasn't; she was just a young girl—and was she somepn?

Why do Women Cry?

BY GRETTA PALMER

WHY *do* women cry? Why do *women* cry? Crying in the America of today is almost as exclusively a woman's habit as the use of lipstick. Most men simply don't cry. Very complete U. S. Army reports on the reactions of soldiers under conditions of stress and sorrow list such symptoms as gritted teeth, clenched fists, vomiting, trembling, fainting—but not one case in a hundred mentions tears. Men may still "cry into their beer"—but not until it is the tenth beer. Crying, in our day, is a woman's monopoly.

But among women tears are an acknowledged commonplace. Psychiatrists, social workers and even businessmen have been forced to figure out methods of dealing with the uncomfortable presence of a woman caller, drooping by their desks and dabbing at her eyes. The credit manager of one of New York's largest department stores has found that one third of all women customers who are in arrears will cry when they sit down at his desk; he keeps a box of facial tissues in his top drawer, silently peels one off and hands it to the tearful customer. ("Usually," he says, "it makes her stop. I don't know why.")

Such pat devices don't fit all occasions of weeping. Social workers and psychiatrists agree that crying in women can be a symptom of any one of a hundred different emotional states; no single method of handling all the situations has been worked out. The Young Women's Christian Association workers have found they may have to use five or six different techniques in handling crying girls within a single week. These vary from a pat on the shoulder to elaborate indifference, sympathetic silence or the recommendation, "Go ahead. Have a good cry." The personnel manager of a chain of restaurants believes that "tears are a good sign. They mean the girl has already found a partial answer to her worry. I tell her so."

Psychologists and physiologists would agree with the personnel manager: recent research studies indicate that a fit of crying comes *after* the crisis has been passed and that it is always accompanied by a feeling of relief. Most students of the subject hold that tears are nature's first step in restoring the balance of the nervous system depleted by grief or rage.

Dr. T. A. Ribot, author of Psychology of the Emotions, says, "Secretion of the tear glands depends on an increase in the blood pressure. But sorrow means a lowering of the circulation. Therefore, in the early stages of sorrow, tears are lacking. Tears come only at the second stage of slackened tension, when the return of vitality has begun. They produce relief."

Dr. Alvin Borquist, of Clark University, agrees: "Crying is a profound disturbance, a large reaction and no mere shedding of tears," he writes in the American Journal of Psychology. "It is the end of a cumulative development of a feeling, brought on by a condition requiring an effort out of all proportion to the power of the organism. Whatever else a cry is, it's a cessation of the state of strained effort."

Dr. Frederick H. Lund, of Temple University, writing in the Journal of Social Psychology, says, "The common element in all occasions for lachrymation is a pleasant, or at least alleviating, stimulus."

But why is it only women who respond to a release of tension by "lachrymation"? Physiologically, there seems to be no reason why men should not cry as often as women. And in some cultures they do. Doctor Borquist gathered much data from the Bureau of American Ethnology and from missionaries to primitive peoples. He tells of tribes in the Pacific among whom men cry openly and as frequently as women—even the fierce Maori tribesmen weep unashamedly. He points out, too, that American Indian warriors did not find it "unmanly" to sob at the death of their friends. And in ancient times strong men cried openly: Achilles was no weakling, but Homer writes of him, "To the shore of the old sea he betook himself alone and cast forth upon the purple sea his wet eyes." In the Bible, David cried at the death of Absalom, and Abraham wept when Sarah died. Joseph cried on meeting Benjamin. At the death of Lazarus, "Jesus wept."

But American men of the '40's cry far less than women. They do so for two reasons: (1) open tears are no longer allowed men by the stern code of our day; and (2) modern women cry much oftener than honest emotion alone demands.

Take the first problem. Dr. C. C. Burlingame, of the Institute of Living, of Hartford, Connecticut, has described the suppression of tears among men as "a sad matter of mores." Little boys are trained, from the earliest years, to hold back their display of emotion. John

(Continued on Page 259)

On this much, doctors are agreed: there's no such thing as idle tears.

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

★ ***Is it true that your husband, the late President Roosevelt, never wrote his own speeches?***

No. My husband wrote a great many speeches in his own hand. When he became President, however, he developed a regular routine. First of all he decided on the subject with which he was going to deal, then he called in the Government officials charged with the responsibility for the work on this particular subject: for instance, if it was to be a fiscal speech, the Treasury Department and the Federal Reserve Board were consulted; if agriculture, the Department of Agriculture and allied agencies, and so on.

After he had all the facts, he usually sat down with two or three people and explained his ideas of what he wished said. They made a first draft and brought it back to him. He then went over it, and sometimes there were as many as six or eight or ten drafts of the same speech. One member of this small group was usually someone adept at phrasing, another was good at cutting, because in any speech which is made over the radio one is apt to put a great deal too much into it to fit the time. In between each rewriting my husband went over it again, and if you ever go to the library at Hyde Park you will see the collection of speeches with corrections on the various copies in my husband's own handwriting.

When a speech was finally written, my husband always practically knew every word that was in it by heart, as he had gone over it so often. It was the final expression of his original thoughts. I have, however, seen my husband take a speech which his advisers thought was completely finished, tear it up and dictate an entirely new speech because he felt it was not simple and clear enough. He retained the facts, but he was particularly adept at putting thoughts into simple and clear enough words so that even I, who might not know anything on the subject, found I could comprehend what he was talking about.

★ ***In a magazine article I read that you have trained yourself so that you can take short naps when you have a little free time during the day. I have heard of other people being able to do this. Are there any words of instruction or advice that you could give to help another person develop this ability?***

I would only suggest that you be so tired that you cannot keep your eyes open. If you are as weary as that and have learned to relax instead of becoming keyed up and tense, you will find that your eyes will close and you will be asleep for a few minutes until some unexpected sound awakens you. It may be for one or three or five minutes, but the principal requirement is that you be very weary, and still able to relax. Don't do it in an automobile, however, unless you pull off the road first!

★ ***My only child is almost three, and ordinarily I would consider having another in the next year, but I am afraid to bring a baby into this world with its present uncertainties. When I read about the dreadful things that can happen I become actually ill with fear of what our future may be. Have you any advice for me?***

Yes. Stop being afraid. Suppose our great-grandmothers had been afraid to leave Virginia, for instance, and journey westward; this country would never have been settled—and they faced as many uncertainties and unknowns as we do today. You will ruin your child of three if you live under a cloud of fear, and you will ruin yourself as a citizen, and your own happiness and that of your family, if you do not learn to face whatever comes with courage. If you haven't got courage, make believe you have it and that will help you to acquire it.

★ ***A group of us are trying to build up interest in national politics by campaigning for our high-school student council and class officers. I have discussed this with the principal and American-history teacher, and they are in favor of it. Can you give any suggestions on how to get and keep the students' interest? The principal has agreed to let us have assemblies and campus campaigning.***

If there is any way in which the problems which you face in your school can be tied up with the questions that are being discussed in your community, state and nation, then I think you will find that in a very painless way you can lead the members of the student body to think about their government. For instance, if you have any racial questions that you face, you can tie them up with the racial questions which we face in the nation. Discrimination can exist in school, and it can be wiped out in school in just the same way that it should be wiped out in the nation. I think if you can get some local speaker to explain to you special subjects that touch your lives, that may help to broaden your interests. For instance, every boy and girl today is touched by the draft, and an understanding of the reasons for military preparation and the hope of peace in the future generation and disarmament among nations could be quite easy to tie up with your school interests.

★ ***In questions concerning communism, I believe your answers are biased in favor of a totalitarian system which is seeking to destroy our form of government. I am an Episcopalian who is proud of the ancient dignity of a great church. I think of our late President, a fellow Episcopalian, and wonder why he was such an ardent admirer of atheistic Russia and why he did so much to make Russia a powerful state.***

I do not know why you should think my answers on communism are biased in favor of any totalitarian system. I am completely opposed to such a system, whether Fascist or communist. The fact that the Russian government, like the Hitler government, imposed atheism on their people for a time does not mean the people of Russia are atheists. In fact, the government has already lifted its ban on the various religions and allows them complete freedom in Russia today. In both cases the effort was made to center the interest in the state rather than in the church. My husband made it one of the conditions in the first agreement with Russia that people be allowed to worship as they desired. However, I do not feel that the Episcopal Church is the only church in the world and I feel that people have a right to make their own decisions as to what they mean by religious freedom.

★ ***One of my girl friends wanted to meet the boy I go with, or did go with, and so I got her a date with a friend of his. Now she is going with my boy friend and I am left holding the bag. How can I win him back?***

If I were you I would not try to win him back. If he can be taken away so easily, I do not think his affection is very deep. I would be inclined to find someone else whom I liked. Perhaps you will find that a new boy is really more attractive than the old one, and I should hope he might have a stronger character.



"I'll be all right in a minute—but it's hard to have your heart broken three times in one month!"

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

PORTSMOUTH

New Hampshire



The house above was twenty-one years old in 1779, when John Paul Jones, for whom it is now named, boarded in it while his ship, America, was being fitted out in Portsmouth Harbor. Below, on Middle Street, just off Haymarket Square, from left to right, are the Thompson house, 1808; the brick Larkin house, 1815; the wood Larkin house, 1800; and the Langley Boardman house, 1800—quite a cluster.

THERE are parts of Portsmouth which can cast a spell so powerful that only the great old houses catch the eye, as fresh and bright as ever, seeming to make all signs of contemporary traffic disappear like magic from the sight of the captivated beholder. It would be no more than fair to say, however, that for these pictures, taken from the streets, the absence of traffic was made possible through the kind co-operation of Portsmouth people operating, it would appear, under the same spell with which the various lovely scenes in their city envelop the visitor. As plentiful as these distinguished and time-dispelling vistas are today in Portsmouth, on which in this issue we can only make a start, there would have been many more but for a fire that swept the town in 1813. On the other hand, there would have been many fewer if Portsmouth, somewhat later, like most other early American cities, had been swept by the wave of nineteenth-century industrial prosperity under which so much of the charm and splendor of the past elsewhere all but vanished. For while Portsmouth today hums with activity, its period of fullest bloom was the romantic era of the sailing ships; famous fleets of which from all over the world she not only harbored but built superbly in the yards that lined her Piscataqua River, leading out to the Atlantic a few miles away. Now, of course, her tall, proud sails are gone, but there are mansions of the early mariners and merchants which still stand, as you can see, high and handsome, on her shady streets. ★ BY RICHARD PRATT

Architectural Editor of the Journal

INTERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD FOWLER. EXTERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES R. JOHNSON

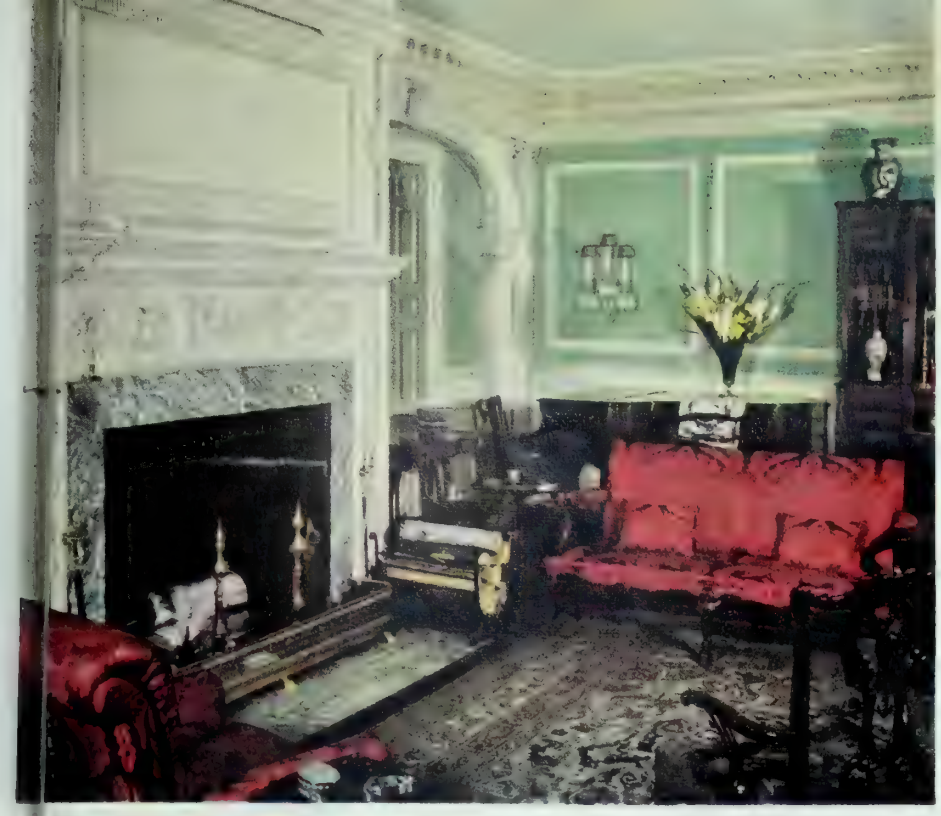


No less a connoisseur than George Washington called this the handsomest house in Portsmouth, when on several occasions in 1789 the first President dined here with New Hampshire's first governor, who had built it five years before. And so it has been regarded by many connoisseurs since, displaying, as it does, Colonial elegance in its very best vein.



THE GOVERNOR LANGDON HOUSE

The carving of the mantel and cornice of the little south drawing room tells of the skill and taste of the local early ships' carpenters. The spinet



The large drawing room was most appropriate, both in size and splendor, for great receptions; in fact, the fleurs-de-lis were carved on the keystones of the arches to commemorate the visit of Louis Philippe, who later became King of France.



The original dining room, of which this is a replica, now graces a near-by hotel, but the corner cupboards contain the same china that was used by celebrities like Washington and various visiting royalty from abroad.





ed niche in the elaborately carved and papered dining room holds a hite sideboard; the chairs are Chippendale, the table an unusu- Duncan Phyfe. The silver and the mirror are early American; the fruit cake plate on the table are Staffordshire; and the rug is Chinese.



The principal bedroom is papered in a Colonial Chinese pattern; the four-poster is Chippendale; the magnificent cherry chest-on-chest is early American; the chairs are Hitchcocks; and the English tilt-top table stands on an early American hooked rug of about 1825. Beyond is the beautiful upstairs hall with its broad view of the river.



THE MOFFATT-LADD HOUSE

From the ship room on the second floor of his stately mansion, Captain Moffatt could look down upon his wharves below the bluff in front of the house and watch his ships sailing out the Piscataqua, bound for the four corners of the globe. The low building to the right is the office where his shipping affairs were conducted, affairs of much more magnitude than the size of the office would indicate, to have enabled him to build and maintain his home in such splendid style. Still owned by his descendants, the house has been placed in charge of the New Hampshire Society of the Colonial Dames, who have furnished it in the fashion to which it was accustomed.



ably the most spacious and impressive hallway in New England, with one of the most beautiful staircases, the walls are covered rare old Bay of Naples paper. The English gate-leg table antedates the house, the chair is Jacobean, the sofa Hepplewhite.

"Oh, all right. I guess somebody got to take care of ya," Jimmie said; adding gently, "but ya better act right. Ya don't get to be no delink like me, understand?"



The Stinker and the Delink

THE monotony of the afternoon was dissipated when Mrs. O'Leary brought a new kid into the boys' dormitory. The fellows turned from the windows to look and the craps game at Fats' cot ended suddenly. Jimmie looked up from his comic book without much interest. He saw that the kid was just another "stinker" who would stay in the Children's Shelter only a few days until reluctant relatives or the orphanage claimed him. He looked about seven or eight, but was so skinny he might be older.

"Now boys," Mrs. O'Leary said hopelessly, "this is Dave, come to stay with us. I want you to leave him alone." There was resignation in her voice, as though this was something she had to say. She knew what would happen the moment the door closed behind her.

Fats and some of his "delinks" advanced toward Mrs. O'Leary and the kid, smiling and nudging one another. A new stinker on a dull afternoon was a welcome diversion for the delinquents.

"We'll take awful good care of him, Mrs. O'Leary," Fats said sweetly. It brought a flush of helpless rage to the matron's plump face.

"Fats, I'm warnin' ye," she exploded. "Ye're an incorrigible divil an' will be till the Lord takes ye. Leave the poor boy alone. He has had a bad time and should be in a hospital, but they never have room for our kids. His aunt kicked him into the street, may the Lord and Judge Palmer punish her."

"My, my, ain't that terrible?" Fats said, and he turned to wink to the other delinks. There was strangled laughter as they shuffled up closer. Fats always put on a good show.

Jimmie watched, his unblinking blue eyes flicking over the group near the door. He had lived with an aunt too. But she didn't kick him out. She just never paid any attention to him. He examined the kid with faint interest. He realized this stinker wasn't even bawling.

Usually they came in streaming tears and they cowered against Mrs. O'Leary while their frightened eyes darted all around. This Dave was almighty scared, but he wasn't crying. He just shook. He stood up straight alongside Mrs. O'Leary and his eyes were wide open and tearless. But his teeth hit one another and every once in a while his shoulders would draw up and he'd shudder with a quick intake of breath. He reminded Jimmie of a puppy he had found in a gutter once, crowded up against the curbstone, shaking and whimpering as the automobile wheels ran close to him. But he snarled when Jimmie picked him up out of the gutter. He was paralyzed by fright, but he snarled.

Mrs. O'Leary sighed and patted the boy's head. "You tell me if anybody bothers you, Davey," she said hopelessly again. She knew and everybody in the Shelter knew that a stinker who stooled might just as well be moved out before he was carried out.

She hesitated at the door, but gave up and left. Fats didn't move. He waved the other delinks back. He knew Mrs. O'Leary would listen at the door and if she heard any fuss would slam back into the dormitory with a broom handle for all the delinks she could reach.

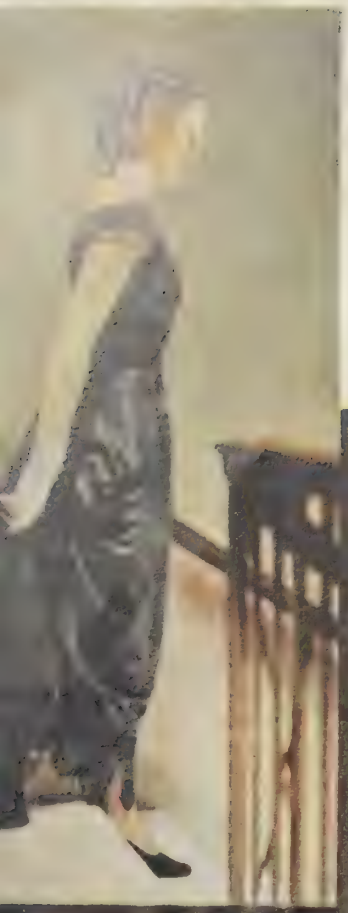
"We wanna make you happy here like the probation officers say," Fats announced loudly for Mrs. O'Leary's benefit. "Whyncha come here an' meet the guys? They'll love ya like a brudder."

(Continued on Page 118)

WHATCHA GONNA DO WITH A LITTLE GUY WHO DON'T KNOW WHEN IT'S TIME TO QUIT? ★ BY VICTOR ULLMAN

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT

Antique shop "find," black taffeta with redesigned top.





At home, in turquoise velveteen pajamas, cut like a skirt, leopard belt, slippers. By Pauline Trigere.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOYNINGEN-HUENE

fashion—evening dress with the new high Empire waistline, neckline, in Victorian garnet surah silk. By Claire McCardle

ER



Jane Turner at work in skirt and sweater.

She's Jane Turner, the fashion artist—Mrs. Imre von Schreiber in private life, mother of three young sons. Her clothes reflect fashion and predict it, change and combine it—all charmingly and with her own individual style.

She wears the new, and the old. Her winter coat was inspired by a famous designer's original, made by her own tailor. Her black taffeta evening dress came from an antique shop, cost a dollar. She's an individualist, with an artist's eye for color and design. She has always worn "longer" skirts, unexaggerated shoulders, slim-toed pumps with baby French heels, Victorian jewelry. Long before the present fashion she had fringed wool scarfs in pink and gold. She loves full skirts, always works in a black cotton dirndl. She collects sweaters, hand-knit in Washington, Connecticut, where she and her family spend week ends on their farm. ★

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Cape-top greatcoat in her favorite gray and cocoa-brown tweeds, worn with a raccoon hat, Daniel Boone style.





The fashion of the fantail jacket, the slim velvet dress . . . Miss Turner has a model figure for it. By Pauline Trigere.

Self-portrait in gray flannel skirt, by Toni Owen; challis blouse, amber beads, red pumps.



I LIKE TO THINK IT OVEI

BEFORE I BUY MY CLOTHES

Let others rush for the startling, the too new[all outs] **the purely exclamation-point clothes. The first extreme o**[fashion] **fashion may not be for you. You dress to charm the**[has hav] **people in your own life . . . and never more beautifully**[ligitabi] **than in these timeless, lovely clothes. Simple and right, they**[train a]

Gray taffeta with pretty fullness; for 5 o'clock, dinner and evening; around $50; by Ceil Chapman.

Black wool basic suit, straight skirt, peplum jacket; around $69.95; by Anne Klein.

Love of a black dress, rhinestone buttons; about $49.95; by Mollie Parnis.



tweedy wool, slim silhouette;
d $39.95; by Kenneth Tischler.





i outshine the merely pretentious, outlast the

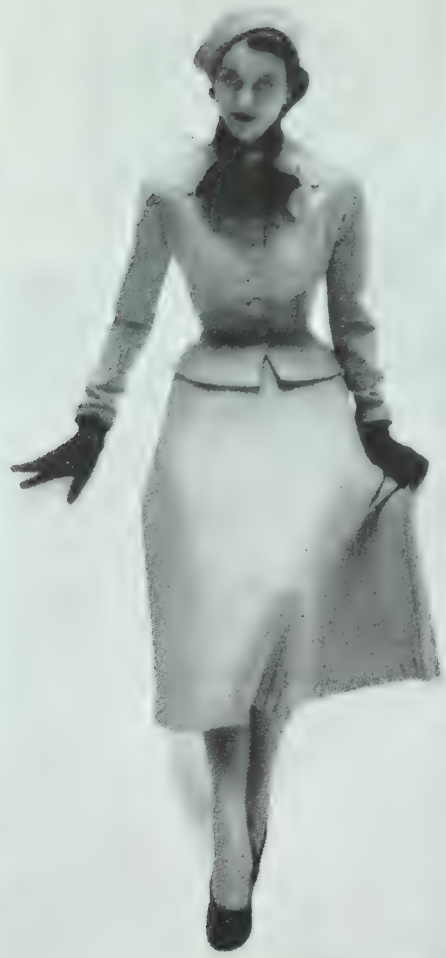
ıion caprices of any season. Undeniably new,

y have good manners, good sense and priceless

ptability. ★ By Mary Jean

ain and Cynthia McAdoo

PHOTOS BY LILLIAN BASSMAN





Beige gabardine suit with slope-shouldered jacket, knife-pleated skirt; around $75.

Day or afternoon jersey, smoke gray, velveteen girdle; about $30; by Tillie Schanzer.



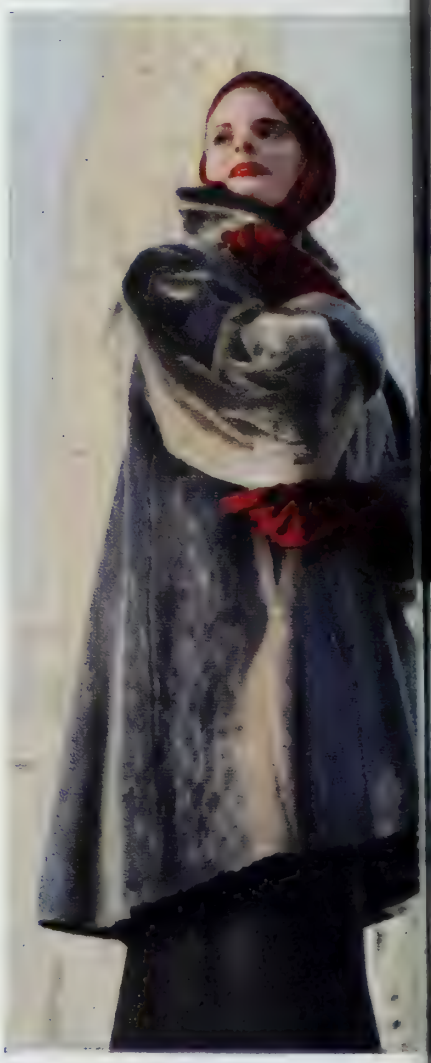
Gray wool reefer with small collar, easy flare; lined with wool jersey; around $125; by Clare Potter.

black crepe with faille, button-
ss; around $50; by Charles Lang.



YOUR NEW FUR COAT...





Natural sealskin, a sports fur of style, around $250. Wear it with John Frederics' ear-scarf velveteen

New and beautiful: navy-blue seal-dyed r rat with a standing collar. By Esther Do Around $1250. Mr. John's sapphire-blue pi

LONG MAY IT LIVE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



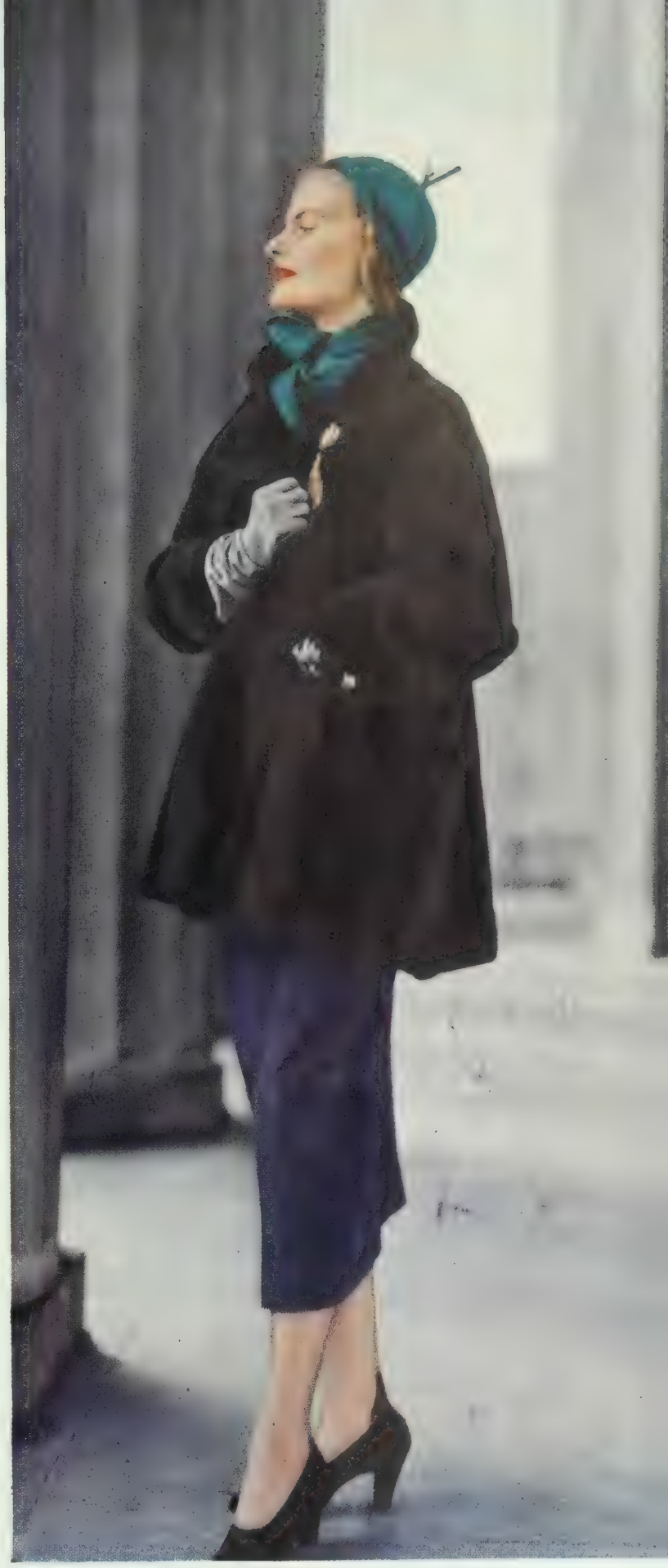
lyed sheared raccoon, push-up
around $600. Sally Victor's beret.

m, slope-shouldered coat in brown seal,
f-belted, gold-buttoned, by Maximilian,
000. John Frederics' crocheted Juliet cap.

ngth Persian lamb for day or night,
$600. Mr. John's mauve calotte.







Velvet-black sealskin, important length, modified flare, lined with taffeta, by Maximilian, $1295. Chanda's Empire-green cap-cloche.

A fur coat should be the love, the luxury and the long-lived mainstay of a winter wardrobe. It should have a future, and when it is discarded at last, you should be able to say, "That was a wonderful coat and it gave me my money's worth." The new coats follow and predict the fashion. They have shoulders easily sloped or lightly padded, simpler sleeves, smaller collars, slimmer lines. There is the look of not too much coat. Modified back fullness falls slimly from the shoulder blades or flares slightly in an inverted box pleat, from collar to hem. The fitted coat returns and a fitted or flowing silhouette is accomplished with a drawstring waistline. Linings are gay—taffeta or colorful wools. Bright scarfs are knotted under a turned-up collar. The sleeve is pushed up, sweater fashion, for an important glove. The small jewel-toned hat is the right one. Many furs are "in fashion," at many prices. For beauty, long life, adaptability and a price range, we are citing: sealskin in natural, black, brown and the new navy blue (in seal-dyed muskrat); Persian lamb; soft, luxurious-looking beaver-dyed sheared raccoon. ★ BY RUTH MARY PACKARD

The Draft will

Success of our new army depends more upon civilians than soldiers. The peacetime draft is too important to be left entirely to the military.

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

DESPITE the grim headlines, despite the friction and the bickering, no foreign power actually threatens the United States. No sane person today believes, in sharp contrast to the summer of 1940, when Hitler raged across Europe, that war is inevitable. Nonetheless. for the first time in American peacetime history, the nation's young men are being drafted into the armed services. Trouble lies ahead, potentially serious trouble, unless an alert and informed public—not to mention the new soldiers themselves—fully understands the reasons which made selective service necessary. Resentment and bitterness will surely spread among the men unless the Army, in which most of them will serve, radically changes its old-time training methods.

Congress authorized the draft because energetic and costly drives for volunteers had failed. They failed largely because of the inescapable fact that Americans as a whole have no taste for military life. They will, of course, fight for their country when danger threatens, as they have demonstrated again and again. But they detest Army regimentation and discipline. They object to the caste systems in the armed services. As a result the Army could not enlist enough men to maintain our occupation forces in Germany and Japan or to insure a minimum defense establishment in the United States.

The first small contingents of selectees have already left their homes. By next July a quarter of a million youths will, whether they like it or not, have put on the uniform of their country. An additional 150,000 eighteen-year-olds will have qualified for a shorter service period by volunteering.

About a year ago this writer was asked by the editors of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to examine the proposal for universal military training then under debate in Congress. The resulting article endorsed the plan and found much of value in the Army's widely publicized model training unit at Fort Knox, Kentucky. This article is an explanation of the extremely important differences between universal training, as then envisaged, and the provisions of the Selective Service Act of 1948. I shall also show that neither the military training nor the living conditions will be anything like as good as they were at Fort Knox.

To get an exact picture I have talked with the highest ranking officers in the services, with chaplains, with camp commanders and with the men who will train the selectees. I have discussed the draft with members of the so-called Compton Committee, the civilian group of distinguished Americans which carefully studied the subject and then recommended universal military training last year. And I talked, too, with many of the eighteen-year-old boys who have volunteered in large numbers because their term of full-time service was thereby cut from twenty-one months to a year.

Few, if any, of the selectees will be assigned to the Navy and the Air Force, which expect to fill their quotas with volunteers. These two are the glamour services, in contrast to the dull, but essential, hard-working Army. So the subject centers on the Department of the Army. And that huge organization, having demanded the draft because all calls for volunteers failed to provide enough men, now finds itself on a very particular spot. The Army has not remotely enough officers properly to train the men being inducted, and small prospect of getting them for a year at best, since they cannot be drafted. It has not enough doctors, dentists or nurses. Only limited funds are available for repairing the training centers, some of which are in deplorable shape, which will be used for the selectees.

Nobody can doubt the integrity and ability of Gen. Omar N. Bradley, Chief of Staff. He was forced to urge selective service. But the Army wasn't ready for the draft. It could not be, for lack of funds. General Bradley is fully aware of the difficulties which lie ahead.

"All I can hope for is patience," he told me. "The public was patient with me when I had to take on the Veterans Administration. They gave me time."

More than patience must be contributed by the American people. They must be skeptical of Army management. They must be vigilant. Otherwise disgruntled selectees as well as men waiting to be called will demand an end of the draft. Congress will surely listen, as witness its clamor to bring the boys home after V-J Day, and hundreds of millions of dollars will have been wasted. Congress can terminate selective service any minute that it chooses by a joint resolution of both houses.

fail unless—

Selective service will most certainly be a colossal failure, as officer after officer admitted to me in private, without the active support of the American public. And this means the organization of committees of the most important and influential citizens in the cities and towns near the training camps. Such committees must do much more than supply off-duty recreation for the men, vital as that is. They must keep a watchful eye on the camps and their operation to make sure that abuses do not arise. Other committees everywhere must maintain alert observation of the local draft boards to insure absolute fairness.

The Army made a mistake, as things worked out, in turning so bright a spotlight on Fort Knox. Mothers or their sons who expect to find the training camps now being used much like that experimental unit will be sadly disappointed. Gen. Jacob L. Devers, Chief of the Army Field Forces, has said that as many as possible of the Fort Knox procedures will be used. But he added that "every soldier has as his primary duty the obligation to fight." The Army added that "luxury is out of the question." In short, life in the ranks will be tough.

Of course the selectees must be trained to fight. Obviously, luxuries are not to be expected. Fort Knox, the Army's show place for what it hoped to do under universal military training, was close to being luxurious. A War Department report on the experiment referred to the typical Fort Knox officer as "the father of his men." I asked a chaplain friend of mine whether this was an accurate description of officer-soldier relationships in our expanding Army. He laughed.

"It wasn't true in many cases even at Knox," he said. "Don't forget that an Army officer is like anybody else. He doesn't intend to spend twenty-four hours a day with his men. He wants to get his work finished, get back to his family or have a drink."

The overworked officer in today's Army will not have time to be a stepfather. At Knox 75 officers and 482 enlisted men took care of the welfare and training of the unit of 664 soldiers; in effect, five teachers for every six men. The Army will regard itself as fortunate if it can find one instructor for every three selectees, and this includes cooks and other service troops. Energetic efforts are being made to obtain 26,000 more officers, mainly of company- and platoon-commander grades, and some success has been achieved. Former G. I.'s with combat records are being encouraged to accept commissions as second lieutenants. The number of Officers' Candidate Schools has been increased. A stream of able young men will soon be graduated annually from college training courses.

Getting enough officers in time is uphill work. For one thing, the pay scales are low. The Army cannot compete with business and the professions in these booming days. By July, 1949, the Army will need a commissioned personnel of 105,000, including doctors, dentists and nurses. It now has about 70,000. But during the year some 12,000 will resign or die, so a total of 47,000 must be recruited if the Army is to be properly led, taught and cared for. World War II provided a reservoir of 300,000 reserve officers. Questioned by registered mail, however, only 21,000 answered that they would consider returning to active duty. More than 60,000 did not bother to reply to the questionnaire. In desperation, the Army has raised the age limit for company-grade officers from fifty to sixty.

On top of all this is the safe assumption that officers of the regular Army will pull every possible wire to avoid participation in the training program. Several of the cantonments are in isolated areas in the South. Housing conditions are at least as bad as during the war. In a secret report in the Department of the Army's files are photographs of some of the shacks in which Uncle Sam's "officers and gentlemen" are currently living. One looked like the log cabin of a sharecropper. Others lacked proper water and toilet facilities.

"If I were ordered to active duty at some of those camps," a young major at the Pentagon said, "I'd have to resign from the Army. I really believe my wife would leave me rather than have the children live in some hovel at a remote Southern cantonment. She did it during the war because she had to, and endured the bad schools and the other conditions. But right or wrong, she doesn't feel the compulsion now."

So what is Johnny to expect when his local draft board calls his name and he starts to camp? Conditions will improve as the months pass, of course. They must. If he is among the first thousands to be enrolled, however, Johnny is likely to find conditions fairly rugged. At one cantonment, for instance, the Army lacked adequate guards after the war. Consequently, pipes have been ripped out, toilets stolen and window sashes removed. The fans which operated the heating systems are also missing. Fairly extensive repairs are needed at other camps before they meet World War II standards.

When Johnny is tapped for service he will first be sent to a near-by recruiting station for a preliminary interview and a physical examination. He will have little or no choice in the branch to which he is assigned. After a brief interval he will be shipped out to one of eight training stations: Fort Ord, California; Fort Jackson, South Carolina; Fort Dix, New Jersey; Fort Knox, Kentucky; Fort Riley, Kansas; Camp Chaffee, Arkansas; Camp Breckenridge, Kentucky; Camp Pickett, Virginia. The Army promises to do its best to train selectees at the post nearest to their homes, but this carries no guaranty that they will not be shifted after eight weeks of basic training. Indeed, a transfer is virtually certain. All the new soldiers, except the eighteen-year-old volunteers, can be sent overseas.

Johnny, as he probably already suspects, will find life in the Army regimented, often physically exhausting and sometimes dull. He will be badgered by noncommissioned officers *(Continued on Page 166)*

The Journal's Little Gem of a Wardrobe . . .

TO MAKE FOR WINTER



Nicely fitted princess coat with cape. Make in gray wool, black furcloth cape. Vogue design No. 6586; 12 to 20.



Classic suit with slim skirt, nicely tailored jacket. Side pockets in skirt. Vogue Design No. S-4907; 12 to 20.

DRAWINGS BY MARGARET SOMMERFELD



with pretty tucked effect. Vogue Design No. 6566;
43. Faille envelope, black PURSE, soft silk scarf,



This year, plan your winter wardrobe with two things in mind. Have the designs interchangeable and the colors related. To help you, we have planned a typical group of clothes to keep you from that "I have nothing to wear" feeling. A gray wool princess coat that goes over everything. Its own fur (real or imitation) cape is a gem to wear by itself. A black broadcloth classic suit to dress up or down. A simple red wool dress nicely detailed and a black satin or taffeta dress with back interest. A gray flannel or tweed skirt and vest, the yellow jersey cardigan and the white crepe blouse combine in endless combinations. ALWAYS try to have a good coat, a good suit, a daytime dress and a good dressy dress at the same time. This does not mean that you have to get them all at the same time . . . your coat may be three years old but still look well. Just be sure that your wardrobe can meet any occasion . . . prettily and in good taste. ★ BY NORA O'LEARY.



Soft red wool dress with apron-front detail. Pretty three-quarter sleeves. Vogue Design No. S-4922; 12 to 20.



New back interest in satin or taffeta. Flattering neckline, push-up sleeves. Vogue Design No. 6565; 12 to 20.

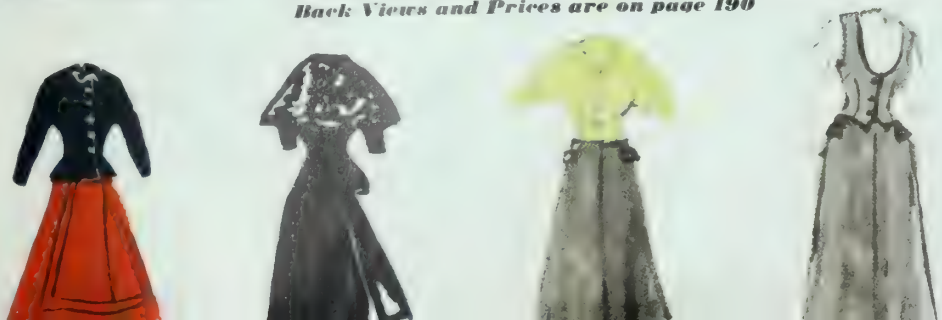


© VOGUE

Interchangeable trio: cardigan, Vogue Design No. 656 to 20; vest, No. 6555, 10 to 20; skirt, No. 6491, 24 t

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, enclosing check or money order*, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 21 Dundas Square, Toronto, Ontario. *Connecticut residents please add sales tax.

Back Views and Prices are on page 190




When the Woodgrain Dry







WAS IT REALLY A LIE—OR JUST THE PROMISE OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN? ★ **BY GLADYS TABER**

MISS MINERVA MARTIN had been teaching voice at the college for more years than anyone could remember. She had simply been there since time began, weathering as the gray stone walls weathered under the insistent ivy. Presumably she was young once, and she must have had some kind of training, but in the early days when she came to Buckley requirements were extremely fluid. She made references to study in Paris and Berlin and Milan, but possibly she had only been to the opera in Milan and never sung there. In any case, it was years and years ago.

She had only one real claim to glory. She had, in her narrow dark room at the top of the curlicues in Main Hall, a framed portrait of Hilda Larsen as a young girl; and whenever she had an opportunity, she told about being Hilda Larsen's friend and teacher before Hilda left the confines of Snowshoe, Minnesota, and went on to "singing like a reincarnation of Jenny Lind," as the critics said.

She never really came right out with a flat statement, but it was pretty clear that she had discovered Hilda. Hilda had a good voice, she did admit, and after some work on tone placement—"just the kind of work I want you to do, Cora Lee ——"

The portrait was of a young, thin Swedish girl with a ribbon around her hair, and a white shirtwaist and skirt. It was faded a little. It hung over the flat-topped student desk and was the only decoration in the room except for a china vase of dusty pampas grass which someone had once sent Miss Minerva from Florida.

On the desk a scrapbook of newspaper clippings was generally open. The clippings were of two kinds: clippings about Hilda Larsen; and clippings about student recitals at college. Nobody but Cora Lee had ever looked through the book, but she reported to her roommate that there wasn't a single clipping about Miss Minerva herself.

The furniture in the room, besides the desk, consisted of a single iron bed, a tan wicker armchair, a dark walnut-stained dresser, a cloudy mirror, a straight chair with a leatherette seat. The rug was dark brown. The walls were painted by the college every few years, always *(Continued on Page 149)*

Cora Lee sang. Outside, the laundry boy put down the basket of sheets and leaned against the ivied wall, listening. Three girls on their way to the gym stopped too.



NEEDLEPOINT CAN MAKE AN HEIRLOOM RUG



This needlepoint rug is composed of a series of separate 20″ x 20″ squares. The traditional French design combines effectively with eighteenth-century furniture.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUART



Soft pink walls set off the flower colors in this country dining-room.

Chair covers pick up colors in the rug, violet and blue-green. Pink curtains are used in summer, rose-red in winter. Old china has flowers too.

FOR centuries women have been making things with their hands, and passing on to their children the secret of their skills in needlepoint, quilting, fine sewing or one of the various branches of embroidery. "Handmade" is a label that inspires respect.

A needlepoint rug is an ambitious project, but one that may well become a family heirloom, to be treasured and handed down from generation to generation.

The rug in the picture measures approximately 9′ x 12′. The pattern is of French derivation in the traditional *millefleurs* design which dates back to the fifteenth century, but suits well with American or English traditional furniture. It is composed of scattered flower motifs in a variety of pastel tones—rose, violet, blue and green—on a soft, cream-colored background, and it has a 12-inch-wide border of blue-green with graceful white, bell-shaped flowers.

Since the rug is composed of a series of separate 20″ x 20″ squares, fewer squares will produce a smaller rug. There are six different designs, which you can mix at your pleasure. The average worker can finish a square in about two weeks. The stitch used is *gros point*, a large fill-in stitch worked in needlepoint wool applied to a mesh canvas with a size 20 tapestry needle. Leading stores throughout the country will be able to supply complete kits of each square, with easy-to-understand directions and the wool yarn.

If you do not wish to attempt a room-size rug, combine 6 squares for a hearthrug . . . or try a hall runner, a footstool cover or chair seat in the same motif as the rug . . . ideas suggested in the sketches on page 106. If you do not find the materials for this rug in your local store, write to the JOURNAL for the name of a store in your area where they will be obtainable. **BY H. T. WILLIAMS**

PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER



PAKISTAN: In the family of Mohamed Usman none can read and write. Sumar *(shaved head)*, the eldest son, will probably never go to school. His only education comes from the Koran in the mosque. His father is satisfied; school might spoil the boy for farm work.



FRANCE: Bertrand Redouin *(center)* attends a one-room school located in the town hall of Fossés. M. Redouin, whose schooling was confined to the seven years required in France before 1936, hopes to send his boys on to secondary school and agricultural college.



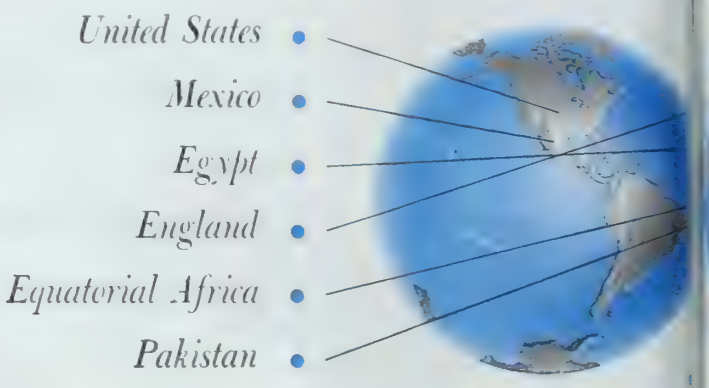
ITALY: Class dismissed, the children of Greve, Italy, pack away their books and papers to return home. Mario Guercini *(at door)* waits for his cousin Loreno *(standing, left)*. Owing to the teacher shortage, classes meet only half a day, three or four times a week.



UNITED STATES: Bruce, Arleen and Richard Pratt swing in the playground of the consolidated school they attend at Glidden, Iowa. Arleen, now in fourth grade, wants to be a farmer's wife. The boys want to farm like father. The Pratts, unlike most American farmers, are both college graduates.



MEXICO: The Gonzalez boys tag in the yard of their pri school, named for Mex third president, Francisc



THIS IS THE WAY

ON autumn mornings the school bell rings around the world. In Japan, it brings the Okamoto girls, Kikuko and Utako, on foot across the rice paddies, carrying their books in canvas bags. In England, Peter Hiatt rides his bicycle down to the corner; there the Hook Norton school bus picks him up. In Mexico, the Gonzalez boys go early, to play in the schoolyard until teacher calls. Soon the last little feet are quiet under the school desks, and the children's day has begun.

The children of our twelve countries are learning to read in eleven different languages and write with six different alphabets, but arithmetic is the same everywhere. Bruce Pratt, who is on long division, can easily sympathize with Peter Balogh, who is on multiplication tables, and Bertrand Redouin, who has fractions.

Beyond the basic three R's, the most common subjects are history and geography. The school which the el Gamel boys attend in Egypt teaches agriculture. The Okamoto children learn gardening, music and sketching; the Pratts, elementary science, music and physical training. The children of Mohamed Usman, in Pakistan, will study the Koran, but probably little else. English is taught in both the German and the Japanese schools and Russian in the Czech school the Baloghs attend. Subjects may differ,

ENGLAND: This is Peter Hiatt's arithmetic class in the Hook Norton village school. The school-leaving age is now 15 in England, but the Hiatts want Peter to continue right on with secondary school until he is 17 or 18. Peter cannot easily get home for lunch, so he has it with his grandmother.



CHINA: Although education theoretically compulsory, ab all the schooling the Ho dren will get in chaotic Ch

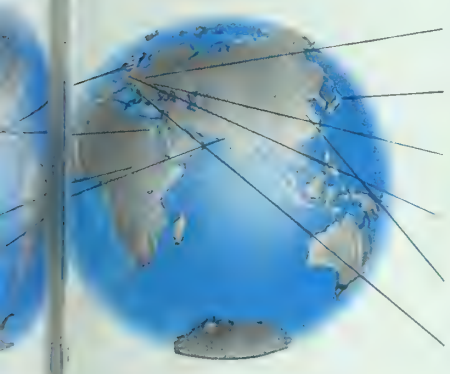




cio Madero. In Mexico, e out of five adults are il- ate, but a literacy cam- n is making rapid progress.



EGYPT: In the courtyard of the village school, the el Gamel boys play a Nile Valley version of shinny. They start school at the age of seven, will continue until twelve, when they quit to help with the crops. They learn to read and write Arabic, and to memorize certain passages from the Koran.



- *Germany*
- *Japan*
- *Czechoslovakia*
- *France*
- *China*
- *Italy*

By JOHN GODFREY MORRIS

THE WORLD STUDIES

but the world's classmates are united in the pursuit of knowledge—and passing grades. Times are tough for teachers. In Greve, Italy, there is one woman teacher for the entire school, so she divides her pupils, taking half in the morning, half in the afternoon. In Wollau, Germany, the classrooms are crowded, and the Stieglitz children will go to school an extra year to make up for war-lost time. In Equatorial Africa, missionary teachers never know what to count on, for there is no compulsory attendance. In the United States it is said that teachers are overworked and underpaid.

The conquest of ignorance is a world-wide battle in which every skirmish is fought uphill. Schooling is suspect in Pakistan and in China, where four fifths of the people cannot read and write. The five sons and two daughters of these families will in all probability never go to school; their parents need them in the fields. And their parents need them because they themselves have not had sufficient education to modernize their farms. This is the vicious circle. To break it requires the energetic courage shown by M. Redouin, in France. He will not let his children touch the farm chores if they have homework to do. He is determined that his children shall have an even better education than did he, to enable them to live as free men in a free world.

what is handed down from her to son. Father Ho can ad and write, will teach the ildren if he can find the time.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Peter Balogh struggles with his arithmetic in the village school while his patient teacher looks on. Caught in the linguistic scramble of Central Europe, Peter will probably learn both Czech and Russian in addition to his native Slovakian. Chances are he will leave school at 14.



PHOTOGRAPHS for the Journal by Horace Bristol (Japan and China), Larry Burrows (England), Robert Capa (United States and Czechoslovakia), Marie Hansen (Italy), George Rodger (Egypt, Pakistan and Equatorial Africa), Phil Schultz (Mexico), David Seymour (France and Germany).



EQUATORIAL AFRICA: The sand serves as a slate for Agoyu Zamba *(left foreground)* when she studies arithmetic at the missionary school in Lujulu. She will also learn to read and write in the Bari language, and study the Bible. The school term is indefinite.



GERMANY: The classrooms of Germany are crowded now, and there are more than 65 pupils in this class to which Richard Stieglitz belongs. The boys are seated on one side, the girls on the other, to prevent the pulling of pigtails and to preserve traditional discipline.



JAPAN: The Okamoto children attend a huge consolidated school which has 2000 pupils. Here the girls, Kikuko and Utako *(right)*, read aloud for their history teacher. They go barefoot inside the school, to keep the floors clean. The teacher gets $18 a month.

Judge Abbey and the Four Elves

BY CECILY TEAGUE CROWE

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

IT has to do with four elves and a very old man and Christmas Eve, but it is not a tale of fantasy or even of whimsey. It is the story of a village crisis and modern psychology cunningly applied, and the human witnesses to its truth number two or three hundred. These are the townspeople of Stillbrook, New Hampshire, and this particular Christmas Eve was a recent one, even though the folks in Stillbrook are already making a legend of it.

It is necessary to begin with Dr. William Gates. He was new to Stillbrook that winter, with everything to recommend him: he was young, tall, good-looking, with a far more impressive medical education than was thought necessary in the old days, and a good war record. He was kind. He would answer an urgent summons in the middle of the night in any weather without resentment, or at least without expressing it, because he had become a physician for the simple, old-fashioned reason that in his heart there was a deep sympathy for his fellow men.

But he was not old-fashioned enough for his fellow men of Stillbrook, New Hampshire, because young Doctor Gates naturally leaned toward the psychological approach in medicine, and this the townsfolk put in the same class with sex education, socialism, and quick-freeze lockers—they were modern inventions which Stillbrook managed to get along perfectly well without.

Judge Abbey, for example, was quite harmless, and their rule was to leave him alone; they wouldn't have dreamed of subjecting the old man to a dose of psychiatry. But Dr. Bill Gates did, and what had provided the town with amusement for many years Doctor Gates treated with the utmost gravity.

That was another thing about Doctor Gates. He was friendly and he had a quiet sense of humor which made his gray eyes flicker, but the townsfolk felt he took himself and his profession too seriously; he wasn't the kind of physician they called "Hi, doc!" to.

There was the morning, for instance, when the schoolboys lay in wait to snowball him when he emerged to start his house calls. "Either his dignity will be injured and he'll give the kids what for," the neighbors said, "or he'll be a sport and pelt 'em right back. Let's watch." But Doctor Gates dusted himself off and grinned and said, "That's fine. I like to see the aggressive instinct come out in the young—it's so free of inhibitions." And with his eyes mildly flickering he passed on down the walk unmolested.

He was, in fact, the kind of doctor the townsfolk took their ailments to, but not their troubles; they liked him, but they had their reservations. That is, up until that most memorable Christmas Eve.

That morning Doctor Gates sat opposite Mary Gates at their breakfast table *(Continued on Page 220)*



"You'd think," the judge exploded, "they'd have the decency to let a man alone at a time like this."

It was Mary who had the faith —
and Bill who was supposed to work the miracle



LADIES, HERE IS THE

Getting your man is one thing. Understanding him is quite a different matter. ★ *By Marguerite Barze*

DOES the man you love often puzzle you? Do you sometimes think, "If only I could figure him out"?

That is what we have done for you here, and given you the *key* to his *heart*. One man is like a cold drink on a hot day, another like a hot drink on a cold day. This quiz should help you in understanding all kinds of men, and in choosing the one who would be most congenial for you.

Dr. David Seabury, who has spent over thirty years in the study of human nature, has resolved human beings into twelve basic types.* These types are presented here as Tom, Dick, Harry and so on. Their patterns are cut out with words, and no matter how unusual an individual is, he is cut according to one of the twelve basic patterns.

So get your John or Don to answer these four groups of questions, to determine the type of man he is. Each question to which he answers Yes counts 2; if the answer is 50–50, count 1; if the answer is No, count 0.

GROUP 1

	Yes	50-50	No
1. Do you like to be manager of things and people? . . .	☐	☐	☐
2. Have you strong, decided opinions?	☐	☐	☐
3. Are you inclined to be an impatient person?	☑	☐	☐
4. Do you like to carry out new ideas and ventures? . .	☑	☐	☐
5. Are you handy at constructing and making things? . .	☑	☐	☐
6. Do you make sure people do not walk on you?	☐	☐	☐
7. Are you quick about making decisions?	☑	☐	☐
8. Does life seem highly dramatic to you?	☐	☐	☑
9. Are you frequently the leader in things?	☐	☑	☐

GROUP 2

1. Have you a deep desire to help humanity?	☐	☐	☑
2. Do you dearly love children?	☐	☑	☐
3. Are you inclined to go by intuition more than facts? .	☐	☐	☑
4. Are you warm and tender-hearted by nature?	☑	☐	☐
5. Do you always consider others before forging ahead?	☑	☐	☐
6. Are you good at explaining and teaching?	☐	☑	☐
7. Have you a strong urge to do creative work?	☑	☐	☐
8. Are you genial and friendly, a good mixer? . .	☑	☐	☐
9. Is love the greatest thing in life to you?	☑	☐	☐

GROUP 3

1. Are you a conservative, conventional person? . . .	☐	☐	☐
2. Do you like to plan things in detail?	☑	☐	☐
3. Are you slow about suggesting or making changes?	☑	☐	☐
4. Is a feeling of security absolutely essential to you? . .	☐	☑	☐
5. Are you good at keeping up daily routine?	☐	☐	☑
6. Do you find it hard not to worry a lot?	☑	☐	☐
7. Is it natural for you to be painstaking and particular?.	☑	☐	☐
8. Are you subject to feelings of apprehension?	☐	☑	☐
9. Are you generally cautious and thrifty?	☐	☐	☑

GROUP 4

1. Are you eager to study and learn?	☐	☐	☐
2. Is your imagination unusually lively?	☐	☐	☐
3. Have you a lot of inborn curiosity?	☑	☐	☐
4. Do you like to be alone a lot to read and ponder? . . .	☐	☐	☐
5. Are you always considering why, and analyzing?	☐	☐	☐
6. Do you like to do research work?	☐	☐	☑
7. Is it easy for you to concentrate?	☐	☐	☑
8. Do you like to figure out all sides to a question? . . .	☑	☐	☐
9. Do you often feel reverence, awe, wonder?	☑	☐	☐

Now add up his scores in each group separately, and set them down as per example:

Group 1	Group 2	Group 3	Group 4
15	13	10	16

To find his key number, put down the number of the group in which he has the highest score (in this case 4) and beside it put the number of the group in which he has the second highest score (in this case 1). The key number to the above example is 41.

In case of a tie in group scores, go over the questions carefully and break the tie. If you find this difficult, consider the scope of the questions in each group as a whole and decide which one he belongs in first and which one sec-

*In his book, Why We Love and Hate

KEY TO HIS HEART!

ad. The way he answered the first ques- on in each group is a good indicator: a es answer would settle a tie in favor of at group, over one in which the an- wer was 50–50 or No.

If you would like to determine which ype man is best for you, answer the uestions yourself. A person who has he same key as yours, or whose key has he same first number as yours, is your rst choice. One whose second number s the same as your first, or vice versa, is our second choice, while similar sec- nd numbers is third choice. Without imilar key numbers your chances of ompatibility are dubious.

TOM 12

TOM is a banker. He moves about in is comfortable sphere with serene de- isiveness and diplomacy, and does his work with confidence and ease. Luxury- loving and with a horror of financial de- pendence, he calmly and consistently strives for the security which money and power can bestow. Keen of intellect, steady of purpose, he ponders well on all life's investments, his feet on the ground and romance in his heart. To some he appears conceited, for he is self-assured and self-sufficient and has a tendency to dominate others, but he is really more humble than egoistic.

Tom loves people in groups and greets everyone with outgoing affection, but he feels social and unsocial by turns. He has a marked sense of humor and in a crowd he laughs and clowns as if he had never a care or a heartache. But alone or, with some one person he reveals the strange sad strain of melancholy that underlies the gaiety. Tom is something of a stoic with an outwardly placid, childlike simplicity of nature. But he easily becomes indignant over injustices to society and tries to correct them. No one will do more for you, but he will not be coerced. He needs to feel that he has command over things—indeed, possession is nine tenths of his law, self-possession the tenth. It is loving that keeps him smooth and at his best.

To his wife, Tom seems both gentle and willful, both sweet and passionate. He has a high code of honor and his fidelity is absolute. He is interested in her every word and act, every wish and need. He longs to be loved for himself alone, just as he is, and he yields so completely that he dominates by yielding. His intensely loving, domestic nature gives all he is and has without reserve and wants all in return.

Key. Tom's disposition ever swings from gaiety to sadness, though he hides the sadness from many. In realizing this, one can help him over the melancholy periods quietly. Tom's wife should be ready to take his style of life as their pattern, for he finds it hard to adjust to change and the unfamiliar. When he gets stubborn and turns his will power into won't power, you would break your heart, not his will, in trying to budge him by force. Argue little and leave blame out of it, for Tom finds it hard to forgive and forget. Also, being self-sacrificing, he has a martyr strain in his make-up. But if you love him with all the strength and passion of your being, and just as he is, you will give him a feeling of peace and security which will change him greatly by subtle influence, and you will get security and all-embracing love in return.

DICK 41

DICK is a lawyer; his mind is as nimble as a flea. His body, like his mind, is always on the go, agile and volatile. His elastic personality stretches over a wide territory and springs back from every sally with buoyancy and wit, or sarcasm. For Dick is ingenious and effusive; the first-person pronoun begins many of his interesting sentences and he is a forceful speaker. He is a stickler for facts, a perpetual student, and has a flair for journalism.

Dick is a ready mixer and has lots of friends but few intimates. He seems so peculiarly adapted to people that he is often consulted and confided in, often quoted and copied. His quick wit and lithe body make him a good showman and he finds life dramatic. He even appreciates tragedy when it is his own, but may find yours a nuisance. For he quickly becomes impatient, irritable, given to nervous foot tapping. This makes him a poor nurse, for he can't sit sit still long enough to wait for you to get well. Nor would he commit a murder—he takes his hatreds out in talk, and he talks better than he listens.

Dick's wife finds him responsive to her ideas, co-operative with her plans and a wonderful *(Continued on Page 234)*

R. C. A.



Wait for Spring

THERE IS ONE WAY TO OPEN ANY WOMAN'S HEART ★ BY ADELE S. OSHERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

IT was just before dawn and the room had taken on a still, blue quality. The windows were faintly, eerily luminous. Jane stirred and turned heavily in the broad double bed. She woke slowly, conscious of a dim beginning of pain: a deep, niggling awareness. For a moment she did not respond. During the past nine months she had become accustomed to various strange aches and symptoms that were apt to vanish as erratically as they appeared.

The pain prodded at her and she opened her eyes, now fully awake. There was still over a week left, but Doctor Christie had said that first babies often came early. Her heart began to pound, so strongly that she thought the throbbing would surely waken Todd. He was sleeping soundly in the center of the bed, the blankets wadded firmly around his shoulders. Jane climbed carefully out of bed and went down the hall to the bathroom.

She glanced at herself in the mirror of the medicine cabinet, squinting in the glare. Her face had the puffy, sallow look that had come to her lately, and her brown-blond hair was lank and stringy. *Oh, I hope it's today*, she thought wretchedly. But the hope had no sooner formed than she snatched it back, terrified.

Without warning the pain returned, like a cat turned suddenly tiger. She felt her breath going out and sat down abruptly on the rim of the bathtub. It grew stronger, viciously, and she held onto the washstand, her fingers digging futilely into the cold porcelain. When it was over she took a long, shaken breath. Time that had dragged so sullenly the past three quarters of the year had spun itself out in a flash.

"Janie?" Todd was blinking in the doorway. "Are you all right?" She saw the warm sleepiness drain from his face. "Is it—is it ——"

"I think so," she said, flexing her cold fingers.

"I'll call Doctor Christie."

She listened to him hurry down the hall to the phone. It seemed foolish to sit there, so she went out to the living room and sat down, her hands clasped tensely in her lap. Could this really be happening to her? For as long as she could remember she had been afraid of childbirth. She looked back over well-trodden ground, knowing it was fruitless, but unable to face the hours which lay just ahead.

The discussions had begun so calmly, almost scientifically. Of course she wanted a baby, she had said, only not right now, not right away. But Todd had been unexpectedly stubborn: five years could hardly be called right away, and when did she think they ought to consider it? The discussions had degenerated into quarrels and then, somehow, they were always bickering. She had held out obstinately until fear had transcended shame and she admitted she was afraid. Todd listened. And laughed. He had gathered her up as though she were five years old and afraid of the dark. "But every woman is afraid," he had said, smoothing her hair with his large, heavy hand. "They're scared to death, probably, but they have their babies just the same." It was the first time she had found no solace in him. The very fact that Todd *wanted* a baby was an admission that his life was incomplete, that she was not enough. She felt a sickening sense of betrayal. It was useless to tell herself that a baby would spoil things and "change everything." Everything was already changed, whether she ever had a baby or not. The quarreling had left a sore spot. She wanted him to be happy again. She wanted to be happy with him. And nine months was such a long time—surely long enough to get adjusted to the idea. . . . But it hadn't been. She was still afraid.

"He says he doesn't think so," Todd reported, "but to get over to the hospital anyway, just in case."

The word terrified her. A vast, involuntary shuddering began inside her and she could feel her teeth beginning to chatter.

Todd hovered over her. "How do you feel?" he asked worriedly.

Resentment and fear hardened her heart and she would not look at him. *Now he is afraid for me*, she thought bitterly. *Now, when it's too late.*

"I'm all right," she said stiffly. But her need was greater than his and she wished she could rest against him and feel his arms around her. She sat still, afraid to ask for comfort because it might snap the last trembling shred of her self-control. "I'd better get ready."

She dressed slowly. Whatever happened now, it was out of her hands. She had done her part, she had played fair; resting, taking long walks, watching her diet.

(Continued on Page 130)

ROUGH WILD, VAGUE DREAMS HIS VOICE REACHED HER. "LISTEN. THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE BABY."





Brown October Days

BY ANN BATCHELDER

WHEN the last of September comes, I give up. It is the end of summer and that's that. I think of it as one who has taken off her bustle and let down her hair and passed the beauty of the world along to October. And October in all her glory is ready to spellbind you with everything she has.

May I call your attention to the cold nights, the brilliant sunny days, the air that is like wine and the promise of unknown things to come. Better make the most of it—it will not always last. Those paths in the woods, carpeted with purple and gold already, wait for you to come.

Auctions raise their lovely heads. As far as I'm concerned, I am going to my last auction of the year. I didn't get much done in that line this summer, but if the weather holds out as I think it will, I'll be away on a high hill where I know that certain things I *must* have await some bidding. I don't mind sharing some of my secrets, so if you should look hard for me, I believe you'd find me up on Craftsbury Common. There is no world beyond this spot, But guarding it forever and forever are two immortal sentinels: Mansfield, the austere, the mountain of mountains, and Camel's Hump, the fun maker among the mountains.

I wish that I were there today. It is so still on Craftsbury, so safe near Mansfield, and it is very beautiful beside the Camel's Hump. A winding road will take me home, with Eden only a stone's throw as the crow flies.

Now to our cooking. But before my plans take me too far from home, I must get into the realities of our October menu. And a fine layout we have too. The cool days call for hot food and the appetite relisheth the same. Notice that word "relisheth"? I didn't coin it. But when I got to the end of "relish," it just seemed the natural thing to say.

Now I shall tell you what a chicken-corn soup is about. It has all the simple elegance of a Paris frock, but you'll like this little number as a six-year-old girl likes her first plaid dress with silver buttons up the front. Do you know such a little girl with such a worldly dress? Good, for I do too.

(Continued on Page 138)

Line a Day

1 Now the hunter returns from the hills. The painted woods are still with leaf. Summer is over and fall is here. It is October. Almost every good thing is to hand right now.

2 To me the Hubbard squash has charm. I'd like to meet that gardener Hubbard. Or has he gone where squashes are no more? This squash has to be cooked right, not just *boiled*. My favorite way is baked, then mashed, with cream and butter.

3 All kinds of things can happen to a rarebit. Melt what you need of good, soft, sharp cheese, add thin cream, seasonings and a cup of cooked finnan haddie, flaked fine. At the last, stir in a beaten egg. Serve hot on toast.

4 Remember how folks used to despise dandelions? Now everyone seems to have canned them. So to a dandelion winter. Good with that ham bone.

5 All the crushed and broken potato chips you find in the bottom of the can or have left after a party make a fine crisp crust for "breading" croquettes.

6 A news item that's ready now for the tea tables when the fire's aglow and gossip is handed round with the Staffordshire. Just tiny, thin gingersnaps, than which nothing is more wonderful with tea or coffee. They melt away fast, either plain or spread and put together with cream cheese or orange marmalade.

7 The bridge tables are bumping into place, ready for the winter campaign. Here's what will make good alibiers of you all. And post-mortem artists too. Split English muffins, nice fresh ones—don't *cut* them. Toast to a golden brown. Spread with butter or margarine and keep hot on a hot platter *while*——

8 You put a large spoonful of chicken salad on each half and cover with grated American cheese. The broiler will take care of the rest of this matter. When cheese is melted and all is hot, here's the dish for your bridge supper. Of course, fruit and coffee go along. Don't want the girls looking at the kitchen door—or is that all right?

9 Or if your bridge club specializes in chicken salads—chop some walnuts rather coarsely, toast them in the oven and add to your chicken salad just before serving. Your salad will be different.

10 You can keep them all guessing with this one. Cook small potatoes in canned bouillon (or meat stock, if ~~you have any~~). Cool, slice or dice and fry. No one ever tasted fried potatoes quite as good as these. Don't forget the salt and pepper.

11 Another new note for an old dish. Add a little prepared mustard to your creamed codfish and serve on noodles instead of potatoes.

12 Steamed cauliflower flowerets are as dainty as peach buds and almost as tender. Drain them and cool. Dip each one in beaten egg, then roll in fine crumbs and fry on both sides in butter or margarine. Sprinkle with salt and Parmesan cheese and serve hot.

13 Another variation of the cauliflower theme: Dip the cauliflowerets in cream sauce. Roll in mixture of grated cheese and bread crumbs, half and half. Put in a shallow pan and broil until tinged with brown. Good with a slice of broiled ham or broiled pork chops. Put the cauliflowerets under the broiler last, as they take only a few minutes.

14 Ever eat a green-pepper salad? Slice the peppers lengthwise, take out the seeds and sauté the slices in hot salad oil until they're tender. Now drain them. Chill and toss them in French dressing with tiny inside lettuce leaves. This is wonderful with fish.

15 The shad-roe supper seems to suit. Split and broil as many canned roes as you need. When they are done, spread them with butter or margarine and dust well with salt and pepper. And remember the lemon. Serve on a platter with alternate stuffed tomatoes and green peppers. As neat a little number as you'll find for many a long day.

16 Well, since I've been thinking of the good old-fashioned October dishes, I might as well keep on. Mix two cups of codfish-cake mixture, the homemade kind, with two cups of lobster cut fine, the whole seasoned well. Bind with yolk of egg—probably need two. Beat all together and shape into fingers or cakes or croquettes—little ones. Fry in shallow salt-pork fat or give them the regular deep-sea frying.

17 The time to cook spaghetti or macaroni is now. Make a rich sauce with mushroom soup—and that's the sauce for many things. Add some sautéed mushrooms, sliced, and some very imperceptible slivers of cold ham and tongue.

18 Now generously baptize this grand sauce with Gruyère and Parmesan cheese. Drain the spaghetti or macaroni and pour over it the sauce, boiling hot, tossing it with two forks that all may get coated. Appeal for Sunday night—maybe?

19 *For party time want something new? Here it is from me to you.* Involved in this matter is a very ripe avocado, one that, peeled, will go through a sieve like butter. Mixed up in the affair is one cream cheese which is beaten right in with the pear so you can't tell one from t'other. (There's more to this.)

20 Now season well with salt and pepper, with onion and garlic salt, and keep atasting. Add a little Worcestershire, a very little *mustard*. (Careful here, of course.) Beat very hard. Taste at the last. It may need more salt. Set in a bowl of ice to serve. This should be eaten on crackers or potato chips. Dunking's the thing—dunk and eat. Can't be beat.

21 Another little specialty from our garden of hope is made by having at hand plenty of hot toast, spread with butter and Roquefort cheese mixed, seasoned with a sprinkle of cayenne and run under the broiler for a minute or two. This is expendable—replenishable—and you'd better take it in your stride.

22 *Herb note:* There are things under the sun that are always new. Herbs for pointing up flavors are one. Take stuffed eggs: season the mashed yolk mixture with a combination of sage (how I love it!) and marjoram—not too much of each. Just enough, as the girl said of the eight-carat diamond.

23 You've tried everything else, now try this on your breakfast grapefruit. Put two apricot halves in the center of each and pour a little apricot sirup over the grapefruit.

24 Are you one of those horrified people who shudder at cream in French dressing? Well, take about four tablespoons of soft, ripe Roquefort cheese. Note the "soft," the "ripe." Now work this cheese in with four lavish tablespoons of heavy cream. Add the cheese-and-cream mixture to a generous cup of fine French dressing which has been man-handled plenty, beat some more and toss with your green salad.

25 *From an old cookbook:* "Now is the dreaded season of the oyster. May I say that only long, hard cooking will destroy the oyster's waywardness, yet there are people who eat them *raw*. Pray, desist." Or bring on a coupla dozen for me—right in the shell.

26 Potato surprise: Bake potatoes as usual, whip up the potato with cream, butter, seasonings—all as usual. But as you fill the shells, tuck an oyster into the center of each half. Brown in the oven as usual.

27 A good appetizer: Tiny puff-paste shells filled with one oyster in cream sauce.

28 If you overestimated your waffle eaters' appetites and have an extra waffle left over, cut it in strips. Spread generously with butter, then with cinnamon and sugar. Run under the broiler. Good with tea.

29 This is not an old New England custom, but it's good. Add one half cup of pitted dates cut into pieces to your custard mixture. Pour into unbaked shell. Bake the same as custard pie without a date.

30 I saw a man at a party take a large spoon of chutney, the kind that has all the works in it, and apply it to a slice of buttered toast. Over that he spread a good helping of Welsh rarebit. That man had an idea. Try it.

31 This is a glorious month—make the most of it. Soon the winter warnings will be set.

THE SKEPTIC

Mountains may turn pink or blue;
I never saw them so.
Nor do I now recall the tops
With tons and tons of snow.

This disbelief and many more
Are part of my upbringing.
That's why I walk a glory way
And keep on singing.

By Ann Batchelder

R. C. A.

TRULY AMERICAN ★ ★ ★ ★



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hey liked it in Colonial days!
As Campbell's make it *now*
ou'll find it rates especial praise—
Good *value*, ma'am—and how!

Here, in this old-time soup—always a favorite of Americans—you have some pretty wonderful eating to set before your family. What's more, you'll find it one perfect answer to tightened meal budgets in these days of high prices. For consider: In Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup you get a gleaming chicken broth simmered from plump chickens. You get golden egg noodles for further heartiness. And—you get tender pieces of chicken in good measure! All this adds up to *value* in any language, including the housewife's. This good soup is made, of course, in the true tradition of Colonial times—hearty and homey. Serve it soon!



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

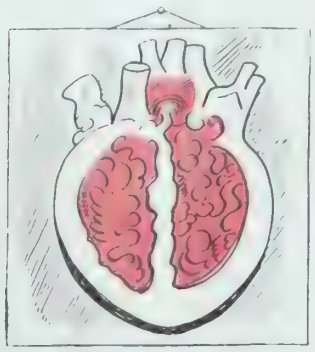
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MEET A MAN WITH

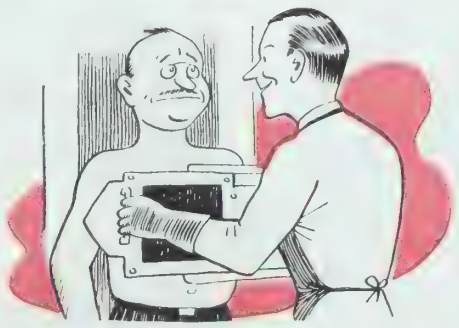
HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE



1. Everybody has blood pressure. It goes up every time your heart beats, down when it rests. The doctor discovered the level of this man's blood pressure stayed high most of the time. He had high blood pressure (hypertension).



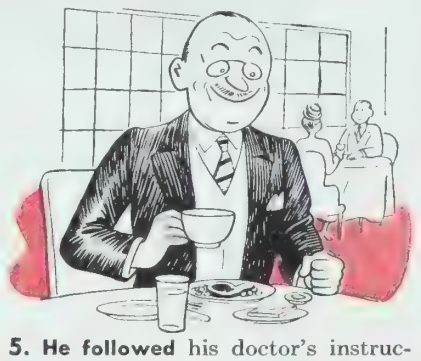
2. His heart had to work harder to circulate his blood. This strain often enlarges the heart muscle. Arteries, brain and kidneys may also be affected.



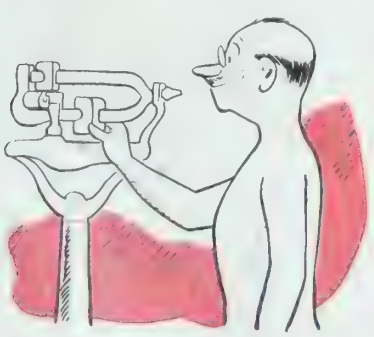
3. However, after a medical examination, this man learned that like most high blood pressure patients today, he could do a lot to help himself.



4. By taking his doctor's advice, he learned how to live with his ailment, to slow down at work and play, to get plenty of sleep and rest.



5. He followed his doctor's instructions about diet, so that his food might help his condition, and avoid putting an extra burden on his heart.



6. He brought his weight down to normal and kept it there. For blood pressure often rises and falls as weight goes up and down.



7. He sees his doctor for frequent checkups. Under good medical care and with sensible living habits, he can look forward to many happy years.

There is hope that advances of medical science will provide new means of combating high blood pressure. Many continuing studies are being aided by the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life Insurance Companies, which makes grants for special research in diseases of the heart and arteries, including high blood pressure.

For further helpful information about high blood pressure, send for Metropolitan's free booklet 108J, "Your Heart."

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

KINFOLK

(Continued from Page 35)

"Yes?"

"After the play, will you speak a few words to us from the stage?"

Doctor Liang hesitated.

"Please! It will honor us."

Doctor Liang was gracious. "Very well—but you will have to translate for me."

"Honored!" Billy Pan exclaimed with fervor.

Doctor Liang's mind was on the gaudy scene upon the stage. In his secret heart he did not enjoy the strutting, declaiming actors, the brightly ancient costumes. This sort of thing might be all very well for a country audience in China, but would he be ashamed if he brought his classes here? He could always tell them that in Shanghai as well as in Peking there was a drama as modern as Broadway.

Then it occurred to him that not only the play was difficult. The audience was even more so. Children pattered back and forth and women talked whenever the action dulled for a moment on the stage. It was most unfortunate, he thought, that Chinese like himself were not the sole representatives of his country. It was a great pity that Chinatown had ever been made.

The clamor of drums and flutes and violins grew loud and the crowd was suddenly silent. The star was coming on. She stalked up and down the stage brandishing the little whip which meant she was on horseback, singing in a high falsetto as she went. From the timbre of the voice Doctor Liang knew that Mu Lan was being played by a young man, but the people were naïvely ready to imagine that she was a beautiful, strong young woman.

I might explain the motif by saying Mu Lan is our version of Joan of Arc, Doctor Liang thought.

He was pleased with the idea and his mind played about it. Before he knew it the curtain went down, the hard neon lights flashed on, and Billy Pan stood on the stage waving his arms for attention. People who had been getting up sat down again, and babies began to wail and were hushed. A flood of rapid, explosive Cantonese burst from Billy Pan, none of which Doctor Liang could understand. When everyone turned to stare at him, however, he knew that he was being introduced and walked with dignity up the aisle to the stage. He stood with his hands clasped and bowed to the audience. Then he began to speak, waiting at the end of each sentence for Billy Pan to translate.

It was one of his less important speeches, but the audience was easy to please and laughed easily and quickly. He was warmed by their pride in him and he took the opportunity to remark that it was the duty of every Chinese to represent his country in the most favorable light to Americans, who were, after all, only foreigners. As for himself, he said, he was careful always to behave as though he were, in his own small way, of course, an ambassador.

He closed with a reference to Confucius, bowed again, smiled, and walked down the steps. Billy Pan followed and, pushing aside the people, led Doctor Liang out to the street and bawled to a passing taxicab.

"Thank you, a hundred thanks," he said with fervor. "Come again! Please let me know next time and have dinner with Please! Thank you—thank you ——" was still bowing when Doctor Liang shut door firmly and turned to the cab driver

"Riverside Drive," he said distinctly.

From the darkness of the cab he lo out at Chinatown. The people were g home from the theater, shuffling along streets. When did they sleep? Shops were also homes were still lighted and yo men lounged upon the counters and yo girls in twos and threes chattered along sidewalk. It was a lively place, and becau was crude and cheap it was worse alm Doctor Liang thought, than what Americ liked to believe it was, a place of myst and evil. Families lived together closely, parents struggled to keep to the standard a country the young had never seen.

He suddenly thought of his eldest s James, and he sighed. He was profoun proud of this brilliant boy, the child who so easily stood at the head of his classes school and now at the head of the list graduates in the m ical college.

"A great mi Doctor Liang," chancellor had s only a few days a "A great mind a skillful hands—wh a surgeon he make!"

And now Jam wanted to waste his education and back to China!

The cab slowe "Whereabouts Rive side Drive?" t driver asked.

"Two blocks, a then one to the righ please."

The streets we quiet with midnigh There was a moon an it shone down on th river. Just ahead w the George Washin ton Bridge, silvere with light. It was scene familiar wit twenty years of living but Doctor Liang a ways felt its beauty There was nothin more beautiful in th world, perhaps, unless it was the Marc Polo Bridge in Peking. But he did not wan to be in Peking.

"Here you are," the cabby said.

Doctor Liang counted out the exac amount, added five per cent to it, and en tered the apartment house where he lived He was tired and he felt confused and old James was very confusing. The elevato mounted rapidly to the tenth floor and h stepped out. The door to his apartment opened and his wife stood there.

"I have been expecting you for an hour." He could see by the slightly dazed look on her plump face that she had been asleep on the couch, and her Chinese robe was wrinkled.

"Are the children asleep?" he asked.

"An hour ago," she said, trying to be brisk. "Sit down and rest yourself. I have kept some soup hot."

She went into the kitchen and brought out a bowl of soup and a spoon on a tray, and a plate of crackers. He crumbled the crackers into the soup and began to eat.

"I would have been back earlier except that I was recognized and the crowd would have me address them."

"Yes, well ——" she said without interest and yawned again.

A crude woman, he thought with distaste, and he did not speak for a while as he ate.

Mrs. Liang sat on a stool and watched him, her eyes bleary with sleep. She per-

(Continued on Page 82)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Would She Were Weaker

By Catherine Haydon Jacobs

Would she were weaker! She would know
This folly by its name.
Hers is the steady breath to blow
A yielding candle flame
Either to black oblivion or to a flaming pyre
Until all rays of light forgo
Their heritage of fire.

She called upon her strength to vow
Perpetual release
From the uncertainties which now
Are startled by caprice.
Would she were weaker, for her strength is impotent, alas:
The hurricane that splits the bough
Lies light upon the grass.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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A CHARMING FACE reveals you as a charming person—someone others take to their hearts on sight. Don't think your face doesn't matter. It *does*. And so does the care you give it. *Always* at bedtime (for day face cleansings, too) do Pond's rewarding "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment. *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream—lots of it—all over your face. This softens and sweeps dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This *rinses* off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—give your face a tonic cold water splash.

Just see your face now! It looks *re-made!* It has an extra soft *cleanness* you can *feel* as well as *see*.

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment acts on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream wraps around surface dirt and make-up, as you massage—sweeps them cleanly away, as you tissue off. *From the Inside*—every step quickens beauty-giving circulation.

It is *not vanity* to develop the beauty of your face. It gives you a glowing air of confidence and happiness that wings out from you to all who see you. It brings the real *Inner You* closer to others.

(Continued from Page 80)

ceived simply that he was not pleased with her and she tried to make amends. "It was good of you to speak to those small people," she said. "And I am glad you were not at home. That James of ours did nothing but talk about going back to China. You must get a good night's sleep—he is going to talk with you in the morning."

"I shall put him off," Doctor Liang declared. But he knew that James was not a man to be put off even by his own father. He caught sight of Mrs. Liang's mouth wide open in another yawn and he was suddenly angry. "Come—come," he cried, "get yourself to bed—spare me the sight of you!"

He stalked out of the room and turned out the light at the door. In the darkness she pattered after him humbly, and forgave him. He was a great man, and he was her husband.

Doctor Liang prided himself on his calm. Reared upon Confucian ethics in his early home in China, he had for many years comforted himself for his somewhat arid life in New York by teaching Chinese philosophy in the college. There, he hoped, crude young Americans might imbibe from him the spiritual nourishment which he liked to think had kept China intact for four thousand years.

He summoned all his calm the next morning as he faced his son James. The young man, twenty-six years old and last month graduated from a medical college, loved and feared his father, and it had taken all his strength to decide that the day had come to tell him finally that he wanted to go back to China.

Doctor Liang sat quietly in the large brown leather chair where he had written so many of his scholarly works. He was a tall man, and he took pleasure in hearing Americans exclaim, "But I thought Chinese were always short!" This cry gave him the opportunity to explain how unfortunate it was for his people that so many of the Chinese in America were tradesmen from one small region in the province of Kwangtung. The real Chinese were tall, in the north, or fairly tall as in central China, and their skin was not dark. He himself was not fond of exercise and never allowed himself to get sunburned. His sons burned as red-brown as any American, for they were good at sports and played tennis brilliantly. He did not encourage his daughters to enlarge their muscles by such activities. Louise, the youngest one, disobeyed him frequently, but he liked to think that Mary, who was next to James, was a true Chinese daughter, obedient and mild and very pretty.

He contemplated his son from behind his spectacles. The lenses were so thick that they magnified his eyes slightly and added force to his gaze.

"It seems unwise to return home at this time," he said. "The communists are threatening, and as my son your life can scarcely be safe. I would of course commend you to my friends in the government, but they could not guarantee your safety from rebellious students who might revenge themselves on me by killing you."

"I do not want to be under the protection of anyone," James said. "I would just go."

"But where?" Doctor Liang asked sharply. "Where can you go in China today and not waste yourself?"

James did not answer. He sat motionless, gazing at his father, and Doctor Liang saw more strongly than ever the son's resemblance to his mother. Mrs. Liang was a good wife and an exemplary mother. She managed the household well, in spite of imperfect English which she would not improve, but she was stubborn.

"Your education has cost me a great deal of money," Doctor Liang went on. "Fortunately, my books on Chinese philosophy have sold well. But suppose they had not?"

James smiled. "I cannot imagine it, father."

Doctor Liang examined his son's square, handsome face. Was this remark made with



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me jocular meaning? He did not under- nd American humor, which seemed to turate his children.

"There is no hospital in China which is up the standard to which you have been ined."

"It has been twenty years since you lived ere, father."

"How do you propose to make your liv- g?" Doctor Liang asked almost harshly.

"You need not send me anything, father," mes said.

"Of course I must. I won't have my son ing about like a beggar."

"Do you mean I may go?"

"I do not!" Doctor Liang exclaimed. On the contrary, I forbid it."

James shifted in the up- ght chair he had chosen. Please don't say that, ther. I don't want to ve to go without your nsent."

The moment which th had dreaded for so any years had suddenly me—the moment of open bellion. Doctor Liang was oud of his elder son and he told himself and s wife many times that James alone justi- d his decision to live abroad. Had they ayed among the wars and confusions of odern China, the boy's extraordinary tal- ts could never have been developed.

There were many other proofs of his wis- m. His children were all well educated, ey had this comfortable and even luxurious me. As for himself, Doctor Liang always id, he felt that heaven had directed his eps, and that he had been useful in ex- aining to Americans the real China. When mes were better again he hoped, he told his merican friends, to return to his own coun- y to spend his old age, and there he would pound to his countrymen the glories of the merican civilization.

"If you disobey me," Doctor Liang said, then I will disown you."

"I shall still be a Liang," James said. "You begot me, and you cannot deny that."

Father and son glared at each other without a sign of yielding. "If I cannot deny it, I will forget it," Doctor Liang said loudly.

Outside the door they heard footsteps retreating softly. Doctor Liang rose and strode across the room and threw open the door. Mrs. Liang stood there, encased in a long gown of dull purple satin. In spite of her many years here she looked as Chinese as the day she had left her father's house thirty years ago to marry a young student whom she had never seen. This morning her hair was smoothed back into a neat bun, and her full, rosy face was kind but strong-tempered.

"Now what is going on here?" she demanded in the loud voice which Doctor Liang detested. Long ago he had learned that the best way to reprove her was by making his own voice especially gentle.

"Our son asks me to allow him to return to our old home." He spoke always in Chinese to his wife, as a reminder that he did not consider her English good enough.

"Let him go, then."

"You do not understand, mother of my sons. His life would not be safe. I have reproved the communists so openly that they will try to kill him."

She sighed loudly at this and plucked from the knot of her hair a gold pin with which she scratched her scalp. "I told you to stick to Confucius," she complained. "Why should you talk about communists? No one wants to hear about them here in America."

Doctor Liang closed his eyes at this stupidity and at the sight of the hairpin. At one end of it was an earpick and at the other a toothpick. He had besought her to throw the implement away, but she had refused. It helped her, she had often declared, to think.

(Continued on Page 85)

Women have simple tastes. They can get pleasure out of the conversation of children in arms and men in love.

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(Continued from Page 83)

cannot allow you to be killed, my son," w said to James. "If your father is sure, ou had better stay here for a year or nger. That is a good job you are of- n the medical center."

tor Liang was delighted. She invariably he children's part against him. "You y son! You can scarcely disobey both s. Your mother speaks wisely. Now, , allow me to do my work. I am in the e of a very important chapter on Con- and the communists."

o leave those communists out of your " Mrs. Liang exclaimed.

o, no," he said humorously, "you don't stand. It is all said in joke."

ut why joke about them?"

ome, come, now, please—let me do my " He coaxed and urged and she re- d, protesting. Doctor Liang sighed, l out a large silk handkerchief from the t of his expensive dark broadcloth suit, his face and hands and sat down before sk.

tside his father's deeply carpeted study s found his sister Mary. She was a small, girl who could easily have looked not than twelve years old, except that her was that of a twenty-year-old young un, which she was. Her hands were ned tightly on her breast and her pretty was anxious.

ou sent mother in!" James whispered. ut to quarrel with father!" she whis- back. "It's so hopeless."

ey tiptoed away hand in hand through all and opened the door and went out the lobby outside. s pushed the button e elevator.

ather always forces a el," he said. "Will e cold without your "

o—the sun is warm gh. But, Jim, why ou let yourself be d?"

don't know." His voice was helpless and ce grim.

t in the sunshine James walked along treet with the long, noiseless step that is inheritance of grace. To their left was ver, spanned by the George Washington ge. This bridge had deeply affected their As children it had made them imagine es over oceans to China, and it had per- ed them to believe that it was always ble to cross stretches of hardship and ppiness and set foot on other shores. It made Peter, by the time he was ten, de- to be an engineer.

Did father say you could go?" Mary d.

No—and mother only helped him, not

Oh, and she promised!" Mary cried. She said something about staying here year or two. You know what that means. wants me to marry and have a son."

How can she be so old-fashioned?" Mary ned.

mes shrugged his broad shoulders. "I'm thinking only of myself. I'm thinking of too, Mary. If I can't go, they won't let "

I suppose you could ask Lili to marry now," Mary suggested. "That would be mpromise, wouldn't it?"

turned to the benches that stood near railing above the river and chose an ty one at some distance from the others. u'll think me a coward," he said abruptly. 've never told Lili that I want to go home," I know you haven't. But I've told her, "

Mary!" His cry was mingled with re- of and relief. "Without asking me!"

he nodded her head. Putting up her little d, she brushed back the strands of her . straight, black hair which had escaped n the two thick braids wound about her d. "I had to make her see how much it nt to you." She was too delicately kind say that Lili Li, to whom he had been secretly engaged for eight days, might not want to live in China.

"What did she say?"

"She didn't say anything—she just looked at me."

James knew the way that Lili Li could look. Her great dark eyes were like oval gems of onyx set into the smoothness of her soft face. Her lips were full and rested sweetly together. Where other Chinese girls were chattering and restless, in imitation of American girls, Lili was quiet, and every movement was slow and her slender body was rich with repose.

The Li family had come from Shanghai only a year ago. Mr. Li, a prudent man, had years ago sold his silk mills to the Japanese and had deposited his fortune in American banks.

JAMES had fallen in love with Lili at first sight, but she was not easily won. It took months of constant attendance upon her, buttressed by many courtesies from Doctor Liang to Mr. Li and much advice and practical aid from Mrs. Liang to Mrs. Li on the difficulties of finding a proper place to live and on the strange behavior of American servants, before Mr. and Mrs. Li would advise their daughter to yield even slightly to young Doctor Liang's advances.

Mrs. Li became anxious, as she grew familiar with American life on the streets of New York, lest Lili be attacked by American ruffians and robbed of her virtue, or, almost worse, lest some American fall in love with her and want to marry her. She was afraid that she and Mr. Li might not have the courage to refuse their daughter to an ardent and desperate American. Therefore they had made known their complete approval of the Liang family to Lili, and Lili had accepted James.

But she did not wish to let her parents think her the usual old-fashioned obedient Chinese daughter, and so she had told Jim very shyly that she did not want anybody to know at least for a whole week. To this he had agreed, because it gave him time to persuade his father to let him go to China. With that permission he would tell Lili that they would make their home in Peking itself, now that the war was over. The Liang ancestral lands and village were only about a hundred miles south of the city.

He moved restlessly on the bench beside his sister and then got up. "When did you tell Lili?"

"Yesterday. She telephoned to ask me to go to Radio City with her. You know she doesn't dare to go alone anywhere."

They had discussed Lili's fearfulness before, Mary critically and James with defense. "Inevitably Lili was affected by the war, even in Shanghai," he now said.

Mary did not answer. Her heart was full of dreams about the country she had never seen, but to which she belonged, where her own people lived. She could believe nothing but good about China, nothing but what was brave about her people.

"I'm going to see Lili now," James said suddenly.

Mary looked at her watch. It was not yet two o'clock. "Hadn't you better telephone first?" she asked. "She may not be up. You know how Mrs. Li is—she plays mah-jongg all night, and Lili stays up ——"

"I'll go on the chance," he replied. "If Lili is willing, we'll be married right away."

"What if ——" Mary broke off and shook her head.

"What if she isn't willing?" Jim asked. "I'll face that—if I must. So long."

He nodded and walked away, and Mary looked after him thoughtfully. Inside her small neat head her life was planned as carefully as one of the outlines she prepared in her class in child hygiene. She was going to China too. Jim did not know it yet, but she did. Whether he was married or not, she was going. Lili was so helpless, and she could help Lili too.

She watched her brother out of sight, then she rose, shook her skirts out and tripped

A sleeping child gives me the impression of a traveler in a very far country.

From The Heart of Emerson's Journals, Edited by Bliss Perry (Houghton Mifflin Company).

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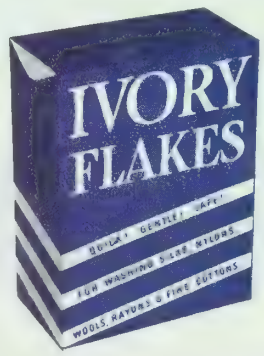
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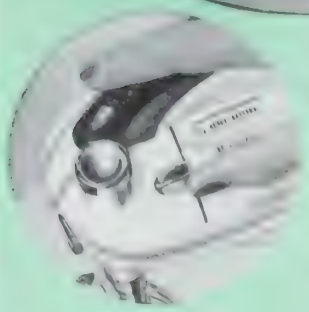


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back to the big apartment house. She had promised Peter to make shrimp flakes; he loved to eat them while he studied at night. To have the radio turned on full blast, to reach out for handfuls of shrimp flakes while he memorized with such ease the laws of physics—this combination of activities satisfied Peter's whole nature.

Mr. and Mrs. Li had found an apartment on the next street in from the river. At the door of this apartment James now pressed a small button, jeweled with luminous glass. He could hear the soft murmur of voices speaking Chinese. At the sound of the bell they stopped. There was silence, and then after a moment Lili herself opened the door.

"Lili," he cried. "I was hoping you were at home."

Her manner, perfectly decorous, softened. She turned her head and called, "Ma, it is only James."

The rooms came to sudden life. Mrs. Li shouted in Chinese, "Come in, come in—we were drinking tea. Ha, you—Lili, what's her name?"

"Mollie," said Lili.

"Mah-lee," Mrs. Li shouted in English, "more watah, velly hot! Teapot!"

A maid with a scared white face hastened in, fetched the teapot and hurried out again. Mrs. Li looked after her with kindly contempt. Then she patted the chair next her.

"Sit down," she told James. "How is your mother? And your learned father, is he working? He works too hard!"

James bowed first to Mr. Li and then to Mrs. Li. "Both my parents are well. And you, sir? And you, madame?"

"He"—Mrs. Li pointed at Mr. Li with a long-nailed thumb—"he coughs a great deal. It is this damp river air."

"I coughed in Shanghai too."

"So you did," Mrs. Li agreed. "It was the damp river air there too. All rivers are alike, full of water, which is damp."

No one could deny this. The maid brought in the teapot and Lili poured tea in silence and handed bowls to everybody prettily with both hands.

It was ill luck indeed, James told himself, that he had found Mr. and Mrs. Li both here. It would not occur to them, he knew, to leave him alone with Lili. However long he stayed, they would continue to sit in amiable conversation. Lili sat gracefully leaning against the back of a green satin chair and looking completely beautiful.

"It is such a nice day," James said helplessly. "I came to see if Lili would take a little walk with me."

Lili looked at her mother and Mrs. Li nodded. "It is bright daylight," she observed. "I see no reason against it."

Lili rose and went to a closet and brou out a small pink silk parasol and a b patent-leather handbag. James bowed farewells.

Out in the street, he scarcely knew ho begin. He knew that Lili would not s until he introduced some subject, and whe he should begin to speak about goin China he did not know. He led her to a b on the river front, and they sat down. leaned the open parasol on the back of bench and it shielded them pleasantly f the street. She looked at the river, but looked at her. He had never kissed her, s ply because he did not know what she w think of it.

"Lili," he said gently.

She turned her long-lashed eyes tow him. The lashes were straight, not curle were the lashes of American girls, and t were very thick. Her lips did not move.

"Will you let me kiss you?" he asked the same gentle voice.

She looked to the right and left. No was near. She opened her bag, took out a pa tissue and wiped the red from her lips. T with an air of patience she put up her fac be kissed. He hesitated, confounded by performance. Then he could not resist ready lips. Her head pressed against his on the back of the bench and she closed eyes. He smelled the gardenia scent of her s

"You don't find it strange—to kiss?"

She took a small mirror and a lipstick fr her handbag and reddened her lips careft and examined her hair. Then she shook head. "Oh, no, James."

Cold horror fell upon him. "You h kissed other men?"

"Only Americans," she said.

"Americans!" he cried. "But where?"

"In Shanghai. Some soldiers and officers."

"But, Lili, you didn't love them." pressed her hand to his breast.

"No, not at all."

"Then, why, dear?"

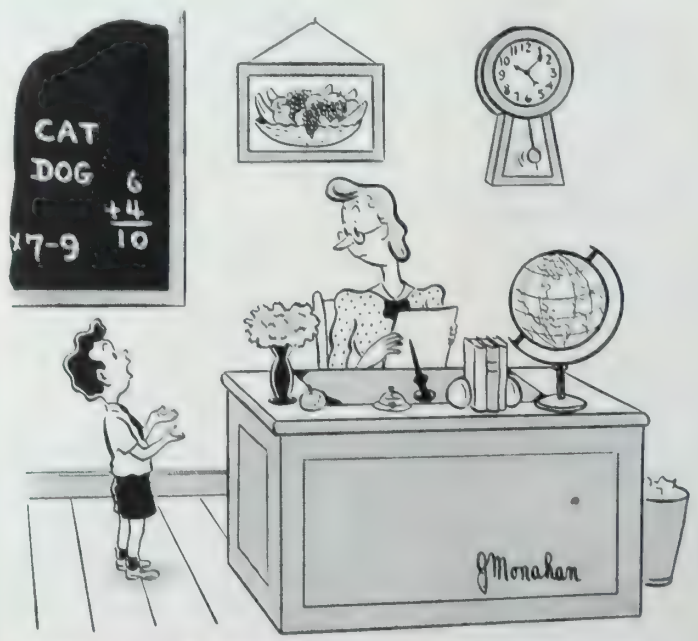
"They asked me, and I said why, and th said for good feeling between Americans a Chinese, and so courteously I did."

He laughed loudly at this, and then silen cursed the men who had taken advantage her ignorance. "Please promise me you never kiss any other man but me, Lili. I not right, you know. Only engaged peo and husband and wife should kiss."

She pondered this for a moment. "Th did smell very bad. And I do promise y James. For I do not like to kiss very muc

He laughed, detecting in the corners of long eyes a hint of a sparkle, and he put t delicate scented hand to his lips, and th held it while he talked.

(Continued on Page 88)



"What does it matter if I always get my lessons wrong? I only want to be a weatherman when I grow up."

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PARTY NUT CAKE

Mixing time : 4 minutes

MARTHA LOGAN'S "HELPING HAND" RECIPE POINTS THE WAY TO SURE SUCCESS—Delicious? Just wait till you taste it! Hard to make? Not a bit! Just watch the "helping hands" —they warn where mistakes *might* be made. And of course, you can always depend on that miracle-worker, Swift'ning, for light, tender, moist perfection!

Preparation : ☞ *Have all ingredients at room temperature.* Chop nut meats. Preheat oven at 350° F. Line bottom of 10½ x 5½ x 3-inch loaf pan with 2 layers of waxed paper.

Ingredients : (Use standard, level measures)

- ½ cup Swift'ning
- 1½ cups sifted cake flour
  ☞ Be sure to sift flour before measuring. Spoon *lightly* into cup.
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 tsp. double-action baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- ⅔ cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 eggs (or 1 egg, 1 egg white)
- 1 cup chopped nut meats

Step 1 : Put Swift'ning in a bowl. Sift in flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Add milk and vanilla. Beat 2 minutes by hand, using about 150 strokes per minute; or at medium speed of electric mixer. ☞ *Keep scraping batter off sides and bottom of mixer bowl with rubber scraper.* After 2 minutes, scrape beaters or spoon and bowl thoroughly.

Step 2 : Add unbeaten eggs and nut meats. Beat 1 minute. Scrape beaters and bowl thoroughly. Continue beating 1 minute. Pour into prepared loaf pan. Bake about 40 minutes. ☞ *When cake is done it will spring back quickly when pressed by finger.* Cool on cake rack for about 30 minutes; loosen sides carefully with a spatula, remove from pan and finish cooling in upright position before frosting.

Lemon Frosting : Mix thoroughly 1 unbeaten egg white, ¾ cup sugar, 1 tbsp. cold water and 2 tbsps. lemon juice in top of double boiler. Beat constantly over rapidly boiling water with hand or electric beater until mixture stands in a peak (about 5 to 7 min.). Remove from water and beat until thick enough to spread. Stir in 1 tsp. grated lemon rind and a few drops of yellow coloring, if desired. Spread on cooled cake and make ridges on top and sides with small spatula. Decorate with chopped nuts.

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(Continued from Page 86)

"Lili, now that we are alone, I must tell you what I want more than anything in the world after we are married. I want to go back to China, dear, and do my work there in our own country."

There was not a quiver in the narrow hand he held.

"Are you willing for that, Lili?"

"Oh, yes," she said readily. "If my parents agree."

"Do you think they will agree?"

"Oh, no, I think they will not. We had too much trouble there."

"Then, darling," he exclaimed, "what shall we do?"

She took his hand and suddenly pressed it to her cheek. "Let's stay here," she begged. "Radio City is so nice!"

"But darling, I have work to do."

"You will have a good job," she reminded him.

"But China needs us, dear. Think how few hospitals there are. I want someday to make a big hospital where sick people can come and be healed."

"Chinese people are too poor to pay hospitals," she said.

"But in my hospital the rich will help pay for the poor," he urged.

"Rich people don't want to pay for them," she said shrewdly.

He felt himself caught in some sort of net, so soft as to be intangible, and yet he was floundering in it. "Lili, answer me straight. Will you come to China with me?"

"If my father says so."

"We'll live in Peking," he murmured.

"I like Peking. Such nice shops there."

It was long past noon when he returned home. Mary met him, as silent as a little cat.

"Will she go?" she demanded.

"Yes," James said, "if her father will let her."

"And if he will not?"

"He must," James replied.

"Ha!" Mary cried under her breath.

"Come!" their mother's voice sang at them from the dining room. "Come, eat—the food is hot, don't let the food get cold. Father doesn't like cold food."

"Coming," Mary cried.

Mrs. Liang bustled through the house, calling and compelling. When James and Mary entered the dining room she was hurrying upstairs, her somewhat thick figure toiling its way on half-bound feet. In her childhood her feet had been bound, but when her family discovered that the little boy to whom they had betrothed her years before had grown up into a fastidious and modern young man who swore with ferocity that he would not marry a woman with bound feet, they had hastened to unbind them as far as it was possible.

Doctor Liang looked up as his two elder children came in. "Let us sit down," he told them. "Doubtless Peter and Louise will join us soon."

He began to sup the chicken broth and bean vermicelli with audible satisfaction. Among Americans he would have drunk silently, but with his own family it was a pleasure to relax, he declared, and act as a real Chinese.

No one spoke while he ate. Peter came in and sat down. He was a thin, pleasant-looking boy of seventeen, so thin that his long neck was ludicrous. His features were large and unusually strongly marked, and his forehead was high.

"You were working on some test a few days ago," Dr. Liang said courteously. "I have not heard the outcome."

"I received a mark of ninety-seven, father," Peter said. By concentration he could keep his voice down, and he achieved this sentence without a squawk.

"Good son."

Mrs. Liang bustled in at this moment, sweating apologies. Louise followed, looking sulky. She was fifteen, small and pretty. Her short hair was extravagantly curled and she wore a tight red dress and high-heeled b pumps.

Doctor Liang stared at his youngest c "She has been crying. Why have you sco her?" Louise was his favorite child, and whole family knew it.

"After all you have said about waist b ing"—Mrs. Liang gulped her soup tween sentences—"she was binding waist—that's what she was doing. Before mirror. Her face was all red."

"But why?" Doctor Liang asked, sta at Louise.

"Because why," Mrs. Liang answered a loud voice. "The Americans are wan very small waists."

"We are Chinese," Doctor Liang s mildly. "Never forget, my child. women are beautiful because they are r ural."

"Oh, father, don't worry," Mary cr out. "Louise won't be uncomfortable long, you may be sure of that. She loves to too much."

"Shut up," Louise whispered under breath.

Doctor Liang put down his chopstic Mrs. Liang had served a large bowl of r with vegetables and had set it in front of hi This was his family bowl. When guests w present he used a small bowl—a gentlema bowl, he laughingly explained. Only peasa used large bowls.

"Mary!" he now cried sharply. "Do n be cruel to your younger sister. Louise, not be rude to your elder sister. The fam relationships must be preserved."

"Eh, eh, eat your fo all of you," Mrs. Lia cried impetuously. "Wh your stomachs are full y will feel better. I made t beef and cabbage myse Here, father of n sons ——" She reach across the table with h chopsticks in her right ha and picked a tender bit of beef from the di and put it on Doctor Liang's heap of ric "Now come—the children will all be goo It will rouse your ulcers to be angry with the at mealtime."

Life is thick-sown with thorns, and I know no other remedy but to pass quickly through them.

—VOLTAIRE.

Nothing gave Mrs. Liang a greater sen of success as a wife than the sight of her hu band eating his food with enjoyment. S was irked that her own pleasure was checke by a frame that ran easily to fat, and she w sometimes made melancholy by the sight her husband's spare and graceful body whe he bathed himself.

"I shall have to have a nap," he con plained.

"It will be good for you," she replie "You are not too young to sleep a little i the middle of the day."

Around them their four children ate i silence, dipping into the dishes in the middl of the table. Mrs. Liang did not tolerate th presence of the maid, Nellie, while they at All of them enjoyed their food better whe they dipped for themselves from the middl dishes, but only the children did so in fron of the maid, and not then in the mother' presence.

When the meal was over, Doctor Lian rose, yawned, and went to his room to sleep In the dining room the four young peopl were left alone together.

Mary folded her arms on the table an leaned on them. "Are you going to tell Pete and Louise?"

"What has Jim done now?" Peter asked He was gobbling chocolates, hunting wit his long forefinger for the cream-filled one

"He has asked Lili to go back to China with him as soon as they are married, and she says she will—if her papa lets her." Mary's mischievous voice echoed Lili's soft Chinese pronunciation: "Baba."

"No kidding!" Peter exclaimed.

"I am going too," Mary announced.

The three of them turned on her. "Who said?" Louise cried.

"I say," Mary declared. "I've made up my mind. All this child hygiene—why do you think I've been taking that?"

(Continued on Page 90)



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(Continued from Page 88)

"So you can be a good mother," Louise said wickedly.

"Oh, shut up!"

Without their parents the four of them were wholly American. Not seeing them, hearing only their voices, none could have heard a difference.

"I think Jim ought to go first and blaze the trail for the rest of us," Peter cried. With excitement his long neck seemed to grow longer.

"How's even Jim going?" Louise asked. "It costs oodles of money."

"I've been offered a job," Jim said slowly.

"Oh, where, Jim?"

"In Peking, in the big hospital there."

"Lucky stiff," Peter muttered.

All of them were sick to get to China, all except Louise, and she dared not say she was not. Alone sometimes she was frightened at the thought of China. She loved America. Her life here was pure fun, mingled with brief hours of work at high school, and away from her family she lived a life which she concealed from them altogether. She was gay and popular, and she danced well and sang as clearly as a Chinese lark. An American boy had fallen in love with her. No one knew except her best friend, Estelle, who was his sister. Romantic Estelle begged them to marry, but Philip had not asked Louise to marry him.

"There's a hitch, though," Jim said soberly. "Lili wants her father to agree to her going."

There was a chorus of snorts at this. "Marry her first," Peter advised, in a manly voice. "When you're married you can do what you like. Be a Chinese for once—make your wife obey you."

Jim smiled at him ruefully and shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I'm afraid I won't make a very good Chinese husband, Pete."

"Aw, get tough," Peter urged. "Don't let 'em lick you, Jim. Remember you're our pilot."

James looked round at their faces. Peter was eager, Mary was determined, Louise looked remote and dreaming. They were all depending on him, their elder brother, the head of the family after their father. The head of the family! When he was that he'd have them all in China where they belonged.

"You can trust me," he said. "I won't give up."

He was somewhat daunted, however, by Lili's air of resolute calm when she rose with undulant grace to meet him that evening, as he entered the elaborate living room of the Li apartment. She put out her hand and took his and led him to the sofa where she had been sitting. On the sofa opposite, Mr. and Mrs. Li sat with some formality, and their faces were solemn. When he greeted them they inclined their heads and did not speak, and he knew at once that Lili had told them what he had asked. He knew, too, that they had discussed the matter and had decided what their answer would be.

"The night is mild," he announced. "The sky is the color of rain." Because he did not want to speak English tonight he spoke in Mandarin Chinese, native to him but foreign to Mrs. Li's Shanghai-bred tongue. Nevertheless, she answered him in an attempt at the same language.

"The river will grow more damp, and it will be bad for our cough."

James drank a little tea and set down the bowl. "There are many varieties of climate in this large country," he remarked. "Would it not be well for you to travel to the West where the air is dry and there is constant sunshine?"

Mrs. Li shook her head. "We cannot leave New York," she sighed. "It is like Shanghai. And where else can we buy fresh ginger and bamboo shoots? In Chinatown the markets are at least as good as in small towns in our own land."

Lili said nothing. She sat in repose, her exquisite hands crossed on the lap of her apple-green satin robe. She wore a white gardenia in her hair and green jade ear

The scent of the gardenia wrapped fragrant air, and stole into the young heart. He grew impatient with the slow ambles of Chinese courtesy and he cast aside suddenly. Leaning forward, h dressed himself to Mr. Li in English.

"Sir, I think Lili has told you that I asked her to marry me very soon and go me to China. I have come to ask your mission."

Mrs. Li rose immediately. "Come, we shall leave this matter to the two m

Lili obeyed, and Mr. Li maintained a silence while they left the room toge When they were gone he rose and wer the door and closed it. He wore tonight nese robes which covered his portly figure gave him great dignity.

"What I am about to say has nothin do with you." His Mandarin was stilted intelligible. Every businessman was c pelled to know Mandarin, wherever his h in China. "I am very willing for you marry Lili. It will be a weight off my m Now you ask me to allow you to take daughter back to the country from whic have escaped. Now, do not mistake m hate this foreign country and I love country. But I tell you, times are very in China. Since the Americans always w to have fifty-one per cent and we Chinese determined to keep fifty-one per cent, b ness stands still. This is why I took the portunity to come to this country and my gall bladder cut out. When I go to operation next month, it would comfort to think my daughter is married safely good young man with a ity, such as you are. T I can die without distre

Behind every mountain lies a vale. —CHINESE PROVERB.

James broke in. " it is not necessary you to die. I understa these things and ——"

Mr. Li put up his pale, soft hand a stopped him. "You are not cutting me ope he said gently. "Were you holding the kn I would not think of death. If the doct were Chinese they would not expect to paid for killing me, as you know. Th might expect to be sued. But here it see doctors cannot commit murder, whomev they kill. I have inquired and I have be told that even the President of Amer would have to pay his doctors were he kill As you know, our Generalissimo would nev consent to such extortion."

Mr. Li's earnest, soft voice flowed on a on. He spoke very little before his wife a daughter, and when he was alone with a m all this talk came flowing out of him.

"Now," Mr. Li said, "here is what I a Do not go back to China for a few yea Later, certainly! I do not wish to be buri here, and if I die my body is to be placed a metal coffin. The coffin is to be filled wi lime and sealed and placed in storage. I d not wish to be buried in this American eart When the affairs of our country are improv enough for you to take my daughter mother, my daughter, and I hope my gran children, back to Shanghai, my body must g with the family. The house in Shanghai yours. It is very large and it is completel furnished, on the eastern side Chinese, on th western side foreign."

James stirred. "Sir, I want to work ——

Mr. Li put up his hand again. "It is no necessary," he said gently. "I have mone enough to support at least five generation I sold my mills when the Japanese reache Manchuria. By then, of course, war was in evitable. All my fortune is in banks here i New York. I do not mind telling you that am the largest depositor in three banks i this city."

Mr. Li smiled dimly and put up his han yet again when he saw that once more Jame was about to speak.

"Wait—this is not all. I will settle every thing on you, as my son, on the day I g under the foreign knife. I can trust you. Yo will take care of an old father and mothe Yes, you will be my real son. I ask only on return: that you will take my name whe

(Continued on Page 92)



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(Continued from Page 90)

you marry my daughter; it is an old custom with us, you know, when a man has no son." He looked shrewdly at the grave young man who suddenly pressed his lips together, and hurried on. "The surname Li is honorable, my son. It is among the Hundred Names. And your father has another son. I am not robbing him. Now then, everything is clear between us. Certainly I give my permission for the wedding. Say two weeks from today? That gives time for new clothes and the guests to be chosen and so on. It gives me nearly a month before my death. With luck I might even hope that before I die my daughter may conceive." Mr. Li pursed his lips and smiled.

James had no heart to break the old man's dream, and yet it must be done. Trained as a surgeon, he went swiftly to the task. "I do not believe you will die, sir," he said, "and it is better if you do not take it for granted. The mind must help the body to live—we doctors know that. But sir, please do not ask me to change the plan I have made for my life. I am surnamed Liang, and I must remain what I am born. I thank you deeply and I will be to you as a son, whatever my name."

Mr. Li winced at the clear, resolute young voice and James, looking away, saw his fat white hands lying on his knees begin to tremble. He looked away from the hands too, and went on.

"I am glad that you want Lili and our children to live in our own country. So far we are agreed. We are exiles here, however kind the people. But even that is not why I want to go home. I have some idea—fantastic, perhaps—that I can do some good for my own people."

"But the times are so bad." Mr. Li's voice was a wail.

"I know—and that is why I feel I must go back."

He could not tell Mr. Li what it was that made his purpose hard in his heart. He had never said even to Mary that in some deeply repressed corner of his being he grieved that his own father had chosen to live in exile during the years of their country's hardship. He knew all the arguments, that a scholar could not work in the midst of turmoil and war. But he had long ago determined that he would work where he was most needed. He would not allow his mind to be delicate nor his heart remote.

MR. LI came to the attack again, not harshly or boldly, but with pleading. "Lili has been gently reared. She grew very nervous and ill during the bombing in Shanghai. Perhaps she has not told you how nearly she was killed?"

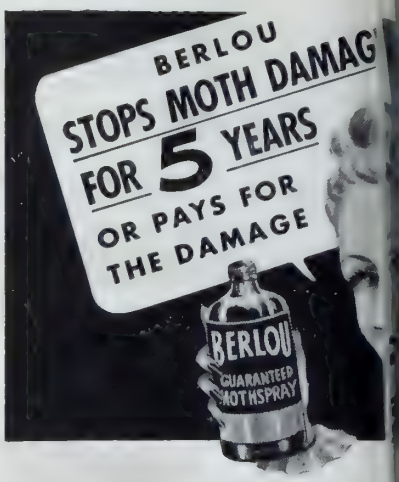
"No!" James cried in a low voice of horror.

Mr. Li nodded. "She was shopping in Wing On's department store. I had told her she could buy a sable coat. The Russians sent in very good furs to us. She was trying it on when the bomb fell. Luckily she had gone to the stairs, where there was a window, to see the fur by the daylight. Thus she was able to run down the stairs, and escape before the whole building collapsed." Mr. Li sighed. "Unfortunately she threw off the coat, thinking it would be too heavy. Otherwise she would have kept that too."

James did not speak. He continued to look steadfastly at Mr. Li, his face very grave.

Mr. Li went on: "For this reason she is easily frightened, and perhaps will be so all her life. Now maybe Shanghai is better, but we cannot be sure of this. For that reason, even as you say you will not accept our name. I must say that Lili shall not go to China now."

This was Mr. Li's ultimatum, and James knew it. He knew also that by Chinese reasoning, had he been willing to yield and change his surname, Mr. Li might have made compromise and allowed him to take Lili to China. He felt the soft, implacable net of Chinese life spread about his feet, and his heart grew firm. He had lived in freedom and he would not give it up. For a moment even love stepped back and he stood alone. He got up, thrust his hands into his pockets, and stood with squared shoulders.



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"I shall be sorry to leave my wife here in America to wait alone until China is fit for her to live in. But my work must come first."

Sweat broke out on Mr. Li's full pale face. "You are too foreign," he said. "With a Chinese, family comes first," he said.

James looked down steadfastly into the upturned face. Mr. Li was a good man, but he had never done China any good. He was one of those who had lived for his own family. To family how often China had been sacrificed, and by how many!

"Whatever I am, I am first myself," he told Mr. Li and he turned and left the room and, walking down the hall, went out of the house.

He could not go home. The night air was soft and the streets were quiet. He glanced at his watch and saw that it was eleven o'clock. There was all night yet to face. He walked slowly, hatless, his hands in his pockets, down the street and across to the river. There the bridge was, the George Washington Bridge. He had grown up with American heroes. George Washington was more living to him than Confucius was, a doer and the creator of a new nation. The bridge stretched across the enormous span of the river. Mists were rising in soft swirls from the chilled water, and the farther end of the bridge was hidden. It reached from the near shore endlessly into the distance, into the future, and his rich imagination made it a symbol. He would cross the bridge of his dreams, even though he walked alone.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Dinner Party for One

By G. M. White

Faces drift in the sheen of cherry wood
Where firelight fashions lace:
She never dines alone who knows
Her heart is a crowded place.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

But in the night, alone in his bed, Lili crept out of his heart and into his mind. He lay in the darkness thinking of her, loving her with all the strength of his young repressed manhood. He had grown up among American boys and girls, seeing their horseplay of sex, and not sharing in it. The knowledge that he was not of their race was barrier enough, but the delicacy of his soul was the real barrier. He would marry his own kind and they would glory in being Chinese. His pride was fulfilled in Lili. All his restraints tumbled in the night and he determined that he would not give her up.

When he got up from a restless night he looked fresh and strong with determination. He bathed, he shaved, he dressed himself carefully in his new gray pin-striped suit and he put on a wine-red tie. When he came to the breakfast table only Mary and Peter were there, and Peter was studying while he ate and did not look up. But Mary cried out at the sight of him:

"My, you're handsome this morning! Did baba say yes?"

James grinned and sat down to a bowl of oatmeal. "Baba said no, and I'm going over there this morning to take Lili by force."

"I wish you luck," Mary said. She was suddenly sober, and she whispered under her breath, "Oh, how I wish you luck!"

He pretended he did not hear her while he poured on cream and heaped on sugar.

For a moment when the door opened into the Li apartment he thought that Lili had been forbidden to see him. Mollie, the maid, looked distressed. She shut the door softly and glanced up the stairs.

"They had some sort of row here," she whispered. "When I got in this morning ——" She shook her head.

But Lili herself interrupted them. She came down the stairs, looking exquisite and

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pale, wearing a red silk gown and little black slippers. Mollie disappeared and James went forward and took Lili in his arms. She crumpled against his shoulder and began to sob softly.

"You made baba so angry."

He was distressed by her weeping, and he led her along in his arm until they were in the small music room off the hall. Here he shut the door and sat down with her on a love seat. "Lili darling, don't cry," he coaxed. He pulled out the fresh new handkerchief he had put into his breast pocket and wiped her eyes, holding her face up by his hand under her chin as though she were a child.

"Baba says I mustn't marry you," she sobbed. "He says he will find me another husband."

James felt his heart knock at his ribs. "He can't do that, darling—not if you don't want him to. If we stick together, no one can force us apart."

"Baba can."

Despair all but overwhelmed him. She was so yielding, so soft, so trained to obedience. What if he could not put strength into her soul?

"Listen to me, darling." He brushed away the soft curls of her hair from her ear. "Try to understand how I feel. China is great. She is not really weak. She is only in distress. All the great strength is simply waiting until we come to her help. She has lived in an old, old world and she needs to be born into the new one. I am a doctor and I think naturally in terms of birth—of bringing forth life ——"

She was looking at him with wide blank eyes. "But if baba won't give us any money how will we live in China?"

He laughed at this. "I will work and make money."

To his shocked surprise she grew angry at this. "You talk only silly!" she exclaimed. "In China you cannot work. There is no money."

"The hospital will pay me."

"A little money," she said scornfully. "How much? Maybe in one month what this gown cost baba. He is right. I cannot."

His arms grew cold around her. "Do you mean you don't want to marry me?"

She wept again loudly and she threw her arms about his neck. "I do—I do—but please, here, in New York, I like it so much!"

He said gravely, "I must go."

His arms dropped and she put them back again. "No, you must love me, please!"

In her distraction she was so beautiful, so helpless that he held her, while his heart broke.

It was she who spoke first after a while. "There is only one way, James. You must go first, without me. When baba lets me, I will come."

"You mean . . . go without being married?"

She nodded. "It is the only way," she said. "Baba will not make me marry another man right away now if I cry every day. Maybe he won't die. Then—after you make money—buy a house maybe, or just even rent a nice house ——" She twisted her little wet handkerchief into knots and then untwisted it, doing everything, he thought, to avoid his eyes.

"This is what you want me to do, is it, Lili?"

"Not what I want," she whispered.

He was very gentle, very tender. "Then, dear, couldn't you come with me—run away, maybe?"

She shook her head positively. "I . . . can't," she said in a small, sweet voice. "Oh, no!"

The ocean was not the river. No bridge could cross it. He stood for hours every day, staring down into the clear green water, foaming into white waves where the prow of the ship clove its way westward. His body ached with loneliness, defrauded of marriage. It seemed to him now that he had left his father's house in a dream of suffering. He had not tried to persuade Lili again and he had seen her only once more, the last night before he went away. It was too late then to change anything, even had there been a change in her. He had sent cables accepting the job at

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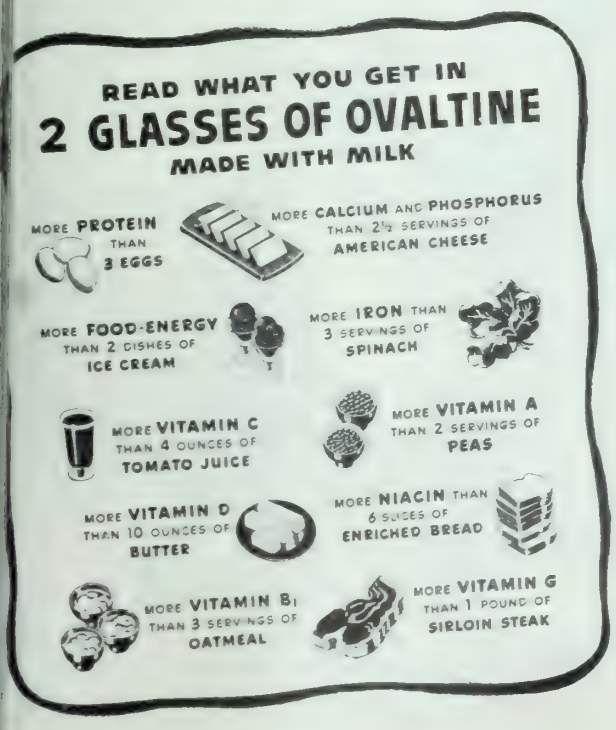


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Choc-O-Lantern Cake

2 cups sifted cake flour
1⅓ cups sugar
2½ teaspoons baking powder (tartrate powder, 4 teaspoons)
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Spry
¾ cup milk
1½ teaspoons vanilla
2 eggs, unbeaten
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 ounce chocolate, melted

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt into mixing bowl. Drop in Spry. Add milk and vanilla and beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed). Add eggs and beat 200 strokes. Divide batter in half. Add grated orange rind to one batter and melted chocolate to the other, blending well. Arrange batters, alternately by tablespoonfuls, in 12x8x2-inch Sprycoated pan. Run knife through batters several times both lengthwise and crosswise of pan for a mottled effect. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 35-45 minutes. Frost cake all over; decorate corners and center with "choc-o-lanterns" (orange sugar patties with "faces" made of melted chocolate). Serve with chocolate ice cream and orange sherbet.

Choc-O-Lantern Frosting

Combine ½ teaspoon grated orange rind and 3 tablespoons orange juice; let stand 10 minutes; strain. Have ready 3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar. Blend 1 tablespoon each Spry and butter. Beat in ½ cup sugar gradually. Add 1½ ounces chocolate, melted. Stir in remaining sugar alternately with orange juice. Add about 3½ tablespoons scalded evaporated milk or light cream and beat well.





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(Continued from Page 96)

pose you pay for my food, some clothes, one bed, then never mind. But better you give me dollars for railway tickets. You go second class, good enough, first class too much. I will buy fourth-class ticket for me and sit by you as servant in second class."

James listened to this arrangement of his life and yielded. "All right, Wang," he said. "Go ahead."

James felt vaguely comforted by this new alliance with young Wang, even though the fellow was only a servant. He needed the comfort a few minutes later. As his eyes hurried over the pages of Mary's careful, neat handwriting he began to grow frightened. "Mr. Li did not die," Mary wrote. "Jim, you mustn't mind. Lili is going everywhere with Ting. Nothing has been announced."

That was all. Ting, the son of a Chinese official in America, was a handsome, gay young student at Yale. James had known him for years, for they had gone to the same prep school. Charlie Ting was an idler and a wastrel. In Chinatown he had to pay cash even though he was an official's son. He had once married secretly an American hat-check girl in the Waldorf and it had cost his father five thousand dollars to make her willing to divorce Charlie.

Mary's letter dropped to the floor and he seized sheets of the coarse hotel paper and his fountain pen and began to pour out his demanding heart to Lili. He wrote for an hour and a half, and then laid down his pen and gathered up the sheets and read them over half-aloud, trying to imagine her face when they reached her. Outside the open window he heard a brawl rise suddenly and end in the dull sound of a thudding club, but he did not get up to see what it was. The city was full of such brawls. There were too many starving people, and policemen treated them as criminals. Perhaps they were. There was no line between starvation and crime. The world, the whole world, was divided into two parts, the island of the rich and the ocean of the poor. He had his feet still on the island. But he was facing the rough, dark waters and Lili, his gentle love, could never follow him. She was a flower whose roots must grow in the loam of plenty. The letter was no use. Either he must go back—or take his reckless leap. He tore the letter into small bits and dropped them into a huge brass cuspidor that stood by the table.

This is not to say that he could forget Lili. That night at the station he sat upon a rail seat that rose out of a sleeping mass of people on the floor, leaning against baskets and bundles, and thought of nothing but her. When he dozed into exhaustion he dreamed of himself successful and famous and som how drawing her to him again. He woke gaze down into young Wang's bland a peaceful face, as he slept back to back with stout old man. Once in two or three hours train whistle blew, and each time your Wang had gone to see whether by any chan the train north was making an unschedul departure. "Sometimes people too man train sneaks away," he explained to Jame The last time he had come back dawn w beginning to break, and outside on the pla form the electric lights were feeble. The was no train in sight, but young Wa peered into the distance. "Train comes," announced in a tense whisper.

"How do you know?" James asked.

"Feel the earth under my feet."

In a quarter of an hour the train pull into the station and the crowd press through the gates and began climbing in doors and windows alike. But young Wa was ahead of them all. Yelling and pushi with sharp elbows, he commandeered tw seats, heaped them with baggage and sat top of them. James, caught like driftwood a wave, heard him roaring at the top of h lungs that his master was a Big Man fro America. When he came into sight, Wa climbed down, smiled, and showed him pleasant enough corner by the window.

"Bags must stay here," he said. "If bags, then seats will be gone soon."

The aisles were full and men and childr sat even in the baggage racks overhead. T noise on the roof meant that those who h not found places inside were on top of t car. The engine gave a series of jerks, peop screamed, a few fell off and the train start northward.

If the day was long and hideous, the nig was less so only because from exhaustion fell into a daze of unconsciousness which w not sleep. He dreamed that he was held some prison full of writhing people who h nothing to do with him and yet he was o of them. He woke to gaze out the dusty wi dows at a dull landscape whose colors he d not see.

On the morning of the second day your Wang broke a windowpane. Fresh cool a rushed in and James felt his brain cle suddenly. He had been sitting in deep d pression, unwashed, for there was no wat on the train. When he had struggled to t lavatory he had found it occupied by tw women, their bedding and three childre and he had retreated again.

The train was many hours late. Long a they should have reached Nanking, and on now were the purple hills looming into vie

(Continued on Page 100)



"I got thinking today of all the women I could have married other than you."



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RUGS

LIBERTYVILLE TEXTILES, INC., LIBERTYVILLE 1, ILLINOIS

(Continued from Page 98)

At Nanking the train stopped, and they must take a ferry and cross the river to take a northbound train again on the other side.

"You get ready, please," Wang bade James with authority. "Here is one big fight for the ferry first."

When the train slid loudly into the station the baggage was slung about his person like armor and he plunged relentlessly into the crowd, creating a space in which James followed him with a doggedness that was almost as ruthless. By this means they reached the ferry in time to find a place that was not on the edge of the boat.

"Too many people drown," young Wang told James over his shoulder. "Push, push, splash!"

On the northern shore James turned and looked back at Nanking, the capital of his country. It lay hidden behind a high gray wall, centuries old. Beyond it he could see the double crest of Purple Mountain, where Sun Yat-sen's tomb had been built. Someday when he had discovered his own country he would go there and look at the tomb of the man who had lived too long, or died too soon—he did not know which.

When the train reached Peking he was in a fever of weariness. He had been traveling for days and he realized that he had become utterly dependent on young Wang. The sprightly young man had provided him with food and hot tea at intervals, had night and morning fetched him hot water in a tin basin wherewith to wash, had pushed soldiers and women and callous men off the seats he had pre-empted for himself and his master, had fanned away flies, and made life somehow endurable.

A man that should call everything by its right name would hardly pass the streets without being knocked down as a common enemy.
—LORD HALIFAX.

Mary read aloud at the noon meal the letter from James. The family was still in New York, although summer had deepened and Doctor Liang was beginning to feel the heat. He sat delicately languid and listened to the letter, dated two weeks earlier and from Peking.

"I shall not crystallize my impressions," James wrote. "They are too mixed. But I have found this old city reassuring. Even the Japanese respected its ancient beauty. This is not to say that I have seen much of it. I took up my duties the day after I arrived, and when night comes I am too weary to sight-see. My view is also somewhat biased by the fact that I see only sick people. Trachoma is frightful. So is tuberculosis. I operate on the eyes, but can do nothing for the lungs. Ulcers, gangrene ——"

"Spare us, Mary," Doctor Liang said gently. "We are trying to eat—and it is very hot."

Mary folded the letter and put it in her pocket.

"You can read it to me when we are alone," Mrs. Liang said briskly. "Liang, eat some of the beef and peppers. You know you like it."

She dipped her chopsticks into the dish and picked out a bit and laid it on his plate. He ignored it and ate some rice from his bowl, a mouthful or two. Then he began to talk.

"I am happy to hear that Peking is untouched. I hope to spend my old age there, in a quiet lane, in an old house with a garden. I seem to see myself at the head of our family, my children married and living about me under one great roof, in the old style, my grandchildren running about my courts. Ah, happy old age!"

He smiled, and Mrs. Liang, who had been listening with lively interest, broke in. "Liang, I tell you, don't count on it. Children nowadays are unreliable. Suppose they don't want to live under one roof with us?"

Doctor Liang shook his head gently. "I am a reasonably pleasant person, I believe?" He looked at his children's faces with a touching trust. "I am not obnoxious, am I? Not repulsive?"

"Of course not, pa," Louise exclaimed. She was looking very pretty today. Heat flushed her usually pale face and her eyes, set shallowly under flying brows, were dark and humid. She had a secretive reserve except toward her father.

"You will come and live with me, Little Lou?" Doctor Liang went on, half playfully, half pathetically. "Ma, we will have one child with us. We must find a very nice husband for her, some nice young professor, a scholar with whom I can discuss the dreams of Chuang Tzû and the poetry of Li Po, the charming drunkard."

The mention of marriage roused Mrs. Liang's curiosity. "Does James say anything about Lili?"

"Nothing," Mary replied.

"Then he must have heard," Mrs. Liang exclaimed.

"I told him."

Doctor Liang was vexed at this. He spoke with sharpness. "Now, Mary, that was very premature. I was talking with Mr. Li only yesterday and he said that Lili has not made up her mind."

Mrs. Liang sniffed. "Liang, I must tell you. At first I thought it would be very nice to enjoy some money from the Li family. Your salary as a professor is not large, and at present your writing is not very useful to us. But now I don't like this Lili. I think she would divorce James quickly when she likes. I suggest rather a better type of girl, who is more faithful, someone like Sonia Pan."

Peter groaned loudly. "Sonia Pan! She's cross-eyed."

Mrs. Liang would not yield. "Eyes can be fixed now. It is not like before. And she is very good. She does not waste money."

"It would be no use for her to waste money on herself," Louise murmured. "She is too ugly."

Doctor Liang coughed. "I am sure ma is right. Sonia is a very good girl. But the Pan family is not quite ——"

Mary interposed. "Father, I think it is no use to talk of Sonia when James has never thought of her."

"Quite right, my dear," Doctor Liang said gratefully. "Let us think of something else. What do you say to a little vacation for all of us? I am feeling the heat. Sometimes I wish we could move to the country to live."

"It would be too inconvenient," Mrs. Liang said. "You would be lonely, Liang. And it is too hard to buy the food for you. When you feel like country you can always go to Central Park."

She rose and began to collect the dishes. But as always her heart relented toward her husband. It would be no great expense to go to some small place in the mountains to the north. She pattered back into the living room to tell him so. But he was asleep, stretched out on the long sofa, breathing deeply and calmly. She mounted the stairs slowly to find Mary and then she felt sleepy also and yawned. The house was very quiet. The children must have gone out. The letter from James could wait.

On a bench by the river, Mary, Peter and Louise discussed this first long letter. By it they would judge whether China was what they hoped it was or feared it was not. On the whole, the letter was favorable. The journey northward, James wrote, was something to experience rather than talk about. He was inclined sometimes to think that the worst they had heard from Chinese who had fled to New York was not bad enough. Filth and poverty were everywhere. The train was something that could not be imagined and the callousness to death had frightened him. Yet when James had reached Peking, it was like stepping back into New York. The hospital was very fine and luxurious, built by Americans with American money. The Japanese had left it alone, or very nearly, and the equipment, while not of the latest, was still good. The view from his windows was superb. The city roofs were delicately shaped and old courtyards were rich with ancient

(Continued on Page 102)

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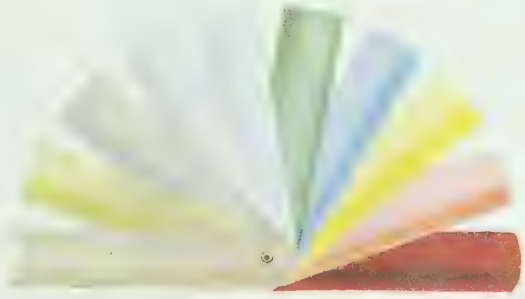
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(Continued from Page 100)

trees. Everything had been built with the outlook of centuries in the past and centuries yet to come. It made him proud to be a Chinese. The Marco Polo Bridge he had gone to see, because their father had told him it was even more beautiful than the George Washington Bridge. It was impossible to compare them, though. This bridge in Peking was made of marble and stone and there were sculptured lions on it. The mounting curve was matchless.

Peking, James wrote, made him want to send for them all. He was very happy. Something deep in his soul was being satisfied. He worked hard, but he did not tire as he had in New York. Nobody hurried and yet more work was done, he believed, than he had ever seen done before. People moved at an even, steady pace, their minds at ease. They seemed ready for any fate, sturdy and self-confident.

"It sounds like heaven," Mary said, and her eyes dreamed.

Neither Peter nor Louise answered.

She read on: "I know that if Lili saw this place she would be willing to come to me. Houses are not hard to find. We could live very happily—she would not need to work." Mary stopped here. What James commissioned her to do was only for her eyes.

But Peter gave a yelp. He rose and straightened the fold in his trousers carefully. "Tell Jim he is way back in the past so far as that young woman is concerned. She's been tentatively engaged to three men since she was tentatively engaged to him."

"Don't talk so," Mary said.

"Ting told me. Ting says he is going to his dad to put pressure on old Li. It's only way to pin Lili down."

"What pressure?" Mary asked.

"Ting says old Li was really a collabo tor, and his dad has the proof. He skipp out just in time to avoid getting put in ja or coughing up a couple of million to put certain outstretched hands."

Both girls stared at him. "Really?" Lou murmured.

"Tell Jim unless he can put on pressu he had just better forget the whole busines Peter set his straw hat at an angle. "'E kids. I promised Ting to meet him. We going to run out to the beach with a couple girls."

His sisters watched him thoughtfully as sauntered to the street.

"Do you think we ought to tell moth what he does?"

"She can't do anything," Mary said. "I needs to go away. I wish Jim would send f him."

"Peter doesn't know enough to be of an use anywhere." Louise yawned. "I'm goin home to sleep—Estelle wants me to go to dance with them tonight."

"Where?"

"Some roof or other," Louise answered i differently. She hid from her shrewd elde sister the excitement of her heart. Tonigh she would dance with Philip. Estelle wa making it a party of four.

(To be Continued)

MOUNTAIN MOTHERS

(Continued from Page 23)

midwives, and in one of the adjoining counties, more than 90 per cent. Home delivery by a doctor, or nurse-midwife, like those trained by the Frontier Nursing Service, who care for the most inaccessible families in this region, is an acceptable and safe procedure. But some untrained midwives, working under unsanitary conditions in dark and drafty mountain cabins, wait too long to assist a patient in labor or try to induce birth by the most unhygienic and agonizing of methods. The death rate of mothers and babies under such treatment is understandably high.

The Oneida delivery room in action is in striking contrast. The room is flooded with light from overhead fluorescent tubes. Gleaming equipment reflects in the surf-green tile walls. An electrically warmed crib is ready to receive the infant. Every instrument and cloth is sterile and untouched by hands. The doctor, scrubbed, gowned and masked, is prepared for any surgical emergency. Graduate nurses scurry to assist him.

People are lonely because they build walls instead of bridges. —JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

This transformation on obstetrical practices in Clay County began in the vision of a pioneering woman physician, Dr. C. Adeline McConville. In New York in 1909 she heard a lecture by James Anderson Burns, who was promoting a school for mountain children. She was inspired to build a hospital in Oneida. The three-story brick building was completed in 1928 at a cost of $28,000, which Doctor McConville had solicited in small amounts over a period of twenty years. She intended to care for all but the contagious diseases, but soon found she could not meet the high medical standards she set for herself. For the next ten years she tried to give the building away.

Dr. Philip Earle Blackerby, Kentucky State health commissioner, started a broad health program for mothers in medically neglected sections of Kentucky in 1940. One objective of the program was to provide obstetrical care for those women without access to private doctors. Dr. Edwin F. Daily, director of the Division of Health Services of the U. S. Children's Bureau, offered national funds to establish a demonstration maternity hospital in Kentucky, if the state would provide the building and equipment. Doctor Blackerby then accepted Doctor McConville's offer to give her building to the state and the Oneida Maternity Hospital was founded. In 1947 the state matched the Children's Bureau's $30,000 contribution. The cost per patient day was $9.72.

For the past six years the progress of the hospital has been guided by Kentucky's special director for maternal and child health, Dr. Alice Chenoweth, an experienced pediatrician and mother of a three-year-old herself. The first patient was admitted in December of 1941, when the staff consisted of one nurse, one cook and the medical director, Dr. Henry Hollis Caffee. Doctor Caffee brought the hospital through four difficult war years when personnel was almost impossible to get and as hard to keep. He had other troubles. The physical problems encountered in an isolated area are unthought of in cities.

Water supply was a tremendous problem. Water from the hospital well had such a high iron content that it looked like orangeade but tasted salty. Not only was this water unsafe for drinking, but it corroded equipment. Periodically the elevator to the third floor stopped running, and on at least one occasion Doctor Caffee had to lug a 250-pound woman up two flights of steep stairs before operating on her. The mere job of doctoring was not easy. He got many difficult, last-minute deliveries, frequently the botched attempts of unskilled midwives who finally conceded a hemorrhage was too serious for them to cope with. One winter night a baby was born in a truck stalled on an icy mountain road. It reached the hospital several hours later, very much alive, but with its umbilical cord tied off with a shoestring.

The physical plant of the hospital steadily improved. A complete filter system was installed so that water pumped from the river could be used. The balky elevator was replaced by a new one. A complete X-ray chamber was provided. The interior of the hospital was remodeled to contain four wards and completely equipped to care for 25 beds and 22 bassinets. Four incubators were placed in a specially isolated room for tiny early

(Continued on Page 104)

The New Wills-Willett Living Room

Versatility is the keynote of this charming room. The chest (left) opens at typewriter desk height; can be used for a radio or for storage. The table (right of fireplace) opens to 46" x 46" for dining. It's as practical as it is lovely. From the workrooms of the largest makers of solid maple and cherry furniture for living room, bedroom, dining room.

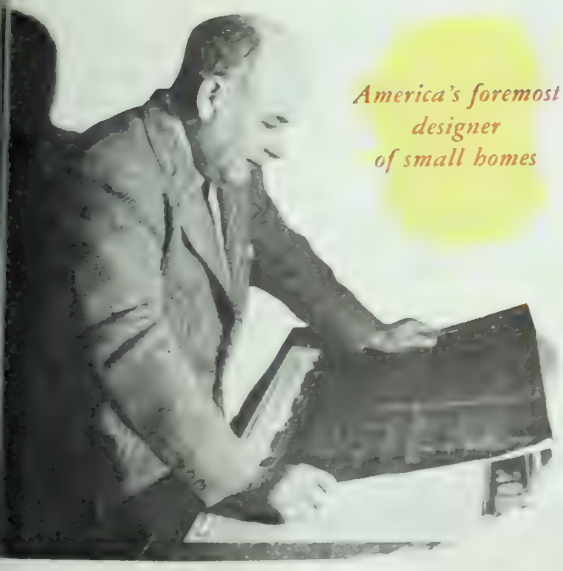
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TUSSY *emulsified cleansing cream*

(Continued from Page 102)

comers. A nurses' cottage was built and furnished in a manner to make it a pleasant place to stay. As new people were added to the staff, the hospital formed its busy routine of service to mountain mothers.

The medical director, assisted by members of his staff, conducts a clinic every Monday at Oneida, every Thursday at the nearest town (Manchester, 19 miles away), and every first and third Wednesday at Annville, in a neighboring county. New patients are received at these clinics for preliminary examination and return periodically for check-ups and advice about diet and physical care during pregnancy. The Manchester clinic has received as many as 100 women in one day.

A completely equipped dental office in a specially built truck travels to each clinic. The public-health dentist does free dental work for those who cannot afford to pay for the service.

To attend the clinics many of the women have to walk or ride muleback from "six mile up a dark holler" before reaching a road. To make sure they will be on hand when the baby is expected, many of them take rooms in boarding-houses in Oneida. The patient load of the hospital rose steadily until the hospital reached a peak in 1946 of 664 deliveries and 916 admissions. There were fewer in 1947, partly because the hospital was closed several weeks for remodeling, but also because of the rapid turnover and unavailability of medical directors.

Following Doctor Caffee's resignation in 1945, the hospital was served by seven different doctors. It became obvious that the state was not going to find a man fulfilling the high professional standards required who would serve very long at a top salary of $5000 per year. Principally to overcome this difficulty, the Oneida hospital was affiliated with the University of Louisville Medical School and General Hospital in July of 1948. Under the new plan the hospital will be staffed by two graduate physicians with at least two years of obstetrical specialization. Each will serve for overlapping periods of six months. The training will be recognized for admission to the American Board of Obstetrics, as a part of its rigorous requirements.

TWENTY-FIVE people now work at the hospital, including a professional staff of six nurses, a supervising nurse and a nutritionist.

Gynecological service, which Doctor Caffee took on in addition to his load of newborn, has all but dropped out of the picture, but is included in future development of Kentucky's Maternal and Child Health Program.

The Oneida project has provided quite a few surprises. Acceptance of the idea of hospital delivery among the mountain people was rapid. The attitude that the hospital is "a good place to go for them as has to" has nearly disappeared. Acceptance of analgesia to help relieve pain of minor incisions such as episiotomy and perineorrhaphy, obstetrical procedures heretofore unheard of in this region, was immediate and even enthusiastic.

Contrary to expectations, there has been almost no objection to the rule that fathers and other relatives stay out of the labor and delivery rooms. Experienced mountain fathers show very little uneasiness about a wife in labor. When they bring them they usually leave promptly and casually return in a day or two. There is much less pacing of the floor and smoking of cigarettes in the lower corridor of this mountain hospital than in city hospitals, although one young father dismally wandered about the hospital yard all of one night. "To be near her," he explained.

BUT to the mountain people, the baby is the thing: nothing beforehand can be very important, all else is anticlimax. Although the medical staff endlessly preaches that prenatal care is the foundation for good obstetrical practice, many of the patients delay coming to the clinics until a late stage o pregnancy.

The mortality of infants after they lea the hospital is another serious problem. Many an infant is taken home in excellent condition, after careful nursing, only to die later from pneumonia, diarrhea or pertussis resulting from improper home care. The mothers are instructed to return with their new babies to the clinics for periodical checkups, but less than 25 per cent do come back unless they think they are pregnant again. The county health department lacks sufficient nurses for follow-up after the new baby leaves the hospital.

One criticism of the hospital is that it gives virtually free obstetrical service to some who can afford, and who can get to, private doctors or conventional hospitals. One girl, married and living in comfortable circumstances in Ohio, returned to her mother's home near Oneida to have her baby delivered through the courtesy of the health department. Although most of the patients give as their home address some small mountain post office not even on the map, some come from quite distant towns in Kentucky. Most give their husbands' employment as farmer or miner, but they list also such occupations as teacher, mail carrier, school superintendent, barber, truck driver, millworker and mechanic.

Private doctors in near-by towns feel that the Oneida hospital should have social-service workers to screen admissions to the hospital on the basis of need. At present the hospital depends on the patients to send new patients—and to return next year themselves.

Although the women are expected to make themselves eligible for hospital delivery by attending the clinics, it has been the policy to refuse no one.

The vast majority of the patients are isolated mountain women really in need. Here they come for essential nursing care, to them a rare luxury. Here first to the light of day come new world citizens, no longer doomed to remain infant-men in a dark womb of hills while civilization struggles for the light. Kentucky is helping to make better, healthier citizens who in turn can make a better, healthier world for themselves and for all of us. No one knows what genius lies buried in these hills. **THE END**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

October Simile

By Catherine Ames Clinedinst

Autumn is like a Chinese house of amber.
In all its rooms the treasures of a prince
Dream in the muted sun, though dry vines clamber
Wistfully up the moon gates, and the quince
Taps barren fingers on the casement's sill.
Across the courtyard like a lone white swallow
Whispers a woman's skirt. The air turns chill.
One gaunt leaf stirs the pool, and others follow.
Soundless, the wind in silver chastity
Moves the slow willow; breathes an unheard cry
As of a thin flute's wailing melody
Piped to a lady once, in love gone by.
To and fro swing the gates. The dry vines clamber.
Autumn is like a Chinese house of amber.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



From experience comes faith

Watch a young boy comparing and selecting book after book.

They look much alike to him now. When he is older, through experience, he will have judgment. He will know books he can live by. The rest can gather dust on the shelf.

Life is like that. Out of each new experience, a man gathers wisdom. He learns to hold fast to things of proven worth.

By comparison, man also learns the value of things unseen, things in which he finally puts his faith.

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A MODERN VICTORIAN *Place Setting (one each Knife, Fork, Tea Spoon, Salad Fork, Cream Soup, and Butter Spreader)* $26.00 *Fed. Tax incl.*



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What girl with dreams of a home of her own doesn't think of owning a service of lovely Sterling. And what young housewife doesn't cherish thoughts of a table elegantly set with her own gleaming silver. But why dream when exquisite LUNT Sterling is available at such a modest cost! . . . and represents such a sound investment in quality and enduring beauty. See the many LUNT patterns in actual silver, including one of today's most desired designs . . . MODERN VICTORIAN. Let us send you our illustrated booklet, "*Sterling for Gracious Living*". Just address your request to Dept. L-1.

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GREENFIELD • MASSACHUSETTS



The expanding American economy has made further growth in college attendance both possible and necessary. Out of the country's increasing wealth, benefactors have strengthened private colleges and universities, and the people have taxed themselves to create and support the great state universities and land-grant colleges and, more recently, local and regional public junior colleges.

Higher education, in turn, has infused ever-greater vitality into our economic life. It has created new wants and needs. It has supplied the inventive and operational genius for an industrial society which depends on knowledge and discovery in the sciences and in research and training in technology.

Commenting on the results of widespread university education in the United States, as compared with Great Britain, Sir Ernest Simon, in an address at an educational conference in his country, reported that "the majority of influential men in industry [in the United States] have themselves had a university education, and are, therefore, more inclined to employ university graduates both for research and for other purposes. By way of contrast, in the Lancashire cotton industry there are hardly any university men in important positions, and largely for this reason not one per cent of the firms in the industry are scientifically equipped to make anything like full use of the results of the excellent research work of the Cotton Research Association!"

The expansion of secondary and higher education has also broadened the cultural base of American life. Once only the wealthy had access to the arts, and only a few people had the opportunity to learn about literature, art and music. But as the curriculum of both the high schools and the colleges has been enriched by introduction of courses in these fields, and as more and more students have enjoyed a general and liberal education in recent years, the arts have become a part of the life of the American people.

> **If you want to get a good general view of a man's karacter, find out from him what his opinion ov his nabor iz.**
> —JOSH BILLINGS.

Necessary as education is for our economic advancement, valuable as it is for cultural enjoyment, it is even more essential for citizenship in a modern democratic society and in a world of interdependent nations and peoples. A democracy cannot exist merely with an intellectual elite, but must have many citizens who possess a deep understanding of the problems of modern life, who are devoted to the purposes and ideals of a free society, and who will take a responsible part in public affairs.

The security and improvement of our way of life depends on a maximum, not a minimum, degree of popular education. The problems of our time are so complex and so urgent that universal high-school education is no longer sufficient to give us a people adequately prepared for their civic responsibilities. Our nation desperately needs a large body of citizens with an extended general and liberal education which puts "central emphasis on focal problems of our culture and the intellectual skills and moral habits with which to cope with them."

SIR ERNEST SIMON has said that if the United States is making a mistake in giving university education to too many students, it is surely one of the noblest mistakes in history. The danger in extending the benefits of general and liberal education to still more young people is that we may forget the importance of excellence. To have made high-school education universal, and higher education available to increasing numbers, is a great democratic accomplishment, but it has been attained at the expense of attention to individual needs and abilities. One of the results of this lack of individualization is that students of high capacity are so often not stimulated to make the most of their intellectual potentialities. We need to exercise much more ingenuity, not only in the high schools, but also in the colleges, to provide a unifying education without making it an intellectually leveling one. Our failure to measure up in intelligent statesmanship to the problems of our time is tragical evi dent, and it portends only disaster the future. Unless higher education, whi aids ing the whole level of social intell ence among the people, can also supply bi ant and dedicated leadership, democrac wi fail. Schools and colleges have no mo im portant task than that of identifyi the ablest among their students, stimu in them to high attainment, and moti in them to serve the public welfare. It is n pe democratic to recognize and nurture sel lectual talent, or any other kind of u ua aptitude. A free society needs all the nt that it can find. The problem in Am an education is neither to neglect the br students nor to undervalue the abilit of those who are more modestly endowe to capitalize to the fullest the potentia es of all our people.

IN its last yearbook, on The Expa Role of Education, the American Associ of School Administrators emphasized th portance of special attention to the a pupils: "According to conservative an thoritative estimates, more than a m children with exceptionally high intelli are now enrolled in the public schools. special training is provided only for a one in ten of this group. Because the pu school program is so generally designe the large middle group, and all too seldo adapted to those who are gifted, these dren must be rescued from the neglect w usually is their lot."

The problem of quality in education is only that of better training for the gi Improvement in educational procedur necessary all along the line, from the hig reaches of the educati system to its lowest gra The yearbook just m tioned was devoted to improvements and de opments that are urge needed at all levels. It vocates better provis for young children, the richment of secondary ucation, a fuller program of adult educati better care of exceptional children whet they are handicapped or especially gift better educational facilities and equipme and above all, better teachers and bet teaching.

This is the program, broadly sketch that farsighted citizens and educators ha set for American education. How can it put into effect?

The goals certainly will not be attained we leave the future of education to a faith few. The rest of us must take our full sha of the responsibility for discovering what t schools need and for devoting time a energy to their development.

This means studying the reports of t superintendent of schools. It means parti pating in the activities of the parent-teacher association and taking part in communit wide discussions of educational affairs. means actively supporting the movement f adequate teachers' salaries. It means accor ing teachers the respect that the professio deserves and giving them the encourag ment that their efforts merit. On the pri ciple that in the long run the community wi secure the kind of education that it want for its children, it means that we should for a basic conception of what the educationa product should be.

Citizens at large cannot determine how th schools should be administered day by day They are not competent to specify the mean by which educational purposes are to be at tained, such as the particular courses to b given, or the methods of teaching to be used These are matters for the professional staff o the schools to settle. But citizens do have re sponsibility for understanding broad educa tional policy and for making clear the kind o schools they want.

The most effective way to secure bette schools is to elect better school-board mem bers. The qualifications of good board mem bers are thoughtful, intelligent understand ing of the purposes of education in a given

(Continued on Page 113)

for the house that loves color— and company



Lighthearted and Livable

Cheerful as a chuckle is this brand-new Daystrom dining set, in a gay sun-and-shadow color combination. The roomy oval table welcomes large families, seating six. A center extension zips in for an extra foot of dining space when company calls. Those comfort-curved chairs have sagless springs, and deep, soft cushions. Richly upholstered in washable Duran, pertly piped with yellow.



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"It's like stepping through the Looking Glass!" cried Alice



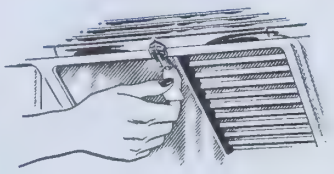
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1948, Philco Corporation



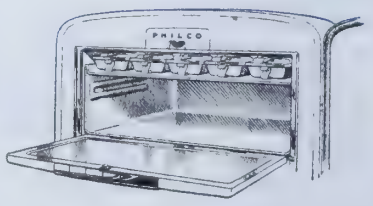
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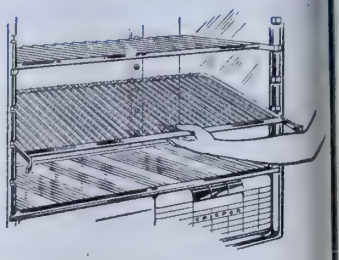
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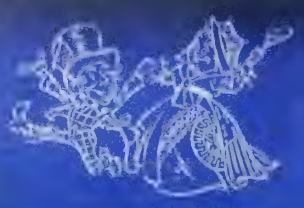
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(Continued from Page 110)

nity and in our kind of society; deep
ters in young people; a record of objec-
ve d judicious attitudes toward issues
nd oblems; willingness to confine the
par actions to broad matters of policy
nd leave the execution of general policy
t administrative and teaching staff of
he hools; commitment to the philosophy
ed cation as a search for truth and to the
gh of students to study controversial
su and steadfastness in placing the wel-
re the schools and the community above
ve partisan consideration or special in-
re

Neither partisan politics nor class al-
gi ce of any kind has any place in school-
oa elections. It is unfortunate if a candi-
at tands for election as a representative
i h or as such, or of business as such, or of
ny ecial faction in the community. A per-
on with an ax to grind" is almost certain
o l ke a poor school-board member. In
on cities, board members are still elected
y rds. This system tends to identify the
ne ers with classes or with sectional
te sts. School-board members should be
le d at large—not only with respect to geo-
ra ical lines, but also with respect to
ou ie commitment, namely, to the welfare
f t entire community and of all its people,
ro g and old.

But what will it cost to secure the kind of
ch ls we need and want? Can we afford the
pr am that has been proposed?

Before answering these questions, we
ho d realize that educational conditions
ha been steadily deteriorating, primarily
be se of inadequate financial support.
Th urgency of greater financial support
s it occasioned by new needs alone; it
s o caused by the fact that in relation
o e dollar's purchasing power, the total
na nal expenditure for public education
ha declined since 1940! Furthermore, the
po on of the national income devoted to
ed ation dropped by one half between 1940
an 1947, from 3 per cent to 1½ per cent.
Po ting out that "with surprising regularity
ch l expenditures have remained at, or be-
ov the amounts spent by people annually
on obacco products," the American Asso-
ia on of School Administrators has re-
mi led us that the kind of education this country needs cannot be obtained for "cigarette money."

One of the consequences of our failure even to maintain the level of our educational expenditures is that teachers' salaries have lagged far behind the gains made by other groups.

Professor Seymour E. Harris, of the Harvard Graduate School of Public Administration, has recently published a careful analysis of the problems of educational finance under the title, How Shall We Pay for Education? After reviewing extensive statistical data on teachers' salaries, he came to the following conclusion:

"In recent years, while national income rose at an unprecedented rate, the pay of teachers did not rise even as much as the cost of living. Teachers suffered both an absolute and a relative deterioration in their position. Teachers, and particularly professors, whose income did not rise even so much as that of schoolteachers, have a real grievance."

The consequences of this unfavorable economic situation are low morale; a desperate teacher shortage, particularly in elementary and rural schools; and debasement of the quality of new entrants to the teaching profession.

Obviously, our first task is to make up our losses in financial support for education at all levels. The quality of education in the schools and colleges has already suffered serious impairment, which would have been much greater without the excess expenditure of time and energy on the part of a large number of devoted and competent teachers. But personal sacrifice and devotion by these people will not be sufficient to hold the line much longer; further educational deterioration is inevitable unless citizens come speedily to the financial rescue of their schools.

But to regain our losses is not enough. New personal and social needs call for better education than we have yet provided. We must therefore be prepared to spend a proportionately greater part of our national income on the schools than we have done at best in the past. How large is the bill likely to be?

After appraising present deficiencies, and estimating the cost, not of a generous educational program, but of one which would modestly meet the needs for improvement, the Association of School Administrators has

JENNIFER



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WITH IMPERIAL WASHABLE WALLPAPERS

asked the American people to increase its expenditures for public education, mainly elementary and secondary, by about $5,000,000,000 annually, making a total yearly expenditure of $8,000,000,000. The President's Commission on Higher Education estimated that the cost of the program it proposed would reach approximately $2,000,000,000 for public institutions by 1960.

Can we afford to support education so generously?

After analyzing educational expenditures and taxation in relation to national income, Professor Harris came to the conclusion that we can. The tax burden for all public purposes, it is true, has increased steadily, and in recent years it has grown enormously. But, as Professor Harris has pointed out, "Tax capacity has probably risen even more rapidly than taxes. The country has a much higher output and standard of living than it had 25, 50 or 100 years ago. Though prices are about 100 per cent higher than they were in 1913, national income, after taxes, is about five times as high."

No one believes that it will be easy to meet the cost of this country's educational needs, though when we put the amount we spend for education alongside what we spend for tobacco, liquor, cosmetics and luxuries of all kinds, we have reason to be pretty sheepish. Such a comparison should lead us to provide vastly increased funds for education at all levels. To this additional support local communities, the states and the Federal Government all should make substantial contributions.

However, although most local communities can and should raise more money for education, the states and the Federal Government will have to supply the larger share of the additional funds. One of the reasons for this is that local communities already provide the lion's share of the cost of education. In 1941, these local communities supplied 88 per cent of school expenditures, while the state governments contributed 11 per cent and the Federal Government 1 per cent. Another reason why local governments cannot supply all the additional money is that the general property tax is their principal source of revenue, and this tax is inelastic and therefore relatively unresponsive to changes in the general economic situation.

State revenues, on the other hand, respond somewhat more sensitively to rising prices and costs, and the state has more sources of tax income than local governments. Consequently, in states where the local communities still raise most of the tax revenue for public schools, the state government should assume a proportionately larger share of the cost of education. Even so, state and local governments together will be unable to supply all the necessary funds.

It is apparent, then, that the Federal Government will have to assume greater responsibility for financing public education. It has the most flexible and responsive tax system and the greatest taxing capacity. But this is not the only reason for Federal support. The poorer states cannot possibly raise their educational standards to a minimum level of quantity and quality without help from the Federal Government.

Why should the wealthier states help to support education in poorer areas? They should do so, first, because the national interest makes it necessary. Illiteracy and a low level of educational attainment make fertile soil for social unrest. Furthermore, inadequate educational opportunities are both the product and the cause of economic insufficiency. To raise standards of education in economically retarded regions may be expected ultimately to stimulate the development of their natural and human resources and so enable them to contribute more fully to the whole national economy. Rich states should be concerned with the quality of education in the poorer ones, too, because there is a constant flow of people from one area to another. For the country at large 20 per cent of the population was born outside the state of present residence.

There are important limitations that must be placed around Federal support for education. The principle that education is a function of the states should be explicitly recognized. Federal funds should be channeled through state agencies instead of being granted directly to local governments. Every safeguard against Federal political intervention in the schools should be raised. Most students of educational finance agree that this can be done.

A national committee, in outlining a comprehensive nation-wide program of education, concluded that "With adequate planning, the resources of the country as a whole can be made available for the support of public education in the several states without endangering the role that the latter should rightfully play in the support, control and administration of their schools."

The American people *can* supply the funds for better schools and colleges. Whether or not they *will* provide them will depend on what they value most. It will be a tragedy indeed if they put other things before the welfare of their children and the future of their nation and civilization. The future of education in this country will be indicated by the interest we take in the schools of our community, in the attitudes we register by our votes in matters concerning school policy and by the appropriations we cause our communities, our states and our Federal Government to make for educational purposes.

THE END

The President's Commission on Higher Education said the task of general education is to lead students:

1. To develop a code of ethical principles for the regulation of their personal and civic life.

2. To participate actively as informed and responsible citizens in solving the social, economic and political problems of the community, state and nation.

3. To recognize the interdependence of the different peoples of the world and to take personal responsibility for fostering international understanding and peace.

4. To understand the natural environment, to apply habits of scientific thought in the solution of concrete problems in all fields, and to appreciate the implications of scientific discoveries for human welfare.

5. To understand other people's ideas and to express their own ideas effectively in speaking and writing.

6. To attain emotional maturity and to learn how to work co-operatively and constructively with other persons.

7. To maintain and improve their own health and to co-operate actively and intelligently in promoting the health of the entire community.

8. To understand and enjoy literature, art, music and other cultural activities, and to participate in some form of creative expression.

9. To acquire the knowledge and attitudes basic to a satisfying family life.

10. To choose a socially useful and personally satisfying vocation that will fully capitalize their particular interests and talents.

11. To acquire and use the skills, habits and attitudes that are involved in critical and constructive thinking.

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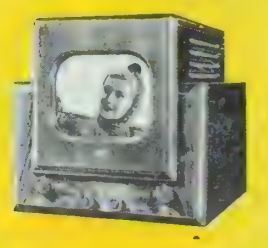
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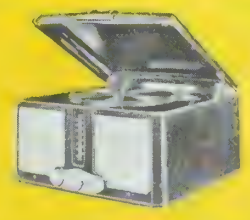
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Edge your party mats with daisies crocheted directly onto the linen.



A quaint provincial mat to use with your collection of old glass or grandmother's cherished china.

For your best parties, crochet this lacy pattern on delicate pastel linen to achieve a festive air.

PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER



EASY-TO-MAKE TABLE LINENS

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

HANDMADE linens are a luxury every woman can a these days if she sews or crochets even the most simp stitches. Try making some of these charming designs for gifts or for your own table. You can order directions for doing them, from the JOURNAL. ★

Crochet has a different look these days. The designs are open and lacy and the stitches are newly styled for edging mats and doilies. Crochet combines with colored linens into fascinating schemes for everyday and party use.

Linen by the yard is again plentiful and comes in all colors, so that you can match your best china or potter without difficulty.

Using finer thread gives to crochet the handmade-lace e which your party linens should have. Coarser threads nicely for the starched mats and colored crochet, but y best set should be dainty and fine.

You can make your mats any size you find suitable, for proportions of your table key their dimensions. Here is a to find the best size: Cut pieces of paper and try them ou mats on your own table. If your table is small, perhaps on each side and one at each end will be all you can use. E mats for a party setting are nice to have if you have e leaves for your table.

A mat should be large enough to accommodate the pl flat silver and perhaps the water glass and bread-and-bu plate. It takes a rather deep mat to hold both the glass bread-and-butter plate, so watch out for that. Cut all y paper patterns first and make sure the size suits your c table. Bought mats are usually under 12″ x 18″.

Draw threads to keep the edges of your linen straight, be careful to ease in the crochet at the corners so the mats lie flat. If you are an amateur, a beginner's book on croc will be helpful, and friends are always delighted to teach y new tricks.

★ **For all the designs on these pages, send 25 cents to the Reference Library, La Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, and ask for No. 2489, Place M**



Three sizes of star doilies, starched stiff, make a good set for all occasions.

These charming everyday mats are embroidered on dress gingham in contrasting mercerized cotton. Round tatted doilies like the one on t
left are again new. Below is an easy-to-make bright peasant crochet border to use with your gay rustic pottery for out-of-door luncheon



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FOSTORIA

FOSTORIA GLASS COMPANY . . . MOUNDSVILLE . WEST VIRGINIA

THE STINKER AND THE DELINK

(Continued from Page 53)

It brought another laugh. Dark little Joey minced forward, holding out a hand to greet the kid. Joey, who cursed better than anybody in the dormitory, and tall, lanky Creep were Fats' particular friends. Creep wandered around at night and had once made the mistake of bothering Jimmie. There were a half dozen other delinks in the group and a couple stinkers who were allowed to join the gang because they did things for Fats. They had the privilege of beating up the other stinkers too.

"Come inter the parlor," Joey invited.

But the kid was wise. Jimmie could see that. He stood planted in the same spot Mrs. O'Leary had left him. He stared at them with his big eyes wide open and not a tear in them. But he shivered and his tiny fists were clenched at the end of the sleeves of his torn blue sweater. Usually the stinkers pulled back and tried to climb the door when the delinks started on them, but this one stood right up to them, scared as he was.

Fats gave the signal. "All right, stinker. Shell out." He held out his hand.

The kid looked at him wondering, his teeth still chattering.

"Doncha understand English?" Fats asked him, getting annoyed now. "I told ya to give."

The kid flinched away from the menacing hand, but he still said nothing. Nor did he cry. Fats cursed him and brought his right hand around in back of the kid. Then the hand darted and caught the stinker back of the neck and Fats' strong fingers kneaded the tender muscles just under the skull. The kid gasped and suddenly there were two big tears in his eyes. He bit his lips and his puny fists started to rake at Fats. He squirmed under the painful hold and looked like a kitten choking on the end of a string, wildly trying for the strangling cord but actually helpless because he had no claws even if he did reach it.

> **Virtue is not left to stand alone. He who practices it will have neighbors.**
> — CONFUCIUS.

Fats laughed and waved the others on. It was over in a minute. They swarmed over the kid and trampled him down. Fats emptied his pockets, then kicked him in the side.

"Ya don't say nothin' to the matron, get that," he warned.

He got no reply. All through the brief scuffle the kid hadn't made a sound. Jimmie could not see him, but he could see the disappointed faces of the delinks. Apparently they hadn't gotten very much, not even the fun of the stinker's frantic cries. This one just didn't give.

Jimmie turned back to his comic. He never participated in the welcome given the stinkers, but only because he did not need a share of the few pennies or the small things the delinks took from them. He was quite accustomed to the practice of initiating them, but he had his own racket and scoffed at the other delinks who depended on the stinkers for their extras. He had forty cents in his pocket and, when darkness came, he planned to get out and spend it.

He would do the round of the newspaper coin boxes on Front Street and then enjoy himself. That was his racket. Under his blanket he had two copies of an old newspaper. With them under his arm he went the length of Front Street and took a nickel or a dime from each box. He never took all the change because then the newspaper guy would realize he was being robbed. With a nickel or so, the sucker probably thought some crumby customers just didn't pay.

None of the fellows knew his racket, but all of them knew how he got out of the Shelter each night. He had laid down the law that, without his permission, nobody could use the washroom window. It was his. He had discovered that the wire screening was fastened to the rotten molding instead of being sunk into the brick. It was easy to push it out enough to drop onto the fire escape that led down to the alley beside the courthouse.

Fats had challenged the order just on He had used the washroom window wh Jimmie was out. In front of them all, Jimm had cut and kicked him into a promise ne to do it again. Fats was fourteen, a y older than Jimmie, but he was easy licki because Jimmie fought to hurt as well beat. He ripped and kneed and never q on a fellow until he no longer had the streng to yell for mercy. Fats was too soft, t blubbery for anybody as wiry and har boned, anybody who fought for keeps ea time.

Jimmie reached for another comic and w startled by the sound of crying. A stink crying during the day? Usually they waile at night until some delink told them to sh up and then they swallowed their sobs. The it sounded worse than if they bawled rigl out.

It was the stinker, the new one, and h was right in the next cot, the one that Jim mie kept empty so he wouldn't be bothere at night. The kid was face down on the c and his shoulders shook. Why cry now, Jim mie wondered, when he hadn't let out a pee during the mobbing?

"Hey, hey you, Dave," Jimmie called an leaned over to shake him.

The tears streaked the skinny face and th kid swallowed hard to hold back the sob He raised on one elbow and Jimmie notice that his fists were clenched again.

"I ain't got nothin' left, nothin'," the ki said in a strangled voice.

Jimmie laughed. Th kid was ready to fight eve while he cried! "I don' want nothin', except tha you get outa that cot. don't like company." H saw a look of fear pass in faint riffle across Dave' face. "It ain't nothin against you, kid, just that I keep that co empty. There's plenty empty ones down th end there. Take one o' those."

The kid swung his legs over the side wea rily. He wiped a sleeve across his nose and inched forward. He was trembling again "All right. I don't care. I'll go down there. Even if they sock me again. Maybe—maybe I kin catch him one."

"Huh? Whaddya mean?" Jimmie asked. "Who's gonna sock you fer takin' one o those cots?"

Dave dropped off and stood up, starting to push the sweater down into his trousers. Then he pulled up the sleeves of the sweater. He was getting set to fight. "Those guys. They said I should sleep in this cot or they'd sock me again. But I don't care. I'll go. I'll kill him. He took my—my ——" His voice trailed off and Jimmie grabbed his arm.

"What guys? Fats and the rest?"

Dave nodded and Jimmie felt his thin arm struggle under the grip. He let go.

"Wait a while," he ordered. So Fats was feeling wise again? He knew Jimmie wanted that cot empty, but he sent a stinker over to use it. "You stay right here," he told Dave. "What'd they take from you?"

The kid hung his head. "A—a little—a doll. It's my Weemie," he yelled at Jimmie. "I always had it. I ain't a sissy. I just always had it an' they took it away." He blubbered even while he knotted his fists. Jimmie remembered one time he had cried like a stinker about something he'd lost, something he couldn't remember except that it was important.

"Well, take it easy," Jimmie said impatiently. "You stay right here."

He found Fats on his cot, holding court. The other delinks sat on the adjoining cots, all of them bored. The brief flurry of excitement caused by the new stinker was all over. Now they were waiting for Fats to decide what to do next. Fats sat upright when he saw Jimmie.

(Continued on Page 120)

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(Continued from Page 118)

"Didju tell that stinker to sleep next to me?" Jimmie asked mildly.

Fats grinned tentatively and looked around at the others. "Just kiddin', Jimmie. I thought we'd have some fun with the stinker."

Jimmie knew differently. Fats had thought that he would kick the kid out of the cot and then Fats would send him back to it. They'd have a lot of fun shoving the kid back and forth. Only Fats thought it up to annoy him, Jimmie knew.

"I don't like it," he said quietly. Then his hand snaked out and caught Fats by the hair. "I don't like your kinda fun. Don't do it again."

He yanked hard and pulled Fats' face over his knees. Stepping back, he bumped into somebody and kicked viciously. He pulled Fats over the edge of the cot and kneed his face hard. Then he rabbit-punched with both hands and Fats fell onto the floor. Jimmie stepped back quickly, but none of the others seemed to want to fight. He kicked Fats alongside the head, but just skinned him.

"I was just kiddin'," Fats pleaded.

"Well, don't kid no more," Jimmie said slowly as the red went away. "Gimme what you took from the stinker."

"We didn't take nothin'." Fats shifted quickly as Jimmie's shoe swiped at his head.

"I said gimme."

"He didn't have nothin' but a doll," Fats pleaded. "Honest he didn't."

"Gimme."

THEY all scrambled around and Joey found it under one of the cots. He gave it to Jimmie. It was a scarred, chipped little replica of a baby. Not even a real doll, just a figure. Jimmie wondered what the hell anybody, even a stinker, would want with it. Still, he had to treat it as though it were important.

"All right. I'm gonna let that stinker stay right there. I don't want nobody botherin' him. Understand that?" He kicked at Fats again, not trying to hit him. "You 'specially, Fats. Mess with that stinker an' you get it the next time."

He walked away from them, annoyed at himself. He had to show them who was boss, but now he had a stinker on his neck. He threw the little doll onto the cot.

"Here it is. You sleep on that cot. If anybody bothers you, tell me."

The stinker grabbed at the doll as if it were something good to eat and his eyes were soft and brown, like the puppy's. Jimmie threw himself on his cot. The stinker would probably bawl all night and keep him awake after he got back all tired out. What a hell of a note, putting stinkers in with delinks.

Jimmie had a good time that night. He took only thirty-five cents out of the newspaper boxes and ate a couple hot dogs. Then he went up to the old block to see if any of the fellows were around.

Danny Simpson greeted Jimmie as though he were one of the gang of big guys. "Out again, Jimmie?" he kidded. "They might as well give up tryin' to hold you."

Jimmie warmed up to him. Danny was a swell guy. He was always dressed up and could afford to be. He had a good racket rigging suckers for a pool game.

"I got office hours outside," Jimmie boasted. "Anythin' new?" He lounged against the drugstore window alongside Danny.

"Sure. Justine Cooley told me she's gonna get you life fer rollin' that drunk."

"I didn't roll him," Jimmie protested. "I got caught afore I could." Then he saw that Danny was kidding about Mrs. Cooley, the probation officer. She had been sore when they brought Jimmie in, charged with robbing a drunk just outside the Shamrock Bar. But she would never tell Danny that. "She told me you were the guy who shoulda got life down at the Boys' School when you was a delink."

"I was always too smart fer them," Danny answered modestly. "But I never was able to get outa the Shelter the way you do." Jimmie swelled with pride. "Better get goin'



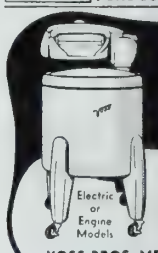
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though, kid. O'Reilly is due around soon. I'll see ya around."

Jimmie felt like a big shot as he wandered back downtown. That Danny sure was a swell guy. He looked a little pale from the powder he put on his face to hide the blotches of pimples, but he sure dressed like a big-timer.

Jimmie took in the show at the Paramount before going back to the Shelter. He had his own private entrance, the side door. When somebody came out Jimmie caught the door with his foot, then he scooted inside. By the time the usher caught sight of him, he was down the stairs to the men's room and up the other stairs to the far side of the lobby. The usher never chased Jimmie because he never knew whether he was just a decoy and a whole gang would pour in and disappear in the darkness.

Jimmie climbed halfway up the fire escape before he noticed that the lights were on in the boys' dormitory. At first he thought that maybe somebody had caught wise and he started back down the iron steps. But then he started thinking about it. It could be that one of the stinkers was sick. If so, the lights would be turned off in a hurry and he could sneak in. If Mrs. O'Leary had noticed he was gone he'd just have to bluff his way on it in the morning. At least, he should find out what had happened. If he beat it now, they'd really start looking for him and when they caught him it would be the county jail, not the soft touch he had at the Shelter.

He climbed back up the fire escape and over the railing to get at the window next to his washroom window. He could see part of the dormitory through the thick screen,

Nothing is so firmly believed as what we least know.
—MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

down to the corner where his cot was. Most of the fellows were sitting up in bed and watching Mrs. O'Leary down there. Old Clem, the night watchman, was with her and they were talking in front of an empty cot. Jimmie cursed. One of the guys might have beat it, using his window. Or they might be missing him. He counted the cots from the far wall. His was number six, but they were in front of the fifth cot, the one the new stinker had. It was empty. Jimmie looked at his own cot and nearly fell off the window ledge. Somebody was in it. He could see only the back of the head, the dark hair spread on the pillow, but there was a body under the thin gray blanket.

Jimmie decided he had better see what was going on. He had nothing to lose. He skinned under the washroom screen and tip-toed to the door. Mrs. O'Leary and Clem were still down there. Jimmie started to rip off his clothes. He kept the long underwear on and rolled his stuff in his pants and shoved the bundle back of a water basin. He rumpled his hair and started slowly out of the washroom, eyes half closed and his bare feet shuffling. He got halfway down the aisle between the cots before they noticed him.

"By—by gosh, it's Jimmie," Mrs. O'Leary hissed in the mistaken impression that she was keeping her voice down.

Jimmie ambled up to them, a stocky, sleepy figure in his long underwear. "Anybody sick, Mrs. O'Leary?"

She gulped and looked at his cot. Whoever it was had the blanket up over his face so that only the top of the head was showing. The body was rigid, did not even seem to be breathing.

"Who—who's that in your bed, Jimmie?" Mrs. O'Leary asked.

"Huh? In my bed? Ain't nobody in it," Then he opened his eyes wide. "Oh, you mean my old bed. I swapped with that new stinker today."

She heaved a relieved sigh. "We thought you were in that bed and Dave was gone."

"Oh. How could he beat it, Mis' O'Leary? He wuz fast asleep when I went into the can." *(Continued on Page 123)*

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(Continued from Page 121)

Old Clem shuffled forward, peered down him. "You wasn't in the can a little bit o, Jimmie. I looked."

"Can't a guy go to the can without makin' ass?" He winked at Mrs. O'Leary. "He n't see much. Too much booze."

"Why, damn yer misbegotten soul, —"

Mrs. O'Leary stamped her foot and the or shook. "Clem, don't you go cursin' him . Jimmie don't give any trouble. Except k at him. He ain't put on his nightgown. nmie, how many times have I told all of u not to sleep in your underwear?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'll change now. I was ed. Kin I go back to bed now?"

He waited till they were through the door d the lights snapped off, Clem still arguing th Mrs. O'Leary. Then he shook the rigid m in his bed.

"That you, Dave?"

There was a tentative stirring. "Y-yes. nmie?"

"Yep. What happened? Keep it low."

He felt the kid's ad come close to s. "I—I was scared ey might pull the anket away."

Jimmie put an arm t and it fell on the d's back. He was embling. "It's kay. They went. ut how'd they get ise?"

Dave started shak- g more violently. I—I can't tell ya."

"You ——" Jim- ie stopped to con- d'er. "Somebody id you shouldn't ll?"

The kid began to b. "He—he said e'd kill me . . . ut—but I don't re."

Jimmie got stiff. Who?"

"It was Fats. He me over an' felt round your bed. hen he told me. He id he'd throw me ff the fire escape."

Jimmie patted his ack. "Quit yer akin'. He ain't onna do that. Be- ause he's gonna get row'd off first. So when he told you, ya ot inter my bed?" Dave sobbed but said othing. "Well, you take it easy, kid. Fats in't gonna be able to touch ya."

He climbed into his own cot and wondered bout the stinker. He had tried to cover up r Jimmie even though Fats threatened him nd he could have been discovered by Mrs. O'Leary. Why should he stick his neck out? t was strange. He heard Dave sob only nce or twice before his breathing became egular and blended with the rest of the reathing and snores and night noises of the lark dormitory. Above the subdued chorus vas the sound of some stinker down at the nd, whimpering and pleading in a high voice.

THEY found Fats on the washroom floor ight after breakfast. He had fought against going out the washroom window and was too eavy for Jimmie to force. They had scuffled and then Jimmie caught him in the groin with a solid kick and dropped him to the tile floor. He jumped him and pounded Fats' head on the floor until it rolled in his hands and blood started to mat the hair. Then he had washed his hands and gone back into the dormitory to get his breakfast plate.

His face was stony as he watched Mrs. Cooley come down the dormitory, questioning each of the kids. He knew nobody would stool. He'd sent word around that Fats had stooled on him and got just what he deserved. When Mrs. Cooley reached him, he could see she was sore. None of the fellows had split. If they had, she'd be coming to him all soft and soapy.

"Jimmie, you know anything?" she asked. Her voice was deep and sweet.

Jimmie always did like her, but classed her with the social workers. Give a social worker half a chance and she'll have you in Sunday school before you're awake.

"'Bout what, Mis' Cooley?" he asked.

"You know. About Roy. He is badly hurt. We had to take him to a hospital. It's serious, Jimmie." It was the first time he had known that Fats' name was Roy.

"I don't know nothin', Mis' Cooley. I was eatin' my breakfast an' I heard the fellers yell an' I ran an' there was Fats all laid out."

SHE sighed. "All right, Jimmie." She turned toward Dave and then back again. "But before breakfast, Jimmie?"

"I was asleep." He stared right at her as he said it.

She turned away without another word and Jimmie got tense. Dave was just a stinker, after all, and Mrs. Cooley was smart.

"What's your name, sonny? I don't remember you."

"Dave." He clipped it and held onto himself. But he started shaking again. Jimmie was disgusted. Any time anything happened, the kid shook.

"Oh, Dave. Did—did you hear or see anything?"

The kid shook his head.

"You're sure, Dave? You didn't see anybody hit Roy?"

Again Dave shook his head, but he started to work his lips as though he were choking something back. She watched and waited while Jimmie got more uneasy.

"But I'm glad," Dave finally blurted out.

"You're glad Roy was hurt? But why, Dave? The poor boy is in serious condition."

"I don't care. I'm glad."

Jimmie felt he had to stop it. The stinker was all excited. "All the stinkers hate Fats, Mis' Cooley. He's tough on 'em. See Dave's lip?"

She looked at the split lip, then at Jimmie. "Did you do it, Jimmie? Because of that?"

He laughed scornfully. "Me beat up a guy fer a stinker? Naw, Mis' Cooley. Not me."

She took a long look at Jimmie and he squirmed under it. Not much got by her, that he knew. She turned on her heels and did not even follow down the row of cots to question the other fellows. She went right on out of the dormitory. Jimmie followed her with his eyes, wondering. It could be that Dave had put her wise. He looked at the kid, wanting to swipe him for opening his mouth. But Dave's brown eyes were pleading and Jimmie remembered that, once Fats recovered consciousness, he probably would tell them. He had stooled once. He would again.

He thought about it all morning. Jimmie knew he was in the soup. This, on top of a pinch for rolling a drunk and all the other delinquencies on his record, would be certain to send him to the Boys' School, the reform school downstate. There was no way out of it, he concluded. The thing to do was get out and start going. They'd catch him, but at least before they did he'd have a little fun. With the problem settled, he sat up on his cot and looked around him. Dave was sitting

(Continued on Page 125)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Strength

By Pauline Havard

Strength is a lion, blazing-eyed,
Crouched low among the jungle grasses;
Strength is a young hawk strong in pride,
Circling above the mountain passes.

Strength is another thing as well:
The quiet strength of a mother's love;
The hour notes struck by beauty's bell;
The strength some dreams are fashioned of;

The strength of pity in time of grief;
The vine of kindness no years can sever.
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But the strength of the gentle lives forever!

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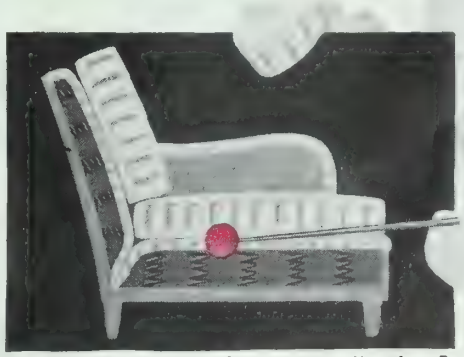
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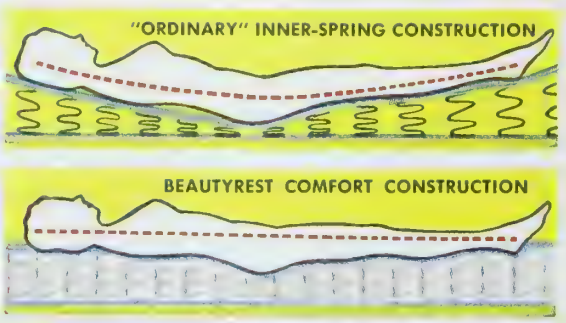
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(Continued from Page 123)

posite him, staring patiently. The stinker
as a queer one.

"Say, Dave," Jimmie said offhand, "you
d pretty smart last night. Got me outa a
le."

The kid's face opened wide. "You ain't
re at me?"

"Huh? You mean 'cause of what you said
Mis' Cooley? No. I kin take care o' my-
lf. Fats'll tell 'em anyway."

"Ain't you scared what they'll do?"
ave's eyes worshiped him.

"Me?" Jimmie smiled out of one corner
his mouth. "They'll have to catch me
st, kid. I get out every night, don't I? I
n get out tonight."

"You—you ain't comin' back?"

"Don't you split about it, Dave," Jimmie
id quickly, and got a violent nod in return.
You're okay, Dave, fer a stinker. When're
our folks comin' fer ya?"

"I dunno. I got no people, 'cept my aunt,
id she kicked me out."

"Oh. Well, you'll stay here till you go to
e orphanage." Jimmie thought about it.
he kid would be a sucker for the delinks.
e'd try to fight back all the time. But
aybe they would get him to the orphanage
efore he got beat up too much. "I'd give
ou some money, Dave, but the delinks'd
st take it away. I dunno, kid. I guess you
st got to take it fer a while."

The big, brown eyes were close to being
arful again. "Kin I go with you, Jimmie?
in I? I won't be a kid, honest I won't."

Jimmie looked at him so long he almost
greed. The kid was shaking again and he
ooked as though somebody ought to take
im and tell him what
o do.

"No, Dave," he re-
lied. "They'll catch me
n' it's the reform school
fter that. You wouldn't
ke it. The orphanage is
uch better. Honest, it
. I wouldn't kid ya. You
etter stay."

Dave swallowed a number of sobs and
ied to look brave. He dug into his pocket.
I guess I didn't really expect you to take
e. Here"—he held out his hand—"you,
ou kin have my Weemie." He pushed it
nto Jimmie's hand and then threw himself
n the cot. Then he really cried. He sobbed
nd bawled and it made Jimmie feel like a
ouse. He'd heard stinkers cry before, but
ey never had bothered him. He looked at
e little doll Dave had given him and re-
embered what it probably meant to the
id. It was something he had had before any-
ody was after him, before he had to be
ared of people.

Jimmie crossed over to him and patted
is shoulder. "Cut that stuff out, Dave.
ou're a crybaby. Here, take the doll. I
on't need it. I got one of my own." He
topped, startled at himself for thinking that
ne up. "Look, Dave. Cut out the bawlin'
n' look at me. I owe ya fer last night. How
bout if we both went out fer some fun to-
ight an' then I'll bring ya back? How about
? The movies, popcorn, dogs, anythin' ya
ant."

DAVE lifted from the pillow and gulped.
He clutched at the doll and Jimmie knew he
adn't wanted to give it up. "You kin have
, Jimmie," he said, "but if you got one
ourself ——"

"Sure, sure. How about it? Comin' out
ith me tonight?"

Dave nodded hard through the tears and
miled while they ran into his mouth.

They started out with Dave trembling be-
ide him all the way down the fire escape and
p the alley until they had reached the side-
alk and people passed them without taking
ny notice. Then Dave's hand relaxed in
is and Jimmie was able to relax too. The
id shivered too much. He'd never make a
elink.

They had hot dogs first at a stand near
he movie on Front Street. Dave had orange
op for the first time and he strangled when
he gas got in his nose. Then they skinned
into the Paramount and saw a pretty good picture, a little too much dancing and singing, but pretty good. By the time they got out and had another hot dog Dave was all himself. He bubbled and chattered away while his big eyes stared at the people.

Jimmie enjoyed having him along. It was the same kind of night he'd had lots of times, but somehow seemed more fun with the little stinker being so surprised about things. He thought of the darkness and cold out in the country later and wished he could have company.

They went out to the old block to say good-by. Jimmie knew that Danny probably would wonder what happened to him if he didn't show up, and decided to tell him he was taking it on the lam. Danny would think it was quite a stunt for a young delink like him.

"Hey, Danny," Jimmie shouted from the corner. "Been lookin' fer ya."

DANNY was up against the drugstore, as usual, but he didn't look happy to see Jimmie. From his other side appeared Patrolman O'Reilly, who had been standing there, chatting.

"Well, well, if it ain't little Jimmie who's down at the Shelter right now," O'Reilly said. Then he noticed Dave, who was clinging to Jimmie's hand. "Who's this ye got with ye?"

"Nobody, Mr. O'Reilly." Jimmie looked back. The sidewalk was clear. He could cut down the alley between the drugstore and the poolroom. He started to pry his hand loose from Dave's, but stopped. Hell, they'd give the stinker the works.

"Looks like you're it, Jimmie," Danny said. "Who's the kid?"

"He's just a stinker down at the Shelter."

Danny laughed. "Seems like you can't tell these kids nothin', O'Reilly. I told Jimmie not to get mixed up with no stinkers. Looks like you got yourself into it this time, Jimmie."

Officer O'Reilly did not seem pleased. "All right, ye criminals, come on. I ain't gonna ring the wagon fer the likes of you."

They spent the night in the city jail. All the way there Dave clung to Jimmie, and once in the cell he plucked at his sweater. "Jimmie, did I—was it my fault?"

Jimmie was a little uncertain himself, what with the unfamiliar surroundings of the cell and the click of the barred door. "Aincha never been in the clink afore? Doncha worry, we ain't in trouble. The Juvenile Court people'll come fer us in the mornin'. You better get some sleep. Ye're shakin' again."

It was much better in the morning. Dave was rested and he was curious about things, not scared. He even laughed when Jimmie asked the turnkey for a can opener so they could get out of the jail. It was a crack Danny had made once.

A city cop took them over to Juvenile Court early and they sat on the hard benches, watching the worried-looking men and women with their bawling kids.

When Mrs. Cooley came out of the office for them, Jimmie swaggered along in front of her, holding Dave's hand. He wasn't too worried. He knew what he would get and probably the stinker would get off. Probation officers are suckers for kids that cry and say they won't do it again. He himself had quit that a long time ago. He could take anything they threw at him.

Mrs. Cooley concentrated on Jimmie. "I don't have to tell you what this means, do I?"

"Naw. I know. Boys' School."

"It's no fun down there, Jimmie. You'll have to stay till you're twenty-one because you have no folks to be paroled to."

Jimmie nodded and smiled. If they thought they could hold him once he got wise to the place, they had another think coming.

"Fats was able to talk last night, Jimmie," she continued. "I saw him in the hospital."

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—TENNYSON: Idylls of the King: The Last Tournament.

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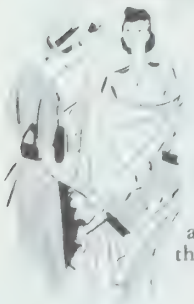
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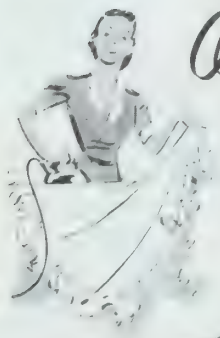
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He shrugged. What difference did it make? He could go to the reform school for laying out Fats just as well as for anything else.

"Too bad he could talk. If'n he'd got at Dave, the stinker wouldn't be able to talk."

"Oh." She sort of gasped. "So that's the way it was? Fats told me he fell, Jimmie."

He kicked out at the desk. She'd tricked him. He had just assumed that Fats would stool. Why didn't he keep his mouth shut?

"Jimmie done it fer me," Dave blurted out, so tense that he almost fell off the chair. "Fats was gonna push me offa the fire escape."

"I see. Why was he going to do that, Dave?" she asked quickly.

"'Cause I ——" He bit down on his tongue and hung his head.

Jimmie smiled at Mrs. Cooley. He was proud of the kid. When it came to the clutch, he knew how to keep his mouth shut.

"Well, it doesn't matter now." She sighed. "It seems a shame, though, that you got Dave in trouble, too, Jimmie. I was going to try to get him into somebody's home, maybe some people who would adopt him later. Now I suppose I'll have to send him to the Boys' School too."

"Oh, willya, ma'am, willya? Kin I go with Jimmie?"

Jimmie turned on him fiercely, angrier because it was his fault. "Shut up, ya stinker. You don't know what it's like down there. . . . But that ain't fair, Mis' Cooley. That stinker didn't have nothin' to do with it."

"He left the Shelter, didn't he?"

"No, I mean yes, but look. I took him out. I was gonna bring him back, honest I was, Mis' Cooley. I just took him fer a good time. He ain't never even had orange pop. Don't send him up, Mis' Cooley. Them delinks down there'd murder him. You hadn't oughta send him down there. Put it on my record. Say I made him go with me, willya, Mis' Cooley?"

"Aw, Jimmie, I wanna go with you. You could take care of me," Dave pleaded, the tears beginning to come.

"Look, ya baby. That ain't no place fer you, so cut it out. Please, Mis' Cooley, why can'tcha send him to the orphanage at least?"

"Too late for that now, Jimmie. They won't take delinquents."

"Him a delink?" Jimmie laughed scornfully. "Hell, Mis' Cooley, he ain't even growed up to be a stinker yet."

She laughed. "Stop the cursing, Jimmie." She looked at him hard and in a way that made him feel uneasy, as though she could see what he didn't want to say. "One thing I can't understand. Why should you care what happens to Dave? You never cared about anybody as long as I've known you."

"Hell . . . I'm sorry, Mis' Cooley. I mean I don't care, but take a look at him. He ain't got nothin' on his bones an' he shakes all the time when he gets scared. Look at his hands. He ain't got enough to tickle a guy with in a scrap. He's got to have somebody take care of him. He ain't never gonna make a good delink. He—he even got a doll. Doncha see, Mis' Cooley, he ——" Jimmie stopped in shocked surprise. It was getting hard to talk. There was a lump in his throat. He felt his eyes burn. He was going to cry. Like a stinker, he was going to cry!

Mrs. Cooley watched him and then smiled. "I think I see, Jimmie." She got up from the desk and went to the window.

Jimmie was grateful. He didn't want her to see him crying like a stinker.

"I had a wonderful place all picked out for him too," she said from the window. "On a farm. Very nice people too. Their children are all grown up and they'd like to have somebody around."

Jimmie jumped up from his chair. "Th... it, Mis' Cooley. A farm. That's just ... thing fer him. Lots of milk an' things. Y... like a farm, Dave, with chickens an' ho... an' things. Why doncha, Mis' Cooley? ... could pin it all on me an' work it easy."

"I rather go with you, Jimmie," D... pleaded.

"Shut up afore I paste ya one," Jim... told him. "Don't listen to him, Mis' Coo... He don't know what it's like at the refo... school."

She walked back to her desk. "Mayb... could still arrange it, Jimmie, and I th... you're right. Dave does need somebody ... take care of h... That's the trou... The Johnsons wan... boy who's all gro... up, like you."

Jimmie thou... quickly. "Oh, he ai... so much troub... really. It won't ta... him long to get wi... Mis' Cooley. H... pretty smart." H... heart sank when s... shook her head. Th... he shrugged his sho... ders. Well, it didn... work, so what? I... sat down again a... watched Dave. T... kid was shaking aw... while his eyes dart... from one to the othe...

"There might h... one way of arrangi... it, though," Mr... Cooley said though... fully. "I don't know... Judge Palmer woul... have to decide it. I... he would be willin... to put Dave on pro... bation to somebod... who would watch ou... for him for a while ... until he's grown up ... say somebody like you. That is, if you'... be willing to do it."

Jimmie eyed her suspiciously. "I don't get it. Me? I ain't no probation officer."

She smiled. "I know, but we could sort of make you one. We probate children—to—er—to grownups lots of times."

Dave found his voice and shrieked. "Jimmie, Jimmie, we could be on the farm together." He ran to Jimmie and pulled on his arm. "Please, Jimmie." He couldn't go on. He started blubbering and his head sank to Jimmie's lap while the sobs shook his thin shoulders. Jimmie looked down at him with disgust.

"Ya see how he is, Mis' Cooley? The stinker." He ran his hand through Dave's hair and patted him. "You ain't kiddin', Mis' Cooley?"

"I was never more serious, Jimmie."

Dave mumbled something and Jimmie yanked at his hair. "I don' want yer doll, ya little stinker." He thought about it and Dave raised his head, the tears streaming. "Oh, all right. I guess somebody got to take care of ya. Holy cow, me on a farm. Wait'll Danny hears about that." Dave gave a strangled gasp and hugged Jimmie. "Cut it out. Can the waterworks. We'll go to the farm, but you better act right. You don't get to be no delink like me, understand?"

Dave smiled while he sniffled and sobbed and shook.

"Aw, ya stinker," Jimmie said softly and smiled back at him. He felt all mushy inside. "Ain't he the stinker, though, Mis' Cooley?"

Jimmie looked up at her and didn't mind that she could see the tears in his own eyes. She was sniffling into a handkerchief herself.

THE END

The Mother

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

There were always weed bouquets
On her tables and her stands,
Strange colorful arrangements picked
By little eager hands.

Her window sills were crowded,
And every shelf as well,
With unorthodox collections
Of leaf and rock and shell.

All her neighbors disapproved.
"Just extra work!" said they.
"Our children wouldn't dare bring home
Such trash to us each day."

But she only looked at them
With pity in her eyes
For those who couldn't recognize
True love in any guise!



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Can Your Bedfast Child Amuse Himself?

By Jeannette Eyerly

A WAIL comes from Sally's bedroom: "What can I do now, mommie? I'm tired of coloring!" Mother, for the third time that morning, wipes the dishwater from her hands and climbs the stairs. Sally, now enduring her third day in bed with a cold, is not only tired of coloring; she is tired of playing with clay, she is tired of cutting out pictures from the magazines. What Sally really wants is for mother to come in and sit by her bed the way she did the first day when she was really sick. But unfortunately, mother has work to do, and as mother works Sally wails, "What can I do *now?*"

The next time you have a bedfast child, take stock of what you have on hand, and the kitchen is the best place to start. The chances are that your child will be more diverted by the improvised playthings than he will be by something you could purchase at a store.

Here are some of the things that have diverted my children, sick or well, through the ages two to eight:

No manufacturer has yet devised a toy that a small child (two to five) will enjoy any more than your cooky-making or cake-decorating set. It presents fine opportunities for screwing on the different end patterns and moving the plunger up and down. All your other cooky cutters are choice play materials too. They may be drawn around to make Christmas trees, rabbits, chickens or hearts. If you are not sensitive to mess, a wad of clay, a rolling pin and a half dozen cooky cutters will give an imaginative child a full morning's entertainment.

A box of macaroni is another good improvised plaything. The pieces are first broken into interesting lengths, then colored with crayons and strung on gay-colored yarns.

A small child will enjoy playing with a set of nesting plastic measuring cups. A large needle, a length of thread or twine and the button box is another good bet. The buttons may be strung in hit-or-miss fashion, or the child may string all the red, all the white, the black, and so on until all the buttons are used.

A back rest for a bedfast child who is allowed to sit up can be improvised from an ordinary straight-backed chair placed flat at the head of the bed and well padded with pillows.

FOR a child who is well enough to sit in a chair but is still not allowed to be on his feet, a workable desk can be arranged by placing the breadboard across the arms of any Lawson-type chair.

During convalescence my children have made miles of paper chains either cut from colored paper (if on hand) or made from strips of white paper which have been colored.

Of course, many of these diversions are extremely messy, but the time comes in every mother's life when a period of uninterrupted work is worth the few minutes spent in cleaning up a mess.

For the child who is to be confined to bed for a long time the amusements I have listed will, quite naturally, become old after a few days. But there are other more lasting possibilities. The father of a child with rheumatic fever made a small bird-feeding tray which was placed outside the sick child's window. Crumbs were placed there daily, and before long there were dozens of small feathered visitors making their pearance.

An ingenious mother of my acquaint planted a window garden for a small c The plants never achieved any great but the small seedlings with their diffe characteristics were interesting to wa During the winter months she plan flower and vegetable seeds in the ea filled cups of muffin pans. A slightly o child will enjoy doing the planting hims

A "FAT" carrot also provides an intere ing experiment. If the carrot came from store complete with top, this must first removed, leaving only the barest fracti Then slice off an inch or two from the n end, depending on the tapering qualities the carrot. The next step is to hollow out inch or two with an apple corer or kn (the deeper the better) from the cut e Bore two small holes on either side of t "wall" and suspend the carrot by a pie of string. Fill the hole with water. Wit a few days, if you are faithful about wat ing, the carrot will sprout feathery gre leaves again.

A "Cinderella" garden is both instru tive and fun to watch. The ingredients a one large clinker, six or eight inches in d ameter, and several smaller ones; a cup salt; two cups of water; a low flat bowl; an a few drops of coloring.

The clinkers are first covered with wat and allowed to soak for several hours, the rinsed thoroughly. They are then placed i the bowl, the large one first, then th smaller ones to form towers. Mix the wate and salt together and pour over the clinker The liquid in the bowl should be about a inch deep. Put single drops of bluing mercurochrome or water colors in differen spots on the clinkers. In a day or two sal crystals will begin to form on the castle an on the inside of the bowl. Most of them wil be white, but a few will be tinted. The crys tals on the towers should "grow" about an inch. A mixture of more water and salt can be added as the water evaporates from the bowl.

Although it requires a little preparation to make a "sick" box during the period when a child is well, it is worth the time spent when illness comes. Save all small boxes that come your way until you have seven. Fill them with such things as old bridge tallies, gaily colored wrapping pa pers, empty perfume bottles, and pieces of cardboard.

For example, here are some of the items that went into our Monday box: a half-dozen Christmas and birthday cards; sev eral small pieces of lace; milk-bottle top and string to make "spinners"; button and scraps of material; a pack of old play ing cards.

The possibilities are endless. Each house affords its own treasures. After the box has been exhausted it is refilled and put away for another time.

Pediatricians say that a child should stay in bed twenty-four hours after tempera ture is again normal, but many mothers weaken when it comes to keeping a lively child in bed for that extra day. Yet this pre caution will often ward off a recurring tem perature or unsuspected relapse. So it pays to have a handful of tricks not up your sleeve, but in kitchen cupboards and sewing drawer. They will help toward a quick re covery and a healthy child. THE END

"That first day... whew!"



I've taken quite a beating—visiting my sister and her game-warden husband here in Colorado. That first day—whew! Tales about grizzly bears. Warnings that my loud shirt would scare the trout. And when I snagged my blue jeans, you can *bet* there was plenty of chat about "city dudes"!

In the evening, not even the tallest tales could keep me awake. But my eyes flew wide open when Sis led me to my bunk. "And you call *me* a dude!" I gasped, staring at smooth, snowy sheets. "What's more, I do believe they're *percale*—you great big backwoods plutocrat!"

"Yuh got me," Sis drawled, grinning. "Even in these parts, we kinda go for luxurious sleeping. Those beauties you're admiring are Cannon Percale Sheets, Pet—and we don't have to trap ermine to afford 'em. They cost only a little more than heavy-duty muslin!"

"Even if YOU end up in a penthouse," she went on, "you'll do well to remember these words. *Feel* how fine-woven these Cannon Percales are? Nice and light for bed-making and laundering! As for wear—they're downright marvels!" "Okay," I murmured, snuggling down. "Cannon Percales sound wonderful—but right now they soothe me to sleep even *better!*"

TRADE MARK CANNON

Cannon Percale Sheets

Cannon Towels • Stockings • Blankets ★ Cannon Mills, Inc., New York 13, N. Y.

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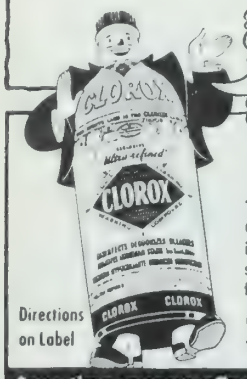
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Arvin Metal Chrome Dinette Sets • Arvin Metal Outdoor Furniture • Arvin All-Metal Ironing Table

WAIT FOR ME DARLING

(Continued from Page 75)

She thrust her arms through the sleeves of her wrap-around dress and realized detachedly that this might be the last time she would have to wear it. Todd came in and tied the laces of her sturdy, flat-heeled shoes.

She wandered restlessly through the apartment while he dressed. She looked in at the blue-and-white nursery-to-be. Everything was in its place, waiting. Blue for boys. It had to be a boy. If she must go through this wretched, vulgar process, at least let it be a boy. Men lived such wonderfully easy, uncluttered lives.

The pain came again, like a knot this time, pulling tighter and tighter. She clutched at the back of the blue-chintz chair.

"Todd," she called, "hurry!"

He came out of their bedroom almost running, her suitcase in one hand, her coat over his arm.

The streets were empty. Todd held her arm as they walked to the corner looking for a cab. *I hope we don't find one*, she thought. *I hope we don't find one for ages.*

Todd found one. He helped her in and she sat frozenly, looking out at the gray winter morning. She shivered. Other women wanted their babies, loved them before they were born. Why must it be different for her? She was shuddering again, every fiber in her pulling back, wanting escape.

The cab pulled over to the curb and they were there. The sun was just coming up, cutting the morning mist, but the hospital looked cold and forbidding. They went into the clean, bright vestibule and she waited while Todd registered for her. He held her hand in his warm one as they went up in the elevator. The corridor was stuffy and smelled of antiseptic. Jane felt her forehead grow damp with nervousness.

St. Francis of Assisi, hoeing his garden, was asked what he would do if he were suddenly to learn that he was to die at sunset that day. He said, "I would finish hoeing my garden."

There was a nurse waiting for them, and a small, bare room with its high, metal hospital bed. Todd waited outside while the nurse unpacked the suitcase and helped Jane into bed.

"Where's Doctor Christie?" Jane asked.

"He'll be here right away," the nurse said briskly.

Jane waited. Todd came in and sat by the bed in a stiff-backed chair. *I ought to say something*, Jane thought. *Something noble, or tender—or just something.* But she couldn't think of anything. This was it. The last split second before the plunge, the timelessness that lay before the end and the beginning. There were no words to say. She waited quietly, holding Todd's hand, not looking at his pale, anxious face. The awful quivering had stopped. She didn't have any pains now; perhaps it had all been a false alarm. She wondered if anything had gone wrong. Maybe there was something wrong with the baby. Maybe God was going to punish her for being such a coward.

THERE were quick, firm steps in the hall. Doctor Christie came in, fresh and crisp in his short-sleeved white jacket, smiling at them reassuringly.

"Well, Jane," said Doctor Christie, "so you stole a march on me, eh?"

As though on cue the pain started again. It washed over her, drowning her. She tried to speak, but her throat closed over.

They sent Todd away and she was alone with the strange, starched nurse and Doctor Christie. But Doctor Christie looked different now. She watched his face as he spoke to the nurse. He had ceased being the genial, fatherly consultant who scolded her for gaining weight and knew all about the sudden attacks of nervousness and the leg cramps that crippled her at unexpected moments. This was another man: distant, impersonal, with a job to do. He was in league with the nurse and between them they held life and death—her life, her death—in their capable, scrubbed hands.

The pain came at her with a lunge knot tightening, contracting, until thought her very flesh would be cru Panic seared along her nerves. She se teeth and waited. The knot loosened sl reluctantly.

"Doctor Christie!"

He looked down at her, a faint frow tween his brows, as though annoyed at interruption. She wanted to pull at sleeve, to make him realize that this she—Jane Ainslee Sutton—and did he t she was impervious to pain?

"You promised to give me somethi she said.

His frown deepened. "Now, Jane, take it easy. This is a perfectly nor delivery. Later on ——"

"No!" She heard her voice rising, wondered if Todd could hear, out in hall. But she didn't care. "You promis You said if it got really bad ——"

He looked at her for a long moment. wasn't going to give her anything! He going to let her go on suffering.

This is the oldest agony in the world, thought. *And yet I'm here enduring it. Wh What kind of mother will I be to a child I do love? How could I possibly love it after th*

She looked back at him, wordless. turned finally and said something to t nurse. Jane waited. Doctor Christ touched her hand, his fingers on her wri

"All right," he sa kindly. "There's nothi to be so frightened of."

The nurse was bac standing by the bed wi a long, shining hypode mic. Jane closed her eye She felt the cool prickli of alcohol on her upper ar and the blessed sting the needle going throug her skin. She smiled u at the doctor because he was her frien again.

But then the pain came, dividing them She stiffened to take up the shock and waite for the drug to work. . . . There was some thing wrong; it wasn't working. How ha she trusted him? Now there were three o them against her: the doctor, the nurse an the pain. Nothing could conquer the pain.

"It doesn't work," she insisted foggily.

But even before her eyes were fully open she was aware of change. The room was darkened, with a thin circle of light near the head of her bed. She had a vague remembrance of voices, movement, and the rubbery smell of . . .. was it ether? She raised her curiously heavy hands and touched her waist. Flat. Her baby had been born.

"Hello," said the nurse. Jane turned her head. "Do you know you have a baby boy?"

Jane looked up at the smiling, faintly tired face. She smiled back. "Where's Todd?" she asked huskily.

"He's telephoning." said the nurse. "I'll tell him you're awake."

Jane waited, watching the door. She felt fine, and light enough to float right off the bed. It was wonderful, having herself to herself again. Todd was leaning over her.

"A boy," she said, smiling.

The drug was still working, pulling her back into dreamlessness, but even through the haziness she could see the glory in his face. His eyes were glowing. He turned her hand palm up and leaned his head against it.

"A wonderful boy," he said. "Blue eyes. Handsome. Oh, Janie ——"

But she didn't hear the rest, floating away and out into sleep.

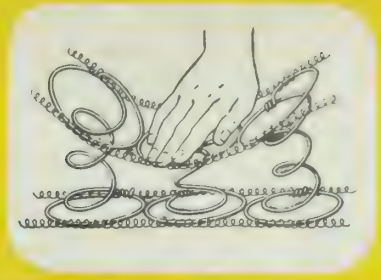
She woke late, refreshed and contented. It was delightful to lie quietly and know there was absolutely nothing in the world to get up for. Was this all there was to having a baby? Imagine having a painless baby! All that agony blotted out. It made her feel quite triumphant, outwitting the pain. *And a boy, too,* she thought happily, feeling

(Continued on Page 132)

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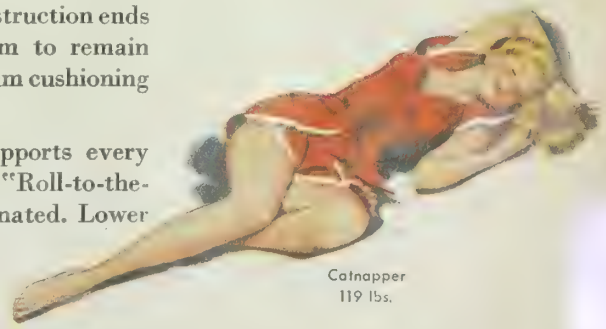


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Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

(Continued from Page 130)

slightly sorry for mothers of girls. Why didn't they bring him in? She rang for the floor nurse.

"I haven't seen my baby yet," she said.

"They're bringing them out now," said the nurse. "The baby wagon comes around at ten."

She waited, suddenly nervous. How silly to be upset over seeing one's own baby. *My goodness,* she thought with a sense of shock, *I'm a mother now.* But it was a steadying thought. Mother love was as automatic as breathing; as soon as she held her baby in her arms everything would be all right.

The wagon trundled down the hall and stopped across from her door. She could see the capped, masked nurse trotting down the corridor, a tiny squealing bundle tucked securely under each arm. She hurried in and deposited one on Jane's bed.

"Baby boy, Sutton," she said, and went out again.

Jane looked down apprehensively. Such a small bundle. She saw two round, blue eyes and a thin fuzz of hair. Any moment now she would be warm with loving him. Her heart would open out to him.

"David," she said tentatively. "David Paul Sutton."

David looked through her and beyond her. He wriggled in the blanket. One arm came loose and she saw the blue-beaded identification bracelet on his fat little wrist. She marveled at the fan of fingers, the knuckle creases, the minute nails. She undid the bottom of the blanket and examined the fringe of toes. He kicked out at her with surprising strength and she recognized the feel of it against her hand.

"Hello, David," she said, waiting.

But David opened his toothless, satiny mouth and began to cry. She patted his hand placatingly. The wails increased. His face turned dark red. He held his breath.

"Nurse!" screamed Jane, terrified.

The nurse came in, unhurried. "Had enough for the first time?" she asked.

"He's turning purple! What's the n with him?"

"Just temper. What did you unpin for?"

"I wanted to see his toes," said Jan

She watched the deft hands pin u bottom of the blanket. David start breathe again, sobbing furiously. The picked him up unceremoniously and c him away.

Jane listened to the baby wagon trun down the hall. Something was ter wrong. She had seen her baby, she had through it all safely and held him in arms, and . . . she had felt nothing. W had happened? This was the moment she longed for. The moment that was to have worth all the waiting, the inconvenience, suffering. Her mind snagged at the thought: the suffering. How many times she heard women say, "But you love y baby *because* of the pain"? Because of pain? But she had felt no pain. The ho she had dreaded so violently had been ta out of her life. She had no recollection them. And now, when they brought t strange, outraged infant to her, he was part of her. What had she done in her d picable cowardice? What did the pain mat compared with this empty unfeelingnes Better to have suffered and loved her ba She closed her eyes and for the moment s felt only numbness. *What have I done?* s asked herself.

Almost she could have enjoyed her t days in the hospital. The luxury of ju staying in bed, the smiling visitors, t dainty, utterly adorable little gifts. But ru ning through it all, the one dark thread in pastel tapestry, was the bitter, irrevocab knowledge of her own guilt. How could sh be a good mother to a child she did not love She had cheated an innocent, helpless huma being, traded his birthright for her own com fort. Why hadn't she been as brave as othe mothers? For the first time she felt sh understood them. They had battled an



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-as she had not. She had not fought; ould she ask for victory?

e thought that anyone might find her urned her cold with fright. She had liked deceit, but each morning when abies came around she turned an expec- ace to the busy nurses, and each after- she smiled brightly at the visitors and dd. The barrier that had been between loomed larger than ever now. She ed him, secure in his proud new father- , and tried to match his exuberance.

hind all her pretending, even justifying the hope that at any moment her play- g would come true. Each day was a new ning, and surely one morning she would her eyes and her first ght would be of David. would want him, she'd anxiously for him.

it each day defeated By ten o'clock she was ous and upset. The frightened her. He l almost every time brought him in, and began to dread the d of the baby wagon. *Babies can sense gs*, she thought. *He knows.* Never, no ter how hard she tried, could she feel e for him than a deep, hurting pity. *erhaps it will be better when we go home,* consoled herself. *We'll have a chance to get l to each other.*

Doctor Christie recommended a good se: Mrs. Barrows, plump, good-natured capable. Jane liked her as soon as she her. Even David seemed to like her. He quietly on her lap during the ride home, king soft, contented noises. Jane sat in front seat and kept one eye on David and on Todd, who was driving as though he a basket of eggs in the back.

"I don't want to jounce him," he ex- ined in a hoarse undertone. "He might to be afraid of the car."

Mrs. Barrows chortled. "Don't worry, . Sutton," she said. "He won't break."

There are three ways to drown your sorrows—in the bottle, in tears and in increased activity. The last is the surest way to survive the deluge. —AUGUSTA DOCKERY.

Todd carried his son upstairs. David went to sleep in his brand-new crib with his father bending anxiously over the slatted railing and getting underfoot until Mrs. Barrows banished him from the nursery.

Jane stretched out in the wide bed. The ride had tired her and she was grateful for the softness of her own down pillows and thick quilt. She listened to Mrs. Barrows mixing formula in the kitchen and felt strangely lonesome and forlorn. Todd came in and grinned at her.

"Mighty glad to see you home again," he said. "Guess I've outgrown my bachelor days." He drew her close. "It's good to be alone with you for a change."

Jane pulled away. If there was nothing in her heart for David, then there could be nothing for Todd. They were part of each other and each canceled the other out.

"What is it?"

There was a loud demanding wail from the nursery.

"The baby's up," Jane said hastily.

Mrs. Barrows brought him in. "Will you give him his bottle, Mrs. Sutton?" she asked. "I don't like to leave the formula in the middle."

Jane held the bottle to the eager little mouth. She glanced up at Todd. He was watching his son, one hand just touching the tiny fingers. He felt her eyes on him and raised his head.

"You look beautiful, Janie," he said softly. "So—well, so right, holding him."

She glanced away, afraid to let him see her face because there was no response in it.

But there was no time to think too much about herself. With so many unfamiliar tasks to learn, the days skittered by. She mixed formula and scrubbed bottles, she hemmed crib sheets and folded diapers. But

(Continued on Page 135)



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*Patent 2,208,533 †Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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(Continued from Page 133)

th baby remained alien to her. It was str ge, considering how capable she was, th she could not do the simplest things co ctly for David. She was nervous about fe ng him, sure he would choke on the bo e. And his bath, which Mrs. Barrows ac nplished in fifteen efficient minutes, wa a watery torture to Jane. Soap might ge n his eyes and blind him. The soft de- pr sion on the top of his head frightened her wi its slowly beating pulse. She was always af d she might hurt him with her clumsi- ne , afraid he could sense the coldness in the to h of her hands. She worked hard. If she co d not love him, then she must make up fo t by caring for him to the best of her ab ty.

odd didn't think she was clumsy. He w ld stand by the crib, marveling at her. "You're a born mother," he said. "You lo as though you'd been doing this all your lif "

ane tied the strings on David's under- sh t and slipped a waving arm into the sl ve of his gown. She bit down on her to gue to keep from lashing out at Todd. H w could he be so blind? Quick fingers did n make a good mother. It was what she fe inside that mattered! *And I don't feel a thing*, she mourned silently.

Lately there were always sharp words re dy on her tongue. She was tired all the ti e. The household centered rigidly around th baby's schedule, and innumerable details cl ched at her: David needed more re- ving blankets; the milk order must be in- sed again; the doctor had to be consulted ut the baby's rash—was he allergic to nge juice?—the laundress was complain- ing about the size of the wash. Sometimes she felt as though she traveled an endless treadmill.

Her heavy sense of guilt was always be- tween her and Todd, intangible, suffocating, ever-present. Couldn't he see the weight she was struggling under? In a way he was re- sponsible for it. If he hadn't insisted on having David she would never have known this lack in herself, never yearned for the happiness that was granted other women. She was both grateful for and irritated by his lack of perception. His unquestioning indifference made her every action a lie, separating them. She missed the understanding they had shared, and knew he did too. She longed for the old, comfortable ways, when they had known each other's thoughts al- most without words, when even their differences had been unimportant because they could settle them with a kiss, a glance or a private joke. Now there seemed to be no common ground. But she did nothing, avoiding the moments that might lead to any warmth between them. It was almost like a penance. Whatever tenderness might come to her must be for David. Her first obliga- tion was to him. Frustration made her sharp, and often the words leaped out before she could catch them.

"You could be a little more pleasant," Todd said, when she had curtly refused his offer of dinner downtown and an evening at the theater.

"I just said I didn't want to go! I'm too tired." Why couldn't she keep quiet? In a little while they'd be snapping at each other like two strange dogs.

He hesitated, troubled. "Is anything wrong, Jane? You've been a little off the beam lately."

"No! Don't fuss at me."

"All right." He settled down and left her glaring miserably at the cover of his book.

They went to bed amidst a polite silence. Jane tossed restlessly while Todd slept. His even breathing exasperated her—how could he be so unfeeling? She fell asleep and dreamed vague, wild dreams that turned to nightmare. She wrestled frantically with the bedclothes and woke to a crescendo of screams. Todd was sitting up, shaking her.

"Listen," he said. "There's something wrong with the baby."

She sat up. The screams sounded piercingly through two closed doors. Todd was out of bed, groping for his slippers. Jane ran down the hall. The nursery was empty and she opened the kitchen door. Mrs. Barrows was busy at the stove, wrapped in an old flannel robe, her gray hair pinned in ringlets. David lay across her shoulder, tiny fists beating at her neck, his face contorted.

"What is it?" gasped Jane.

Mrs. Barrows patted David soothingly. "Colic," she said. "Just plain, old-fashioned colic. I made him a hot-water bottle and I'm warming some drinking water for him."

Jane stood by helplessly. "But it hurts him dreadfully," she said. "Shouldn't we call the doctor?"

"You can if you want. But there's no sense bothering him. I've seen enough colic in my day. It's like a cramp they get and there's nothing in the world to do for it but keep them warm and soothe them. I don't like these newfangled medicines—they weaken a child." She sat down and began to rock back and forth. "Go on to bed, Mrs. Sutton," she said. "That's what you've got me for. He'll be all right. I've seen plenty worse than this—real colicky babies that'll wear you out. This isn't anything."

They went back to bed finally, ears straining toward the kitchen. The screams became more infrequent, subsided into hiccups, and then they heard Mrs. Barrows taking him back to his crib. Jane shivered and curled against Todd's warm body. He put a comforting arm around her shoulders and fell asleep.

Thank God for Mrs. Barrows, Jane thought. What a terrible responsibility a child was. There were so many things a mother had to know. Did other mothers know them intuitively because they loved their babies? She sighed unhappily in the darkness and looked down dreary years. Was the rest of her life to be geared to this barren reluctance, this profitless burden?

She was up early the next morning. It was a bleak day with gray skies and a hint of snow in the air. In the nursery David was surveying the ceiling thoughtfully, as round, as rosy as ever.

"I wish he'd smile at me," Jane said wistfully.

(Continued on Page 137)



"How much do you think I'd get done if I stopped every fifteen minutes to ask myself if it were really worth while?"

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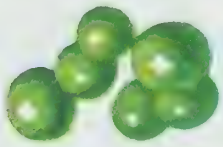
A-LA-KING RINGS

- 3 cups diced cooked chicken, turkey or veal
- 4 cups hot cooked rice
- ½ cup chopped green pepper
- 1 cup canned sliced mushrooms
- 3 tbsps. chicken fat or drippings
- ½ to ¾ cup chopped pimientos
- ¾ cup chicken broth
- 1½ cups medium white sauce
- 1½ tsps celery salt
- Del Monte *Early Garden* Peas

Sauté green pepper and mushrooms in fat 10 min Add liquid from mushrooms, pimientos, broth, white sauce, celery salt, chicken Salt and pepper to taste Simmer 5 min Drain sauce off chicken; keep hot Lightly stir rice into chicken Using small oiled ring mold, make two rings one at a time by packing half the rice-chicken mixture in mold, placing over steam about 3 min., then turning out on hot platter Makes two 3-cup rings (or one large 6-cup ring, if preferred) Fill with hot, seasoned Del Monte *Early Garden* Peas. (Such *full* flavor! See why, below) Serve with sauce you drained off chicken Serves 6

Blend 'em — that's our rule for *Early Garden* flavor!

TRADE MARK



It takes several different sizes—selected for flavor and tenderness —to get that special *Early Garden* goodness!

That's the way Nature gets that full, tempting flavor you like so much in garden peas — *she combines larger peas with smaller ones.*

Richness rounds out *sweetness!* And that's the combination we give you in Del Monte *Early Garden* Peas, too. Only we actually go Nature one better —

First, *all* the sizes are selected which are finest to eat at the time they are picked—just as you see above. Then, from each of these sizes, only the best, most flavorful peas are quality-selected —and packed together.

Good? You just ought to taste them! Once you have, we think you'll never ask for any other brand.

One more good food from the brand that puts **FLAVOR FIRST**



Del Monte Early Garden Peas

TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 135)

Todd struggled into his overcoat. "He ll," he said. He gave her a quick morning ss and the front door slammed.

Jane wandered through the apartment, eling lost. The cleaning woman came and ft. Mrs. Barrows gave David his noon ttle and turned him over for his nap.

"Mrs. Sutton," she said, at the living-om door, "I'd like to go out. I need some ings and I'd better do my shopping before ie snow starts."

Jane frowned. "Will you be gone long?" ie asked.

"A few hours anyway," said Mrs. Bar-ows. "But the baby won't give you any rouble. He's all over it."

"All right," said Jane reluctantly.

After Mrs. Barrows left she went to the itchen and checked the bottles. They were ined up in the refrigerator, looking very rim and sterile. The squat little water bot-le stood on the work counter with a glass ap over the nipple. There were fresh diapers n a neat pile on the ursery bureau. No, she shouldn't have any trouble. And Mrs. Barrows would be back in plenty of time for his bath. She saw the first thin flakes of snow drifting down and went to the window to watch.

There was a low, muffled sound from the nursery. Was the baby awake? She tip-toed across the kitch-en and looked in. David was lying face down, his little knees pulled up almost un-der his stomach. He was crying softly, rubbing his nose against the sheet.

"There, there," she said, patting him gently.

He was wet. She turned him over and took a diaper from the bureau. The pins were new and very sharp and she stuck her finger twice, al-most in the same spot.

David wailed in a thin, steady voice.

He can't be hungry, Jane thought. *And I've just changed him.*

She got another blanket and covered him carefully. The wailing settled to a deeper key and went on monotonously. She wrapped him in the blanket and picked him up, fum-bling a little, one hand under his round head, the other supporting his spine. She walked back and forth across the room, patting him, and the movement seemed to soothe him. But when she put him back in his crib he started to squirm again.

Perhaps he wanted water. She was in the kitchen uncapping the water bottle when he began to scream. There was no mistaking it now. It was the same furious, painful cry she had heard last night. *Colic!* she thought, racing for the nursery.

WHEN she picked him up she could feel him draw together into a tense little ball. What should she do? Why hadn't she stayed in the kitchen last night? She remembered the kettle on the stove. Hot water. Hot-water bottle! She carried him inside with her, the blanket trailing. There was water in the kettle; all she had to do was to turn on the flame. While it was heating she walked back and forth, patting him, murmuring to him, "Poor David. Poor little David." He twisted in her arms, wiry and unheeding.

When the kettle was steaming she had to put him back in the crib while she filled the rubber bag. It was too hot to hold and she wrapped it in a heavy towel. David was screaming steadily. She turned him on his side and held the toweled bundle against his stomach.

But it gave him no relief. She went back to the kitchen; it was warmer there and cozier, close to the stove. She sat on the hard wooden chair and rocked back and forth, holding him tightly against her. He sobbed in her ear, his tiny hands clenched, his toes pulling at her blouse as he kicked.

"Poor little Davy," she said, her throat tight with pity. "Poor little Davy; mother's sorry."

HE quieted slightly and she thought he responded to the sound of her voice. She talked softly to him. When her throat got dry she began to hum, rocking steadily to the rhythm. She rocked him for a long time, until her arms were heavy with his weight and her back felt ready to snap. *Why don't we have a rocking chair?* she thought. *Every house should have a rocking chair!* She straightened up, easing her back.

David began to cry again. She offered him some water and he drank greedily. Her ears rang in the sud-den silence. But as soon as he had fin-ished he screamed.

She gathered him up. Poor little thing. He didn't know what it was all about. He was trying to tell her it hurt! Her eyes smarted with sym-pathy and she felt closer to him than she ever had before. She got another blanket, warmed it near the stove and wrapped it around him, tucking it under his feet. He seemed to curl into the warmth, his face a tightly wrinkled oval, his eyes squeezed shut. She rewarmed his water bottle and let him drink some more. How perfectly he fit-ted into her arms, his head secure in the bend of her elbow, his body resting so trustfully against her. How appealing he was.

He moved his head and some of the water spilled on her blouse. Her shoulders ached and her head was be-ginning to throb. She started rocking again, each thrust of her body sending a jab of pain deep into her back. But this time she could not soothe him. He screamed against the low monotone of her voice. He shrilled violently, in a paroxysm of pain.

Pity gave way to fright. How could one small body hold all that pain? Each sharp, agonized cry dug into her brain. He was writhing on her lap, beating at her, his legs rigid. The veins stood out on his forehead and it took all her strength to keep him from slipping to the floor. How long had he been screaming? How much time had gone by? Her arm was beneath him and she could not see her watch. She wondered if she should call the doctor. Perhaps this wasn't colic at all. He might be going into convulsions.

He can't stand this much longer, she thought. *He'll hurt himself!*

Suddenly uneasy, she patted him sharply on the back. The ear-splitting shrieking con-tinued, the veins became more pronounced. She felt swallowed up by fear. He would burst a blood vessel and die! Her hands began to tremble.

I didn't want him, she thought starkly. *Isn't that the same as wishing him dead?*

This was her fault. This was her punish-ment. A baby needed more than food and shelter. He needed warmth and love to make him strong. How selfish she had been. She had given him no comfort, she had denied

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ana Cutting Bread

BY YETZA GILLESPIE

She spread the butter on the good
rye bread
Richly, and laughed, and put a
slice in each
Of the small outstretched hands,
and suddenly
The kitchen walls had vanished in
a reach
Of rye, wind-rippled field of sunny
grain
Crooning beneath the promise
of the sun,
Cupping the bright notes of the
harvester
Like the soft echo of a thing well
done.
She put the knife down with a little
clatter.
The walls closed in, the fire
burned up red,
And we were all together in the
kitchen,
With Ana laughing, buttering
our bread.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Use this New and Better

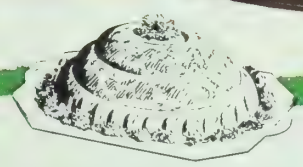
Grated Tuna

in these tested tuna dishes!

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TUNA VEGETABLE SALAD

1 6½-oz. can grated tuna
1 tbs. prepared horseradish
1 tbs. chopped onion
2 tbs. chopped parsley
½ cup chopped celery ½ tsp. salt
2 cups cooked peas ¼ cup mayonnaise
Lettuce

Combine tuna with horseradish. Add all remaining ingredients and blend. Serve on lettuce-garnished salad plates. Serves 4-6.



TUNA NOODLES *au gratin*

3 tsp. chili powder 3 tbs. cream
2 cups cooked noodles
1½ cups medium white sauce
1 cup grated American cheese
¼ cup chopped parsley 1 tsp. salt
2 tbs. chopped onion ¼ tsp. pepper
1 6½-oz. can grated tuna

Blend chili powder with cream and stir to dissolve. Add to white sauce. Combine remaining ingredients and add to white sauce. Pour in greased casserole and bake in a moderate oven (350°) for about 30 minutes. Serves 4-6.



TUNA RICE PATTIES . . . . . AND SAUCE

1 6½-oz. can grated tuna
2 cups steamed rice
1 egg
2 tbs. chopped onion
2 tbs. chopped parsley
2 tbs. flour
1 tsp. salt
Fat for frying

2 tbs. salad oil
2 tbs. grated onion
2 tbs. chopped green pepper
1 10½-oz. can tomato soup
Few drops Tobasco sauce

Blend tuna with rice. Beat egg slightly and add onion, parsley, flour and salt. Mix well and combine with tuna mixture. Form in small flat "cakes" and fry until golden brown. Serves 4-6.

Heat oil. Add onion and pep-per and cook until wilted. Add tomato soup to which Tobasco has been added. Serve hot with tuna rice cakes.

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him and now he was going to die. Whatever happened to him was on her own head. Was this what she had turned from? This tiny, hurting being who cried to her? His small strength could be snuffed out in the blink of an eye. The enormity of it was too much to face.

"Oh, God," she said, "he's so little. He hasn't had a chance yet. Please, God!"

Perspiration prickled down her back. Had she resented this tiny, perfect body, the curving forehead, the wide-apart eyes that were Todd's in miniature, the tilted nose, the round button of a mouth? This was part of herself. For a timeless moment she looked at herself in the welter of noise, heat and fare and shivered in disgust. This was her *son*, this squalling, fighting, living scrap of humanity, so small, so endearingly helpless.

She clasped him close against her throat in a passion of tenderness. If only he could be as safe again as in the months before he had been born. But the miracle was not in birth, but in life. She wanted to watch him grow; his baby eyes had a whole, round world to see. There was no time for self-reproach. Strength was flowing into her. She wouldn't *let* him die. If the pain didn't stop in a few minutes she would call the hospital.

Her hands stopped shaking. She got the hot-water bottle and spilled most of it into the sink, working awkwardly with one hand. When it was almost flat she corked it, covered it with a towel and laid it across her knees. Then she turned David face down above it, the bottle directly under his stomach. She held him down, hooked her heels on the rung of the chair and swung her knees from side to side. She fought his pain, willing it away.

"Don't cry, Davy. Mother's here. Don't cry any more. Please, Davy. Please, God!"

Her whole body felt liquid with yearning. A tide of warm, anxious loving went through her, from her heart to her fingertips.

She worked doggedly, her legs aching. The underside of the towel had slipped and she could feel the hot rubber against her skin, but she was afraid to move. His screams were quieting. The warmth soothed him and slowly his face relaxed, the purple-red receding a little. Tight little muscles smoothed themselves out. He opened his eyes.

Never before had she known such relief. It thrilled through her veins.

He whimpered softly. His little hands fell open, small fingers spreading fanwise. His head drooped across her knee and she could feel the flutter of his breath. The pain eased. She thought she could sense its absence through the ends of her fingers.

His eyes closed. He slept, exhausted, round face angelic. Jane sat still; ach grateful tears pouring down her cheeks.

"Oh, my darling," she said in the si kitchen. "My little pink lamb."

Like a dreamer coming slowly out of sl she heard the tinny ticking of the clock the nursery. The snow had stopped, leav a thin, white crust on the window sill. J looked down at the baby sleeping on lap and sighed tiredly. She had battled him. She had earned him.

She transferred him gently to her should went into the nursery and stood by the cr But she had suffer over him and she not want to put h from her. She stretch out on the bed a settled him carefully the hollow of her ar She was weary throu and through, but the was peace inside h where confusion ar fear had been so lon

He'll be all right no But when he's bigg there will be cuts a bruises and all the chil hood sicknesses. A each time he hurts I' die a little inside, b cause I love him and can't bear it for him.

He stirred slightl and she slipped a com forting finger into hi round, balled fist. Sh knew, with new-found certainty, that neve again could she hea him cry and let a stran ger soothe him. N hand would be as soft to him as her own. All the monotonous, endless tasks were hers now, and she would do them, not ungraciously, out of duty, but willingly, because she loved him. She was free again. The heavy load she had carried was gone, dissolved. The burden had slipped from her shoulders to her waiting arms.

How much time she had wasted. Todd had felt all along as she felt now. Poor, sweet, patient Todd. How good he had been, reassuring her, believing in her. Well, he had been right. She *was* a good mother. She could feel it in her bones.

Darling, she thought remorsefully, *I'll make your favorite dinner, and pin a bow in my hair, and then we'll sit in the big chair by the radio and talk and we'll really be together again.* She pillowed her head on her arm, her chin just grazing the baby's head. He wriggled, burrowing against her, and she smiled, fighting off sleep. *Mothers are made, not born!* she thought. *Oh, Todd, darling, wait for me. I'll learn. I'll grow up to it.*

There are no public hearings on divorce in Sweden. The partners need not appear in person in a public court. If both parties desire divorce they are entitled to it, as they were to be married in the first place. No final divorce is granted until there has been an official attempt at mediation, however. One year of separation, during which time neither party may marry, precedes the final decree. . . . If the wife has more money than the husband, she can be made to pay alimony, especially if he is in poor health. Immediate divorce is granted if the two have lived apart for at least three years, or for willful desertion for at least two years. Other causes for immediate divorce are adultery, bigamy, assault and battery, imprisonment for at least three years or incurable insanity. . . . If a divorced wife remarries she automatically forfeits any alimony. Each party is entitled to property he or she brought to the household or acquired by gift or inheritance. The wife receives a half share in whatever her husband earned during the marriage.

BROWN OCTOBER DAYS

(Continued from Page 77)

CHICKEN-CORN SOUP

Combine 2 cans condensed cream of chicken soup with 1 cup canned whole-kernel corn chopped fine, or 1 cup fresh corn cut from the cob. Add 2 cups milk and ½ cup water. Season with ¼ teaspoon salt, a pinch of poultry seasoning, a good dash of pepper and a few drops of hot pepper sauce. Simmer over low heat until the flavors blend. If fresh corn is used, simmer until tender in the ½ cup water before adding the milk and condensed chicken soup. Serve hot, garnished with paprika.

Gossip item. You've heard of the woman who went to a stylish and elaborate luncheon. When her young daughter asked her what, very special, they had to eat, she said, "Well, I don't really know what it was but it was kinda cute."

That is not the case of the deviled wheat wafers which we will serve with the soup. These will impress themselves on you and your guests and be a pretty popular number with one and all.

DEVILED WHEAT WAFERS

Cream until soft 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon paprika and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. This will spread 18 shredded-wheat wafers. Toast in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 3 minutes, or until they are hot and a little brown. These may be made ahead and set aside, but pile them loosely. Spread things are candidates for complete separation.

These crackers are splendid with any corn or vegetable soup and perfect with salad, so you can't go wrong by doing right.

(Continued on Page 140)

Skinless
FRANKFURTERS AND WIENERS
Sure to be Tender
because they have no skins!

Such tenderness was unknown in Grandma's day. Now, SKINLESS means tender when frankfurters are served. They're so delicious — flavory, juicy, with no skins, no waste. Next time, try your favorite brand made this modern way. Say SKINLESS when you say frankfurters — that one word makes a wonderful difference!

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RICE

WITH NEW FOOD VALUE, WITH GRAINS THAT STAND APART, WITH NEW COOKING EASE, WITH NEW DELICIOUS FLAVOR



Chicken fricassee tastes better with the wonderful flavor of Uncle Ben's. Or try this new rice in . . .

- Spanish Rice
- Rice Pudding
- Curried Shrimps
- Salt Pork and Gravy

Fluffy rice every time this easy way: 1 cup Uncle Ben's Rice; 2¼ cups boiling water; 1 teaspoon salt. Cook in covered saucepan over low heat until water is absorbed (about 22 minutes). No rinsing, no steaming. Yield: approximately 4 cups of light, fluffy rice.

Process exclusive in this country with Uncle Ben's

Nothing that has ever happened to rice since the world began eating it has stirred up so much talk as the new Uncle Ben's *Converted* Long Grain Rice.

We get letters from people all over the country telling how they drive twenty miles to get it—mail it to friends—give it to their neighbors.

. . . and all this happened because scientists found out how to seal into polished rice B vitamins that used to be polished off.

Always Cooks White and Fluffy

Even Southern women, famous for fluffy rice, find they can get better results from Uncle Ben's with half the trouble. And how they appreciate its nutritional value, which the great rice-eating South never had before in a polished rice.

Actually, *no one* can fail with Uncle Ben's. It *always* cooks up white and fluffy—is *never* sticky—*never* gummy. Each grain stands alone, apart, separate.

Famous Restaurants Serve It

People who thought rice too much trouble now are serving Uncle Ben's all the time, often as an alternate for potatoes. Famous restaurants, like Chicago's Pump Room, choose it for its flavor and nice appearance.

It is ideal for overseas packages—every grain weevil-proof, even in hot, damp weather.

Your grocer should have Uncle Ben's *Converted* Long Grain Rice now. If not, ask him to get it for you.

"Uncle Ben's" and "Converted" are trade-marks of Converted Rice, Inc. © C.R., Inc.

Send for new booklet of Uncle Ben's Rice recipes
(Just enclose box top from Uncle Ben's Rice)

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Please send me new recipe booklet, "Rice Can Be Wonderful," 24 tested recipes.
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half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes better than any coffee you ever used, send us the unused contents, and we'll refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 138)

Going west. Pretty virile they are out there "Deep in the Heart of Texas" and other points on the map. Just witness the wonders they perform, the women as well as the men. Why, take the way they ride horses alone. It's enough to make your mind reel. Horsemanship, they call it, and it begins with the small fry and continues on up. They may skip Euclid, but they achieve the silver-studded belts and the trimmed leather boots.

A Western chop—or more. They also have ways with food. Take pork chops, baked potatoes, stuffed tomatoes for a meal on the ranch or in the finest homes, and you'll see how simple it all is and how hearty and how downright good.

BAKED PORK CHOPS

Select large loin chops, cut thick. Better allow more than one apiece if you intend to be really Western in your hospitality. Season well on both sides with salt and pepper. Dredge with flour. Brown well on both sides in hot fat. As you fry them, drain and arrange in roasting pan. Peel and cut medium onions into pieces and see that all chops have onion tucked in the pan near them. Add 1 cup water, or chicken broth if you have it, and bake in a moderate oven 1½ hours until very tender and well done. Uncover in the last half hour.

To get a new note. Strike up the band? No sirree. Turn on a music machine? Not for the new note I'm talking about. Play some boogie-woogie on the old rattletrap? You might spare us that. After all, we are friends and neighbors and shall march to our polling places together, I hope. And be sure I meet you there.

What I do mean. My new note refers to baked potatoes, no less, and I hope you'll go Western or any other direction, so long as you make

BAKED POTATOES, WESTERN STYLE

Bake potatoes as usual—in same oven and at same oven temperature as the pork chops and the baked tomatoes. Large potatoes take a good hour, so calculate your time to put them in the oven. A baked potato is easily spoiled. When done, make crisscrosses with a sharp knife on top of each potato and pop them open. They may have their own ideas as to how they look best. They don't have to look alike, but they should be open, for the idea of this dish is that you pass a bowl of chopped onion or scallions and a bowl of cheese sauce with the potatoes. Everyone helps himself to sauce and the chopped onion. Have a lot of both.

CHEESE SAUCE

Melt ¼ cup bacon fat. Blend in 6 tablespoons flour and ¼ teaspoon dry mustard. Add 3 cups milk gradually, cook and stir until thickened and smooth. Add 1 cup diced sharp American cheese. Season with pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. Heat until cheese is melted. Sauce may be made ahead and reheated in top of double boiler when you are ready to serve dinner. But like most things, it's best served piping hot right off the kettle's lip.

One more for your list. There are many variations of the stuffed-tomato dish. I don't know, really, whether this particular recipe ever saw the West or the South or *where* its home once was. I know it abides among the things I am fond of. And so I pass it along to you.

BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES

Cut a slice off the top of 6 large ripe tomatoes. Scoop out the centers of the tomatoes with a spoon or a melon-ball scoop. Chop fine and drain. Fry 6 slices bacon until crisp. Drain; save out 2 slices for garnish and break the rest up. Mix the crumbled bacon with the chopped tomato, ¾ cup drained crushed pineapple, bacon fat left from frying the bacon, ¼ cup chopped parsley and 1⅓ cups crushed corn flakes. Season mixture with 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and ½ teaspoon grated

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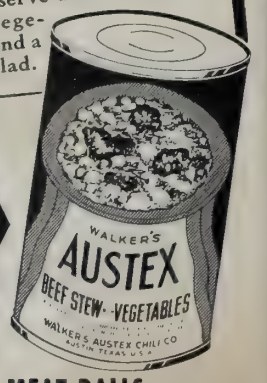
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NABISCO PARTY NEWS

It's a richer, quicker
CHARLOTTE RUSSE
made with luscious Fig Newtons



PARFAIT

Heavy cream Egg white
Fig Newtons

Whip 1 cup cream stiff; beat egg white stiff, but not dry, and fold into whipped cream. Quarter Fig Newtons and place in 4 sherbet glasses. Top with spoonfuls of cream mixture; repeat layering, finish with Fig Newtons halved "butterfly" fashion. Chill several hours. *Dee-licious!* For Fig Newtons' golden-brown cake and fig jam filling give any dessert *new* fascination...make *nifty* nibbling! Always buy cookies in packages with the red Nabisco Seal!

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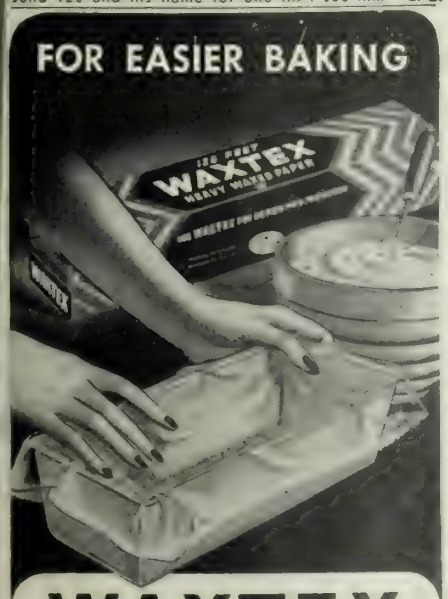


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onion. Mix well. Fill tomato shells. Place in a shallow baking dish with ¼ cup water in the bottom of the pan. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 15–20 minutes or until tomatoes are cooked through—cooked but not falling to pieces, in case you get to thinking of other things, or *something*. Garnish with pieces of crisp bacon.

Salad of your choice. You may pick a raw-cabbage salad with any kind of dressing, mayonnaise, boiled or Russian. Coleslaw is a pretty big favorite with such a meal, and if it's good—it's good. If your choice is cauliflower, as ours is, cut cold cooked cauliflower in thin slices. Arrange on salad greens and serve with French or well-seasoned Russian dressing.

Certainly there's dessert. When the orchards in October start to smell of red-cheeked apples, they make you feel you cannot wait another little while. For apples in October are the tart and early kind. They have an applelike expression, but hardly know their mind. Few things are as delicious in the peculiar way an early apple is. And their season is ephemeral, so take them while you may. And right now is the time.

Since an apple tart—a little different from other apple tarts—engages your eye and appetite, let us hasten kitchenward (nice and cool, isn't it?) and proceed to produce this little gem, filling and all.

APPLE TART

Make up 1½ times your recipe for plain pastry—3 cups flour, 1 cup shortening, 1½ teaspoons salt, 6 tablespoons ice water. Divide dough into 4 portions. Roll each out into circles, marking and cutting into 9-inch circles. (Use the bottom of your 9-inch layer-cake pan for a marker.) Prick the rounds well with a fork. Bake on cooky sheets in hot oven, 450° F., 12–15 minutes until golden brown. Cool. Spread apple filling between layers and on top. Garnish top with whipped cream. To serve: cut in pie-shaped wedges—just as you would a layer cake. And you may make a peach tart this way just as well. This tart could be served with heavy cream, not whipped, and be even better eating to my notion.

Apple Filling: **Peel, core and slice 3 pounds (about 8 medium-size) tart apples. All the summer sun and rain have gone into the making of October apples. Look about—pick the best. Heat together 1½ cups sugar and 1½ cups water until the sugar is dissolved. Add ¾ teaspoon cinnamon and the sliced apples. Simmer, uncovered, until the apples are tender. Don't overcook them. Let them hold their shape. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice—3 tablespoons if the apples need it. Lift the apples from the sirup and add ½ cup currant jelly. Blend 2 tablespoons cornstarch with ¼ cup cold water. Stir this into the apple sirup and cook until thickened. Now mix carefully with the apple slices and cool. And if you do right by our receipt, your apples will come out right and you'll have a good dessert.**

Vermont bids welcome. I can't stand on the top of the Mollie Stark Trail *this* October. I have another rendezvous. But I'd love it. You drive out in the bend of the road built for folk who'd risk a ticket rather than miss what they're looking at. Here they may look in peace and no ticket will tease them.

The hills call you—you cannot know how beautiful they are. The evergreens are on the march up every sloping way, and against their deepness and mystery the maples and oaks and all the colorful trees play a symphony of color that is breath-taking. So go—if you can. It is a miracle that happens once a year—in October.

Stay as long as you can among those eternal hills, listen to their silence and watch their ever-changing pattern. There you will learn some of their mystery and drink of rare October wine. And breathe October air.

THE END

Ideals are like the stars—we never reach them, but like mariners on the sea, we chart our course by them. —CARL SCHURZ.

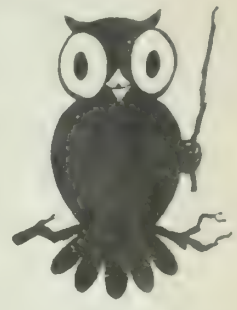
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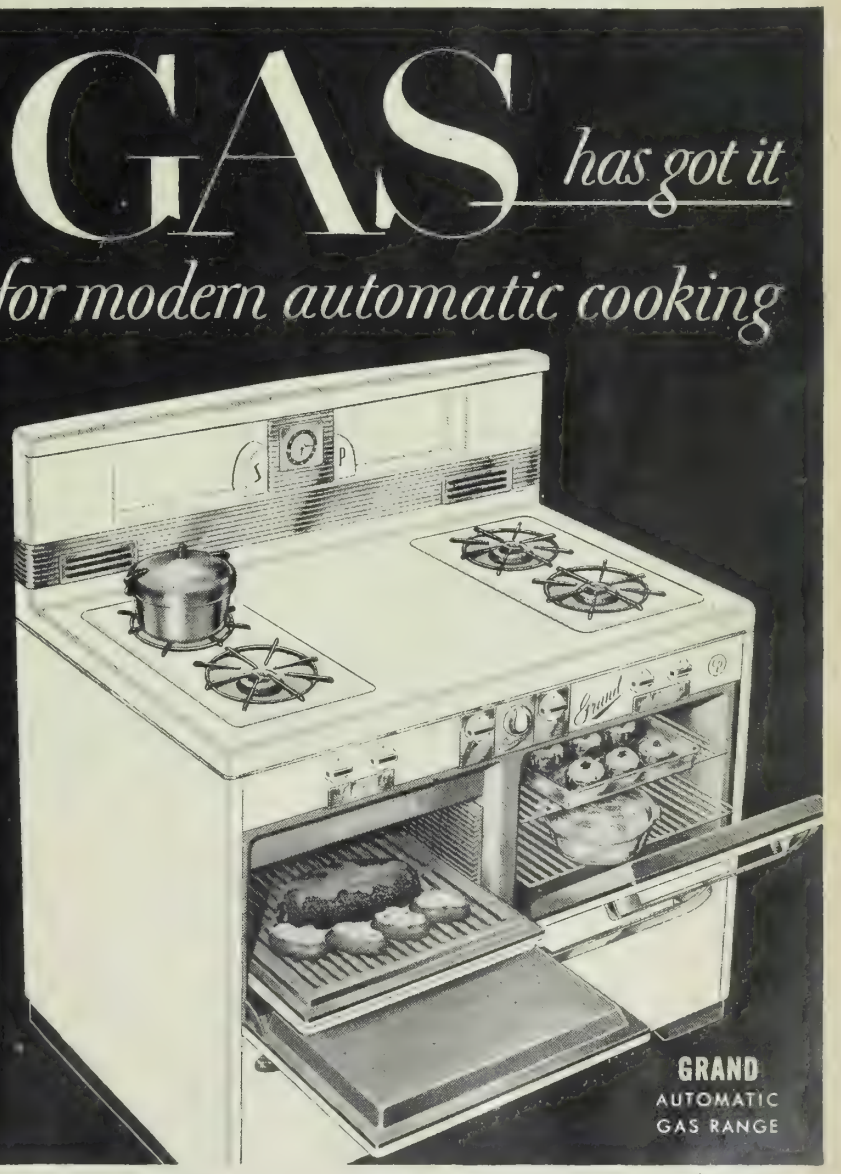


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Swift's Brookfield



Come into my Kitchen

By Mrs. Joseph McGoldrick

NO. 2 SERIES BY HOUSEWIVES

The day-by-day meals of actual housewives, cooking in their own kitchens, who have agreed to share the benefits of their experience with other JOURNAL *readers. They make no pretensions, but do the best jobs they know how to do, to provide their families with healthful food, frequently on limited budgets.*



PHOTO BY STUART

My oldest are four and six. They adore "stirring" and are learning to cook.

GENTLY does it, my pets. "Don't overcook it" will be among my first words of advice to my own girls as they come of cooking age. The simplest meals in the world—of the everyday vegetables and meats—can be a great treat if the vegetables are cooked only until a fork can penetrate them, and not one instant longer. The French call it *en branche* and that describes it completely—for spinach, broccoli, cauliflower and all the others. A modern pressure cooker may not be so decorative as antique copper pots and pans, but it is far more useful.

You will find no chops, steaks, ham or frying chickens in these menus. Americans are terrible snobs when it comes to what they consider the cuts of meat one just doesn't buy. Too often women "charge" meat they cannot afford to pay for.

How come every woman who cooks doesn't buy beef and chicken bouillon cubes by the dozen? I use them in *everything*. Lamb stew loses that flat taste and becomes delicious when you add two or three beef cubes. I toss them into every kind of gravy—and even into a white sauce when I want it a little definite in flavor. String beans need nothing added save salt when you cook them in water with a cube or two added. The clear soup in this menu is made with water from the vegetables with celery and bouillon cubes added.

SUNDAY DINNER

Clear Vegetable Soup
Roast Veal with Apricots Broccoli
Creamed Carrots and Onions
Ice Cream Beverage

Carrots and onions, as stand-bys in American cooking, are as old as the hills—but have you ever combined them? Nothing new, you say—they'd taste the same as carrots and onions served at the same meal. But do they? Cook them separately, but combine them for serving with a little white sauce, using a tablespoon each of the water they were cooked in as part of the liquid in the sauce.

Ice cream for dessert is a Sunday must for my three little girls.

Roast Veal with Apricots: **Get a shoulder of veal with the bone removed for a nice deep pocket. Then make a regular bread dressing with onions and thyme and sage and pepper and salt. Mix the dressing lightly with enough sirup from a can of apricots to moisten it. Put this in the pocket. Put the veal in the roasting pan with the remainder of the apricot sirup and use this for basting—adding a little water if it becomes necessary. About twenty minutes before your meat is done, put the apricots in the roasting pan. They'll get brown and glaze slightly. Don't let them get too mushy. Then serve up your veal with the apricots around it and an accompanying gravy made from the juice. And lo—the poor veal will disappear like mad. Just gravy with the veal is rather sweet and potatoes just don't seem to "go." (This apricot trick—it could as easily be peaches—works just as well with roast chicken or any other dry meat.)**

Helpful Hints for Harried Mothers

Mommy, buy me one of those! **Because begging for candy has never seemed to me one of the more delightful aspects of childhood, we have *almost* eliminated this nagging. The children get a piece of candy after lunch and after supper. The amount is increased for a reward, and withdrawn as a punishment. Milk chocolate is given after lunch—and hard candy is eaten only after supper, when brushing teeth will follow almost immediately.**

There's magic in red. **Our oldest child was forced to wear glasses, almost overnight, and at the tender age of four. Naturally we worried about whether the other children in nursery school would be cruel about them. One thing I knew. You can't hide the fact that a child wears them. So, instead of some obnoxious, supposedly flesh-colored frames, Morna and I had a great time choosing a bright color. Of course we wound up with red. The first day she wore them I thought of her all morning. She made no comment about them when she got home. Neither did I. In about three days her teacher told me all the children wanted red glasses. I had my answer!**

Friends can be frightful. **Recently we've been watching the agonies of a four-year-old faced with a new baby sister.**

It made us recall that most of the trouble we ever had was usually caused by "solicitous" friends. After we had worked for months in engendering a feeling of possession for the child that was to come, the friends would arrive. Greeted at the door by the little one they'd always fussed over, they'd look directly over her head and say, "*Where* is that darling new baby?"

We would always say, "Morna will be glad to show you her new baby, I'm sure." It usually stopped them short and made them realize there was another child in the house. And it gave the older child the importance of showing off the baby as her own.

Reward for good behavior. **We have a very important chart at our house, consisting almost entirely of gold stars, with a very few black ones interspersed. Each day we give stars for the day's behavior. Too often I found myself correcting the children constantly, without taking the same time to compliment them for acts of kindness. So we instituted this business of putting up the stars in the evening and praising the children for unexpected good behavior. It is really more of a check on my remembering to praise them than it is on their conduct. But they love it. A black star is given only for extraordinary naughtiness. Normally good behavior the next day finds it covered up with gold!**

MONDAY DINNER

Tomato Juice
Stuffed Peppers Baked Tomatoes
Green Salad
Husband's Delight Beverage

Stuffed Peppers: **I use my leftover veal *and* apricots as a base for the stuffed peppers. Grind up the veal, use the leftover gravy as a moistening agent and rice or leftover mashed potatoes to eke it out. Cold lamb, which always leaves me cold, I use in stuffed peppers, too, but I make a little brown gravy, grind up a raw carrot with the meat and a small can of mushrooms. (Stems and pieces are cheaper and far more tasty to my notion than the buttons.)**

Dessert for this meal is what I call *Husband's Delight*, and you don't have to start with four eggs and a quart of whipping cream to make it. Store-bought cheese, store-bought crackers and shining red apples or russet pears—that's all. My private poll shows that most men love this combination for dessert—and it is conducive to a "talky" time when the family comes together at the end of the day.

TUESDAY DINNER

Clam Juice
Liver and Bacon
Baked Potatoes Sour-Cream Beets
Cauliflower
Custard with Maple Sirup
Beverage

(Continued on Page 144)

Liver, some cooks will tell you, should be cooked slowly. Don't you believe it. Sear it on both sides quickly—take it off when meat is pink and the most ardent liver haters will like it.

Sour-Cream Beets: **To give color to this rather colorless meal and, more important, to add a little piquancy to a usually bland meal, grate up beets, add sour cream till you like the color—and then heavy with the lemon juice. The result is excellent.**

WEDNESDAY DINNER

Clam Juice
Hamburgers Mashed Parsnips
Spinach with Cheese
Canned Peaches and Cookies
Beverage

Wednesday is my usual "meeting" afternoon, when I return late and dinner must be prepared quickly. From washing spinach to setting the table it takes half an hour—with the parsnips cooked in a pressure cooker. We serve them mashed.

Mashed parsnips. Don't groan. We love them—cooked soft, mashed and well seasoned. And here's a vegetable that takes to a snitch of bacon drippings or two tablespoons of maple sirup for flavor.

Spinach with cheese always gets the verdict, "better than ever" from the family. While the spinach still resembles its natural self, take it off the fire, drain it well. Season with salt and pepper and just add a tablespoon or two or three of grated American cheese. Toss it a few times and serve. Even when butter prices drop back into this world, you'll *still* want to serve it this way.

The *clam juice* should be served ice cold with a drop of lemon and a teaspoon of tomato juice.

THURSDAY DINNER

Mystery Appetizer
Chicken Margaret
Fluffy Rice String Beans
Apple Brown Betty
Beverage

Short Mystery. We start this meal with what is really a party appetizer. The first time I tasted these at the home of a well-known dress designer I thought, *Mmm, delicious—but what in heck is in them?* After helping myself liberally I finally guessed. So good—and yet so simple to prepare.

Mystery Appetizer: **A can of clams chopped very fine. Mix them with cottage cheese, and for a party, put them in a bowl surrounded with any salt cracker. Then watch your guests go back and back and ——**

Chicken Margaret: **This is just good old chicken with gravy—but with a difference. We always use a fricassee—not a broiler or a fryer—and not only because it's cheaper: it's just better this way. Have it cut for frying. Wash, dry, season with salt and pepper and dip in flour. Brown it well. Then either in your pressure cooker or a good frying utensil with a deep edge and a tight cover, cook the chicken in two tablespoons of the fat from browning, plus water to cover, plus two or three beef bouillon cubes. When the chicken is tender—and the toughest old rooster really gets tender with this treatment—remove it, thicken your gravy slightly, add a few tablespoons of evaporated milk for a cream gravy, or if you like, add two tablespoons of cooking sherry. Serve up some fluffy rice with this and invite the boss and his wife to dinner and watch your husband get a raise!**

FRIDAY DINNER

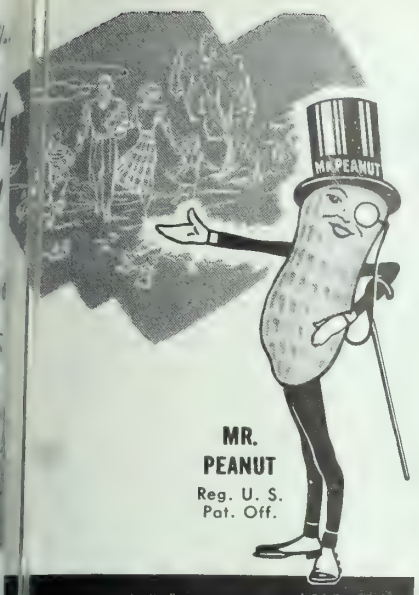
Hot Hors d'Oeuvres
Fillet of Sole with Grapes
Peas Boiled New Potatoes
Puréed Apricots
Beverage

For those who never eat fish, even on Friday, I guarantee this dish. There's no odor, no "fishy" taste. To be strictly honest, I should call it "stolen from the Waldorf." It's my own version, in moderately priced terms, of a delicious dish I ate at that hotel.

Hot Hors d'Oeuvres: **Almost every delicious hot cheese something takes long minutes to prepare. These can be made in**







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a jiffy in the morning and set in the refrigerator, or ten minutes before you want to serve them, although we think they're better if prepared ahead of time and put into the refrigerator until needed. I use prepared biscuit mix. Roll the dough out to quarter-inch thickness. Spread it with soft cheese worked with enough margarine to make it easily pliable and add a taste of mustard. Then roll the dough, cut into ¾-inch pieces. Put on greased cooky tins. Then pop them into the oven to brown. Good? They're wonderful.

Fillet of Sole with Grapes: Rinse and dry your fillets of flounder (probably not sole) on a paper towel. Grease the bottom of a flat pan. Lay your fillets on this. Add a thin cream sauce, made with evaporated milk, almost to cover. Over the top of the fish and into the sauce at the side, place some seedless grapes cut in half. (It doesn't take a minute to cut them and you need so few a very small bunch will do.) Place under the broiler—not too close—until sauce is bubbling and brown in spots. Serve at once. And do use the grapes. They go with fish like onions with hamburger. (I've made this dish with tuna fish, when I had to prepare supper in a hurry with no preliminary shopping. It is very good, but more expensive than the fresh fillets.)

Dear God, give us strength to accept with serenity the things that cannot be changed. Give us the courage to change the things that can and should be changed. And give us wisdom to distinguish one from the other. —ADMIRAL HART.

Fish Sauce: For other fish my favorite sauce is St. Marks. It's one of those things *my* mother learned from *her* mother—but it's certainly not Irish—so maybe *she* got it out of an early edition of the L.H.J. Serve it with stuffed, baked mackerel; with halibut or cod steaks—well, with *any* fish. In a saucepan put 2 tablespoons catchup, 2 teaspoons margarine, 1 tablespoon vinegar and 2 teaspoons prepared mustard. Stir well and cook gently for about ten minutes.

SATURDAY LUNCH

Chicken Pie
Baked Apples
Beverage

Saturday's children—and husband—get a simple but hearty luncheon at our house.

I cook the chicken and rice left over from Thursday, and any remnants of vegetables, in a casserole dish with a prepared biscuit crust.

SATURDAY SUPPER

Scrambled Eggs with Virginia Ham
Corn Bread
Cherry Cobbler
Beverage

Saturday supper and both meals on Sunday are shared with the children. Though my oldest are four and six, they are learning the rudiments of cooking by helping prepare supper every Saturday. They adore "stirring," so we always make at least one hot bread, cake, muffins or cookies.

Scrambled Eggs: I usually mix ½ jar Virginia ham spread with 6 eggs and a pinch of mixed herbs. Add 1 tablespoon evaporated milk (it does not make them tough) and then put them over a fire as low as your patience can stand it and stir, stir, stir.

Soup, Beautiful Soup: In the country as main course for supper or lunch, or as the overture to an otherwise light meal if we have unexpected guests, we make the most beautiful soup. It looks as good as it tastes and it's as simple as it is good. Just a can of pea soup and a can of turtle soup. Mix them and heat. In the country, where we get real cream, we whip it up—put a dab on the top of each dish, brown the cream for a second under the broiler and yum-m. But use earthenware casseroles, dearies, not your best china. THE END



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Then serve . . . to a chorus of compliments! For Kraft's macaroni is *so* tender, the cheese flavor . . . *mouth-watering*! Keep Kraft Dinner on hand always. It costs only *pennies* a serving.

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FIT YOUR CHILD'S FOOT

By H. L. Whitman

Civilian Consultant on Shoe Fitting and Foot Care for the U. S. Navy

MORE than 3,000,000 babies will be born this year. Almost all of these infants will have perfectly aligned feet, each with its full quota of dimpled toes. Even among those whose foot structure may be faulty, there will not be one single corn, bunion or ingrowing toenail.

Mother Nature certainly does her part. But do we?

Look now at the feet of children six years old. What do you find? More than half of these youngsters have some disorder—a corn, a callus, a joint enlargement. A few even have flat feet.

And at eighteen years old? Eight out of every ten are probably suffering from a foot disturbance.

And why? Because we do not take the trouble to fit our children's feet with shoes that fit properly. We are shocked at the ancient Chinese who maimed their daughters and curtailed their lives by binding their feet in tight bandages. Yet our own nation carelessly cripples its children through a drawn-out series of misfitting shoes.

That's a stinging indictment, and I know it. But I also know whereof I speak. During the war I served as civilian consultant and specialist on shoe fitting and foot care for the United States Navy. I viewed at close range the bare feet of many thousands of young men, from Newport, Rhode Island, to San Diego, California. Eighty per cent were burdened with foot disorders; only approximately one in seven wore shoes that fitted him correctly.

Since the end of the war I have done considerable work with the feet and shoes of school children. Let me tell you a few things I have found out—and then I will tell you what I think you can do about this problem.

ON ONE occasion I supervised an inspection of 200 young school children in Watertown, Massachusetts. Of 50 kindergarten children, I found 45 wearing shoes a half to one size too small. Of 75 first-graders, 69 were shoes too short. Most of these had corns and calluses. In the second grade I found the same sort of thing, only worse: 66 out of 75 children in this grade were shoes too small, and the bad effects included contracted toes, ingrowing toenails, contracted arches and even flat feet.

These children were not poor children. They were in what we call, for lack of a better term, our middle class. By and large they were shining examples of good health. And, ironically, even their poorly fitted shoes were new and shiny and of good make.

"I take good care of my Johnny's feet," one mother told me. "I never pay less than six dollars for his shoes. And he never complains about his feet hurting."

I HAD to count ten before I told her the two basic errors: one, the price of shoes has nothing to do with whether they fit; and two, children rarely, if ever, complain about their shoes hurting. I wish they would.

I can't say just why this is, but what happened at a foot-and-shoe inspection in Lorain, Ohio, of 4000 children will prove my point. Before anything else was done they were asked if their feet hurt; only one replied that they did. Yet three out of four of these sons and daughters of the generous Midwest were wearing shoes one half to three and one half sizes too small.

As for the only child who said her feet hurt, she was a shy, backward little girl named Helen, who had never complained of such a thing before. Her feet measured 6¼ B, but her shoes measured 4¼ D. School officials talked to her parents—who were stunned and contrite—and the proper shoes were bought for her. A remarkable transformation then took place in her personality. She used to stay inside during recess, and as a result had few friends. Now, because her feet no longer hurt, she joined in the other children's play. In turn her school work improved tremendously. She seemed like a new child. It is a pity, however, that her feet could not have been similarly transformed; the four bunions she got will trouble her for life, as well as ruin the shape of every attractive shoe she buys. And if ever she takes a job requiring long periods of standing, how her feet will ache!

"My feet are killing me!"—the great American lament. Yet this wail could be reduced to a whisper by a far-reaching program of foot education, foot sense and foot examinations. I'd like to see school health authorities give the same attention to children's feet that they now give to eyes, ears and noses. I'd like to see executives of the shoe industry hit home to the public with information on proper shoe fitting. The day will come—but meanwhile the mothers will have to do the job themselves, beginning with the first pair of shoes they buy their babies, and continuing until the children, too, have learned what proper shoe fit is, and what it means in terms of health and happiness.

Any or all of the following disorders may begin from the wearing in childhood of shoes that are not properly fitted:

1. Distortions: corns, calluses, bunions, hammertoes, ingrown toenails, heel spurs, fallen arches.

(Continued on Page 149)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Child in Church

By Frances Stowell Guthrie

Among the kneeling forms this one,
Erect and curious-eyed,
Watches the fingers of the sun
Through oval casements slide
Like jeweled dust. The words of prayer
The older worshipers
Must learn are natural to him,
And so his body stirs
In quick rebellion to the hush.
A catbird calls somewhere;
A cricket drums a tinny drum
Across the autumn air.

His mother stills the child—her blush
Apologetic, shy.
And those about can hear the boy
Whisper a puzzled "Why?"
And why indeed? It does not seem
A strange thing that this one
Among the kneeling forms should yearn
Outward to the sun.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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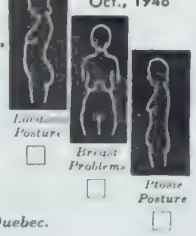
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Oct., 1948

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FOR ABDOMEN, BACK AND BREASTS

(Continued from Page 146)

bowlegs, knock-knees, athlete's foot and varicose veins.

2. Leg, hip and back pains: tight shoes create a constriction which is carried upward by the nerve system.

3. Poor posture: harmful shoes encourage poor walking habits, throwing off the natural alignment of the feet and leg muscles and drawing down the whole body posture.

4. Chronic mental and physical fatigue: when an unnatural pressure binds any part of the body, the drain on nervous energy and physical stamina is felt throughout and general efficiency decreased proportionately.

There are twenty-six bones in the human foot, any or all of which may be deprived of their natural functions by ill-fitting shoes. It must be remembered that a child's foot is not an adult foot in miniature; rather it is a growing structure which only gradually reaches the proportions of an adult foot. Shoes must be fitted during childhood to allow for this continuing growth.

And now, here are ten points to remember when you fit your child's foot for shoes that will be healthful and helpful:

1. Measure your child's foot once a month. The foot of the average child between one and a half and seven years of age grows one half size (about one sixth of an inch) every three months. Some children's feet grow in spurts; some gradually; some more; some less. A monthly check—which any good shoe store should be happy to help you with—will insure continuing proper fit.

2. Do not depend entirely on measuring devices for determining foot size. When using an X-ray machine, take into account the fact that it shows only the bony structure and not the fatty tissue. When using a rule device, see that measurements are taken while your child is standing with his full weight on the measured foot.

3. Fit all shoes with the child standing. Standing and walking cause the foot to lengthen and expand in degrees that vary with each individual.

4. See that there is always three quarters of an inch space between the end of the large toe and the tip of the shoe. Toes need space for gripping; they are not mere decorations, like the fringe on a rug.

5. See that the widest part of the foot fits exactly into the widest part of the shoe—not slightly ahead nor slightly behind.

6. See that the shank of the shoe—which contains the arch of the foot—is supple and spacious enough to allow freedom and action.

7. See that the heel fits snugly but allows a slight up-and-down movement. It's the tight heel which causes blisters.

8. See that the child's foot does not bulge over the outer edges of the shoe.

9. Be sure of a comfortable and smooth fit over the instep. Each width size means a quarter of an inch difference in circumference of the inside. One size too narrow means the difference between comfort and pressure.

10. Use common sense in picking shoe styles. Although sizes may be the same for two children, one may need a heavy oxford, another a short vamp.

And whatever you do, never sacrifice fit to fashion; fit your child's foot—not your eye.

WITH THE CHILDREN

"Bobby says dirty words, so I better not play with him any more; I might catch them like you can catch measles from someone who has them. I did catch a couple of words."

"There is no reason to get excited about a magician doing magic tricks. There is always magic around us like our pop-up toaster and whipped cream."

"A baby in the house gives you a lot of extra laughs and things to talk about."

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.

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Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor! Soft as a caress... exciting, new, Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly, checks perspiration effectively.

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FROM ABOUT 25 ON—the natural oil that keeps skin soft and supple gradually decreases. Even before 40—a woman may lose as much as 20% of this oil skin needs.

Little signs warn when dry skin is creeping up on you. Watch for flaky spots—for tiny, dry lines. *They* say your skin needs more care—more oil.

Replacement help is at your fingertips with Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Three features make it *extra* softening. 1. Rich in *lanolin*—most like your own skin oil. 2. *Homogenized* to soak in better. 3. A softening *emulsifier*.

Arrests Dry Skin Two Ways:

Lanolin-Softens by Night—after your regular cleansing smooth rich-in-lanolin Pond's Dry Skin Cream generously over face. Leave a few minutes, then wipe off lightly so a soft film is left to help your skin all night. Your dry skin seems to "drink up" this rich cream. See how tiny dry lines are smoothed so they don't show.

Lanolin-Protects by Day—smooth on a *very light* touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make up. Protects your skin against dryness all day. Keeps your skin soft, smooth looking.



Mrs. John A. Roosevelt says:

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Get this truly remarkable dry skin corrector—today! You'll find lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream never leaves your skin sticky. Instead—it smooths on with a delicious *softening* feeling. Use this cream generously every day for a week. See if this isn't *the finest help for correcting dry skin you've ever used.* Get your jar of Pond's Dry Skin Cream *today*.

Dry Skin? This is the Answer

WHEN THE WOOD GROWS DRY

(Continued from Page 65)

the same rather sirupy tan. The floor was stained with a dark reddish-brown oil stain.

Miss Minerva had a bathroom all her own, which was more than some of the younger teachers had. In it there were a tub on claw-end legs, a bowl, a toilet with a brown cracked seat cover, and a small painted cupboard. There was also a dingy radiator which hissed all winter, and on this Miss Minerva kept a flat board to hold supplies.

The water faucet in the tub had been dripping for five years, and someday the college would get around to fixing it. Meanwhile it went on dripping, but she got used to it after a year or two. Even if she had been th executive homemaker type, she couldn't have done anything about it, for outside plumbers were not allowed by the college manager, Mr. Black. Nobody could have anything repaired without his sanction.

Miss Minerva ate all her meals in the dining room of Main Hall, presiding at a table for eight. She said grace before dinner every night. The other faculty members often ate at the Brass Kettle or downtown, or even went away week ends, but she never did. The only change in food she ever experienced during the school year was when the dietitian was changed.

She gave her lessons in the basement of Main Hall, where a corridor had been fitted with tiny practice rooms. The piano was almost as old as she was. Through the window came all the steam from the college laundry, with the smell of bleach and soap.

THE music department of Buckley was like many music departments in small coeducational colleges or women's colleges. Buckley was a school for "liberal arts," but there was nothing liberal about the curriculum and absolutely no emphasis on arts. This was before the war had been stirred like yeast into the life of the school.

Music and painting were looked upon by the rest of the faculty as light studies. Only mathematics and Latin and Greek and physics and biology really disciplined the mind, they said; they were basic subjects. Psychology and economics were all right for padding. Spanish was too easy to do anybody any real good. French was on a slightly higher level, but not much.

Miss Minerva gave her lessons and put on her student recitals, therefore, without anybody's bothering. And this might have gone on forever, except that the college acquired a new president, and he was a new broom.

The first year he "retired" several secretaries who were too old to take dictation. The second year, the history and German departments had a retread. This year, the third, he was turning his attention to music and art.

"Minnie will get the ax," said Cora Lee.

"It's about time. But she's so tight, she must have a mint of money," said Jinx, her roommate.

Cora Lee pulled on a lemon-yellow sweater and stepped into her moccasins. "Well, I got to ankle over and learn how to sing like Hilda Larsen," she said. "The recital is day after tomorrow. You coming?"

"I hear your voice too much," said Jinx. "And honestly, those recitals! Do they stink!"

"All I can say is my voice hasn't gone backwards."

"I think you're positively psychotic to keep on with Minnie all this time," Jinx told her.

"I want the *A*. It's the easiest way I know to get it." Cora Lee made herself a deep red mouth. "And don't forget Minnie's going to get me an audition with Hilda Larsen if and when I get to New York. She practically promised."

"Somehow I can't quite feature Minnie the Mouse and Hilda Larsen," yawned Jinx.

(Continued on Page 151)

STOP CORNS FAST!



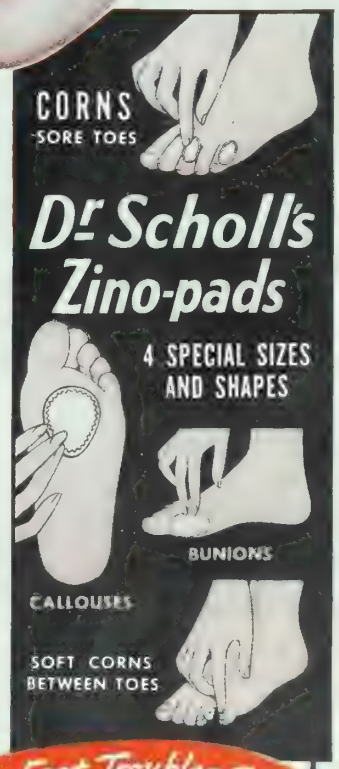
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(Continued from Page 149)

Cora Lee went out. The campus was bright with color, sweaters in every shade, socks to match. It was exciting and new to wear short skirts and socks and flat moccasins. Last year stockings were required, but somehow the rule had eased up. The laxness that was to end in jeans and boys' shirts with the tails out was already beginning.

The wistaria hung a purple veil over the porch of Main, and Cora Lee stopped under it a moment and looked up. It was like being roofed in violet. She hummed a bit of St. Louis Blues. Cora Lee had the best voice in Buckley, and the best that Miss Minerva had ever had during all the years. It was resonant, naturally sweet, and climbed easily up to the highest notes. She could sing the Bell Song from Lakmé and keep the notes smooth as honey. The songs Miss Minerva helped her with she did less well, being hampered by the rather odd ideas Minerva had, but the songs she sang without benefit of instruction she sang like an angel.

She was majoring in history.

Cora Lee was a hard, practical-minded girl. She had no patience with softness. She believed in buttering your own bread, and buttering it well. It was not an age of sentiment. She would have said there was not a vulnerable spot in her whole being. She was in love, because that was the thing, but she didn't lie awake at night brooding about it. Maury said she was colder than Little America. And looked like a perfect rose.

As she turned into the practice corridor, she met the violin teacher and nodded briefly to him. His job was safe, even if he couldn't play on key, because his wife was related to the president of the board of trustees. But Miss Minnie, she thought, was a dead duck right now.

"Now, we'll just run over your songs for the recital," said Minerva. "I'm not quite satisfied with the last phrase in the Fairy Pipers."

"Why can't I sing a new song?" asked Cora Lee perversely.

Miss Minerva looked shocked. "In building a program," she said in her dry, tight voice, "one has to take certain things into consideration."

"Such as what?"

"Balance," said Miss Minerva vaguely, "and . . . proportion."

Cora Lee opened her lips to say something nasty about never learning anything new, and then shut them again. Miss Minerva looked bad, she noticed. She always looked like a horse, but today her face was gray. She wore a brown dress shaped like a sack, and a pair of old brown shoes. The hem of the dress had partly come down. The shoes were muddy. And the hair net on her rusty hair had a large hole in it, from which a clump of hair stuck out.

She needs a good currying, thought Cora Lee with disgust.

Miss Minerva spread her large bony hands over the yellowed keys and nodded her head briskly. "Remember the phrasing," she said, and banged at the first chord.

Cora Lee sang. Outside, the laundry boy put down the basket of snowy sheets and leaned against the ivied wall, listening. Three girls on their way to gym stopped too. Cora Lee was pleased, but not excited. She knew she could sing, but she was lazy, and she knew that to be a singer required an awful lot of hard work, even if the faculty at Buckley thought it was a cinch. A career didn't interest her, so she made little effort really to arouse an audience.

Maybe, she thought, looking at Miss Minerva, maybe if she'd an inspiring teacher these four years, she might have gone on—made something of her voice. But she hadn't learned a single thing; she had been bored to death, she was fed up. This was her last recital, and if she knew the signs, Miss Minerva's last one too. The fairy pipers would quit playing. She laughed at the thought.

Miss Minerva made clucking noises and pushed the pedal sharply. "I think you better sing it again," she said, "and then we'll run over your last number."

When Cora Lee finally left, Miss Minerva sat at the piano, her elbow on the music rack, her head supported by her hand. It was time to wash up and get to the dining room before the herd of students stampeded in. This was fish day. *Bless this food to our use, and us to Thy faithful service.* But she wasn't hungry, she didn't want to eat. A deep thick fear had settled in her bosom under the cotton brassière.

Hilda Larsen was coming to sing at the Opera House. It was the kind of thing that could never happen. As fantastic as the way one could never get on the streetcar to go downtown without finding one's worst enemy on that same streetcar. It was the way deserters always met their chief officer in some bar in a foreign port.

And yet it was going to happen. For the chain of circumstances wasn't really strange. Hilda Larsen's manager was the same one who had arranged for the concert which a great baritone was to give in the Opera House, and a sudden indisposition on the part of the latter made a shift necessary. Hilda Larsen just happened to be on the way to Miami and could stop over one night without upsetting anything. She didn't care, she was always trying to get off trains and stop over. Trains bored her.

The notice appeared in the Daily Crescent. Hilda Larsen, world-famous diva, the notice said wildly, would appear in place of the



"I'm kinda looking forward to school starting so we can play hooky and stuff."





great star. Having dazzled the crowned heads of Europe, what more fitting than that she should come to Buckley and dazzle the subscribers for the concert series so capably managed by Fitzlee Andrews?

Miss Minerva was shivering as she sat at the piano, though the spring air coming in was warm even in the basement. The whole world was in an ecstasy of blossoming and sweet smell and exciting color. But Miss Minerva crept blindly up the stairs without noticing. Her bad knee creaked as she climbed the curlicues to her room and closed the door and sank down on the sagging bed.

When she looked up, she saw the cold, confident eyes of the young girl in the picture looking right at her, and uttering a small broken cry, she buried her face in her hands and wept.

The afternoon of the recital was hot, with the penetrating unseasonal heat of some spring days. The campus lawns were brilliant green, and the wistaria already was blown so amethyst petals strewed the steps. But it was cool in the chapel when Miss Minerva came in, blinking at the dimness after dazzle.

They had mimeographed programs, always too many. Nobody ever came to the recitals except the people who were performing or some relative unlucky enough to be visiting at the time. Or a few music students from other teachers. Today there were more than usual because there was a Y. W. meeting right afterward and the Y. W. people drifted in. And just at the beginning, the heavy metal doors swung open to admit the president and a couple of board members who sat down inconspicuously in the rear.

Cora Lee was standing at the edge of the gray cyclorama, looking out. She wore a plain gray dress and her hair was gold as it fell softly down her neck. She looked scornfully at the audience; it was nothing to her. She was finished with singing anyway. Too much bother. None of this attic stuff for her, she thought contemptuously; she wanted a white satin cover on her bed. She looked over at Miss Minerva, and wondered what was wrong with her. Her eyes were red and the lids puffy. She was a sight. Worse than usual, which was bad enough.

Miss Minerva always wore a beaded crepe dress in a queer metallic-blue shade. And pointed kid pumps. The dress, she always said, had come from Paris. *Well, about the time Paris was founded*, Cora Lee said to herself. Years when dresses were short, Minerva trotted over to the little dressmaker and had the hem taken up; other years she had it let down. The former hemlines were visible when long skirts were in. And now the dress had an unfortunate way of shedding beads, so Minerva walked with the faint, tinkly sound of falling glass.

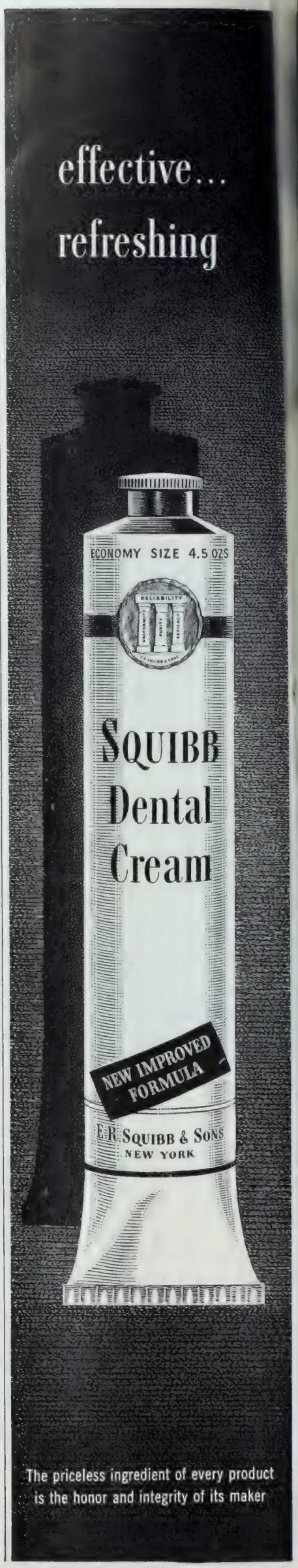
Miss Minerva accompanied her students, striking the keynote separately before each chord, and if there seemed to be any doubt about it, striking it several times. And every time the student hit a high note, Minerva turned her face sharply and faced the audience as if to say, "You see, she really got there!" Even the way she turned her head looked horselike, and her pawing at the pedals emphasized the effect. She came down on the pedals at random, but with vigor.

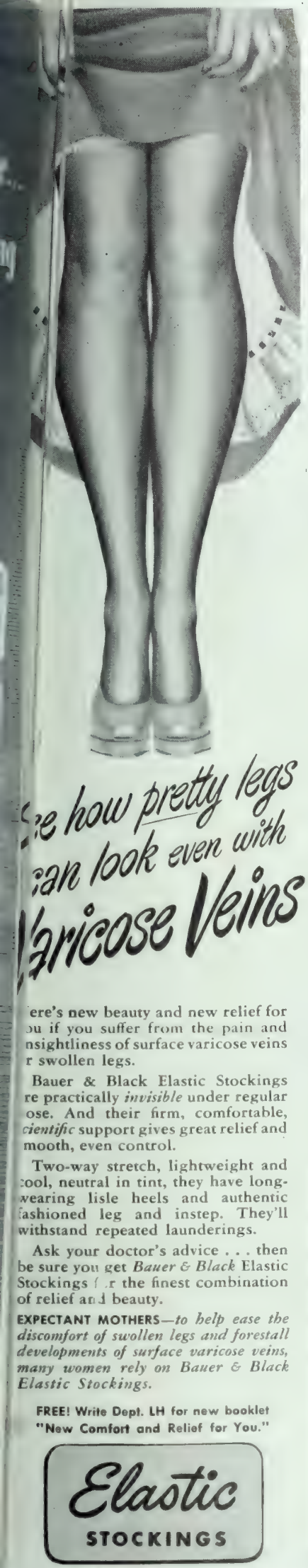
Cora Lee, waiting her turn, saw the president shifting restlessly in his seat. He whispered something to the man beside him, who nodded. Cora Lee had no doubt about their reason for being at the recital. And it would be a good thing to fire Miss Minnie, the poor old horse.

A weak spattering of hands marked the end of I Hear a Thrush at Eve, sung doubtfully by Mary Jane Winter.

Cora Lee went out and stood waiting for her chord. Now she could see how dreadfully pale Miss Minerva looked; her whole face had a greenish look, except that under her eyes were smears of purple.

Miss Minerva gave her a ghastly imitation of a smile and brought her hands down on the keys. Her hands were trembling.





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She knows, thought Cora Lee. She looked at her teacher's anxious eyes and suddenly, for no reason at all, felt a twinge of sympathy. This was too much like cornering a rabbit and closing in for the kill. Minnie might not know anything, but she worked all the time there was. She never did anything else but work. Never went anywhere, never had any fun, never saw anybody but the students. Cora Lee thought, *Oh, to blazes with it, I'll show 'em she's got a good one.*

And she really put her mind, for once, on her singing. After her first number there was a stir of attention. The second, which of course was Ave Maria, made even more of an impression. The clapping was genuine and enthusiastic. And a faint color came into Miss Minerva's gray cheeks.

Cora Lee did the Fairy Pipers, a song she detested thoroughly. She could just imagine chasing around after fairy pipers, and the thing was so old it was falling apart at the seams. But today she sang it as if she enjoyed it.

"When all the birds have gone to sleep
And all the frogs are still ——"

She had them all intent, and it felt good and it was easy. She let the notes come out pure and round.

"Airy fairy pipers underneath the silver moon ——"

And when the program was over, Miss Minerva was taking her hand, quite speechless. Cora Lee got away as fast as she could. She didn't like the strange sensation of pity which had been with her on the stage. What in time was the matter with her, getting all soft and silly? She'd cut the next lesson. Her mark was safe after today.

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.

—EDMUND BURKE.

As she went to the mailbox to see if she had the daily letter from Maury, she saw the poster on the bulletin board.

"Oh, Cora Lee, this means you!" called her roommate, and she stopped to see what she meant.

A special block of seats for the Hilda Larsen concert was being reserved for the college. And the morning before, Hilda Larsen was going to give auditions to the three best students in the music department.

"So that's Jones and Bender and you," said Jinx. "And look, if you get a scholarship at Juilliard how about me coming up to live with you?"

"Nonsense," said Cora Lee. "I'm not bothering."

"Don't you even want to meet Hilda Larsen?"

"What for?"

"Well, think of seeing the ideal after hearing about her all this time from Minnie. Say—do you suppose she'll come out and eat at our table? We'll have a lion in our dining room!"

The babble increased. Everybody began to speculate now about Hilda and Miss Minerva. Curious and eager as kittens, they wondered whether they could go down to the train in a gang and watch the meeting. Was Minnie going to wear that old brown suit? And the shoes? And the hat with the dead finch on it?

Inside of half an hour the whole corridor was echoing with excited voices. A real celebrity! And their own obscure voice teacher! Why, it was really romantic! Probably Hilda Larsen would be there for Sunday dinner, in which case certainly they would have turkey and cranberry sauce and ice cream, even if it were not Thanksgiving. They had turkey for John Mason Brown, and he couldn't sing; he just talked.

Cora Lee had lab that next afternoon. On her way down the long corridor, she passed the president's office and looked in to nod and speak. He made a point of keeping his



"HI, HAYHEAD!" . . . *that* was the uncomplimentary way Don greeted me the night of the hayride party. Believe me, that was the last straw! I made up my mind *then* to do something about my dull-looking, unmanageable hair.



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919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



door open so the students would feel that he was really part of the group. The result was that many of them scurried past because they couldn't think of anything to murmur as he looked up from his desk.

Today as Cora Lee glanced in, she saw that he had a visitor in the chair by the desk. Miss Minerva Martin was sitting there; there was no mistaking her narrow stiff back, and she had the black-and-white print on too. As Cora Lee looked, the president's secretary stepped quietly across the room and closed the door.

Well, thought Cora Lee, *he's giving her the gate early. Good riddance for Buckley.* She shook her head scornfully and went on up to the lab. There was no reason for her to give it another thought, and yet she did. Possibly it was because twice a week for four years she had spent half an hour with Miss Minerva. Maybe even if you despised a person, that much time with her made some kind of link.

Cora Lee couldn't explain it, but she felt restless all during lab, even more restless than usual. Miss Minnie must have plenty of money after all these years of spending absolutely nothing. And even if she got the sack, she would have all the glory of Hilda Larsen's appearance. Think of how jealous the rest of the music department would be! Not one of them knew a single celebrity. Why, it was a triumph. After all the years of her talking and bragging about Hilda Larsen, now she had a chance to bring her right out on campus. Imagine the great Larsen sitting up in the awful room facing the picture of herself as a young girl. Imagine her at the table while Miss Minnie bent her long face and said, "Bless this food to our use, and us to Thy faithful service!"

Cora Lee, as soon as lab was over, started to her room along the bridgeway. Well, maybe she better let Minnie know she was not coming to lesson tomorrow. Kind of mean to let her sit and wait there all period in that old cellar room.

I ought to have my head examined, thought Cora Lee. *What do I care for? I'll tell her I'm quitting. For good. Just a rat leaving the sinking ship.*

SHE climbed the curlicues, went down the dark hall and tapped at Miss Minerva's door. There was a little silence and then a murmur and Cora Lee went in.

Miss Minerva was sitting at the desk, with a little pile of underwear and towels beside her.

She gave Cora Lee a vague look and said in a low voice, "I am making out my laundry list."

"I don't mean to bother you," said Cora Lee, feeling uneasy.

"Not at all, not at all," murmured Minerva. "I just thought it was best to list the laundry. One doesn't like to make trouble for people. Does one?"

"No, no, I guess not."

Cora Lee gave her message, but she only said she couldn't come the next day. Someway she didn't feel so ruthless. There was something about Miss Minnie ——

"I won't be here either," said Miss Minerva.

Cora Lee went along the hall again had something niggling around the b her mind. Minnie looked . . . queer. doesn't like to make trouble"; what d mean by that? Nobody else would l laundry for her, in any case. Either sh it to the college plant or she didn't. W would she be saving trouble for? Wher she going?

CORA LEE got to her room, and slipp her sweater and began to brush her sh fall of hair. Her face stared back at he she wasn't thinking about how beautif was. She was puzzling about that lau list.

Was Minnie touched in the head that talk with the president? The reason there would be for anybody to make out her laundry list would that she was in the infirmary.

Or dead, tho Cora Lee sudd She laid down the brush and stare her image in the and saw that she turning white. *how silly; I must read too many dunits,* she thou *Certainly there isn there can't be — Why, Hilda La will be here toni On the five-forty- This is her hour in sun!*

But Cora L pulled her sweater again and started r ning back along corridor. *I am going to speak to again,* she thoug apologizing to hers

And as long as was in it, she did even knock; s opened the door a peeked in, making sound. Miss Miner was silhouette against the rectang of window that t devouring ivy ha spared, and she he a bottle in her han

"Miss Martin, said Cora Lee, "ma I come in?" and sh opened the door an moved inside th room quickly.

Miss Minerva gav a start and looke blankly at Cora Lee. Then a deep dark flus spread slowly over the paleness of her face She stammered, "I—have a headache— pill ——"

But Cora Lee went to her and firmly took the bottle.

"I wouldn't take a pill right now," she said. "You come down to the drug with me for some hot tea!"

And then, hearing the kindness in her voice, they were both astounded. And either the strangeness of it, or the fact that Miss Minerva was really at the end of her rope, made her suddenly collapse on the bed and cover her face with her hands in the age-old gesture of a woman stricken.

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear," she said monotonously.

"Miss Minerva, you mustn't feel bad," Cora Lee said. "It isn't really so bad as all that."

"Bad?" asked Minerva. "Yes, it couldn't be any worse."

There was a finality about the words. After she had said them, she pushed her straggling hair back and lifted her head and sat very quietly, staring at Cora Lee and yet not focusing her eyes on her.

Cora Lee didn't know what to do. Her natural instinct was always to avoid unpleasant scenes by going away from them as

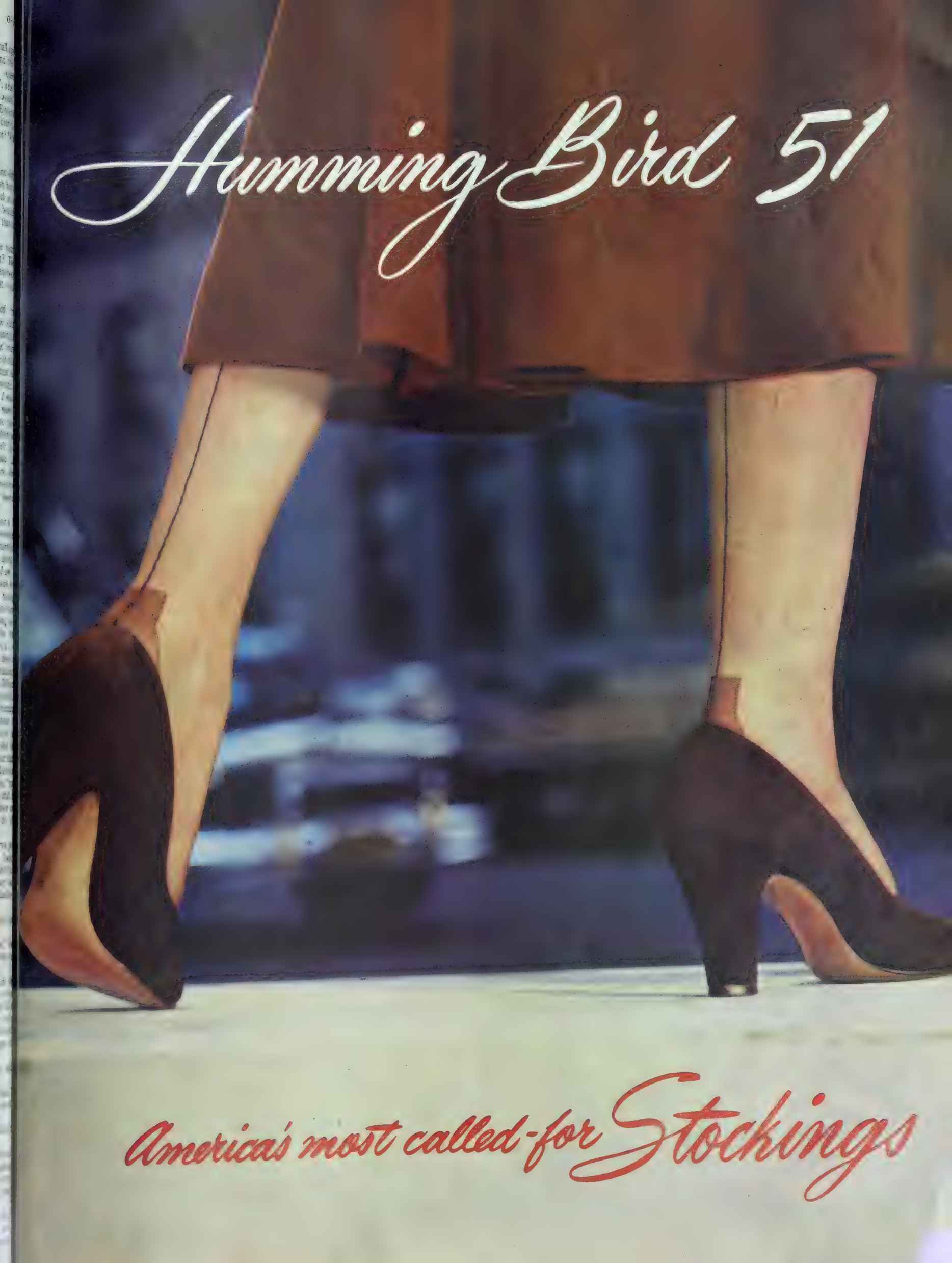
(Continued on Page 156)

Country Girl

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

The neighbors said
That she was daft,
But when she heard them
She only laughed.
Her mouth was crimson,
Her long eyes green,
Her house the untidiest
Ever seen.
She invited her love
For tea one day;
He looked at the dust,
Then looked away.
But he came back
Through the broken gate
For cookies served
From a chipped blue plate.

The neighbors crossed
Themselves in fright
When they heard her whistling
One moonlit night.
And what a man
Of his steady ways
Saw in her
And her witch's gaze
They said was queer
As her feckless laughter.
But they lived like lovers
Forever after!


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TOWLE
STERLING

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(Continued from Page 154)

fast as possible. But now she had a compelling sense that she must not, simply must not leave Miss Minerva, not until she felt better. She cast about in her mind for the right words of comfort.

"Hilda Larsen will be here tonight," she said. "And you'll want to see her and have a nice long visit ——"

"Hilda Larsen," said Miss Minerva, "has never seen me in her life!"

The effect of this staggering piece of news was to confuse Cora Lee completely. "Why, you can't say that!" she said. "There's her picture right there on your wall!"

"I bought it," said Miss Minerva, "from the photo shop in Snowshoe, Minnesota, when I was at home years and years ago."

"Bought it?"

"Yes," Miss Minerva told her. "For a dollar and forty cents."

Cora Lee sat down on the desk chair. But if Minerva had bought that picture, then Hilda Larsen had never given it to her—and then if she hadn't . . . well, then, she did not owe her career to having taken lessons of Minerva. And all that story of Minerva's was a plain lie.

"I made it all up," said Miss Minerva, confirming her discovery.

"But—but whatever for?" Cora Lee asked.

"I didn't have anything," explained Minerva, pinching up little pieces of her dress. "I just didn't."

"But what good did it do to pretend about her?"

"It gave me something to be proud of," said Miss Minerva. "Everybody has to have one thing in the world to be proud of. So I had Hilda Larsen."

In the silence that fell, the sound of the voices on the campus came like the twitter of gathering swallows at twilight. The late sun laid a level wash of gold against the dusty pane and the air was unbearably sweet as it stirred the brown lace curtains. It was just too beautiful a world, too full of riches.

"I DIDN'T mind not coming back to teach any more," said Minerva. "I knew that would come. But having it come right this week, right when she is coming—you can see how it is, Cora Lee."

"Yes, I see."

"But you run along now, it's near time for dinner," said Minerva. "I'll just tidy up a bit and come down in time to say the blessing. I don't want to make any trouble for anybody."

Heavens on earth, thought Cora, *does she mean she won't take too many of those pills? Or that she will wait until she's presided at the table so the dining room won't be upset now that it's so near dinnertime? Why can't a person ever understand what's going on inside someone?*

And this was the first time in her life Cora Lee had ever wanted to understand what was going on inside anybody except herself.

"What would you do if you didn't come back?" she asked.

"I have a little house out at the edge of Snowshoe," said Miss Minerva. "My sister has always lived there; that is, until she died."

"I didn't know you had a sister," Cora Lee said.

"She's always been delicate"—Minerva spoke slowly—"and as long as I had to take care of her, I really don't know what would have happened if I had lost my position. I really don't."

"You mean you have been supporting her all the time?"

"She was delicate, she had to rest a deal," Miss Minerva explained. "B died last summer."

"Oh, dear," said Cora Lee.

"One can manage on very little," Minerva; "really very little. It takes for two. Much more."

Out of the chaos in her mind, Cor found an idea. "I will run along," she just as if they had been having tea. " really came to tell you I want to sir Hilda Larsen in the morning and I wan to promise you will go over the music me before I go. Will you?"

Miss Minerva stopped pinching the "Why, yes, Cora Lee," she said, "I w would really be a bad woman if I di wouldn't I? And as they always say, play's the thing, my dear, the play's thing."

CORA LEE hurried along the shadowy w and got the college taxi. "I want to the five-forty-five," she said "and you'll have to step on it."

"I can't make it," he said. "It's twenty now."

"Make it anyhow," said Cora Lee.

She braced her moccasins against the and clung to the seat as they swayed jolted along the back streets. And she going over the wh thing again.

Miss Miner hadn't been a mi she didn't have money. She h scrimped a pinched and li like nothing on ea and—and never or peeped about Every other facul member who h cousins to he through school sick mothers or an thing just went town about it. B Miss Minerva sa nothing. She'd wo those awful cloth without a murmu never wangled an i vitation to a dinne never toadied to any body. They ha laughed at her, taken her off in skits year afte year, the young and fortunate. And now sh was pushed out on the plank to sink or swim and nobody would even notice it. They'd neve give a banquet to her, and a gold watch.

What made it all worse was that yo couldn't figure what she had to make lif worth living. Because the gifted, the excit ing, the successful teachers always had that relationship with the students. Like Cora Lee had with Doctor Palmer, the Shakespeare man. Lots of the teachers had their pets, their little circle, and maybe they got warmth enough out of that. But Cora Lee, the best Minerva ever had or could hope to have, had barely been civil to her. Arrogant, hard, rude, scornful. All these words came to Cora Lee now. Lazy too.

They heard the whistle of the train as it slowed for the junction. "Might yet make it," said the driver, getting interested himself in the race.

So Minerva's life had been built around the myth of Hilda Larsen. And now that was over too. What a scandal it would make. The campus would boil with it like a teakettle over the hottest fire. Cora Lee knew herself and her fellow students very well. They would giggle, and make remarks, and point out, and ask demure questions to turn the knife. The laughingstock of the college. Defenseless.

It was horrible to think of, it was a humiliation nobody could endure. The faculty members would not be above joining in. *People don't like to feel tricked,* thought Cora Lee. No, if it got out in the morning that Hilda Larsen said she never had heard of Miss Minerva Martin, every last thing would fall down on the poor old thing.

"Here she comes," said the driver.



THROUGH YOUR
COMMUNITY CHEST

"I'll pay you tomorrow," said Cora Lee. Meet me in front of Main at nine-thirty. I ant to go downtown anyhow. 'By now."

She slammed the door and ran down the tform as the train stopped and the porters ung down the steep steps. Her hair was ing, and her sweater was smudged from e lab. For once, she had no time to make rself a mouth.

She ran down to the Pullmans and got to e last car just as Hilda Larsen stepped out, egant in gray and blue, and followed re- ectfully by her accompanist and three gskin bags.

"Miss Larsen," said Cora Lee, "I do not ant an autograph."

Hilda Larsen's ice-blue eyes looked sur- rised.

"I want to ride to the hotel and have an nterview," said Cora Lee, "before you see nybody else."

Miss Larsen was bored. She looked at Cora Lee. She was also a hard woman, and naybe she recognized some quality in Cora Lee's face that reminded her of herself at hat age—heaven knew how long ago.

"Okay, baby," she said. "I'll hear your story." She turned on the sweating accom- panist. "Don't scratch those bags, Ivan."

If Cora Lee had been timid, or soft, or adoring, or almost anything she should have been, the story would have ended before they got to the Carroll Hotel. But Cora Lee was not afraid of anything, and she was hard and sure and she ignored the fact that Hilda Larsen was a great singer, a fabulously suc- cessful woman, a second or third Jenny Lind. She just sat there and told the truth, while the heady scent of Hilda's million-dollar per- fume filled the musty old taxi. She talked about Snowshoe, and Hilda remembered her dreary, mean youth. And she talked about this woman who made her whole life out of a dream of just knowing Hilda.

And all Hilda said when they reached the hotel was, "Bring her with you tomorrow. I'll hear you sing. I suppose you sing like a crow."

"You'll be surprised," said Cora Lee.

The whole college blazed with excitement. Everything else was forgotten. The girls in Main wore a special smug look. For it was in their dining room that Hilda Larsen sat, right at Minerva's table, looking just out of this world and laughing and talking. Her diamonds caught the light and flashed. Her perfume was sniffed by a hundred eager young noses. Miss Minerva looked dazed. Cora Lee sat on the other side of Miss Larsen, eating her broccoli silently, but smiling a funny little smile.

The president sat between Hilda Larsen and Miss Minerva. He was planning a fare- well banquet and had made discreet inquiries as to whether Miss Minerva had a gold watch or not. After all, Buckley should recognize an old, faithful teacher who was responsible for the beginning of a singer like Hilda Larsen. It gave tone to the place.

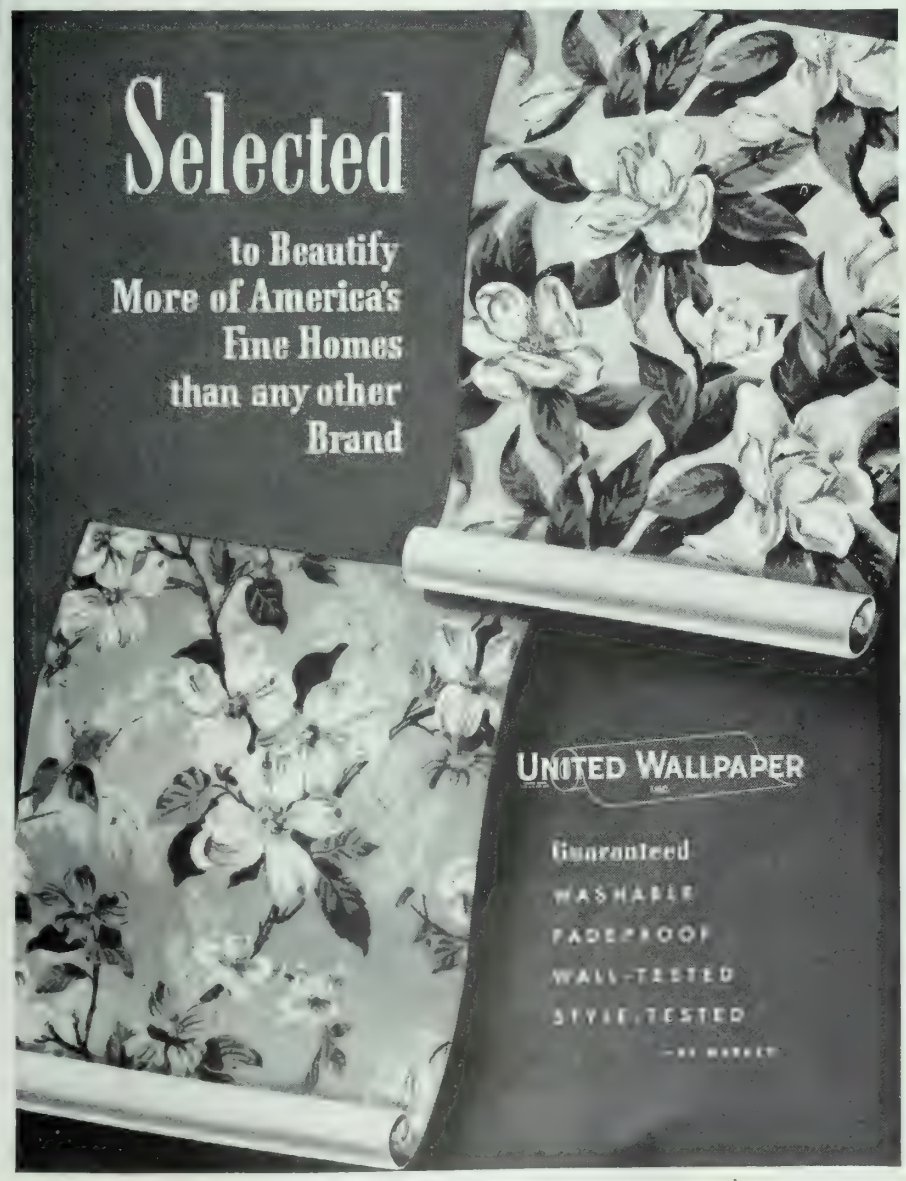
And after they had eaten, they all came out into the exquisite spring evening and Hilda Larsen turned to Cora Lee. "You can sing," she said. "What are you going to do about it? Do you want my recommenda- tion?"

Miss Minerva had a dreamy, ecstatic look. None of this she would ever understand. How could Hilda Larsen remember her, re- member hearing her sing in the Methodist church, decide to look up her old friend, feel she had done a wonderful job with young singers like Cora Lee?

It shows how wrong one is to despair, she thought humbly, *for one never knows. Around the corner it may be different.* And she trotted happily along beside Hilda, happier than any angel in heaven. *And I am responsible for Cora Lee going on with her career,* she thought, and that was the ultimate fulfillment any teacher could desire.

And strangely enough, Miss Minerva was right. For certainly the fact that Cora Lee went on to become a fourth Jenny Lind was due to her, though not in the way she thought.

THE END





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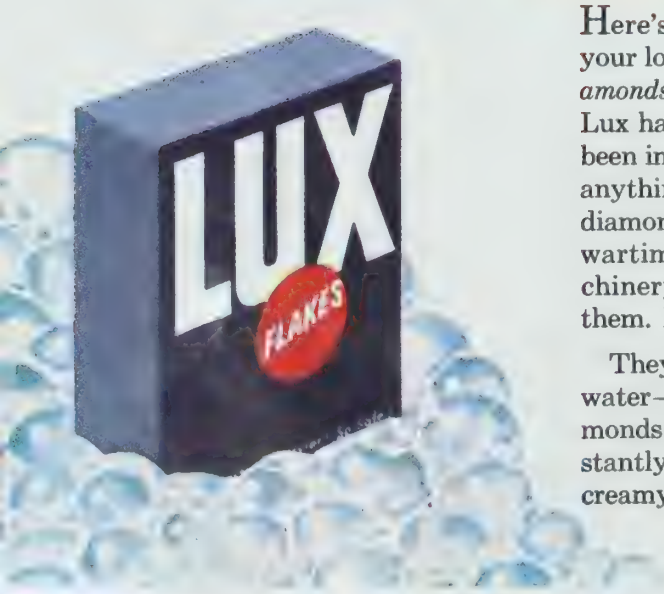


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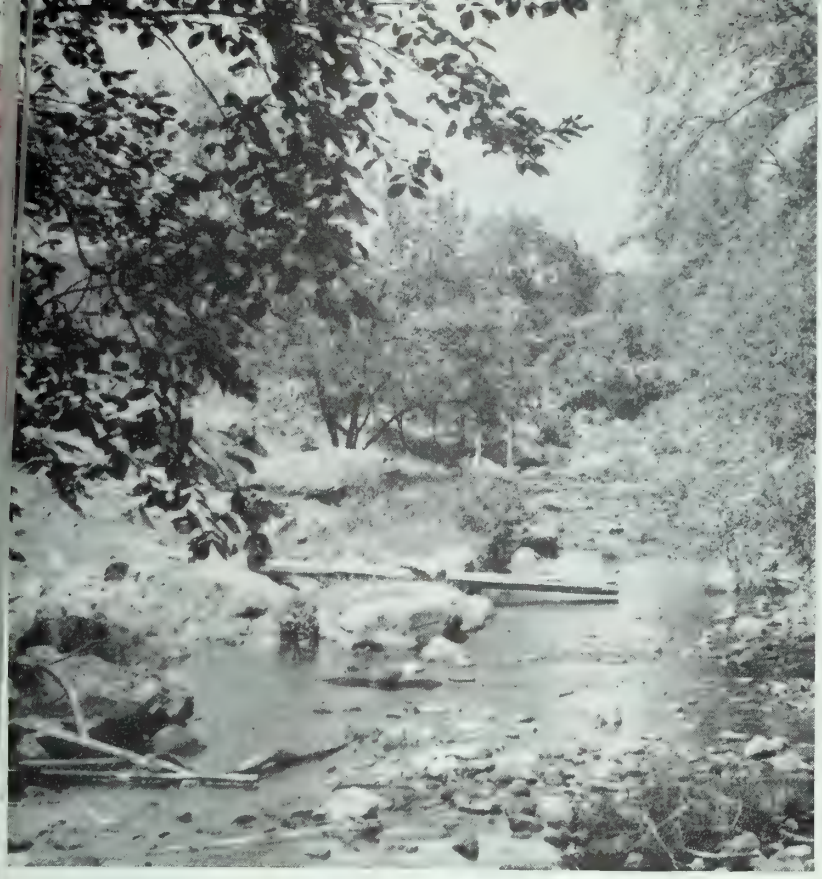
They're faster! Just turn on the water—watch these delicate diamonds burst into suds almost instantly. And they bubble up into creamy-rich, abundant suds that last and last. They're richer!

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This is the time to go out to the woods after butternuts and hickory nuts and hazelnuts. The trees spread their flaming glory against a sky like the breast of a bluebird.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

NOW the freezer is really full, and the shelves are compact with ranked jars, and the squash and pumpkins and cabbages are stored. Apples send a faint winy odor through the cellar. There are also the baskets of carrots packed in damp sand, and the last cucumbers are down in the dill and brine.

But the garden still feeds us. The sturdy chard and the late beets are fine; Jill brings in a few tomatoes that were protected from the black frost by tangles of vines. Extra dividends in acorn squash make good suppers stuffed with baby sausage. There may be a little broccoli too.

And this is the time to go out to the woods after butternuts and hickory nuts and hazelnuts. The trees spread their flaming glory against a sky like the breast of a bluebird. The upper pastures are gray-green, and the old quiet ledges are warm with golden light. Every year it is as if I had never seen it before and could not see it enough. And yet I have the memory of other years, too; special days when I walked up toward the crest of the hill with special people. The butternuts are dark and sticky, the hickory nuts satiny under the green plastic case. The hazelnuts are fringed with cinnamon, and their cases most exquisitely formed.

George's cows stand in pleasant aimlessness on the lower slopes, and Shep and Maeve are after a woodchuck. Maeve flashes around like an excited female at a party, and Shep has the air of a businessman about to sign a contract. Maeve is the color of autumn herself; perhaps setter red was given the first Irisher by the God of Autumn.

I may as well admit that we never, never crack and hull all the nuts we gather. The abundance of Nature's sweet open gift goes to my head and I simply stagger under bags and bags of nuts. But when it comes to getting the meat out of a butternut later on, it takes a special birthday-cake kind of occasion to bring me to the struggle. Hickory nuts are bad, too; the sweet, firm meat is channeled into the shell. I always think of Theseus in the labyrinth when I sit hunched over and chasing the nut in and out, and finally fish it up from the floor.

We crack them with a flatiron on a stone on the hearth, and on cool autumn evenings we bring in a bowl and decide to do a nice lot. I usually finish five or six nuts and measure in a cup to see if they could possibly be called a half cup added to the batter etc., etc. Meanwhile the apple-wood fire burns brightly and the music is good on the radio and a nice new copy of the latest Joseph Shearing is at hand—and the nuts can wait until another day!

By nature I am not a procrastinator. If there is anything I don't want to do, I usually rush to do it at once. I've found if I don't, I am mentally doing that unpleasant thing over and over and over. But cracking and shelling butternuts is my exception.

Nevertheless, up the hill I go, happy as a squirrel. "It seems a shame to waste them," I say to myself. "And what is better than a nut cake with a Mocha frosting?"

We have some hot clear days in which there is no feeling of urgency about getting ready for blizzard time, and then we have cold whipping-wind days which bring us to the storm-window frame of mind in a hurry.

Actually it is practical for country folk to do all the winter preparation before the days grow cold and gray. Painting the screens and putting them away, storing the lawn furniture, cleaning up the garden—there are dozens of things to do. Besides getting the wood stacked and the kindling cut for the long season of the fireplace.

But it's fun to do them, because the air is so brisk and fresh, and it is usually not too cold. It is on a crisp fall day that I plan to do over my desk, clean the attic, polish the silver. Catch up with all my mail. Brush all the dogs and the cats. Wash the blankets and spreads. I plan a month's work while I am eating breakfast in the sun on the terrace and watching the light break against the golden fire of the maples.

(Continued on Page 161)





Four Ounces of Black Magic

When foundation garments are so sleight of hand (none *of these* Tissue-weight *Foundettes* weighs over four ounces)...it's hard to believe they could willow and round* inches *off your figure. Ah, but the new, long,* slimmer *fall fashions will tell you they do...*beautifully! *Lastex† Tissue-weight Foundettes are made only by Munsingwear. Bewitching in* black *as well as in the "Paint Box" Colors...are the pantie girdle, girdle and all-in-one.*

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Work-Saving Tip for Woodwork, Painted Walls

Add two teaspoonfuls of Old Dutch to one quart of hot water; wash surface with this solution, then gently wipe with dry cloth. Even greasy fingermarks and smudges disappear like magic!

(Continued from Page 159)

l then when I go up the road for the
I expect something wonderful and ex-
to be in the mailbox. I feel gay, in
Only there is one moment every day
I feel my heart will break.

is moment is one I think all women
and most men, too, when all the love-
of life seems caught up at once and you
ou can never bear to leave it. It may be
you turn and look down a country
starred with late wild asters and see
own white house with the yard full of
rs and the red gold of the old maples
ıg above. It may be any one of a number
nes, according to the life you have and
ever dream is nearest your heart.
ıt there is the moment, and all the heart-
s and sorrow of your life suddenly
nish and the fine, brave things stand
You breathe the sharp, clean air, your
lift to the wideness of the sky.

nd for me, instead of being bowed down
he memory of world woe, and various
ndnesses I have experienced, and any
ence of man's pettiness, I remember the
of goodness. The woman who gave me
only piece of milk glass, the man who
ied my groceries to the car, the woman
ne store who gave me her sugar ration in
time because I had a birthday cake to
te—there are thousands of little graces I
add up, and all at once I know how
ndid life is.

nybody has a store of great riches to add
but some people are so busy totaling the
es they have been "put upon" that they
s them. Maybe those people never have
t deep sadness when
y consider that the red
ves fall, the snow comes.
t most people experi-
e the same feeling I
ve, that quick immedi-
perception that life is
ewel in the hand—and
a brilliant October
y I suddenly wish to live
ever. These moments
like a coin—with the loveliness on the
e and the sadness on the reverse.

A picnic in October is especially lovely,
ightened by the fact that it may be the
t. We went to Roxbury to the favorite
ut stream this week and had lamb steaks
lled. There is one thing all this hugger-
ıgger about meat has done: We know we
n have fine fare on whatever type of meat
available. Braised short ribs came into my
e only with meat troubles, so to speak.
ıd the sirloin or tea bone (I always think
it as tea bone, not T bone) was replaced by
al cutlets in barbecue sauce, or lamb
eaks—cut from the end of the roast. We
ıd frozen a couple of lamb roasts when
ıey were on the market—and the lamb
eaks were elegant.

We learned many new pleasant ways with
ıicken, too, especially what the butcher
elicately refers to as a fricassee fowl, mean-
ıg it is too tough to be sold, actually, but
ou can run your own risk.

One nice thing about simmering an old
owl is the chicken stock left over—we use it
dded to condensed soups instead of milk,
nd in cream sauces, using half milk and half
tock. One of my favorite recipes comes from
Stove Pilot, the cookbook done by Maxwell
Field Air Force Base wives. This recipe calls
or cutting up a hen, rolling in seasoned flour
ınd browning in hot shortening with a big
lash of cayenne pepper. Then you remove
:hicken and drain off most of the fat, then
ry 1 large onion, 1 bell pepper, 1 clove garlic
ıntil tender. Then add a No. 2 can tomatoes,
1 tablespoon curry, 1 tablespoon currants,
2 handfuls blanched almonds, 1 bay leaf.
Put chicken back and simmer in the sauce
over low flame. Serve in a rice ring.

With a pressure cooker, the word "tough"
has gone out of our vocabulary, whether it be
old hen, less expensive cuts of beef or stewing
meat. Everything cooked in a cooker is
delicious, including rice, which I like best
cooked that way.

With prices scooting like Roman candles,
a good way to save money is to buy what you
really need and cut the food bills as much as
possible. Some of the new household gadgets
are time and work saving and worth invest-
ing in, but some—naming no names—are
just invitations to spend too much.

My favorite new invention is the bag that
will keep hot things hot or cold things cold
for hours. The fiber-glass insulation really
works, and it is nice to have cold drinks for
summer picnics and hot baked beans for
later fall ones. It saves work and is easy to
carry. And I love the new folding picnic
table that keeps all the food off the grass and
makes it possible for me to get a sandwich
without standing on my head.

But I am attached to just a few old uten-
sils for housekeeping that I wouldn't give up
for any new ones. There is one paring knife
that went through a great deal with me, and
when someone opened a can with it and
beheaded it, I felt very grieved. I kept on
using the nub that remained until that got a
little weak too. Then there is that cracked
brown casserole.

I like furniture, too, that has been worn
pleasantly; there are associations one has
with certain pieces, the way I have with
Honey's armchair. Perhaps that is one def-
inition of home: a place where you live *with*
as well as *in* a house.

We have been dragging down a lot of old
Victorian gilded picture frames—the kind
that surrounded Venetian scenes or Ruth at
the Well—and painting them chalk white
and using them for mirrors or prints. They
make fine dressing-table tops if they are
large enough, or tray frames.

It takes your enemy and your friend working together to hurt you to the heart; the one to slander you and the other to get the news to you. —MARK TWAIN.

We used to think it was
dreadful the way our pred-
ecessors decorated every-
thing with roses and daisies
and bunches of ferns. But
now in all the shops you
find tulips and hearts and
birds and ribbons painted
all over—and they call
it Pennsylvania Dutch or
peasant style and everyone
gets vastly excited over the new trend. I am
sure this has some significance in American
life, but I can't figure it out. I am too busy
hunting for an old bread trough to use for
autumn flower-and-fruit arrangements.

The cockers are getting heavier coats now,
deep and glossy. They get a good bath on a
sunny day and whirl around in the leaves
drying off. Bathing Maeve, though, is an
awful problem. For the first few baths,
George was able to hoist her into the laundry
tub where part of her could be in the water
and part just overlap the edge. But now there
is so much dog to her that we can't get her
up there any more. I am regretting bitterly
that I didn't buy that antique tin tub at the
Olde Gift and Antique Shoppe. It would just
fit her. Jill thinks we might rig up a washtub
sequence in the yard with a bucket line, but
Maeve is a very bouncy person for that. Pend-
ing the solution of her next bath, she gets
brushed and her face is washed. Of course
nearly every day she wallows in the brook
awhile and brings back most of the brook's
bottom soil.

Linda has helped her chase swallows all
summer, and now they can catch drifting
leaves, but it will be dull in winter with
nothing up in the air to leap after.

Midmorning is the best time of day in
October. White clouds foam in the sky, the
washing blows clean and sunny on the line,
the smell of harvest is still in the air, the
cockers race in the leaves, the cats walk
delicately on the fence top. The newest
puppies, Hope and Robin, come lolloping up
with a pair of good blue socks. Or a wine-
colored bath towel they helped off the line.
We chose Robin Hood for the boy's name
because he ate up everybody's food, a gay
black bandit. And Hope—we tell her we hope
she will make her Utility Dog degree when
she is a lady.

The sun has a bright glitter on the red
barn and the white house, and the leaves,
the leaves are the best of all the color in the
universe. This is a high, proud season, a
time to work with contentment and fill the
heart with beauty. THE END



Though ghosts marked Lucy's windows on
The night of Halloween



She didn't worry 'cause she knew
That Windex cleans them clean.



With just a spray and then a wipe—
Fast Windex does the trick!



No rubbing stubborn corners where
So many cleaners stick.



Clear Windex leaves no streaky film.
It takes no time to dry.



Clean Windex makes no after-dust.
There is no better buy!



For windows, mirrors, everything
You have, that's made of glass,



Use speedy, thrifty Windex 'cause
It does the job first-class!

Copr. 1948, by The Drackett Co.

More housewives use Windex than any other window cleaner! Nothing beats it for cleaning glass because it's made *especially* for glass. Windex leaves no oily, waxy film, no streaks, no dust. Insist on Windex!

Get Brighter Windows Quicker with—

WINDEX

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by The Drackett Co.

Costs only 15¢—even more economical in the big 20-ounce size

TUNE IN: DOROTHY KILGALLEN, Thursdays. See local paper for time and station.



STRAWBERRY LIME WHIP

- 1 package Lime Jell-O
- 2 cups hot water
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- ½ cup cream, whipped
- 1 cup sweetened sliced strawberries

To your eye, it says "holiday"—this frothy green and red delight! To your taste, it says "m-mm-more"—this sweet 'n' tart strawberry 'n' Jell-O treat. Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add lemon juice and chill until slightly thickened. Then place in bowl of ice and water, and whip until fluffy and thick. Add sugar to whipped cream and fold into Jell-O mixture. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses. Chill until firm. Cover with strawberries and serve. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

JELL-O PLUM PUDDING

- 2 packages Cherry Jell-O
- 4 cups hot water
- Dash of salt
- ¾ teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon cloves
- 1 cup finely cut raisins
- 1 cup finely cut cooked prunes
- ½ cup finely cut citron
- 1 cup finely cut nut meats
- 1 cup Grape-Nuts

Here's your traditional feast-time fav —Jell-O style! Airy-fairy light, fresh- ing and spicy, and *so* easy to make—no steaming, no bak Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Pour 1 cup into mold and until set. Chill remaining Jell-O until slightly thickened. T add salt, spices, fruits, nuts, and Grape-Nuts. Turn out firm Jell-O in mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish sweetened whipped cream, maraschino cherries, and leaves. Makes 12 to 14 servings.



Give them holiday-style!





MANHATTAN SALAD

- 1 package Lemon Jell-O
- 2 cups hot water
- 2 teaspoons vinegar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup diced red apples
- ½ cup diced celery, salted
- ¼ cup broken walnut meats

The just-right note with rich, hearty meals—this crunchy, tangy-fresh salad made with Lemon Jell-O. Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add vinegar and ¼ teaspoon of the salt. Pour a thin layer into mold and chill until firm. Chill remaining Jell-O until slightly thickened. Combine apples, celery, nuts, and remaining ¼ teaspoon salt and fold into slightly thickened Jell-O. Turn into mold over firm layer. When firm, unmold on crisp lettuce and serve with mayonnaise. Makes 6 servings.

GRAPEFRUIT-GRAPE JEWEL

- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 12 to 18 fresh grapefruit sections, free from membrane
- 1 package Jell-O (Cherry, Strawberry, or Raspberry)
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup grapefruit juice, fresh or canned
- Dash of salt
- 1 cup halved Tokay or white grapes, seeded

Everyone'll save room for beauty—ruby-red Jell-O with freshing grapefruit and juicy grapes! Sprinkle sugar grapefruit; let stand about 20 minutes. Dissolve Jell-O in water. Add grapefruit juice and salt. Chill until slightly th ened, then fold in grapes. Arrange 2 or 3 grapefruit secti upright around edge of each dessert dish. Spoon in Jell mixture. Chill until firm. Serve with whipped cream or tard sauce. Makes 6 servings.



JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK—THE PROPERTY OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

QUICK AND EASYS *for two*

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

YOU'RE working into being an expert cook. Each week end you tackle a new cookery technique. You've come close to mastering pastry. You've even made your first praiseworthy biscuits, starting from scratch. But during the busy week it's the quickest and easiest route to dinner that is most practical for you to follow. You make your biscuits from a mix, if you have them at all.

Necessity's Child

***Baked Hash Top Hat—Chili Sauce**

Carrots and Green Beans

***Three-Fruit Compote**

Coffee

Oftentimes the most interesting meals are those produced on the spur of the moment, using just what you have on hand. You didn't do any shopping today, but you have a can of corned-beef hash. You're sick of frying it and serving with poached eggs. A forage in the salad pan turns up an onion and a green pepper. Why not bake the hash with top hats of onion and green pepper? A small portion of buttered carrots can be added to canned green beans; raisins and figs will give that dish of prunes new life. There, you've got a good little dinner.

BAKED HASH TOP HAT

Open 1 can corned-beef hash. Cut into thick slices. And here's a hint: if you keep corned-beef hash in the refrigerator, it slices easier; the chilling does it. Grease a layer-cake pan. Lay slices in it. Put a thin slice of onion and a ring of green pepper on each. Season lightly. Dot with butter or margarine. Bake in hot oven, 425°F. about 20 minutes or until browned. Serve with chili sauce.

THREE-FRUIT COMPOTE

If you have cooked prunes around, pit them, put them in a double boiler with the juice and add a handful of raisins and 4 or 5 figs, cut into pieces. Cook until raisins and figs are soft. Cool in pan of ice water (to make the cooling quicker). Serve with plain or sour cream. This combination makes a delicious whip another night, adding sugar and beaten egg white.

Short Short

***Spaghetti with Clam Sauce**

Green Salad

Fruit-and-Cheese Platter

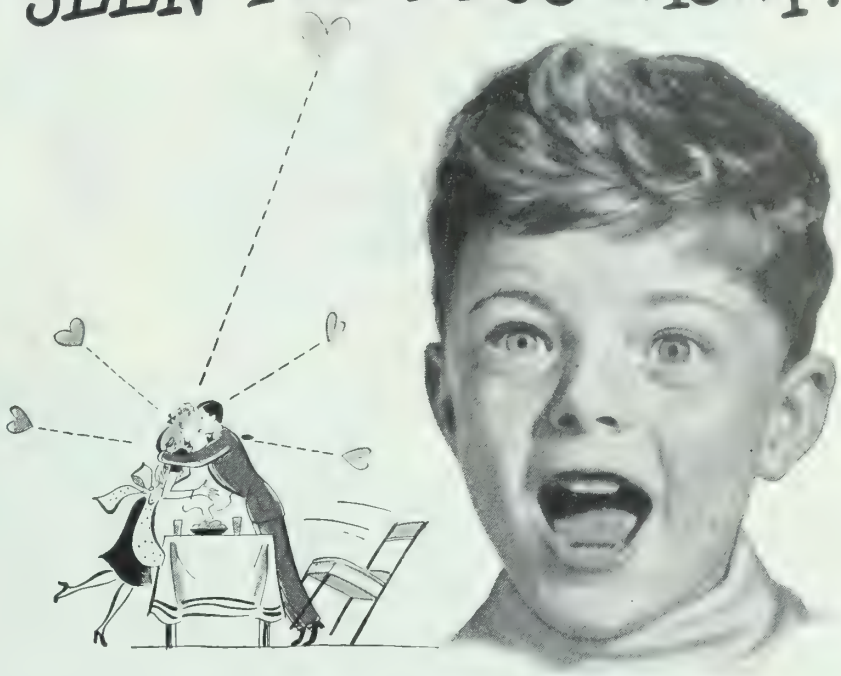
Coffee

A repertoire of quick-to-make spaghetti sauces is a very good thing for quick-dinner cooks to have. Men never turn down spaghetti, and this kind of meal needs nothing more to complete it than a good salad, fruit and cheese. The sauce for this is so quickly made, it will be done by the time the spaghetti is boiled.

SPAGHETTI WITH CLAM SAUCE

Cook the thin spaghetti or spaghettini, which is even thinner, in boiling salted water until just tender—don't overcook or it will be mushy. Drain and heap on plates. Pour following sauce over spaghetti: Heat one 8-ounce can tomato sauce. Grate a portion of 1 clove garlic into it. Drain 1 can minced clams. Add clams and just enough of the juice to give the sauce a good consistency. Add 1 teaspoon salad oil, salt and pepper and a pinch of *orégano*. Simmer over low heat until ready to serve. Grated cheese may be served with the spaghetti if you like cheese on all spaghetti dishes, but it isn't usually served with the clam sauce. Anyway, you're having cheese and fruit for dessert. *(Continued on Page 165)*

"BOY, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN POP KISS MOM!"



Smacko! Right at the table, too. Naturally I said, "Yaah!" And Mom blushed.

"Listen here, young man," said Pop, "any time I want to kiss your Mom for being the best little cook in town I'll do it, see! Take a look at that fluffy, tasty rice. Makes your mouth water, doesn't it? That's rice fit for a rajah."

Then Mom spoke up. "And another thing," she said, "your new catcher's mitt came out of my budget savings. You can thank River Brand Rice* for that."

*One package provides many hearty servings.

CHICKEN AND MUSHROOM CURRY

¾ c. uncooked **River Brand** Rice*
1 lb. mushrooms
⅓ c. minced onion
4 tbsp. butter or margarine
3 tbsp. flour
Few grains pepper
½ tsp. salt
1¼ tsp. curry powder
2 c. milk
3 c. cooked or canned chicken

Cook rice until tender as directed on package. Drain. Keep hot. Wash and quarter mushrooms. Cook with onion in butter or margarine until tender. Remove from heat, add flour, salt, pepper, curry and blend. Add milk gradually and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Add chicken, heat well and serve with or on cooked rice. Serves 6.

SPANISH RICE

¾ c. uncooked **River Brand** Rice*
1½ c. sliced peeled onions
3 tbsp. fat
3½ c. canned tomatoes
1½ tsp. salt
4 tbsp. diced green pepper
3 whole cloves
1 bay leaf
3 tsp. granulated sugar

Cook rice until tender as directed on package. Drain. Cook sliced onions in fat until tender. Add remaining ingredients and simmer 15 min. Remove bay leaf and cloves and add rice. Turn into greased 1½ qt. casserole; bake 30 min. at 375°F. Serves 6.

CREAMY RICE PUDDING

⅓ c. uncooked **River Brand** Rice*
1 qt. milk
¼ tsp. cinnamon or nutmeg
⅓ c. sugar (white or brown)
½ tsp. salt

Wash rice thoroughly, add other ingredients and pour into greased baking-dish. Bake two hours in slow oven, 300° F., stirring several times during first hour. Mixture should not boil. Serve either hot or cold. This is the old-fashioned creamy pudding with delicious flavor because of long, slow cooking. If desired, add ½ cup raisins. Serves 6.

Carolina Brand may be substituted if you prefer Extra Long Grain Rice.



TO COOK RICE RIGHT

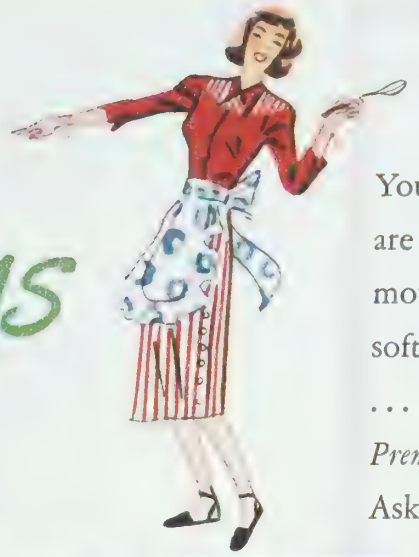
You'll find 3 WAYS TO COOK RICE RIGHT and other tested recipes on every package of River Brand and Carolina Brand Rice.

The wonderful new rice you've been hearing about.

RIVER BRAND RICE MILLS, INC.

Now Enjoy AMERICA'S PREMIUM PEAS

From the Wonder Gardens of the Golden West!



Your first taste tells you these are no ordinary peas. For h
are peas at their best! Peas that spring from prize seed in r
mountain valleys . . . richly blessed by gentle Western sun a
soft mountain rain. And now, PictSweet brings them to y
. . . sweet as sweet can be . . . meltingly tender . . . *Americ*
Premium Peas. Give your family this special treat tonig
Ask your grocer for PictSweet.





Barbara Quinn says:

Here's a Dish Husbands Go for PICTSWEET PEAS!

PICTSWEET PEAS WITH ONIONS

1 can PictSweet Peas
1 small onion, cubed
⅓ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Dash of nutmeg
1 tablespoon butter

Empty PictSweet Peas with their liquid into a small saucepan. Add other ingredients and simmer 10 to 15 minutes. Be sure the peas never boil. Barely simmer them over low heat. Mmmm.

So Tender . . . So Sweet . . . So Good to Eat!







(Continued from Page 163)

Fall Fashion

***Ham with Almond Sauce**

***Cranberry Cabbage**

Sautéed Sweet-Potato Slices

Sliced Bananas with Crushed Pineapple

Coffee

While ham, sweet potatoes and cranberries taste good any time of the year, they seem to have renewed appeal now that we're getting into tweed and sweater weather. Instead of serving these three in the same old way, give this little menu a whirl.

HAM WITH ALMOND SAUCE

Cut some of the fat off a ½-pound slice smoked ham. Snip the edges of the fat so it won't curl in the cooking. Grease a hot skillet with the fat you cut off. Brown ham on both sides. Turn down heat to cook ham through. Remove to hot platter. Fry ¼ cup slivered blanched almonds until golden brown in the fat in pan. Push to one side. Blend 1 tablespoon flour into fat. Add ¾ cup milk gradually. Stir constantly over medium heat until thickened. Season sauce with salt and pepper. Pour over ham.

CRANBERRY CABBAGE

Cut 1 slice bacon into pieces and sauté in saucepan. Add 1 apple, pared and cut into eighths, ½ onion, chopped, and ⅓ cup canned cranberry sauce. Shred ½ small head of red cabbage—about 3 cups. Add to other ingredients. Simmer ½ hour with ¼ cup vinegar, ¼ cup water, ¼ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper.

For the sautéed sweet potatoes, use the canned ones. Split and sauté in butter or margarine. Combine sliced bananas and cold canned crushed pineapple for the dessert.

The California Way

***Chicken-and-Corn Casserole**

Hot Biscuits

***Orange, Avocado and Persimmon Salad**

Coffee

Meals consisting of a casserole dish and a good salad are part and parcel of the California way of living, but you don't have to live in California to enjoy either one. They are fireplace fare, for sure. Pull up your chairs.

CHICKEN-AND-CORN CASSEROLE

Slice or dice 1 cup cooked chicken. This is a good dish to have when you have had the chicken the day before and have some left. Or you could use canned chicken. Drain 1 can mushrooms—whole, sliced or the broken pieces. Open 1 can whole-kernel corn too. Measure ½ cup. Have some grated sharp American or Italian cheese handy and make the following sauce: Melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 2 tablespoons flour. Blend smooth. Add 1 cup liquid—the juice from the canned mushrooms, chicken stock or chicken gravy, if you have it, and top milk or cream to fill out. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Season well with salt and pepper and a little grated onion. Sauté ½ cup cubed bread in butter or margarine and arrange in a layer on the bottom of casserole. Mix corn and mushrooms. Arrange chicken and vegetables in alternate layers on top, sprinkling each layer generously with grated cheese. Pour sauce over all and sprinkle with more cheese. Bake 15–20 minutes in a hot oven, 425° F.

ORANGE, AVOCADO AND PERSIMMON SALAD

Slice or section 2 oranges, slice ¼ peeled avocado and cut 1 ripe persimmon into wedges. Peel 1 onion. Slice and separate into rings. Arrange on a bed of greens. Toss with your best French dressing. Serve hot biscuits with the main dish and with the salad.

Friday-Night Special

***Salmon Timbales**

***Spinach with Bacon**

Applesauce Ginger Cookies

Coffee

It's the end of the week. Food money is on the short end. Tomorrow is shopping day. If you have a can of salmon, one of applesauce and one of spinach on your emergency shelf, you're all set. Canned salmon, frozen spinach and frozen applesauce make another threesome.

SALMON TIMBALES

Drain off fat and remove bone from a ½-pound can salmon. Flake fish fine. Add ¼ cup fine soft bread crumbs. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice, a dash of hot pepper sauce and 3 tablespoons cream. Fold in 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten. Season to taste, and make it snappy. Grease 2 custard cups and fill with mixture. Set cups in pan of hot water. Bake 20–25 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. Serve with heated canned tomato sauce to which you've added chopped parsley. Lemon on the side is a good idea too.

SPINACH WITH BACON

Cook 1 package frozen spinach and chop it according to package directions. If you haven't time, use canned spinach, drained and chopped. Fry 2 slices bacon until crisp. Drain. Mix 2 teaspoons flour with 1 tablespoon bacon fat. Add a pinch of sugar, ¼ cup cream, stir until thickened. Combine with spinach. Add a dash of nutmeg, salt and pepper and grate a little lemon rind over it. Crumble the bacon and sprinkle over the top.

DESSERT

Buy thin crisp ginger cookies. Serve the frozen applesauce just thawed. If you use canned applesauce, have it chilled icy cold.

Crisp! Sweet! Twin Treat



Kellogg's CORN SOYA SHREDS TWIN TREAT FLAVOR·ENERGY NET WEIGHT 8 OUNCES MADE BY KELLOGG COMPANY, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

Happy choice for breakfast . . . this crisp, flavorful new cereal. It's as nourishing as it is delicious . . . with vitamins, minerals, food energy . . . *plus protein*. The protein value of one ounce (⅔ cup) of Corn-Soya with four ounces of milk equals that of one egg with three slices of bacon.

Corn . . . FOR FLAVOR AND ENERGY

Soya . . . FOR BODY-BUILDING PROTEIN



THE DRAFT WILL FAIL UNLESS —

(Continued from Page 61)

who are unsympathetic toward the Fort Knox notion that soldiers can be drilled without profanity. He will discover that some of the overage company commanders are crotchety and incompetent. But he will receive excellent food; not mom's, but this won't hurt him. He will not really be overworked. His hours will depend, of course, on his company and camp commanders. In general, though, he will get Saturday afternoons and Sundays off. The Army hopes to have such recreational facilities as sports, motion pictures and dances on a World War II standard, and also to make it possible for the soldier to further his education.

The educational programs were not, however, wholly successful even at the Fort Knox experiment. Unused to the physical exactions of the Army, the boys were simply too tired to do much studying.

One of the Fort Knox procedures to be incorporated into the new Army, and of inestimable value, is the attitude toward exposure to venereal disease. The Army's viewpoint has hitherto been completely cynical. It was held that soldiers were certain to run the risk of infection. Thus prophylaxis was made easily available and men who neglected to avail themselves of it were punished if they became diseased. But at Knox the chaplains and the medical officers united in telling their troops that continence was the only sure protection. The venereal-disease rate dropped astonishingly. But this grave matter, like all other details of Army life, will be in the hands of commanding officers. Again, the citizens' committee must check on their policies.

In due course enough medical officers and nurses will be found. And as in the case of their physical needs, the spiritual lives of the selectees will probably be well looked after. The nation's churches are not blind to the opportunity for missionary work at the expense of the Federal Government. But parents will avoid disillusionment if they accurately comprehend the duties and limitations of an Army chaplain. He is not a military man. His understanding of technical problems may be slight. He is a link in the chain of command. Even when palpable injustice is committed he may hesitate to interfere.

"We ought to be the conscience of the Army," my young chaplain said. "To put it another way, the chaplains should constitute His Majesty's opposition. We should oppose such injustices as drinking in the officers' clubs while hard liquor, and quite properly so, is denied the enlisted men.

"But it rarely works that way. The temptation to follow the Army line is great. Chaplains soon learn that they won't get into trouble if they do. The man who takes a dissenting position may forfeit his chances of promotion. He may be called a liberal, which is dangerous these days."

In so far as time and personnel permit, the Army will do its best to fit the new soldier into a job for which he had fitted himself in civilian life. This is not always possible. Vocational training is a minor matter in an organization geared to create fighting men.

Many skills, as the Army itself points out, have extremely limited use in a military machine. The selectees will, on the other hand, have almost unprecedented opportunities to become officers, so great is the need. Any soldier may ask for transfer to an Officers' Training Camp. If he meets the requirements he will be commissioned and serve the balance of his twenty-one months as an officer.

What will Johnny's fellow soldiers be like? The draft law provides that the "physically, mentally or morally deficient or defective" are to be deferred. It appears, though, that this will be interpreted in the broadest possible way. Raving lunatics, obviously, will not be inducted and neither will helpless cripples. But Congress insisted that imprisonment for a criminal offense is not a bar to service unless the term was for more than a year. Some fairly despicable crimes, it might be noted, receive sentences of less than twelve months. Congress also directed, contrary to the convictions of many Army officers, that 70 points were to constitute the passing grade in the General Classification Test, as the aptitude examination is called.

When an army mobilizes for war it is forced to lower its intelligence standards sharply. But in time of peace, however dubious, the number of effective troops is increased by raising the level. The Army fixed a passing grade of 80 soon after V-J Day. This is not particularly high. The General Classification Test is an examination into the ability to learn. An average man is rated 100, a very good one 150 and a bad one 50. Millions of soldiers have been tested. Among those below 80, the Army has learned, the venereal rate is higher. So are absences without leave, desertions and other offenses.

DANGER that selective service may fail, if public support and vigilance are lacking, does not lie in hard work for the new young soldiers or even in exposure to an occasional jailbird. It rests on the chance that the high principles voiced by General Bradley and others will be lost in the military labyrinths.

"I do not hesitate to acknowledge," the Chief of Staff said recently, "the many imperfections of a military system—imperfections which too often have broken the spirit of the individual and hidden his abilities beneath bureaucracy and rank."

The people who suffer because they are misunderstood would suffer a good deal more if they were understood.

—WILLIAM FEATHER:
Haystacks and Smokestacks,
(William Feather Co.)

General Bradley has sent down word that the selectees are to be permitted "the most liberal exercise of their personal freedoms within the limits of authority required for the performance of their duties." This pleasant, soft-spoken Chief of Staff will do everything he can to see that his instructions are obeyed. He told me that he planned to visit every cantonment and address the officers and noncommissioned officers. Being Chief of Staff carries with it, however, an almost impossible burden of responsibilities.

Many regular Army officers outspokenly regard such policies of decent treatment and personal freedom as nonsense. Some of them disapproved of the teacher-enlisted man system attempted at Fort Knox. They said that men so gently trained would not stand up under the horrors of combat. The problem which now confronts the Army, and the parents of America, is eliminating such officers from the training program. The job will not be easy. Congress unwisely rejected the proposal for a civilian check on training centers and Army personnel which was recommended by the Compton Committee and was provided in the act which would have created universal military training last year.

Under its terms the Army was to have complete control of the military program, but funds were to be handled by a civilian commission to which civilian inspectors would report. Their most important function, the Compton Committee declared, would be "to provide an avenue through which any individual in training may submit complaints with assurance that they will be promptly considered by someone outside the operating agency under whose jurisdiction he falls." The inspectors were also to check on possible abuses in the camps.

Had there not been this provision for civilian supervision, I am informed on the highest authority, the Compton Committee would not have supported universal military training last year. The Army, gagging perceptibly, had to swallow it. When some degree of outside control was suggested for selective service, however, the proposal was killed by Army brass. UMT, it was argued, was merely

(Continued on Page 168)

Merrily they roll along... *Plump...Fresh...Delicious!*

Anywhere they're served (and that's almost everywhere!), Jane Parker Donuts add plenty of fine eating to the party fun. So tempting . . . such time-savers . . . over 2 million are enjoyed every day. To be so popular, they must be mighty good. And that, they are! Light and digestible . . . sweet and swell . . . they're always temptingly fresh . . . "dated" fresh daily. And that's important — for when freshness fades, flavor fades. For Halloween, or any happy get-together — get Jane Parker Donuts — as thrifty as they are delicious at A&P.



Jane Parker
DONUTS
Sugared and Plain

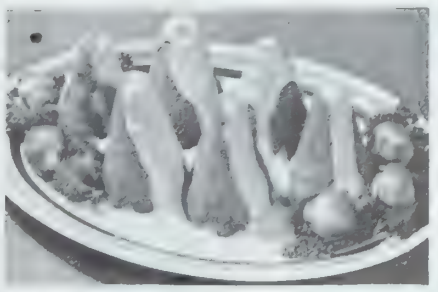
AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES . . . EXCEPT ON PACIFIC COAST
MADE BY THE BAKERS OF QUALITY-RICH MARVEL BREAD

A&P

SAVES food money every day!



SAVES money on baby food! Makes delicious food for baby from same foods you serve your family!



SAVES money on meat! Grinds meats for croquettes; makes jar of spread from 2 wieners, 1 pickle!



SAVES money on vegetables! Makes soups from leftover vegetables. Cost? Only a few pennies!



SAVES money on fruit! Makes pint of juice from one orange; delicious drinks from all fruits.

KM Liquidizer

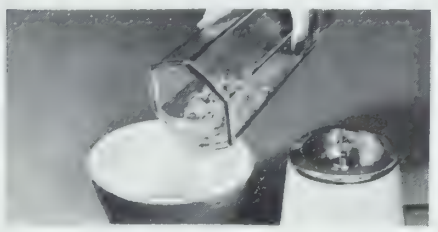


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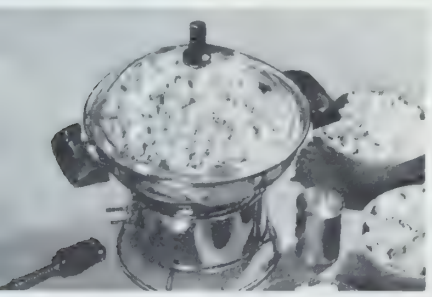
Here's how! You need never throw away one bit of food! Almost magically, your Liquidizer turns bits of meat, cheese, vegetables into sandwich spreads; makes inexpensive mayonnaise; grinds, chops, grates—blends bar drinks; does countless chores *no other appliance can do!*

Does every job — in seconds!

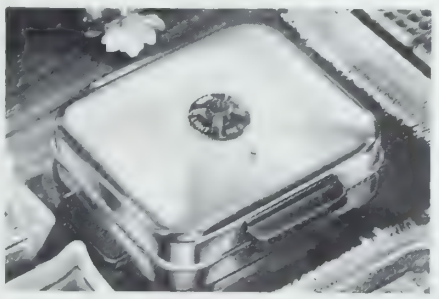
Easy as 1-2-3! One, flip switch; two, put in ingredients; three, pour out the delicious results!



Modern Magic—here's some more! See them at your KM store



KM Corn Popper—Completely automatic! Pour in oil (measuring cup comes with it), watch corn pop! Ovenproof glass top, aluminum base. For deep-fat frying, too!



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(Continued from Page 166)

a training program, distinct from the regular Army. The selectees would be merged with troops. Civilian commissars at any Army post, one general snorted with wrath, was sheer communism. On the other hand, another general said that he could handle them without difficulty.

"I'd give those fellows plenty to drink, stage regimental reviews in their honor, make them feel like big shots and not show them a thing," he explained.

So today's Joe, in accordance with Army tradition, has nowhere to turn if he is unjustly treated. True, court-martial regulations have been somewhat liberalized. An enlisted man can now demand that a percentage of his fellow G. I.'s sit on the court which tries him. It is further provided that the soldier who believes he has been unfairly punished by his commanding officer can "through the proper channel, appeal to the next higher authority." Any veteran of either World War will agree that this right is just about worthless. All veterans know that commissioned personnel tend to protect one another. The "proper channel" is likely to be no channel at all.

American distaste for Army life was demonstrated in the fall of 1941 after, by a single vote in the House of Representatives, the drafted men who had been promised only one year in the Army were continued in service. Ominously, on latrine walls, the word OHIO began to appear. It stood for Over the Hill in October, meaning that some troops intended to desert. They were unquestionably a small minority. Then the war clouds darkened and the attitudes of the men became adjusted to the grim task ahead.

The average American boy's resentment is largely the fault of the military. At a recent press conference at the Pentagon the Department of the Army stated baldly that the "Army has no caste system in any true sense." Such a statement is, of course, utter foolishness. The boys being called up are not idiots. Neither are their older brothers, cousins and friends who served in World War II. They have doubtless been told about the elegant châteaux where the generals lived in the utmost luxury in the European theater and nearly everywhere else. They know that enlisted men often did the housework for the brass. They have heard about the elaborate cocktail parties and the hard liquor shipped abroad in dearly needed cargo space. They know how the officers, all too often, monopolized the Red Cross girls and inevitably the pretty nurses who had commissioned status themselves. They remember the private motion-picture shows and the seats reserved for officers at post theaters.

No intelligent soldier resents obeying orders, saluting or according respect to rank. He bitterly objects to the special privileges, apart from all that, which the officer enjoys. The Army would be well advised, for example, to forbid the consumption of liquor at officers' clubs. G. I.'s are severely punished if intoxicants are found in their barracks. But when I questioned one general who had trained a division on the Pacific Coast on this subject he looked astonished.

"If I hadn't permitted my officers to drink at the club," he said, "they would have gone into town to do it. Then they might have disgraced their uniforms in public. At the club, I could control them."

The enlisted men, of course, do their dri
ing in public. The implication of this di
ional commander was very clear: enlis
men aren't gentlemen and it doesn't mat
how they act.

Men's natures do not change appreciat
when they put on a uniform. Innate in t
young American is his conviction that he
as good as anybody else, that he eats a
drinks where he pleases and goes dancin
with any girl who will have him.

When the draft became law it was specifi
that eighteen-year-old boys, who chose
enlist, might serve only a year instead
twenty-one months. The boys soon flood
the recruiting stations, where they learne
that this was less than accurate. Followin
the year they must spend six more years
the National Guard or some other reserv
component. The branch will not be of the
own choosing, either. They will be ordered t
duty.

Nonetheless, far more boys are seeking t
enlist than the quota of about 10,000
month permits. I talked with scores of ther
at headquarters in New York, Boston an
Washington when re
cruiting began in July
Not a single one ex
pressed any othe
motive than to ge
the unpleasant busi
ness over as soon a
possible.

"I decided to give
one year instead o
two," was the stand
ard remark. "One's
bad enough."

In World War II
the Army spent enor
mous sums, never
quite successfully, to
convince the troops
of the justice of their
cause and to explain
the meaning of the
war. That was when
Germans and Japa
nese were killing
Americans, when the
soldiers faced the
prospect of being
killed themselves. It
will again conduct in
formation and educa
tion programs. But
with relative peace,
the job is going to be
infinitely more diffi
cult. The Army will be deceiving itself grievously if it thinks any large proportion of the new soldiers, selectees or volunteers, has willingly entered its ranks. It will err sadly if it believes that the seeds of resentment are not already sown and may flourish with speed. I am confident that General Bradley is aware of this. He has ordered the officers who will command the camps to co-operate in every possible way with local advisory committees.

"Leadership in a democratic army," the Chief of Staff has said, "means firmness, not harshness; understanding, not weakness; justice, not license; humaneness, not intolerance; generosity, not selfishness; pride, not egotism."

These are lofty ideals, rarely achieved in a military machine or, for that matter, anywhere else. Who is to see that a sincere effort to carry them out is made; not by General Bradley, but by a host of generals, colonels, captains and sergeants? The citizens of the areas where the training camps are situated must do the job, with or without the pledged Army co-operation. This means work, a lot of work.

The local editor must assign his very best reporter to the cantonment. He must fearlessly publish any examples of incompetence or abuse. He must make confidential reports to Washington, if this seems the wiser course. The minister must make sure that the boys really receive proper spiritual guidance. The businessmen must subscribe funds for recreational facilities in the town. The police must suppress houses of ill fame near the camp.

(Continued on Page 170)

Two Days

By Stella Weston Tuttle

More rapturous and far more gay
Than any other sort of day

Are two that children celebrate,
All unmindful of the date.

And one of them is born of mist,
The other blue and amethyst.

One of them is crisp and cold,
The other marked with marigold.

Two days dissimilar and still,
They each unfold a miracle,

For one's the final day of school
When all good-bys are beautiful;

The other brings the hushed hello
That heralds the first fall of snow.

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Fast—just add water, mix, roll out

Pillsbury BEST XXXX Mixes

You and Ann Pillsbury
CAN MAKE A GREAT TEAM

Ann Pillsbury has developed a new pie crust mix in *her* kitchen to save you time in *your* kitchen, and give you perfect results every time.

Pillsbury PIE CRUST MIX

(Continued from Page 168)

They must enforce the liquor laws, particularly with respect to minors.

More important than anything else, perhaps, the women of the surrounding country must throw open their homes. For the new soldiers are not, in the traditional American sense, peacetime soldiers. They are not garrison troops. They are a cross-section of the nation. They have left good homes and good jobs. They have sacrificed comfort and most of their personal freedoms. They have put aside school and college. They must be treated, if selective service is to work, with the same high regard as though they faced immediate battle.

SEARCH FOR A SOUL

(Continued from Page 37)

very blue eyes like fairy flax, silvery-white hair and pink cheeks. He spoke in a low voice, took me for long walks and taught me to look at every flower we passed. He answered all my questions. No doubt he spoiled me; and I was already spoiled, for I cannot remember having any friction whatever with any grown-up person until the dreadful day when my mother vanished, leaving us in the hands of a fiend, whom I had already once met in the drawing room.

I am surprised that my mother, generally a shrewd judge of character, should have been taken in by the false, cloying manners of Miss—we will call her "Smith." My mother was pleased with her excellent testimonials, and thankful that she was at least a partially trained nurse. She was to take us to three cousins until my parents returned in the spring. Within a year of her leaving us she became the permanent inmate of a mental hospital. Sane—while we were in her care those terrible five months—she was certainly not.

Miss Smith was a confirmed sadist, and she set to work immediately to torture the three little girls left in her care. When I cried she used to throw me—in the depths of winter—into ice-cold baths. She whipped us with or without the slightest provocation. She tied my always exemplary sister Mary to the legs of tables. Every night, when she came up to bed, she tickled me till I went nearly out of my mind with excitement, terror and sheer hatred.

The cousins lived a detached and ceremonious existence in a distant part of the house. Wilmett behaved throughout this period like a heroine from history. She was only nine years old, but she confronted the three unbelieving cousins with long and perfectly accurate histories of our tortures. She withstood Miss Smith, in the more terrible of her very ferocious tempers, to the face. She fought her like a wildcat when she beat me, until Miss Smith preferred to practice her orgies only behind my sister's back. Wilmett was punished, she was deprived of privileges, but she never gave up trying to defend us.

At last Miss Smith played into Wilmett's hands. She had punished Mary by putting her legs into scalding-hot water till they blistered, then she hastily covered them with black woollen stockings and her legs became inflamed. Wilmett now had proof for her tales. She succeeded in dragging the least incredulous of the three cousins to look at Mary's legs. A doctor was summoned and Mary was asserted to be very ill, as no doubt she was: sick with fear as well as with actual blood poisoning. For some mysterious reason, the cousins failed even then to dismiss Miss Smith; but the worst of our physical tortures decreased from that hour.

The cousins took to popping into the nursery at unexpected intervals. Mary was no longer tied to table legs, nor do I suspect that I was given again the "trial by water," or even at all severely beaten; but never for one moment did my fears, my hate, my appalled conviction of something wholly against nature in charge of us subside.

It only shows to what depths of cowardice a rule of terror can reduce almost any helpless and exposed human being, let alone a child, that when my mother returned home,



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FOR SELLING ONLY 50 BOXES CHRISTMAS CARDS
Each box contains 25 brand new, entirely different Deluxe Christmas cards with or without name imprinted. Also 50 for $1.00. Free samples. Other boxes on approval. Write to-day. It costs nothing to try.
Cheerful Card Co., Dept. G-15, White Plains, N.Y.
FREE SAMPLES

only my courageous sister, Wilmett, dared tell her the truth. Mary and I funked the whole business. Miss Smith went—but not until she had been told what my mother and father thought of her.

The sun soon shone again with its accustomed splendor. My mother had made a good recovery. Whatever rifts had appeared in the joy of her love had been completely healed by my father's anxious care. She knew she had his whole, unchanged heart, and for a while this satisfied her. For a year and a half, till that hot, long summer when the wells dried up, and Victoria had her Golden Jubilee, I do not remember the faintest family shadow upon the blue horizon.

My mother's health flagged during the long, hot Jubilee summer. Nor did the birth of my mother's last child, George, in September, do anything to restore her health. She discovered the village under the Berkshire downs was too damp and bleak to live in, so my father gave up this well-loved parish, a bad thing for a young clergyman, however brilliant, to do, and accepted a damper, if not bleaker, living under the Quantock Hills.

Over Stowey was the real home of my heart. The rectory garden was much vaster than the Fawley garden, and Ado had a greenhouse, and a paddock, let alone a stable and a stableyard.

We now possessed a donkey called Fanny who lived to an incredible age from sheer obstinacy. A shy and well-bred mare called Skylark was lent to us for a happy but breathless period.

Even the nursery was larger than the Fawley nursery and had more windows, with a magnolia tree trained under one of them. The

Before we censure a man for seeming what he is not, we should be sure that we know what he is.
—CARLYLE.

church was a beautiful old Somersetshire church just across the road, and I never hear a chime of bells that does not carry me back into the old stone porch full of expectation of what I might find there.

I am afraid it was not God I was looking for, for at the age of six I suddenly became a complete skeptic. This sudden overthrow of my faith was the result of being informed by my sister, Wilmett, that there were no fairies. *No fairies,* I said fiercely to myself, *then no God!* Whatever inhabited the heaven and influenced the sun I had hitherto dumped together and accepted as solidly and with as much conviction as the bread and butter on my plate at teatime.

It was always difficult not to believe Wilmett. She spoke as one with authority. Her sense of responsibility was so great, her innate dignity so dire, that I knew well she would not have trifled with a lie to save her life. There could be no fairies if Wilmett said there were not. There could be no God—no infant Jesus—no galaxy of heaven; it was a great shock. I liked saying my prayers, I liked Bible picture books and their graphic stories. I particularly enjoyed sitting on a footstool at my mother's feet while she read to me—over and over again at my express desire—the story of the Holy Innocents. It is true that I continued to say my now colorless prayers, and willingly attended frequent church services, but these were mere concessions to good and devoted parents.

No one but Lizzie knew that I was now an atheist. I told her about it in the kitchen in return for a cake fresh from the oven, but as Lizzie did not appear to take much notice of it, I told no one else. Nevertheless, it made a great deal of difference to my inner consciousness. Up to six years old I had literally never been frightened by anything in the outside world. I saw no reason for fear, since God or my guardian angel was obviously preoccupied with the question of my personal safety; now I realized that I was on my own in a most precarious universe. A hideous storm of terror took possession of me at this period, as if to show me how dreadful a place a Godless world can be.

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No doubt Somersetshire boys are no worse than any other boys, but they were in these remote days stupider—and since more stupid, more cruel. One Sunday on the roadside I discovered a group of young louts torturing a long slowworm by burning it to death with matches. I ordered them to stop, and as they saw no reason why they should stop, I danced in front of them screaming and yelling. So violent and piercing were my cries that they reached Lizzie in the kitchen, who dashed to my rescue. She soon disposed of the boys and let the poor remains of the slowworm wriggle off into tailless security.

However, the incident did not end in personal triumph. After dinner I was told to take a pudding across the fields to an old woman who lived quite near and liked her Sunday pudding from the rectory. There were no obvious dangers between the paddock and the old woman's cottage and I reached it in safety. I then prepared to return the way I had come, but what I had all along secretly feared took place. The boys were there at the bottom of the field between me and the paddock. They were standing on the bank of a muddy pool we called "The Pond," which was the boundary between our domain and the outer world. This time neither Lizzie nor Ado was within call. I was alone in a hostile universe with six monstrous louts threatening to take their revenge upon me by throwing me into the yellow, scum-covered pond. The pond, I knew, was incalculably deep; and what was even worse than death, my dignity was at their mercy. I knew that I was personally helpless. I only had deep within me the sense that I was for some inexplicable and mysterious reason more important than they were. They hated me; they jeered and threatened me. They wanted to treat me as they had treated the worm. Nor did I see any particular reason for their failing to carry out their wishes. I couldn't expect the Holy Ghost feeling I had about my special importance to occur to them. Yet it was my only defense. I did not expose my fear. I would not turn back, neither would I hasten my steps. I would cross the field, passing close by them, till I reached the paddock, then I should have to turn my back on them, which would be the worst of all, while I walked up the paddock to the garden gate.

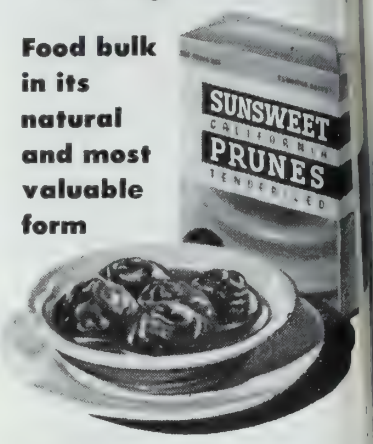
Being by nature a confirmed pessimist, I did not expect to escape my doom. I walked straight toward the jeering boys, crossed the field past the horrible yellow pond and into the paddock. I *had* to turn my back then, and could no longer see what my enemies were doing, but I reached the gate in astonishing safety. I got inside it. They still shouted after me—but from another world now. I was out of their power, and I ran. When I reached the nursery I was breathless and exhausted. The nurse remarked on my paleness; had I, she demanded, fallen down and hurt myself? Had anything happened to me? I shook my head. Nothing had happened to me. Only for the first time in my life I had been afraid, helplessly afraid, without protection and without power. Probably there is no feeling so horrible as impotent fear against a fellow man.

From that hour I hated boys. Not known boys, since my few male acquaintances were completely innocuous and even friendly specimens, but boys in the abstract. I hated because I feared; and not until I ceased to fear because I loved did I discover that part of the origin of my hate was my own arrogance.

The difficulty in writing truthfully about parents is that the tone of criticism or the flavor of sentimentalism is bound to creep in. Parents are an excellent alibi: "I might have done better if only my parents had understood me—brought me up more wisely—given me a more suitable education," and so on; though it is often to be found that another member of the same family has turned out, notwithstanding all these obstacles, very well indeed. Devoted sons and daughters can also make an alibi of their devotion—so as to explain why they preferred to descend through history as examples of filial piety rather than to do their job of work in the less appreciative outside world.

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Knowing the lad had to catch an early train Monday morning, Martha's mother offered to get breakfast. But Martha said, "I'll fix Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal—it cooks in 3½ minutes."

Her mother remarked to her future son-in-law, "Martha will make you a good wife."

"If she gives me this nourishing hot cereal for breakfast every morning," he replied, "she'll make me a good husband."

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Wilson's B-V is a rich meat and vegetable extract.



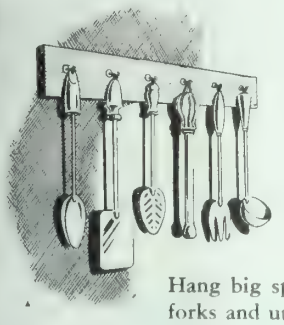
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I shall have to unmask my parents psychologically in the same manner that I unmask myself; but I hope to show—what I myself believe—that they were in many ways above the average of human beings and excellent parents. They were certainly uncommonly enlightened in the bringing up of their children, considering the age in which they lived. They were born, my father in 1851 and my mother in 1853.

My mother herself was wholly unequipped for real life. As a child she was taught nothing useful; she was treated with great personal unkindness. Her father died when she was five years old; her mother left her children chiefly to nurses and governesses, and she was brought up in an extremely rich, religious and sporting family. Everything was done for her that she ought to have been taught to do for herself; and everything was expected of her that she had not been trained to perform.

Fear was the natural result of this inadequate training; and this fear—though she tried to make up for it by the depth and strength of her love for us—she handed on to her children.

My father was definitely better equipped for life than my mother. He was the eldest of four sons, and—born into a poor clergyman's family—had early in life to set to work to help his mother. What he mainly suffered from was an oversevere, probably jealous, young father, and a mother of quite peculiar dynamic power, who made him her best friend.

Religion was *his* main interest, but his religion was a wholly different, and far more personal and emotional, kind than my mother's. My grandmother, Margaret MacDonald Bottome, was the most vigorous and impassioned Christian I have ever met; and it was therefore natural that my father's religion should be of a strong, emotional and active kind. He was at all times prepared to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, visit the sick or those in prison, and help anyone who was in need. More than this, he did it with a vim and a profound, eager tenderness such as I have seldom come across.

Sadness is a wall between two gardens. —KAHLIL GIBRAN: The Prophet (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.).

He had many faults, and they often appeared to my strict and nervous mother to be dark abysses of moral danger. He was careless, convivial, full of a sort of fun that only one in ten of the people he met appreciated. I think that my mother always thought that he ought to take life more seriously, though during the first years of her release from her own stern and strenuous life she was very glad he didn't.

The real difficulty of their married life may have been that my father missed too greatly the tremendous demonstrative strength of his mother's love, its generosity and its perpetual stimulus—which my mother was quite unable to give him. She expected instead the constant encouragement of a warm and persistent care—a glorified nurse-lover—and this my father was too manly and natural a human being to be able to provide. My father and mother's love was the one lasting devotion of a lifetime, but it was, after the first delight and release of its early years, an increasing tragedy in which all their children shared.

Until my late teens I looked on my mother as an image of unmitigated perfection; as regards my father, I fear even from the first I was slightly critical, though affectionate. When I was five years old I began to find flaws in his character. He was incalculable. Why, for instance, did he tell me that if I wanted to catch birds I had only to put salt on their tails, and then resent the result of this misleading information?

Naturally I had believed him. I took salt—unfortunately, in his favorite silver salt spoons—on my afternoon walk, and in the heat of the chase I lost the salt spoons. But was this a reason for such a sharp and un-



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intelligible scolding? I retired under the gooseberry bushes, where I had found an inviolable retreat, and wept bitterly.

He taught me spelling, and again this fierce and unfair antagonism rose up between us. He asked me to spell "mention." To help me, he said very plainly, "M—e—n."

"Men," I quickly answered.

"Now," he said, "the rest is easy—'tion.'"

"S-h-o-n-e," I haltingly replied.

His great brows met, his fierce eyes glared, he called me—a reproach I particularly resented—"stupid."

I do not think my father understood children. Perhaps he was a little jealous of them. He always called us my *mother's* children, and left us almost wholly to her unflagging attention. But when he was needed in any conspicuous way—and this *did* happen—he never failed us.

The one of us who needed and loved him most, and to whom he showed a careful tenderness, was Mary. Mary, who was the second girl in the family, when a boy was hoped for, came barely fourteen months later than Wilmett, before my mother had recovered from a very tedious first birth. My mother did not want her; could not nurse her; and never gave her the understanding which she gave to the rest of us. Perhaps the death of a boy child later made her turn Mary into a sort of scapegoat for her sorrow; but the treatment she gave this exceedingly pretty and highly interesting second daughter did the child, as a human being, untold harm, and was indeed bad for the whole family. Without blaming my mother, whom we all regarded—as my father himself regarded her—as an angel, I began to notice the difference in Mary's treatment when I was between five and six years old. I did not consciously say to myself, "Mother is unkind to Mary," but I thought with a disturbed and unhappy sympathy that Mary seemed dogged by disaster. It is interesting that though Mary was constantly blamed and scolded, I never believed that she had done wrong. Children are very difficult to fool.

When I was told that we were going to America to live I saw the gates of Paradise open without the hint of a fiery sword between us and the Tree of Life. I am sorry to say that my sense of bliss was not decreased by learning that my sisters must remain behind in boarding school until our new home was ready to receive us.

I think my mother was not at all averse to this new plunge. She had twice visited America, and each time it had been a great personal triumph. She did not realize that on this occasion she would have to face a new home and an adjustment to a new, and by no means effortless, existence.

My mother had never had to run a house with fewer than three servants. She could neither cook, sew nor housecleanse. She was trained to be waited on from her birth, and she had never had any other kind of training. To be delicate and to be a saint were her achieved aims. She was worshiped by her husband and children; and she had cut herself off almost entirely from her own relations, with whom she had never been able to get on.

It was February in 1890 when we sailed to the New World. Every child discovers a new world at the dawn of each fresh day, so that it is less startling to a child than it might be to a grown-up person to wake up one fine morning in a new country.

America seemed rather to slide into me, than to shock me. We landed on a bright, cold, February day. There was more noise than I had ever heard before. London growled, but New York mingled roars with screams. Nothing remained, or apparently *could* keep, still. Until our new house at Yonkers was finished we had to remain in the rather stuffy hotel bedrooms and sitting room into which we had been genially pushed on our arrival.

My first American school was a day school, and every hour was filled by quite extraordinarily amusing work which appeared to me purely in the light of play. We danced, sang, molded in clay and wielded fret saws while learning history and geography, and even arithmetic. My teacher was young and very kind to me. I was allowed to say "bean" instead of "bin" when referring to the past participle of "to be." "She doesn't mean any harm by it," our teacher told the rather indignant class. "It's just the way she's been brought up."

I think our home life, though our house itself must have been unpleasant, was very happy during the year we spent at Yonkers. My mother for a time had distinctly better health. I think, too, that alone with my father and her two youngest, my mother was more adjustable and singlehearted than when the elder ones joined her. She must have had to face—and faced extremely bravely—harder living conditions than she ever had to face again. She never attempted to get a nurse, and what I couldn't do, she did for both of us, as well as superintending her household.

It is true George and I were off her hands from nine o'clock till seven, except Saturdays and Sundays; but we were never off her heart or out of her mind. Her children were her life—and she obstinately refused any other life. I doubt if a better mother for young children ever existed. But my father still had to manage his parish without the slightest assistance from her, socially or otherwise. Nevertheless, he made a great success of Yonkers. His church filled to the brim, and I always remember him during those five years of our American life as laughing. His parents and brothers often came to see him at Yonkers, and he, more often still, went into New York to see them.

It is true that my mother did not like Yonkers; but then, she didn't have to stay there permanently. My father had been offered the

(Continued on Page 176)



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I retired into that role immediately; and indeed I do not know why I ever came out of it. Partly it may have been a wish to maintain a physical ascendancy of some kind over my brother George; but more probably I was secretly refusing my role as a woman, because my mother had made it too unpalatable for me.

The next event that happened to us at Yonkers was the return of the sisters. Wilmett and Mary had been away from us for six months.

My father and mother were, of course, radiantly happy at the safe arrival of their two elder daughters. Wilmett and Mary, now fourteen and twelve and a half, were pretty girls with large dark eyes, sweeping black locks and clear complexions. I can remember a dress that Wilmett acquired in which she looked quite ravishing. As by now I knew half the children of Yonkers, it gave me great pleasure to go about surreptitiously pointing her out and saying, "Look—that's my sister, Wilmett!"

As a matter of fact, I loved Mary far better than Wilmett, but she was less spectacular.

I don't think Wilmett ever really liked America. Probably she came too late to it with her British habits too firmly fixed. Also by now my mother must have been privately deciding against the American scene, and would certainly have shared her distaste with her eldest daughter.

MARY, on the other hand, took a deep root in American life, and just as I did, soon discovered that her sense of personal worth and the chances ahead of her widened in every direction.

From this period dates, though only in a shadowy way, the breakup of our family unity. In one camp were my mother, Wilmett and George; in the other, my father and Mary. I was not wholly in either camp. My mother remained the center of my interest, but while Wilmett was unable to change or even to shake the tie between us, her presence was very disturbing. Before
return I had been my mother's
panion-child. I was now still a
child, but I had wholly ceased to
panion, whereas with my father
I found myself in a most pleasant,
mosphere. They never scolded, c
ordered me about. I knew they w
moving under a cloud of mother
mett's perpetual disapproval; but
discover—nor have I ever since di
that they did anything whatever
it. Not that I found myself quest
justice of these constant rebukes, a
I merely suffered the same sharp s
sonal guilt that a dog suffers wh
else is punished in his presence. M
rebukes were always gentle; but
was cutting. I never blamed her
thought she must be right. I simpl
everything else was wrong all rou

MY father and Wilmett fought o
with increasing violence. Wilmett
mother's confidante, and, poor chil
too often used as her weapon. Uncon
no doubt, she made a great deal o
between her parents; but that m
been nothing compared to the harm
ing used as a weapon by them m
done to her.

The breach between my parents
slowly but surely. My father took to
sort of escape from the baffling dis
ment of his home life. My mother
health an increasing alibi against s
She never had headaches before ou
Yonkers. But once they had start
were used to incapacitate her, at i
from carrying out any social task la
her by my father.

There were no outward signs of the
and disorder in my parents' relations
my father took to golf, and my mot
to headaches, because they no longer
each other.

Wilmett and Mary's being sent to
ing school at Garden City for the n



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...ardly mended matters. There was an ...t spirit where once there had been a ...f perfect harmony. Under these cir...nces any decision taken was likely to ...rong one. No two people looking in ...t directions and pulling different ways ...ake a right decision on what affects ...oth equally.

...father, after a year's extremely suc... work at Yonkers, was offered the ... of three livings: Yonkers itself, with a ... house to be built for our future home; ...hester, an old-fashioned, charming ... not far from New York, with a good ... life, and the sort of congregation ... whom I believe my mother might have ...ore at home; and Jamaica, Long Island, ...er ramshackle small ... not far from Brook... Either Yonkers or ...hester would have ... better choice for the ... family. Neverthe... Jamaica was chosen. ...arted going to school ...iss King's academy ...oung ladies. Like all American girls' ...ls that I ever came across, it was ex...ly good, with young, intelligent teach...d happily instructed children.

...e green house with the white shutters ...ot to be an easy home. In fact, I think ...ather was less happy in it as time went ...although he never neglected his church ...ties of his parish, he spent more and ... time on the golf links, and chose as ...panions men with similar tastes to his ...

... the evenings he played cards for small ...s with his cronies, which my mother ...dered—from her severe Quaker stand...t—was nothing less than actual gam... He drank whisky in a convivial way, ...once in a blue moon to an unwise extent. ...mother magnified these rare lapses until ...whole conduct became for her a spectacle ...oral ruin. This was in itself a tragedy of ...olly unnecessary kind; but it led to a far greater tragedy, since my mother turned her vivid imagination into a means of setting Wilmett and me against my father. She had forfeited the power to do this with Mary, and George was too young to be influenced consciously by her attitude of disapproval; but her power over Wilmett and me was supreme. For years she sapped the love and the respect of the two children who had most natural affinity with my father. She undermined our confidence in him, and darkened his pleasure and pride in us as a father.

Whenever a neurotic person wants an excuse for his own weakness he finds it essential to build up a case against his life partner. This acts as an alibi for his own refusal to accept the duties of life. How many children's hearts have been undermined and discouraged by these fatal and misleading parental confidences. All my Jamaica life I was puzzled by the fact that outside my home my father was a glorious and adored being, praised and admired by everyone I met; while under his own roof he was an outlaw, and at times even a criminal.

Being a woman is a terribly difficult task, since it consists principally in dealing with men. —JOSEPH CONRAD.

If he were an outlaw had I not a secret feeling: that only a little farther down the road I might become—or perhaps already secretly *was*—an outlaw with him?

Fifty years ago, summers in America were taken very seriously. Schools closed the first week in June and did not reopen till the end of September. Life unbent in every direction. Those who could afford sea or mountains went to them. Men deposited their wives in summer hotels or cottages, and came and went for long week ends.

We seemed to have left Jamaica in another world when we reached Quogue, Long Island. I think my father fondly thought it would make up for all that my mother had suffered and reconcile her to American life.

(Continued on Page 181)

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Mother Knows Kellogg's Best!



(Continued from Page 179)

I ve never been back to Quogue since three ecstatic summers that seemed at me to enclose eternal bliss, but I have old that the empty, rather featureless sland beaches facing the Atlantic have ecome fashionable and thickly popu- summer resorts. But in my childhood e, Southampton and Easthampton ery sparsely inhabited. A tennis club, ly a church, a few hostels and a hand- summer cottages comprised what life was. The beach was a mile and a half from us, and large crowded stagecoaches etween our house and the sea.

beach itself was unutterable bliss. I s thought it was extremely foolish of mily to refuse to allow me to learn to I had no fear of the Atlantic—this, in was their ground for not allowing me to —but I was in far more danger without rt of swimming than with it, for as I ht nothing of the waves, I very often aught off my feet by them, and carried f my depth, and more than once was y drowned in consequence.

thing in salt water has always seemed one of the most perfect physical sensa- known to man; but of course it should st of under- ling and mak- se of the laws e sea. Not to able to dive, and float with- onsciousness of t is a deplorable e of time and rtunity.

y memory of beach at Quogue at the weather always fine; the inexhaustibly geable; and the r people on it— uding the other dren—inexpli- y pleasant and l. Usually our began at the nnis Club. her, Wilmett all the uncles e members, so t we had a right entry into this rosanct abode, ugh there again we were discouraged from nes of skill by never being allowed upon tennis courts. However, as we arrived y early in the morning when the croquet ns were empty, we were allowed to play on them until the grownups came. Mary I became highly proficient at this game d were lifted to the realms of bliss by being ken on as partners by the uncles.

During those Quogue summers we had no mal education, but we were exposed to ghly intelligent and friendly grown-up peo- . My three uncles were all under thirty ars of age and one or another of them was ways more or less involved in a romance.

Of the private events of my Uncle George's e I knew nothing at the time. He was ex- emely reserved and confided in no one. He oked, however, very sad; he was often a lit- stern, but his conversation was well worth e entire attention of any listening child. e had more wit than his three brothers, ough almost no lightness of heart, and uld quote from memory pages from major minor poets.

HARRY, the youngest, and my brother eorge's favorite on account of his athletic rowess, was barely twenty-one. He and my ther were the most rowdy of the four broth- rs, and I privately thought Harry a trifle rutal and beneath the dignity of an uncle. should have been astonished had anyone old me he was destined to become my life- ng, perhaps my best friend.

Uncle Frank was devoted to my mother nd had always believed that he could in time ure her of all her ailments; he was, through hose long summers at Quogue, slowly begin- ing to believe that not only could he *not* restore her health—but that since she was not discoverably ill, she could never be made discoverably well. None of this came through to me as a child, except perhaps what was the secret source of the whole failure. I felt perfectly conscious of Wilmett's antagonism to Uncle Frank—and that both of them, devoted as they were to my mother, wanted completely different things for her. I believe that Uncle Frank, so wise and kind—so, in a sense, modern—might have helped my mother toward an improved state of health had it not been for the tug of war that took place between him and Wilmett.

WILMETT, robbed of her English life, and feeling her prestige as the eldest child taken from her in America, reacted very badly to our American life. She was too old to play with other children, too young to become a "young lady." At sixteen she was neither out of school nor in any available social swim. She felt isolated, at a loose end, and an enemy in a hostile land. My mother's ill health was her only excuse for her overwhelming urge for power. She really needed my mother's illnesses; and here was Uncle Frank taking—or trying to take—them away from her. Worse than this, I was his favorite niece and I was Wilmett's *bête noire*. Moreover, during Wilmett's absence in England, my mother had come to lean on Uncle Frank as she used to lean on Wilmett.

I do not now see what Wilmett could do, other than what she proceeded to do: undermine Uncle Frank's influence over my mother by hook and by crook. Had they co-operated, they might between them have saved my mother; but, as they were divided against each other, their antagonism merely helped to destroy her.

There are certain events in human relationships which, hardly noticed at the time, can be of lifelong significance. Such a happening took place between my sister Wilmett and myself during our first summer at Quogue.

Wilmett was fifteen and I was barely nine. My mother was ill, and our newly arrived Finnish cook vanished overnight; no one could be found to take her place, and for ten of the hottest days Wilmett ran our household of ten persons almost single-handed.

It was not surprising that under the stress of this ordeal, which she carried through with triumphant success, she should have been more irritable than usual; nor that my careless, lighthearted ways, always provoking to her, should have provoked her to distraction. I cannot remember what dire event produced the cataract of reproach and rage which finally broke over me; I only know that I, too, was unnerved by heat and exhaustion, and that her scalding words hurt me unbearably. I was at all times a rare crier and I never cried in public, so that I slipped away from her dry-eyed and silent, to find some private spot in which to indulge my woe. I lay face downward on the bed, sobbing my embittered heart out.

I did not hear the door open, but I heard a gasp of horror, and turning my head, I saw Wilmett looking down at me. She sank on her knees by the bedside imploring me to tell her what was wrong. I was too far down the road of my despair to attempt a subterfuge. "I can't bear it any more," I sobbed. "You're too cruel to me I want to die." I certainly did not expect what did happen. Wilmett burst into tears and, throwing her arms round me, implored my forgiveness.

NEXT MONTH

THOUGH Alice didn't guess she'd ever been in love, two men fell in love with her when she was eighteen. Mr. Mason was an old, but still dreaming, man of thirty-five; Brian was young and English and insistent. She had to choose. But what kind of choice is it when one beau can't afford to marry you and won't ask, while the other can afford it and does?

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I was too startled to cry any more. I simply stared at the beautiful agonized face while I listened, as if to a fairy tale, to her dramatic statements of affection.

It was unbelievable. She had, so she told me, a peculiar and tender affection and pride in me.

I understood then that in my heart, too, there had been more love than hate. I had admired her only too much; it was the feeling that I could not please her which had made me defy her. She was my unrealizable ideal. I couldn't, of course, explain this to her, but I could tell her that I loved her. Joy and harmony swept over our troubled spirits.

Wilmett would never, she promised, be angry again; and I would never be exasperating. We planned the future of our new relationship. Wilmett would stop ordering me about, and I, understanding the reasonableness of her wishes, would no longer flout them.

Only with the sunset, poor tired beautiful Wilmett, provoked again, forgot her certitude. Another, an even more passionate, cascade of scolding descended upon my head. I had not even done what she thought I had this time. I looked at her with astonished eyes. I tried to find courage to explain, but at the anger burning in her eyes, at the high sound of her ranting, once more my defensive hostility swept in front of my heart. I would not explain—I would not show her my love! I was too proud to fight!

It was not the last time that Wilmett made an emotional appeal to my heart, but it was the last time I ever let her in. I could not give her what she asked henceforward because something in me refused to believe in the sincerity of her appeals.

I think now that I was unjust and cowardly not to launch myself once more upon the sea of emotional surrender. Wilmett was dramatic-hearted, and her sincerity, acute if not lasting, could not shine out in any other way. She was generous and I was niggardly of emotion. I asked too little and for too long; and Wilmett perhaps too much and for too short a time.

There was six years between us. She was an authoritative, reliable eldest child and I was an irresponsible rebel. How could we share our conflicting ideals even for the sake of a peace each of us needed, but for which neither of us was prepared to pay the price?

The curious part of our perpetual tug of war was that my father never, and my mother very seldom, alluded to our continuous conflict.

My father's silence was perhaps due to an old-fashioned sense of sentimental loyalty that prevented his discussing his eldest child with a younger one. He was sometimes very angry with Wilmett, but he loved her with an unchanging pride and gratitude till she was taken from him.

My mother's attitude was less free from blame because she understood what Wilmett was doing to me and deeply regretted it. She and I were so intimate and outspoken with each other that I could and did remonstrate with her at my treatment; but while she admitted my wrongs, she urged me not to ask either help or support from her. Wilmett, she explained, did so much for her that she simply could not intervene to save me from these outbursts of temper and criticism without appearing ungrateful and risking the loss of that support which she so greatly needed. I accepted this plea as exonerating my mother from all activity on my behalf, but I hardly respected her for making it. There was, I felt, such a thing as human justice; and both my father and mother refused, where Wilmett was concerned, to execute it.

A little common-sense reasoning, and some firmness, on their part might have helped us both and made the whole family atmosphere a much less sultry one. My mother lacked courage to deal fundamentally with her children's problems, and my father's mind and heart were too absorbed by the increasing weight of his own. The child who suffered most at their hands was the one who tried her hardest to help them; the worst victim of poor Wilmett's unfettered generosity was herself.

Both my father and my mother were far beyond their age in their educational theories. But when it came to putting their enlightened theories into action, they bogged down before the heaviness of fact.

The only member of our family to receive a normal education was my brother George. He was the only one whose physical and social needs were seriously considered. From his school days on, his pocket money and

(Continued on Page 184)

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

IN answer to the minister's question, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" a father recently thrilled the wedding guests with, "Her mother and I."

Home should be the place where a person can occasionally live on the credit that a full knowledge of his character has built up.

A teen-ager out of sight is like a kite in the clouds; even though you can't see it you feel the tug on the string.

Too often the eternal triangle becomes the eternal wreck-tangle.

Lament from adolescent daughter: "The clerks are always showing me clothes to bring out my figure when what I want is something to bring it in."

She's the kind of wife who reminds her husband before he has time to forget.

It takes more courage than some women possess to start out on a vacation with a family of children and leave a washing machine behind.

No matter how gay your spirit, your child is always able to match it.

Words of advice should be inserted into discipline like grace notes in music.

When it comes to food, my husband is vitally interested in two things: that he's going to eat and that he has eaten.

It pays to be a kitchen lender; most women pay sugar back for salt, big eggs for small, and heaping cups for level ones.

No matter how fast they run, a dog never gets rid of his fleas nor a woman her shoulder pads.

No wonder bird housekeeping goes along so peaceably: penthouse orioles never mate with reed-nesting blue jays.

Some couples want only the sugared top of the marriage loaf.

A man's wife and children should have the good taste never to interrupt his reading of the evening paper; it should be surrounded with some of the reverence of a Sunday sermon.

Memo to brides: Whatever your husband doesn't see you put on or take off he believes is real.

The development of modern roses without thorns gives the proverb makers a new field.

Theirs was the kind of family that would always have a home even though they might not have a house to hold it.

BRIDAL GOWN FROM TAILORED WOMAN

America's Finest Silverplate

1847 ROGERS BROS

Grateful thought of a radiant bride

"What lovely wedding gifts I have! Especially my 1847 Rogers Bros. silverware! Truly no other silverplate has such beauty and fine quality. It's made as handsomely as solid silver."

For many generations, girls about to wed have chosen the silverplate with the yearmark "1847."

Reflecting 101 years of craftsmanship, 1847 Rogers Bros. is the finest silverplate today. Only in solid silver, as a rule, do you find such high, deep ornament; such perfect finish and balance. And what a value it is! The price has not gone up since 1942.

52-piece service for eight, $64.75; 76-piece service for twelve, $94.75; 101-piece service for eight, $118.75. (Prices include chests. No Federal tax.)

Tune in: "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet." Sunday, 6:30 P.M., E.S.T., NBC.

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"I dress for a bowling party... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"

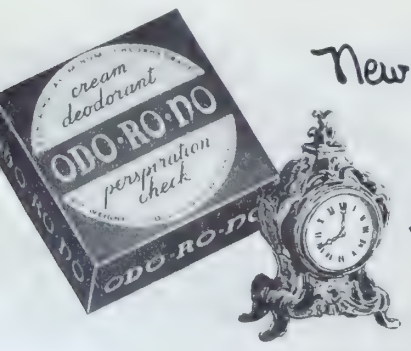


1. "For office hours—I wear a tailored
t with trim jacket and widely flared
rt, set off with gold buttons, pin and
rings and sporting a separate bright
nmerbund. And, of course, I rely on
w, even gentler, even more effective
orono Cream. *Because I know it protects
from perspiration and offensive odors a
24 hours.*"

You'll find new Odorono so safe you
use it right after shaving! So harmless
fine fabrics . . . protects clothes from
ns and rotting! So creamy-smooth too
even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "For after hours—Off with the jacket, a quick change to bowling shoes, and I'm right down the alley for an evening of fun. I'm confident of my charm all evening too —thanks to new Odorono Cream. *Because the Halgene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.*"

Now, Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula . . . even gentler, even more effective than ever before . . . all done up in its pretty, bright new package. Buy some today and see if you don't find this the most completely satisfying deodorant you have ever used.



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(Now in 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.)

(Continued from Page 182)

financial allowances were, as far as my parents could afford it, ample; whereas the three of us had microscopic dress allowances, and our social opportunities were never taken into account at all. "Please, God, make us stylish. Our clothes are all wrong," my sister Wilmett was heard praying at her bedside in the early stages of our American life. There is no doubt that God consented to the prayer of one who always helped herself, for Wilmett, with the aid of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, soon began to make her own clothes, and rapidly became stylish.

But I don't think, at the time, any of us in the least resented George's unconscious supremacy. He was our baby and we entered wholeheartedly into our parents' conspiracy to spoil him. We contented ourselves, as girls, with having a great deal more freedom of act and tongue than our contemporaries.

We knew that we were expected to earn our livings, but it did not occur to any of us that we were not being trained to carry out this purpose. Wilmett had a beautiful singing voice. Music was, therefore, considered to be her special province, and something or other, though seldom the best thing, was usually done to help her develop her gift.

Mary was a good scholar and had a particular aptitude for teaching; but nothing was ever done to help her carry out her wishes.

I was too young for my tastes to act as guides to my education, but it was obvious that I had an overwhelming interest in books, and it was supposed that I might develop, if left to myself, some connection with literature.

During Mary's second year at the Garden City school she had a severe attack of rheumatic fever, and this seemed a sufficient reason for recalling both sisters to their home. For a time they joined George and me at Miss King's Select Academy, which had a kindergarten where George could disport himself. Unfortunately, this school came to an abrupt end.

The close of Miss King's school threw us back into the unprepared bosom of our family. Wilmett decided not to attend school any further. Mary, George and myself were sent daily to an uneducated, neurotic and wholly incapable lady, who wanted to earn her living and thought that imparting what she didn't know was the easiest method of earning it. I remember only one outstanding fight with Wilmett during this period. She had made up her mind that, as she had retired from school, her authority over me must be publicly acknowledged. She was, so she told me, now grown up. To me she was exactly the same. "Very well," Wilmett said, "if you won't obey me, you must be made to," and she undertook to persuade my mother of the necessity for this operation. I think Wilmett must have found my mother much more difficult to persuade than usual. She stopped me on the middle of the stairs and, in an embarrassed voice, asked me to "try to do more often what Wilmett tells you."

My heart turned to stone. "Mother," I said desperately, "I'll do anything in the world you tell me *except* obey Wilmett. If you make me do that—I shall die."

In a sense, I still believe this would have been true and that something vital to my future would have perished under this new form of dictatorship. At any rate, I convinced my mother that she had asked too much. "Very well," she said quietly, "I won't ask you to obey Wilmett, but to come to me whenever she tells you what to do and to decide with me whether it is best to do it or not." This was not a complete victory, but neither was it a complete defeat. Orders continued to come from Wilmett, but they were not the Ten Commandments. I had an alternative to carrying them out and Wilmett knew that I had this alternative.

Just before my eleventh birthday it was decided that the family should spend the summer in England. Grandpapa Bottome decided that he had saved enough to accompany us. He would go his own way and visit the haunts of his youth; and my Grandmother Fowler, with a house full of servants and an enormous garden, would ensure our financial security.

I do not remember our actual arrival at Moor Hall, but what happened the next morning is as ineffaceable as if it took place yesterday.

Mary, with a face full of portentous gravity, led me to the water closet, a haunt favored by us both for confidential communications. Locking the door, she said, "Phyllis, dear grandpapa has joined the great majority!" The words may have been more or less unintelligible to me, but I knew instantly what she meant. Grandpapa, my friend, my protector, had ceased to exist. Nothing seemed real any more. I hardly took in what Mary went on to tell me. His oldest friend had met him as arranged at Tavistock in a high dog-cart. Driving down the steep hill that led to his home, the horse stumbled, grandpapa fell head forward onto the stony road and never recovered consciousness.

(Continued on Page 186)





How does your girdle look under your new dress?

Warner's 3-Way-Sizes make your New Look rate a second look

There are *two* kinds of fits. The one you'll *feel* like having when you see what your girdle *doesn't do* for your new dress. And the perfect fit you've dreamed of . . . and get . . . in Warner's *3-Way-Sizes.*

• No more old-fashioned standard sizes that squeeze you into a carbon copy of someone else. From your exact size, in a Warner's girdle you choose your very own *length, hip size* and *amount of control you want.*

• And just imagine! Not one or two but over 200 exquisite styles! Why, it's honestly heaven on *girth!* You and your lovely new dress are a sight for *more* eyes!

WARNER'S

Girdles · Corselettes
Pantie Girdles · Bras

WORLD FAMOUS FOR LE GANT • STA-UP-TOP • ABC* ALPHABET* • REDFERN* • *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

In your size...*your correct length*

If your girdle's *too long,* it keeps riding up. If it's *too short* it pulls runs in your stockings. Warner's go to any length to please you—they're sized; short, medium, long and extra long. The Sta-Up-Top* Le Gant* illustrated features Warner's* patented waist whittler that can't roll over.



.....*your correct hip size*

Is your hip shape ship-shape? A girdle that's *too wide* at the hips forms unlovely pockets at the sides. One that's *too small* causes thigh bulges that spoil the lines of your dress. Warner's are "individually sized" for *straight, average* and *full* hips.

Sta-Up-Top Le Gant #933. Styles in this pattern from $12.50. Alphabet Bra #2296. ABC cups $2.00. CC and D cups $2.50.



..... *your choice of control*

To help you be your own sweet sylph, you can choose your Warner's in the *control* you want. From the light, airy mesh elastics if you want a *little* . . . to the strong, woven elastics if you need a *lot.* Warner's lovely matching bras come in 3-Way-Sizes, too . . . your cup size, your choice of band and the uplift you want. At finer shops and stores everywhere.

QUAKER OATS HELPS GROW

"Stars of the Future"

Doctors say the more often youngsters eat a good oatmeal breakfast, the better they grow



THE GIANT OF THE CEREALS IS QUAKER OATS!

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Your *youngsters* get more *growth,* more *endurance*—your *grownups* get more *energy*, more *stamina* from nourishing *oatmeal* than any other whole-grain cereal! That's why Quaker Oats is recommended for a better breakfast! According to a recent survey, *only 1 school child in 5* gets the kind of breakfast he should have. So doctors say, the more often youngsters eat a good oatmeal breakfast, the better they grow! Help *your* children be a success by serving Quaker Oats!

A GIANT in Value!

Delicious Quaker Oats still costs less than *a penny a serving!* That's really amazing in these days of higher food prices! Saves precious time in the morning, too, because Quick Quaker Oats cooks in 2½ minutes!

A GIANT in Flavor!

People eat more Quaker Oats than any other cereal in the world because THEY LOVE THAT QUAKER OATS FLAVOR! Tempting recipes on the package. Remember to buy delicious Quaker Oats.



QUAKER OATS

Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same

(Continued from Page 184)

The whole day was catastrophic. I met my father weeping on the stairs while my mother tried to comfort him. I had never dreamed that a grown man could cry—least of all my father. A few hours later he and my mother disappeared with luggage into the bleak unknown that had swallowed grandpapa.

While our parents were away at Tavistock, Wilmett was extraordinarily kind to me. Under her careful shepherding I felt untroubled by commands or reproaches and free to deal as best I could with my first experience of death.

All summer long, however, I was troubled not only by the sense that grandpapa would never come back but by the feeling that he was quite definitely somewhere else, was indeed, if I could only get through to him, within my reach, behind some obstacle of sound and sense which I might, if left sufficiently alone and at peace, overcome.

I suppose that I was nearer a mental breakdown than at any other time of my life. I am sure that at home this unnatural condition would have passed off in a few days, but I was not at home. I was in a strange and, to me, most hostile atmosphere of Victorian formality. I was forced, at an age when I had been the free and happy companion of grown-up uncles, back into the nursery, where I had to be superintended by strange and ignorant women.

Day after day, week after week, it rained. I don't know what would have happened to me had it not been for the kind act of my step-uncle, Kennie Fowler, a man who subsequently became one of my greatest friends. Uncle Kennie found out that I was fond of reading and made me free of the use of a library. There I found and read the novels of George Meredith and, inadvertently, to Uncle George's extreme horror when it was discovered that I had read it, Hardy's Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

But these books, though I burrowed slowly and securely into them, meant nothing to me compared with my great discovery. I found Shelley. Shelley set fire to my summer. He lit my heart from end to end. All readers have one poet who, apart from his immortal ideas, has for them some special individual message. To me, in my eleventh year, Shelley was and remained my poet.

There is only one way of really enjoying poetry, and Uncle George had set me on its path. It should be learned by heart and, preferably, I thought at the time, sung aloud on the tops of trees. This became my habit. Moor Hall was full of trees, fortunately most of them chestnuts, an excellent tree to climb and possessing the best kind of leaves for concealment.

Among the poems I learned this summer and shared with the winds, was Shelley's Ode to Liberty and Ode to the West Wind, Skylark, Cloud, Hymn to Intellectual Beauty and the Lines Written in Dejection Near Naples. As for "Swiftly, walk over the Western Seas, Spirit of Night"—I sang it to myself all day long.

OUR homecoming was inevitably a sad one. A row of young uncles, faces set in unfamiliar gravity, awaited us on the wharf and we were driven at once to grandmother's. There she stood, in a room full of flowers, dressed in snowy white from head to foot.

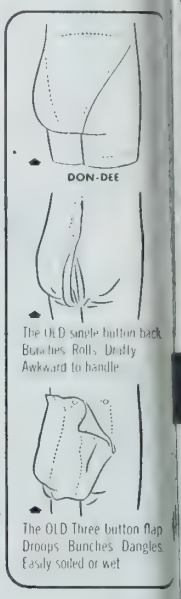
In any room into which she came, my grandmother drew all eyes. She was an erect, squarely built woman, crowned with a mass of snow-white hair above firm black brows and immense dark eyes.

I think she deeply felt the loss of her lifelong partner; but for grandpapa, I am sure, the greater tragedy would have been for him to return. For the last twenty years of his life, my grandmother had become the leading figure in his household. He had not been unkindly deposed by her; his wishes and his words were always respected, but he was outside the picture of her great public life. Her presence was of such dynamic significance that it was impossible to overlook it; with all four sons their mother's work came first; and any statement or stricture of my grandfather's was often unheard or pushed aside.

Don-Dee
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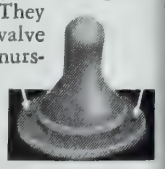
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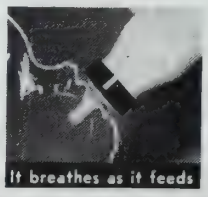
"Evenflo is Easier for Baby to Nurse!"

A good formula deserves a good nurser. That's why many doctors prescribe Evenflo Nursers. They know Evenflo's twin air-valve nipples provide smooth nursing action that enables babies to finish their bottles easier and quicker. Handy Evenflo Units 25c at baby shops, drug, dept. stores. Ask about Evenflo Brushless Baby Bottle Cleanser.

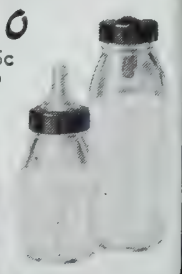


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There's Only One Evenflo—Ask For It.

Tom SAWYER

"APPAREL" For Real Boys

WEARS LONGER!



Mothers! These handsome Tom Sawyer gabardine slacks will give your son the kind of wear you want in his clothes. They live up to Tom Sawyer's famous reputation for wear! With zipper fly, belt, elastic sides and pleats. Suspenders for the little fellow. In tan, brown, gray, blue and green.

Prep Slacks – Waist 25 to 32
Junior Longies – Ages 3 to 12



Tom Sawyer leisure coats for boys have real style, for they're fully rayon-lined and have patch pockets just like Dad's. Of soft but sturdy all-wool Park Suede flannel in camel, cocoa, blue, green and yellow.

Leisure Coats—Ages 2 to 12



Tom Sawyer colorful and dashing Western shirts give your boy the color and flair he wants...and they give you the value and long wear you want in his clothes. Of fine Sanforized cotton twill, they come in a variety of brilliant color combinations.

Western Shirts—Ages 6 to 20

See the complete value-plus Tom Sawyer line at fine stores from coast to coast. If you don't know your dealer, just write Dept. 9.

COMMENDED by PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Tom SAWYER "APPAREL" For Real Boys

ELDER MANUFACTURING CO. • ST. LOUIS, MO.

Nothing but the fact that both my grandparents had framed their lives on the Gospels could have made the situation run as smoothly as it did. Now it was over and my grandfather lay at rest in the small green island of his forefathers, while my grandmother pursued her larger way, lonely but unhindered.

Probably the two who missed him most were his homesick daughter-in-law and the youngest of his granddaughters.

A tremendous change was now in front of me. I was to go to boarding school in New York City.

My mother, having visited the Clewer Sisters while in England, had been deeply interested to hear of a boarding school run by a branch sisterhood of St. John the Baptist in 17th Street. The thought that I could be educated by the Anglican nuns and brought up in a High Church atmosphere no doubt greatly influenced my mother's willingness to part with me. I don't know that she exactly wanted me to become a nun; but if I had done so, I know she would have gloried—and shared—in my vocation.

I think that between eleven and twelve years of age is a very good time in a girl's life for her to leave her home. I know that until I went to boarding school, I was without a sense of separate personality.

My acute homesickness was soon dissolved by the interest and curiosity which I took in the new world round me. Never before had I stood alone on the threshold of a society of contemporaries. The sisters were aloof and austere, and their very gentleness had an awing quality. They were severe without being angry; and any plane they put one on seemed very much lower than their own.

What this country needs is a good five-cent nickel. —ED WYNN.

What was really astonishing to me and so pleasant that it lit my whole school career was the discovery that I could hold my own among my school companions. Pursued always by a deep sense of inferiority, it was highly agreeable to me to win any evidence of social success. I liked and was liked by all the girls of my own age, with one exception, and I reached an even higher pinnacle than this—the elder girls soon showed a pleasant and kindly interest in me.

My home life never became less dear to me; but it had receded. The only member of my family who became more real was my father. He came to see me quite often. I had never seen him alone before, and he became extremely dear to me. The moment I heard his deep voice I trembled with joy, and as soon as permission came danced down the main staircase to the Visitors' Room, and into his arms.

Out we slipped, arm in arm, from the cloistered school into the noisy life of the New York streets, and for an hour or two I would hear and share our family records: the extraordinary news, for instance, that my sister Wilmett was to go for a year to stay with my English grandmother. She was to winter in Egypt, and then was to "come out."

I don't even now know quite whose was this tremendous decision, but Uncle Frank had been disturbed for some time over the amount of work Wilmett at seventeen performed, and the condition of her nerves. I think Uncle Frank believed that as long as Wilmett remained actively nursing my mother there was no chance of her recovery. An opportune letter from my Grandmother Fowler arrived, inviting Wilmett to be her visitor, expense free. Mother loved Wilmett far too well to stand in her light, and though Wilmett at first rebelled, she finally succumbed to the temptation. It was found by a London specialist who saw her on her arrival that Wilmett was on the verge of what used to be called a "decline." In modern language, she was threatened with tuberculosis, and though with plenty of milk, rest and freedom



Sleep
my little one

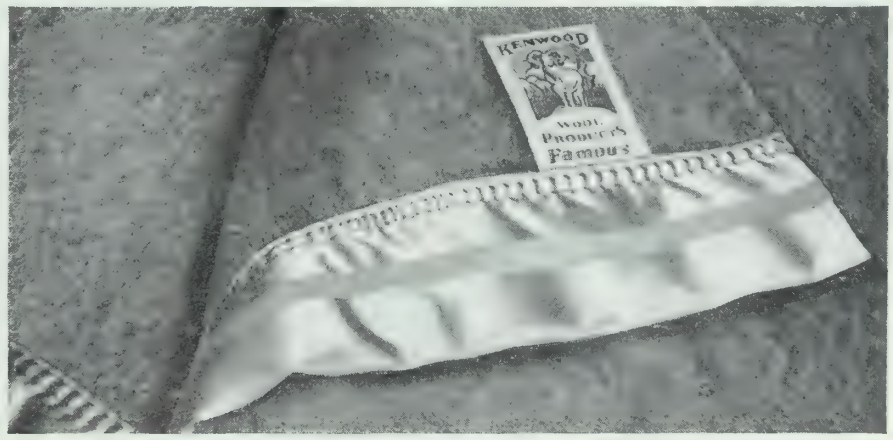
Sleep
my pretty one





Sleep—
under Kenwood long-napped Blankets

Why does the whole family sleep so soundly under Kenwood long-napped blankets? Because a Kenwood, skillfully woven of long-fibred wools, drapes softly, gently, closely around you, lulling you to rest—and because a long, fleecy nap over the entire surface of the blanket provides a luxurious feeling of warmth without weight. Long-napped Kenwoods, after countless washings and years of use, retain their original fresh beauty, their warmth and sleeping comfort.



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Fiesta Scrambled Eggs

Ever scramble eggs in your porcelain enameled double boiler? They're deliciously tender and fluffy. Try it. Here's a new recipe to add to your collection of specialties.

6 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons chives, cut fine
1 tablespoon pimiento, chopped

Beat eggs until light colored and frothy; combine with seasonings. Cook in a porcelain enameled double boiler until mixture begins to coat the sides of the pan. Add chives and pimiento and continue cooking until just set, stirring frequently away from bottom and sides of pan. Serve immediately with toasted English muffins and crisp bacon. Garnish with watercress or parsley.

It's plain to see why modern cooks choose porcelain enameled utensils. They're wonderful to cook with, a snap to clean, safe for keeping food in the refrigerator, too! No flavors or odors can be "picked up" from the smooth, hard, non-porous surface. And Porcelain on Steel Enameledware is stain and acid resistant . . . stays beautiful for years.

FREE! *Packet of delicious new kitchen tested recipes for use with porcelain enameled utensils. On convenient, easy-to-file recipe cards. Write today.* Dept. B, Enameled Utensil Manufacturers Council, Merchandise Mart, Chicago.

PORCELAIN ON STEEL
ENAMELEDWARE

from care, she seemed quickly to pick up her old strength and vitality, the threat remained.

It was difficult to think of our home without Wilmett, for she was the pivot upon which everything turned; but Mary, undertaking her chief responsibilities, became a faithful drudge, and I fancy peace of a precarious but not unpleasant kind settled upon the Jamaica household.

THE last few months of my school life at St. John the Baptist's were overshadowed by my first great friendship.

Claude was unknown to my family. I had chosen her by myself, and round her I persistently wove all the romance of my being. Claude came from the South, and some months earlier had been sent for, to go to her mother's deathbed. Sister A., whose special protégée she was, told us Claude had been very ill, and asked us, on her return, to show her every sign of sympathy. We must all pray for her.

I never expected to be able to do more than pray for Claude, since I was one of the youngest and she one of the oldest girls, but I asked questions about her and was told that she was very much liked, and yet, by being a Southerner, somehow "different" from the rest of the school.

Sister A. brought her back one winter afternoon, almost lost in black, very small and exquisitely made, pale with a thick creamy skin, like a heavy-petaled flower. Her hair was black and so were her eyes. They looked very large and bright, filled with unshed tears. Claude was not pretty, but she was just as sad as I had pictured her.

All the girls in the school were sorry for Claude, but I think none of them was so sorry—so almost wrapped up in her sorrow—as I was. Perhaps Claude felt this, too; perhaps being a Southerner among Northerners made her feel a special sympathy for an exiled English child; but for whatever reason, Claude stooped from the Olympian heights of her natural circle to my twelve-year-old insignificance, and made me her greatest friend.

We had few opportunities to develop our deep affection, for if there was one thing the sisters were more determined to suppress than any other, it was a special friendship; and if there was one kind of special friendship that they viewed with more dismay than another, it was any friendship between an older and a younger girl.

Claude was reckless by nature, and I was reckless by devotion, so that we broke every rule that stood between us—surprisingly enough, without being discovered. We had one great advantage: Claude among the older girls, and I among the younger ones, were declared by secret ballot to be the two most popular girls in the school. We were therefore gladly given a good deal of undue support. Other girls watched doors for us, or signaled advancing danger, down passages.

There was no particular object in our stolen meetings except that little by little I learned the whole marvelous history of Claude's precocious Southern life. It was thrilling to learn that Claude at sixteen was passionately pursued by dozens of suitors. She was even engaged to be married to four different Wills simultaneously, none of them knowing of this tie between Claude and the others.

I did vaguely wonder why Claude should be engaged to four men at the same time, as ultimately she could marry only one, but Claude explained that she loved them all for different reasons; and doubted that more than one would be eligible when it came to the point of marriage. Probably the one she loved the most never would be eligible, because he was wild and drank. This Will immediately became my favorite, and I spent a good deal of time in suggestions for his reform. All the Wills were very handsome, very dashing, and all were skilled horsemen. At her wedding Claude might have had at least three young Lochinvars riding in from the West.

Claude was far more to me than just another girl; she was the romantic and impassioned South. I used to escape from my



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Home and Garden Gloves

You'll love this glove that's right for *every* task, indoors or out—new double-duty Bluettes, sturdy sky-blue DuPont neoprene with soft two-way-stretch knit lining—moisture absorbent, comfortable in hot dishwater, easy off when phone or doorbell rings. Snug-fitting short curved fingers, amazing non-slip finish holds wet slippery things as if dry. You enjoy wearing these versatile new gloves in every hand-soiling task around the house. Men go for them, too! Buy Bluettes at drug, department, paint or hardware stores everywhere. The Pioneer Rubber Company, Willard, Ohio.



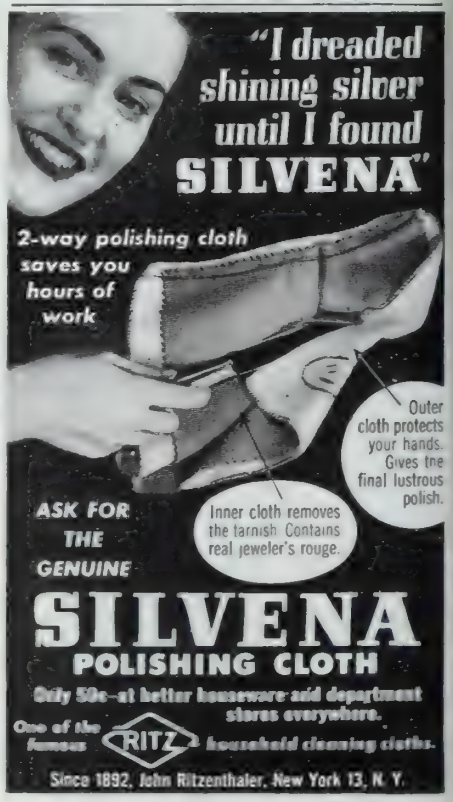


HAVE YOUR CAKE AND MUSIC TOO!

Delight your party guests with this MUSICAL CAKE PLATE that tinkles the Birthday Song* while the cake revolves! It adds gaiety to every occasion. Durably made of metal either 7½" disc, white enamel finish, at $7.95, or 12" disc, beautiful highly polished steel finish, at $9.95, both postpaid. Send check or M. O.—please. NO C. O. D.'s . . .

*or the Wedding March

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Leftovers?

TURN A LITTLE MEAT INTO A BIG TREAT WITH HERB-OX!



How to Make "Chop-Chop"

Brown in 2 tablespoons fat, 2 cups cubed meat (pork, lamb, or veal). Dice and add 1 cup onion, 1 cup celery, ½ lb. mushrooms. Add 1 cup bouillon made with 2 Herb-Ox Bouillon cubes. Cover pan and cook slowly for ten min. Thicken with 2 tablespoons cornstarch mixed with ¼ cup cold water and 2 teaspoons soy sauce. Serve with hot boiled rice.



Bring hearty flavor to meat-scarce meals with Herb-Ox—in soups, gravies, main dishes. Send for free menu book! Write The Pure Food Company, Inc., Mamaroneck, N. Y. Dept. LHJ-10.

First in Quality, too . . . as a delicious Consomme to cheer up winter meals.

Herb-Ox

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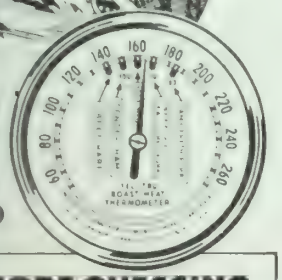
ROAST MEAT

THE WAY YOU LIKE IT.

AVOID TRICHINOSIS FROM HAM OR PORK

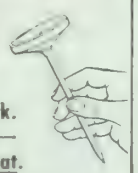


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NO MORE GUESSING

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TEL-TRU thermometers are accurate, sturdy, easy to read. Many other models for cooking, indoor, outdoor use. Ideal gifts. At houseware depts., hardware, and other stores. If your dealer cannot supply, order direct (postpaid). Money-back guarantee.

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GERMANOW-SIMON CO., Rochester 1, N.Y.

music room, where I was supposed to be practicing, to find Claude and sit at her feet while all this new lore was poured into my ecstatic ears.

Then the blow fell. We were to go back to England—not for a visit, but for good.

My father broke it to me. The doctor had said my mother could not live if she remained any longer in this country.

My father resigned his living. He made no bones about it to me; he hated as I did this flight from his country. He did not realize the cause of my agony, because of course I never told him why it would break my heart to go, but I saw that it was breaking his. He said, "This is the end of my career, Phyllis, and it's like death." Yet my resistance was as hollow as his own. Mother's life was at stake and there was nothing to be done but go, cost what it might.

I thought of nothing but Claude. I took for granted that the parting between us was final. I left school next day, and it was the end of my education.

No doubt I dramatized the sheer horror of our return to England. The only pleasures I had were in the past and I spent all the time brooding over it.

Yet I am bound to admit that when we reached our London destination, the home of my grandmother in Grosvenor Square, I felt awed if not enchanted by my surroundings.

The center of all these grandeurs was Wilmett. She was nearly twenty and at the peak of her girlish beauty. Both my grandparents loved and admired her, and had set off her charms by lovely clothes. Wilmett had always had the poise and carriage of the courageous heart, and when she entered a room it was with a marvelous ease and dignity. I felt, for the first time, not only a mere child in her presence, but a humble and deeply admiring child.

The right temperature at home is maintained by warm hearts, not by hot heads.

It was my father's wish to spend the summer at Burnham-on-Sea in Somerset, a small and hideous seaside village. The golf was good and an old friend of his was spending the season there with his family. My mother was content to go where my father pleased for the moment.

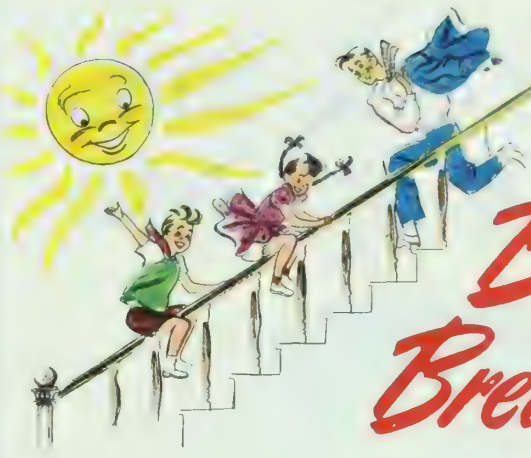
I think it was about this time that golf became the supreme interest of my father's life. He had never been in any real sense a "domestic" man, nor companionable—though highly attractive—to any of his children. Now he became simply less and less companionable. It must be remembered that he was a bitterly disappointed, lonely and heart-hungry man.

His mother's love, her overwhelming generosity and courage had trained all her sons to expect too much help, rather than too little, from the women they loved. My father, in revenge for having so much less than he expected, did not take what there was. He became a stranger in his home.

Burnham-on-Sea had no advantages whatever for a child of my age. George was still young enough to enjoy the beach. Mary was at her former school in Bournemouth. Wilmett remained for the rest of the season in London.

I was just a few months younger than Juliet when romance claimed me. It was to me, not only my first, but a very serious love affair, though today it would hardly pass as a flirtation. No doubt I had been trained toward this premature experience by Claude's enchanting idyls.

Harry was twenty years old, a Sandhurst cadet, and every inch a soldier. My heart had been won by his mother before he put in an appearance. She was small, dark and in some ways reminded me of Claude. She lifted me to the seventh heaven by her notice; she even thought me "clever." We had some wonderful talks together about books. She loved her eldest son, Harry, better than any-



This way to . . .

Brighter Breakfasts!

HURRY ON DOWN, cherubs . . . Dad's right behind you! There's Swift's Premium bacon for breakfast—a treat to be treasured these days. What a savory, flavory way to spark the brighter breakfasts active minds and bodies need! So rich in food energy, with that everytime-dependable quality and famous *sweet smoke taste* . . . no wonder America actually prefers Swift's Premium Bacon to the next *25* brands *combined!*





CAREFUL COOKING SAVES WASTE: Place slices of Swift's Premium Bacon in cold frying pan. Don't overcrowd. Cook slowly; turn often to cook evenly. Drain on absorbent paper. For crisp bacon, pour off fat as it accumulates (and save for future use). Serve with unpeeled apple slices dipped in brown sugar and fried in bacon fat.



Swift's Premium Bacon

with the sweet smoke taste!

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



✓ *Not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling film!*

✓ *Quickly, effectively removes dandruff from both hair and scalp!*

✓ *Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!*

✓ *Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!*

Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film

✓ Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo* Shampoo! At any drug or cosmetic counter.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

thing else in the world. He was six feet one, blue-eyed and fair; and I thought his photograph—which I still possess (though I don't quite know where to lay my hands on it)—that of the handsomest man in the world. I felt sure he would fall in love with Wilmett.

They both came to Burnham at about the same time; and there was no question that Harry was attracted by her. Wilmett, though not the least in love with Harry (she was three deep in more serious beaus), felt it natural to collect Harry, and set to work to do so.

There was a good deal of trouble over an incident which occurred at a dance (to which, of course, I was too young to go). Harry kissed Wilmett, she declared against her will; and Harry fell into deep disgrace. I was entirely on Wilmett's side, and looked upon Harry's performance as little less than criminal.

The first opportunity that occurred I told him that I considered he had behaved abominably. To my astonishment, he apologized with deep humility. It was I, he told me, not Wilmett, who was the object of all his thoughts and feelings. It was true he had kissed Wilmett, but only because he thought she had expected it. Wilmett, I knew, took a lighter view of flirtation than I did. For my sake, however, Harry promised he would apologize to Wilmett. He apologized and was promptly forgiven; but what was less forgivable, unfortunately, was the fact that soon Harry transferred his attention to me.

Intolerance in old age is more often an indication of poor memory than mature wisdom.

—H. L. HUNTINGTON, JR., Pattering Reigns (Flyer Press).

We were simply ardently attracted friends. We talked and walked together for the next few weeks, unfolding all our thoughts and claims upon the universe.

As Harry was going to India for five years, where he might find no woman to look after his wardrobe, he had learned to darn; and he used to darn my stockings for me with consummate care while I read Henry James out loud to him, sitting in a small windless cemetery behind the sand dunes. We did not make a secret of our meetings, but neither did we make a point of talking about them to our families. We were free to come and go as we pleased; and the cemetery was where—as often as we dared—we went.

At first our two families were mildly amused by our friendship. But later on both families became alarmed by the increasing seriousness of our infatuation, and interferences began. My mother was extremely careful of my feelings, but she told me that I was too young to carry on such a friendship with a young man of Harry's age; had he been my own age, it wouldn't have mattered. The agonizing part of the whole affair was that the chief objection to our friendship came from Harry's mother. At first she had enjoyed seeing us together, but now she suddenly became furious—furious with me, of course, not with Harry. If she had not been blinded by jealousy, she would have seen that I still loved her best—better even than Harry—and that a kind and unde standing talk from her would have dispose of the whole affair. A wiser woman woul have seen that neither my heart nor my u awakened senses were involved—only fo the first time my power sense had been se free. I found I could do what I liked wit another human being.

We had to part. Harry had to return t Sandhurst and then to sail to India, but no before I had promised to await his return, an not to go into a sisterhood, with which I ha threatened him, till he was free to ask m hand in marriage.

The night before he left, his mother re lented a little. She played his accompani ments and Harry sang Beauty's Eyes fo the last time. I knew it was for me alone though our combined families were present.

I am glad to think that he fulfilled the career we had so often talked of and eventually became a general. We never met again, except for a few fluttered, disenchanting moments, under vigilant eyes, when Harry came back on his first leave from India.

Perhaps I should never have become a writer if I had married Harry; or Harry a general had he married me; but even without any such sequel to our first love affair, we must have done something for each other's imaginations in those few weeks of perpetual conversation.

Blown out of Burnham by harsh October gales, we decided to spend the winter in London, where Wilmett could continue her singing lessons. My father had accepted the care of St. Luke's, Camberwell, while its rector went abroad for the winter.

My life was incredibly empty. I wrote tremendous letters to Mary. I never got Harry out of my mind, though he became less and less like Harry and more and more like a peculiar blend of my favorite heroes—Cardinal Newman, Robert Louis Stevenson and Shelley.

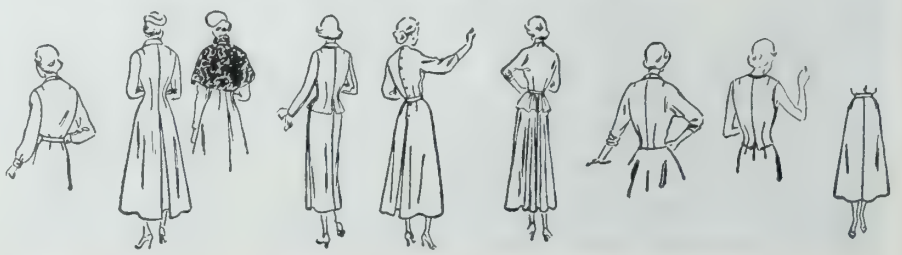
Restored to each other after their long parting, Wilmett and my mother closed together into an intimacy of heart and mind which shut out the rest of the world. Father and I were nearly always in trouble, and as much as possible outside the house.

Wilmett's impatience with us both was more obvious, and her flashes of temper became more and more frequent. Perhaps she missed the ease and opulence of her years in Grosvenor Square. Wilmett had her singing lessons and practiced for three hours daily. She possessed a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice which her teacher assured her was powerful enough for grand opera. Her heart was more or less engaged by a young officer she had met in Egypt and from whom she had been separated before any actual engagement took place, partly by grandma and partly by Lord Kitchener's edict that none of his officers in the Egyptian army should marry.

(Continued on Page 192)

Back views, sizes and prices of patterns on Pages 62 and 63

Vogue Design No. 6566. Blouse; 14 to 20; 32 to 42. 50¢.
Vogue Design No. 6586. Coat and detachable cape; 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 75¢.
Vogue Design No. S-4907. Suit; 12 to 20; 30 to 38. $1.
Vogue Design No. S-4922. One-piece dress; 12 to 20; 30 to 38. $1.
Vogue Design No. 6565. One-piece dress; 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 75¢.
Vogue Design No. 6560. "Easy-to-Make" jacket; 10 to 20; 28 to 38. 50¢.
Vogue Design No. 6555. Waistcoat; 10 to 20; 28 to 38. 40¢.
Vogue Design No. 6491. "Easy to-Make" skirt; 24 to 32. 40¢.





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Some interesting arithmetic from Mrs. J. L. Granquist of Seattle—and some news about the only washer in the world that even puts in its own soap!

"Just for fun I figured it out...6½ years ...4 bouncing babies...at least 12 diapers a day! Altogether that's 28,470 diapers! How on earth could I have managed without my wonderful Bendix! And all the rest of the family wash, too...blankets, curtains, pillows, scatter rugs, even my good down quilts. It did all the work without me -- and saved my time and energy for the children. I've been reading about the newest Bendix Washer and this I want to see! But, mostly, my heart is set on a Bendix automatic Dryer, and I can hardly wait!"

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Only the "almost human" Bendix has the amazing automatic soap injector that puts in the exact amount of soap.

All you do is set the dials once. The Bendix *soaps, soaks,* washes, rinses and damp-drys the clothes all by itself. You needn't go back till the washing is done.

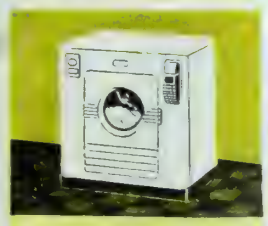
Save up to $110. You can buy a Bendix for as little as $199.95. Just a few dollars more than an old-fashioned, hard-work washer! Big savings on soap and water, too.

It's the world's most popular washer . . . used by more women . . . wanted by more women . . . voted best washer by more women than any other. It's the only automatic washer backed by 11 years of trouble-free, work-saving service!

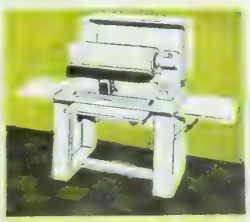
See a demonstration at your nearby authorized Bendix Dealer's store. Choose the model that suits your home and pocketbook best! Bendix Home Appliances, Inc., South Bend 24, Indiana.

Model S-101 and B-201 are also manufactured in Canada and Mexico.





Bendix automatic Dryer ends weather worries. Clothes get fluffy-dry in minutes.



Bendix automatic Ironer has many features not found in other ironers.

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NEW BENDIX GYRAMATIC . . . doesn't have to be fastened down.

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on NBC every Friday morning for the Green Giant

Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota; Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario. Also packers of Green Giant Brand peas.

(Continued from Page 192)

first time since I left the United States I found a purpose and flung myself wholeheartedly into it.

There was a successful American elocution teacher in London. Miss Fanny Mason accepted me as a pupil and I joined her class. Now I had really found what I wanted to do and knew that I could learn how to do it. I became one of her most promising pupils, and soon acquired twenty-five different programs, each lasting two hours, in which I was word-perfect. I learned to recite both prose and poetry, but curiously enough, from my point of view, Miss Mason decided that my special gift was that of a comedian.

It was this winter that Gerard Coleridge, my partner in age, became for the next few years my most intimate and indeed my only contemporary friend. It was a curious relationship; intellectually we became increasingly intimate and acted as grindstones for each other's expanding minds, but there was always between us a curious gulf of untouched emotion which neither ever crossed. Gerard was an extraordinarily good fellow, "a man's man" rather than a woman's. He had a slow, powerful brain, an extremely hot, flash-in-the-pan temper, and was, though a decent and high-minded human being, extremely self-centered. From the time we were fifteen and sixteen (he was a year older than myself) till we were twenty and twenty-one, we spent part of all his holidays together.

We became engaged simultaneously, without hint or preparation, in different countries to people the other had never met or even heard about, and the only shadow on our engagements was the fear that the other might resent it. Neither of us did, but curiously, without a word of explanation to each other, we withdrew from our five years' fellowship.

I think we both realized that wholly without sentiment as our relationship had been, it had nevertheless gone too deep into the habit of mental sharing to be bearable our chosen life partners. We met only ha dozen times afterward, over more tha quarter of a century, but when we did m it was as if we had never parted. Whe heard of his death a few months ago, half youth rose up and joined him. When son one asked him if he was never in love w me, he said, "I couldn't be in love w Phyllis. She was immaculate; but she w my dearest friend." I think he made mistake in the word "immaculate." I w ignorant and afraid of sex, not "imm ulate"; but probably it was this deep u conscious fear in me which froze in him a possibility of a deeper feeling. To our lo and vital friendship our fairy godmothe gave every gift in friendship's repertoi except a touch of passion.

The threat that had been hanging over m physically for the last few years now too effect. I had to have a fairly serious opera tion. I was extremely happy in the nursin home. It was almost disappointing to be we enough to go back into our rather gloom lodgings, especially as George, whose Easte holidays it was, had been consigned to ou uncle's with Wilmett. However, neithe George nor I was to make much of thes holidays. A fellow lodger, who was recover ing from a successfully concealed and virulen type of measles, asked to be allowed to rest in our sitting room where George and I were playing together. We both took the infectio and I, weakened no doubt by my operation had pneumonia and very nearly died of it

Mary nursed me with unrelaxing zeal and kindness, night and day. I am sure that what kept me alive was the presence of Mary and the book, an interminable romantic one, called Janice Meredith, which she read aloud to me. Still, I think it was a pity that our beloved physician should have chosen this particular moment to warn me that the career I had planned on the stage could never, with my now weakened lungs, take place.

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than any other Raisin Bran we've tried, and **stays crisp longer.** Skinner's Raisin-Bran gave our family a new thrill at breakfast. We like those crisp flakes and sugary whole California raisins."

—from a Letter from a Lady, in our files



NOTICE is hereby given:

No Other Raisin Bran Is Like Skinner's Raisin-Bran

The ORIGINAL

My teacher, Fanny Mason, had removed the last real barrier between me and the stage by offering to finance me for the first two years, either on the stage or as a public elocutionist. Also, to my intense joy and pride, Pennell, who had heard me give a recital, offered me a job in Charlie's Aunt at the peak of its run, on a tour of the provinces, and at the princely sum of three pounds a week. At seventeen I felt there was really no time at all to lose, and now my future had become unmanageably taken out of my mother hands.

My father had from time to time been offered several small, damp, obscure country livings which he had hitherto refused. Suddenly a new project was laid before him. Would he take charge for nine months of the parish of Swanscombe in Kent—a part of basic slum in the country, inhabited almost exclusively by cement workers? If he would, and if another living could be found in the interval for its present vicar, now suffering from a nervous breakdown, my father would be offered Swanscombe as a permanence.

There was very little to be said for Swanscombe. It was inundated with smoke from twenty-two chimneys. The place, however, was dry, the stipend adequate.

Spring rushed into summer and our first visit to Swanscombe was both happy and successful. My father hurled himself with great zest and energy into this new opportunity. He visited for hours every day, and the people took to him and he to the people. My mother enjoyed the complete absence of any social life. Wilmett was only to spend the holidays with us, as she had found a lodging in West Kensington, which suited her for her singing.

Mary and I became the most ardent of curates. We each took over a district to visit. Mary decided that girls should be her field, and boys were to be mine. She started a girls' Bible class and a girls' club, while I started a Band of Hope and a club for boys between the ages of thirteen and eighteen. Mary and I liked the people and they seemed to like us. Ostensibly we called only to take them the magazine, which cost a penny, and we weren't supposed to leave the magazine unless we got the penny, but we often did, and made it up out of our pocket money. We were always asked in, and just sat down and talked about the children and their troubles. It would have been ridiculous for us at twenty and sixteen to offer advice, and I don't think either of us ever did. We hadn't any money and they knew we hadn't. But they had troubles and they had children and they liked talking about them. I think it was in the early autumn of our first winter at Swanscombe that a young American friend of my father, George Edward Barton, whom we used to call G.E.B., came to visit us. He was a Boston architect who had come on to England to meet Henry James. With awe and delight this great meeting had taken place, just before his visit to us, and his description of it fired my blood. What courage, what brilliance, I felt, must be at work in his mind—to fit him for so magnificent an ordeal!

Artful dressing and a smooth paint job will take twenty years off her true age. But you can't fool a long flight of stairs.

For hours, sitting on a footstool by my father's side, I used to listen to the talk between him and G.E.B. I could not join in it. I did not know enough. The world they talked of—countries, books and men—circled above my head.

In silence I built up a relationship with G.E.B., which was entirely one of dreams. It did not surprise me that G.E.B. far preferred Wilmett. He was twenty-seven, and though I had my hair up, I was only sixteen. He was never to know how greatly a chance remark of his influenced my whole future life. I told him that I had wanted to be an

FRANKFURTERS RANCH STYLE!

with an easy barbecue sauce that's plumb wonderful



It's powerfully satisfying...this popular dinner that's as economical as it is appetizing...mighty easy to fix, too.

The all-important secret of both the barbecue sauce and the relish is MAZOLA*. This wholesome, full-bodied salad and cooking oil gives a golden touch to foods you fry, to salad dressings, sauces . . . and to the wonderful new "Chiffon" cake. In bottles or tins, at all grocers.

BARBECUED FRANKFURTERS AND NOODLES

Place 3 cups cooked noodles in shallow baking dish. Arrange 1 pound frankfurters over noodles. Cover with barbecue sauce. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 30 minutes. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

BARBECUE SAUCE

¼ cup MAZOLA Salad Oil
¼ cup chopped onions
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons brown sugar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
¼ cup lemon juice
½ cup water
1 cup chili sauce

Place MAZOLA Salad Oil and onions in saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring frequently, about 10 minutes. Add remaining ingredients and simmer 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat. Makes about 2 cups sauce.

*MAZOLA is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Company, New York, N. Y. © C. P. R. CO., 1948



WESTERN RELISH

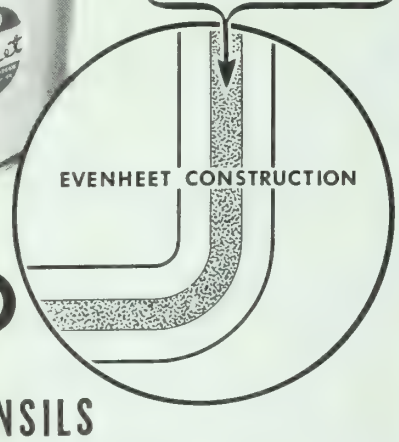
Combine 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon dry mustard and 2 tablespoons sugar. Add ¼ cup MAZOLA Salad Oil and ⅓ cup vinegar; mix well. Pour over 3 cups chopped cabbage, ½ teaspoon minced onion, ¼ cup chopped green pepper and ¼ cup grated carrot. Toss all together. Chill thoroughly before serving.

For the brand new MAZOLA "library" of recipes . . . including salads, dressings; for preparing fish, chicken . . . write Helen Holmes, Home Service Department, Corn Products Refining Company, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.

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THE unique heat-distributing core, from which beautiful Nesco *Evenheet* utensils get their name, is *built-in* between inside and outside surfaces of stainless steel. It extends through every inch of the bottoms and sides. Cooking results are more uniform, "spot scorching" is avoided, cooking time is cut. Many other features offer additional utility and convenience. Insist on Nesco *Evenheet* Stainless Steel Utensils!

Made in covered sauce pots (pictured above), covered sauce pans, covered fry pans, double boilers, mixing bowls and percolators. Other Nesco products include pressure pans, enameled ware, tinware, galvanized ware, decorated ware, electric roasters, electric ranges and heaters, oil ranges and heaters.

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actress but had had to give it up. "Don't you think," he said, "it would be more fun to write your own ideas instead of merely to act those of other people?"

I instantly began to write a book which was entitled The Sorrows of the World, but I must admit that I never finished it. There were too many sorrows, and I had the grace to realize that I might not yet know everything that was necessary to know about them all. But the schooling in words that this exercise involved prepared me for the novel I was to begin—and finish—a few months later.

When our family doctor first saw the little lumps that had risen on Wilmett's neck after a slight, but curiously prolonged, attack of influenza, I was struck by his look of shocked horror, instantly overlaid by excessive cheerfulness. "This won't do, you know," he boomed in his friendly voice. "You'll have to go to the seaside at once, and get rid of these." There was nothing sinister in this suggestion, and the financial obstacles disappeared when Grandma Fowler swooped down upon us in a carriage and carried Wilmett off to Eastbourne.

My father had been offered and had accepted a locum tenens in the delightful village of Betchworth, Surrey, for six months. Never before had we—by the mere fluke of circumstance—inhabited a handsome, well-furnished home set in a garden that was the pride and joy of the best gardener in a neighborhood that specialized in gardens. Never before, and never again, were we three girls—against our own family background—to taste a normal social life.

The parish suddenly found themselves listening to a preacher who set them smiling, weeping and trembling by turns. They had never seen a beauty who sang as Wilmett sang, or a strange creature, half child, half woman, who recited like a professional; and last but by no means least, never had they seen a boy of thirteen who was so fine a cricketer as George.

Mary, if not so spectacular a personality at first sight, produced incredible talents for charming children. She told self-made fairy tales that held the little Betchworth boys and girls spellbound.

My mother, of course, instantly made it plain that she would refuse all social opportunities. But invitations poured in just the same. Wilmett, Mary and I, taking it in turns to accompany my father, were invited out to dinner five nights out of the seven. My father held dinner tables enthralled, and we made the evenings' entertainment afterward. I don't think we were ever jealous of one another. I thought Wilmett one of the world's finest singers, and Wilmett accepted with surprise—but she *did* accept—the curious wish the Betchworth people had to hear me recite.

Wilmett could play a little vague tennis and even golf—but not of a kind that came anywhere near the Betchworth standard. None of us played hockey, and this seemed the most indelible stain on our characters.

A very kind lady, the mother of a large and handsome family of young people, told me sternly one afternoon, "My dear child, I think it my duty to tell you that you and your sisters will *never* get on in England unless you learn to play games!" Her words sank deep into my heart.

I didn't know quite what to do about it. I couldn't play tennis by myself—nobody had time to teach me golf; although I did nothing about the games, I promptly sat down and wrote a book—a whole book. It was my first completed novel, and I called it Life, the Interpreter. All that I can say for it as a novel is that it had a beginning, a middle and an end, and a definite amount of story. I read it to nobody, and concealed the whole process, as far as possible. Almost more happened at Betchworth than ever happened in any one summer of my life.

Mary was about to set off to America, to spend a year with grandma and Uncle George. Grandma and Uncle George and Harry were all visiting us this summer, and there was an unusual amount of excitement

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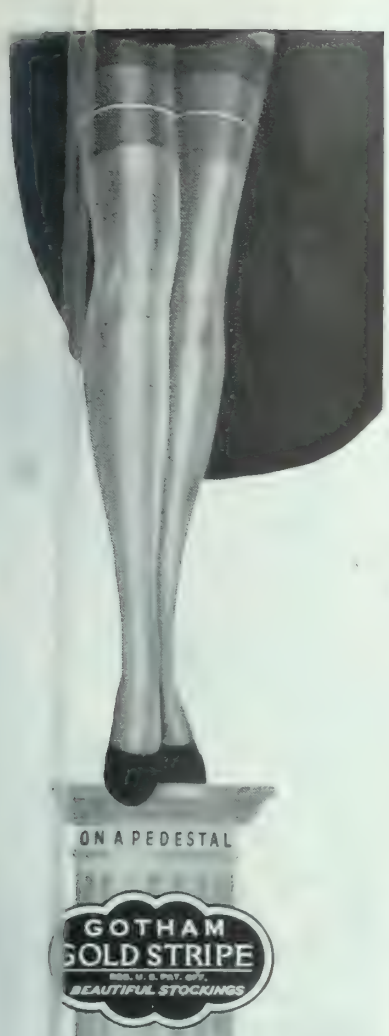
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There was a shadow, too, hanging over us. Wilmett had returned from Eastbourne looking more blooming than ever, but the lumps on her neck had not altogether disappeared, and might, our doctor told us, have to be operated on.

In the early part of the summer, before the arrival of the American relatives, Wilmett began her last and most thorough romance. This young man was a friend of my Uncle Harry's, and had visited us several times in London. Now he spent several week ends with us. From the first Arthur's attraction to Wilmett was as plain as hers to him, so that we all began to take a happy issue for granted.

It was an incredible summer; day followed golden day without a break. No day was ever long enough for me. I often got up at five to pick and arrange the flowers with which I filled the house. Marvels of fruit and vegetables poured in on us from the garden. We ate better than my mother's incredible parsimony had ever allowed us to eat before, or would allow us to eat afterward.

The American relatives arrived, grandma and I went up to London for a few days together, to visit Grandma Fowler, at the height of the season in Grosvenor Square; and Grandma Bottome extracted my first evening dress from my English grandmother.

At first it threatened to be a very dull and disappointing affair. Grandma offered me a gray taffeta silk skirt of her own; and a piece of emerald satin, of which to make a bodice. Peckham, her maid, who was an excellent dressmaker, sniffed at it privately. "I shall never be able to make anything of that, Miss Phyllis," she told me. But Grannie Bottome

Even the mean man has his value. You can learn from him how not to live. —THOMAS DREIER: The Silver Lining (B. C. Forbes Publishing Company, Inc.).

put an end to the catastrophe. "Rachel," she said, "give the child what she wants! This is her *first* evening dress! Let her choose it, and let it be new! You're far too generous to want to limit the child's pleasure!" And my Grandmother Fowler, who I think had never been accused of generosity before, promptly succumbed.

I went out free and untrammeled, and we bought yards and yards of daffodil-yellow satin and white chenille to trim it.

Four years later—for in my youth an evening dress had to last for a long time—I was to meet my future husband in this dress; and I have always thought that the daffodil satin decided his choice.

This long and perfect summer ended on a note of doubt. Mary went a little unwillingly forth on her great adventure. Wilmett was to have the operation on her glands, after all, and it did not sound as light a one as we had hoped. Arthur had not yet proposed to her. The first thing to be done, after George had gone back to school and Mary been seen off to America, was for Wilmett to see the surgeon.

Arthur Sheilds, I believe one of the first surgeons of the day, was chosen. Father flatly refused to go near him. He could not bear the thought of Wilmett's illness and feared, I think, that he might break down under an adverse verdict. Mother promised to go, but on the day of the appointment remained in bed with a headache; so I went with Wilmett. Wilmett looked very young and beautiful, and in triumphant health; it was the last time she was to go out into the world without her arm in a sling. She was nervous and disappointed that mother was not with her, but she was very sweet about my going. I doubt if it seemed natural to the eminent surgeon, or to our own family doctor, when they found no one but a child of seventeen to whom to impart their verdict. They imparted it, however, without knowing it, for after Sheilds had examined Wilmett, he deliberately sat down as if he were tired, and said over his shoulder to our friend, "So that's that." A moment later he was cheerfully explaining to Wilmett that she must





have a little surgical treatment, "to get rid of these glands."

"Do you mean an operation?" Wilmett asked.

"Well—yes," Mr. Sheilds admitted, "I *do* mean an operation."

"Will it be dangerous?" Wilmett demanded.

"All operations can be dangerous," Mr. Sheilds answered evasively. "You have youth—good organs—everything necessary to see you through."

"And what would happen if I didn't have the operation?" Wilmett asked.

"You *can't not* have it," Mr. Sheilds said severely.

"You mean I'd die if I didn't?" Wilmett persisted.

"We don't need to think about that," our own doctor boomed reassuringly. "Of course you'll have it—and of course it will go splendidly!"

But Wilmett never took her eyes off Mr. Sheilds. She asked quietly, "Exactly what is the matter with me? Is it really my glands—or is it cancer?"

THERE was the longest possible pause before Arthur Sheilds said grimly but not unkindly, "Aren't bad glands bad enough for you, Miss Bottome?"

"Glands! Glands, of course!" boomed our pleasant old family friend as if he were finding a particular relish in repeating the name of Wilmett's terrifying vicissitude.

"Are they tubercular?" Wilmett went on inexorably, for she knew quite a lot about illness.

"That we can't decide before we've opened them up," Mr. Sheilds told her a little impatiently.

"Either they're tubercular or it *is* cancer!" I told myself, when he had finished; and I greatly feared that Wilmett would have come to the same conclusion. But the answer to Wilmett's last question, "Would the operation disfigure her much?" reassured her so much that I think the answer to the earlier one slipped her vigilance. Both doctors promised that the trouble was too low down for any scar to show.

Her beautiful throat was untouched by the swelling. I myself could see that the lump went down from just above the breast under her right arm.

Wilmett underwent the operation a week later, and got through it with unruffled courage. She showed me with great pride a tiny line left with flowers from Arthur, "Keep a stiff upper lip—love—Arthur." "I think it means more," she said, "than if he wrote quite a lot, don't you?" We knew only after Wilmett's death that Arthur had seen Mr. Sheilds after the operation to ask if marriage was possible and had been told that her case was hopeless.

The nursing home she was in was quite a distance from our lodgings, but I went to visit her every day for the three weeks she was there.

My mother was quite ill all this winter with neuralgia, and other troubles, and my father had to spend a great deal of his time at Swanscombe.

I was so busy that I quite forgot my ms. of Life, the Interpreter till one day I saw an advertisement in a literary paper from an agent called Watts. I sent him my typed ms. and asked him to let me know if he thought the book suitable for publication. Ten days later I got a letter asking me to call at the office.

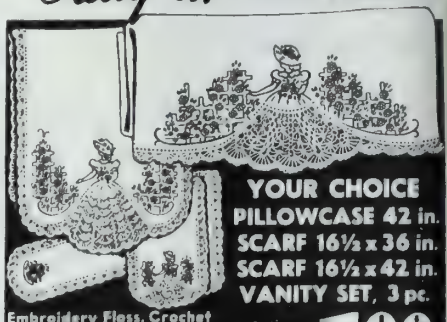
I told no one of this adventure, but went by myself and after some difficulty found my way to his handsome office. Mr. Watts was an immense, stout man with a magnificent head of golden curls. He looked rather like a somnolent but kindhearted lion.

He told me he had read my ms. and would be willing to try to place it. All I had to do was to pay a preliminary fee of three guineas, and give him ten per cent of any profits the book might bring in. As it was a first book, that would probably be small.

The only trouble about this breath-taking prospect was that I hadn't got the three guineas. Mr. Watts, with incredible generosity, told me that on account of my youth



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he would waive the preliminary fee; and I went out of his office as if I were traveling on air.

But the book and its uncertain future were soon sunk in fresh and extreme anxiety about Wilmett. One day I found her with a lot of color and talking rather excitedly about a possible visit from Arthur Sheilds. Our own doctor came in, and asked me to go into the sitting room with him for a few moments.

"Look here," he said unhappily, "I want you to help me about your sister. I ought not to ask you, I know—you're much too young! But I *have* to speak to somebody—I cannot take the *whole* responsibility! Your sister has a bad turn and I've asked Sheilds to call. He may be able to drain the poison from the wound—in which case she'll get over it—but if the poison doesn't drain off—well—she won't get over it! Ought I to tell your parents until we know which way it *is* going? I'd much rather your mother didn't know."

"Will she be conscious and *want* to see them?" I asked.

"No, I don't think so," he said; "anyhow, on no account must she realize there is any danger!"

"All right then," I said, "let's wait and see!"

The relief in his eyes was unmistakable. "I think that is best myself," he told me. "Now go back to your sister, and don't let her have any idea that anything is in the wind. Tell her Sheilds' visit is just a routine affair."

I was glad my father was away, because I doubted if I could have kept the truth from him. He would have wanted too much to know exactly how Wilmett was; but I had no inclination to give way before my mother.

You need to be quite a juggler if you have a reputation to keep up and a reputation to live down.
—ALAN BLAIR: More Bright Brevities (F. Muller, Ltd.).

I didn't want to upset her, and also, I think I knew, she did not want to be upset.

At last, late in the afternoon of a black November day, I heard the familiar clop, clop of our doctor's brougham check outside our door. In a second I was down the stairs. "It's all right!" he told me cheerfully. "Her temperature's dropped. She'll get over this now."

Wilmett was to go to Broadstairs as soon as she was fit to travel. She went off buoyantly; father and I, calling for her in state in grandma's carriage at the little nursing home, swept her off to the station. Nurse Hilton went with her for a week to help settle her down, but Wilmett did not look like an invalid any more; she had set her face toward life. Mr. Sheilds had told her she could soon start singing again, though of course she could not play the piano yet, as she must keep her arm in a sling for a few weeks. Arthur was coming to Broadstairs to stay before his return to America. This time Wilmett was quite sure that Arthur meant to propose to her; and all her courage and her fortitude reinforced her expectation.

Only one incident marred her complete happiness. Wilmett had set her heart on seeing mother before she left London. The doctor had not wanted her to add this fresh exertion to her journey; and father had strongly urged mother to go and see Wilmett instead. He was angrier than I had ever seen him when she refused. Our doctor, when father demanded if my mother couldn't safely drive to the nursing home, admitted that she could. Finally I added my persuasions to theirs. At last my mother said in desperation, "Tell Wilmett, I'll try to come and see her—if she *insists*." I gave the message, adding that our doctor was sure it would do her no harm. Wilmett was silent for a moment, then she said gently, "Give her my love, and tell her I don't insist."

I now think—and perhaps Wilmett knew this at the time—that it was not a failure of love on my mother's part so much as sheer panic pain. My mother was not only a pessimist but she knew more than the rest of us did about the onslaughts of tubercle. Like

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Hagar turning away from the thirst-stricken Ishmael in the desert, she was saying to herself, "Let me not see the death of the child!"

Both Wilmett and I idolized my mother. Our lives were filled to the brim with her opinions and illusions. Her prejudices became our principles; but as we were both a great deal more active than she was, we lost no opportunity of putting them into effect. It took me years to rid myself of her constant depreciation of my father; and Wilmett never quite got over it, though I think during her last illness she began to lean upon him, and look up to him in a new way. Now that I am older than my father was when he died, I can understand and appreciate him as I never did before, and without feeling the harsh resentment toward my mother which—after I was nineteen years old—was the reaction to my long slavery to her thoughts and wishes. I now believe, too, that my mother herself really possessed many of the virtues which she prided herself upon having; and that only fear prevented her from using them.

She had accepted my father's tremendously idealized version of her, when they were first in love, and she felt there was nothing more she need do about it. Nor did my father until his death really cease to idealize my mother, though he had bitter awakenings.

When I had seen Wilmett off, with her dreadful operation behind her, gay as I had not seen her for months, and as I was never to see her again, I willfully shut my eyes to her danger, and devoted myself to work. I set myself with vim to be the two curates my father needed in Mary's absence, while nursing my mother the rest of the time.

I was allowed to keep two dogs, who were my constant companions and acted as light relief to my strenuous existence. Our doctor had extracted from my parents before we left London a promise that I should have a daily walk, which we all greatly enjoyed—the mastiff John, Tommy the fox terrier, my father and myself. We talked endlessly and happily, planning our parish work.

ABOUT this time, a letter reached me from Andrew Lang, who was at this time reader for Longmans Green & Co. He had read Life, the Interpreter, he told me. Was he right in surmising that it was a first book? And would I mind telling him my age before he decided to advise Longmans to publish it? This last question perturbed me very much. Would he think seventeen too young to write a novel? Should I be guilty of dishonesty if I stretched the point to my present maturer age of eighteen? I stretched it; and to my great relief Andrew Lang wrote by return of post, that it was just my being so young that made the book worth publishing; thou how he could think me young at eight passed my comprehension; and indeed I ha never felt so old since.

I think this acceptance of my book ga my parents a ray of pleasure in their da winter. My mother read, and was enchant with, the proofs; my father, more wise critical, was satisfied with it as a beginnin

I had chosen, as was then the fashion, lin of poetry or immortal prose to head ea chapter; and I find that I now wholly agr with one of my critics who wrote that it w astonishing that anyone who could choos such exquisite literature to head her cha ters could write such abject prose.

I SUFFERED for the next ten years from complete absence of objective or seasone criticism, while I continued to produce nov els—whose fate in a more prolific age woul and should have been the wastepaper basket During this winter and spring, however, had not much time to write.

Three months after her operation, Wilmett was to come to us at Swanscombe for a couple of nights, in order to report to Arthur Sheilds in London.

We had heard that her arm was still in a sling and that there were some lumps showing, yet she appeared stronger and we did not at once notice any decided change for the worse in her. She was frightened, as we all were frightened, at these returning lumps, but what we immediately feared was a fresh operation.

As usual father refused to go to the consultation, and mother found a bad headache to keep her in bed. Wilmett cried when she saw that once more she had only me to fall back on. It must have seemed strange to her, when she had done so much for both my parents, that they could do so little for her.

This time she and Arthur Sheilds knew each other better. There was no beating about the bush. While he was examining her he said over his shoulder, to our observing old friend, "You can see for yourself!"

Wilmett asked quickly, "I needn't have another operation, need I?"

"No," Mr. Sheilds replied, "you needn't have another operation."

Wilmett looked radiantly happy for a moment, and then puzzled. "But will they go down by themselves," she asked, "when I go back to Broadstairs? It hasn't seemed to do me much good till now."

"You needn't go back to Broadstairs unless you want to!" Mr. Sheilds surprisingly replied. "Do whatever you like!"

"Of course I'm happiest at home," Wilmett said after a little pause, "but Mr.

(Continued on Page 202)



"The only trouble about living with your in-laws is that you can't have a decent quarrel with your husband!"



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(Continued from Page 200)

Sheilds, last time I saw you, you said I must not go home—even for a night—because of the smoke! Why doesn't it matter any more?"

Mr. Sheilds opened his lips to speak and then closed them while our old friend hurriedly explained for him: this time of the year—May and June—perhaps the smoke wouldn't matter so much; later on in the summer she *must* return to Broadstairs for July and August. "Not the smoke and the heat together, *that* wouldn't do at all." He went on explaining and overexplaining; but I don't think either of us paid much attention to him—we were still listening to what Mr. Sheilds hadn't said. All the way home Wilmett quarreled with me for not agreeing with her that she was doomed; but I knew she was secretly relieved that I pretended not to believe it.

She stayed at home for the next few weeks. I began to see that there was a change in Wilmett, though it was hard to define exactly; for one thing, she didn't have a single temper while she was with us, and for another she did not seem so interested in family concerns. It was almost as if she were on a visit to us and not a part of our home. She spent a great deal of her time with mother, and got on almost perfectly well with my father and myself; but she seemed grave and preoccupied.

HER shoulder ached a great deal, but she complained very seldom. Once she called me into her bedroom and I found her with a small cardboard box beside her. "Phyllis," she said, "I want you to burn these for me—they're Arthur's letters. I can't manage to do it with one arm. He is married now, and I don't want to keep them any more." She looked at me with that queer grave look which was so unlike her, and said, "You see, I have no incentive to live now."

It is not possible to forgive myself for what followed. I let her go back to Broadstairs alone. No other idea had occurred to any of us at the moment; but it should have occurred to me. I was too happy in my new life too busy after years of empty loneliness t understand where my true duty lay.

Wilmett went back to Broadstairs at th end of June, and a few weeks later she wrot begging mother to visit her. Mother refused and Wilmett wrote again asking for me; an I, too, refused. My mother reproached m sharply, and appealed to my father to urg me to go. My father, with a queer look at her replied, "I don't understand either of you Daisy; but Wilmett asked *first* for you." My mother said no more. I knew they both wanted me to go, but who was to run their errands?

A FEW weeks later we had a telegram from Mrs. Courtney to say that she was bringing Wilmett home in two days' time, and that a letter would follow from Doctor Courtney. It was a frightened but guarded letter. Wilmett wanted to come home; she was less well and needed expert nursing.

Even then my poor mother wanted to stop Wilmett's coming, but this time she found both my father and myself fiercely against her. Too late, I would now have given my life to give Wilmett what she no longer wanted.

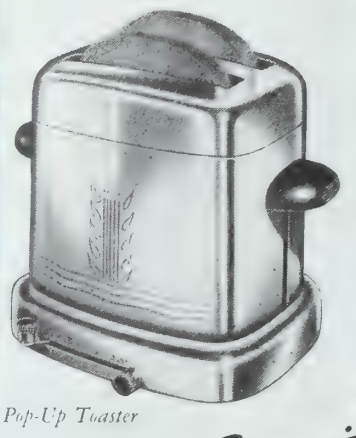
We tried to hide our shock when we saw her. Two months previously she had left us looking nearly her normal self; now she was so thin that when I helped her upstairs—for she was too weak to sit up for tea in the sitting room—I had nearly to carry her. "Now," she whispered to me, half laughing, half crying, "*you're* the *big* sister and I'm the little one!" She was coughing nearly all the time. "I shall come downstairs for Christmas," she told me, when I had got her safe in bed; but she never came downstairs again.

Nurse Hilton, her former nurse, whom she loved and who adored her, came and stayed with Wilmett till the end.

It took a long time for Wilmett to die. Mary came back from America a few weeks later. She had wonderful American clothes and presents for all of us. I can remember how hurt she was at the little attention all

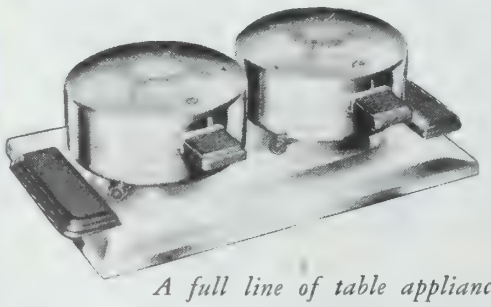
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gifts and foreign experiences won from parents. They did the best they could—their minds were absorbed in their sick ld.

had a sharp attack of influenza just be- e Christmas, and accepted an invitation go to Torquay for ten days. The doctor d Nurse Hilton both urged me to go. I ought Wilmett much weaker when I got ck, but her cough was less. I had three re weeks with her.

Arthur Sheilds and our London doctor ne down in a flurry of shocked panic, a v days later. This visit was a dreadful or- al for my parents, but it cheered and lped Wilmett. My mother rose to it like e heroine I believe she ways secretly was. was to her they rned—after they d been with Wilmett—give their verdict. My ther went into his study d shut the door on them. Nothing was done about fection, though we were arned not to kiss Wilmett; t when she said to me in a frightened way, Phyllis, they don't kiss me any more!" of urse I went on kissing her. I don't think e was often frightened, but I used to watch r grave, accusing eyes clinging to one thing ter another in the room, as if she were raid to let any familiar thing out of her ght.

The night she died, she said as I was leav- g the room, "Are any of you writing to eorge? If you are, tell him not to forget his d chum!" She fell asleep earlier than usual. or days her heavy cardiac breathing had een heard all over the house, but this night sounded quieter.

At midnight Nurse Hilton looked in to see Wilmett wanted anything. She found her sleep with her head resting on her hand. he went in again at four o'clock in the morn- g, and found Wilmett lying in the same po- tion, only she had ceased to breathe.

Mary was sharing Nurse Hilton's room with her, and together they washed and did all the last offices for Wilmett. They decided to wait for me to wake and break their loss to my parents. When I saw Mary's face at the door, I knew what had happened.

I thought it would be terrible to tell my mother, but she gave a long sigh of relief. "Thank God," she said, "my darling has escaped at last!" My father said, "I can't bear it!" and turned his face to the wall.

I went back to Wilmett's room by myself, after I had told them. When I found myself in her empty, silent room I knew that my childhood had gone with her.

Now that I look back on my own education as a child I believe that more than half of it came from Wilmett, and did not cease with her death. Nor was it an education wholly without benefits.

The good of mankind means the attainment by every man of all the happiness which he can enjoy without diminishing the happiness of his fellow men. —T. H. HUXLEY.

It is true that I had acquired very little accurate or practical knowledge. I had chosen a bad goal, and had a faulty method of approaching life, yet I was older and more responsible for my age than most girls of eighteen are today. I was beginning to earn my own living, yet the main task in life had not even been presented to me—I was unable to disassociate my thoughts from my wishes; and therefore had no moral freedom.

This made me a constant danger to myself and others. My goal was a prestige goal and, in consequence, I lacked social interest. I had had the immense advantage of loving parents, who had done nothing to undermine my creative confidence. I had known intimately many good and understanding people. I believed in life and was eagerly prepared to do my share toward improving it; but there was a flaw in the golden bowl of my youth—as there is in many others' golden bowls—I had not learned that there is no way of improving anything until one has learned how to improve oneself. THE END



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RECIPE

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PARFAIT CHIFFON CAKE

Heat oven to 325° (slow moderate) and...
Prepare chocolate mixture: Melt 2 squares cooking chocolate. Add ¼ cup hot water, ¼ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon soda. Mix well.

1. *In first bowl,* sift together:
- **2 cups sifted all-purpose flour**
- **1½ cups sugar**
- **3 tsp. baking powder**
- **1 tsp. salt**

Form a well and add these:
- **½ cup Wesson Oil**
- **7 unbeaten egg yolks**
- **¾ cup water**
- **2 tsp. vanilla**

Beat till smooth. Easy with Wesson!

2. *In second bowl,* put:
- **1 cup egg whites (7 or 8 medium)**
- **½ tsp. cream of tartar**

Beat into stiff peaks, *stiffer than for meringue.*

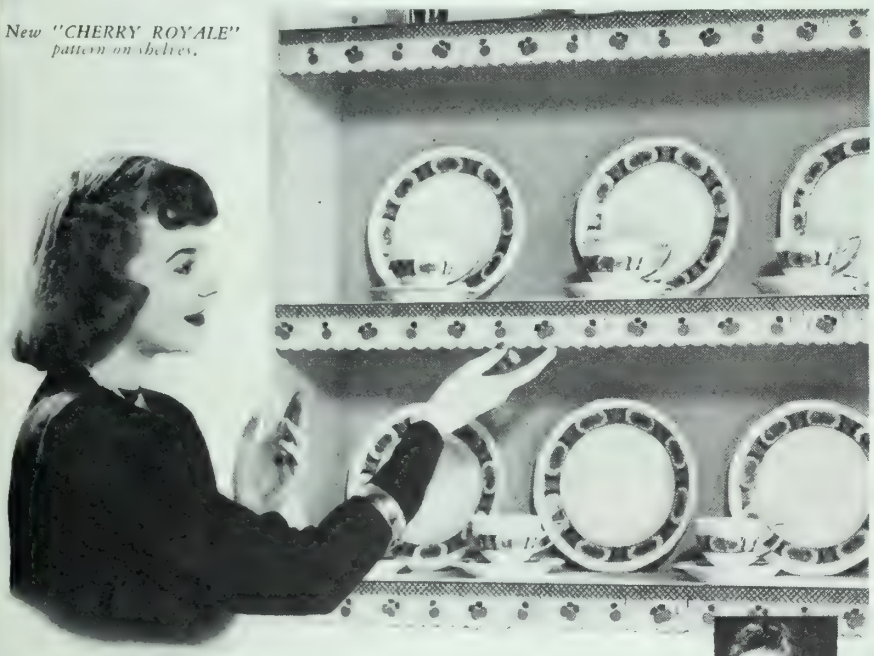
Pour smooth Wesson Oil batter gradually over beaten egg whites, gently folding in. DON'T STIR. Divide batter; add chocolate mixture to half. Pour plain and chocolate batters alternately into ungreased 10 in. tube pan, 4 in. deep.

3. Bake 55 min. at 325°, then increase to 350° (moderate) for 10 to 15 min., or until top springs back when lightly touched. Turn pan upside down, placing tube over neck of bottle; let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen sides with spatula; turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen.



Wesson Oil *for salads —for cooking*

New "CHERRY ROYALE" pattern on shelves.



How to give your kitchen the "New Look"

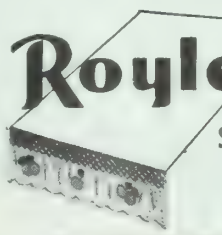


by Ellanor Martin
Homemaking Expert

No more drab, "blank" look—you can give your kitchen the bright, colorful "new look" that decorators favor—*in seconds!* Pick one of the charming new Royledge Shelving patterns—scatter color throughout the room in a jiffy. So easy, simply place durable Royledge on shelf, fold down colorful edge.

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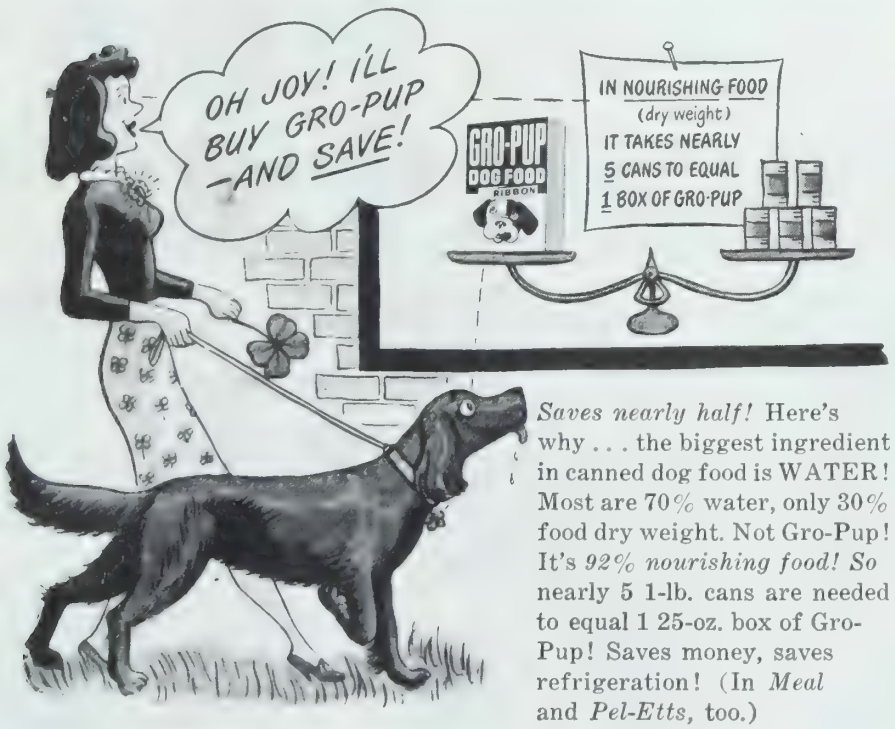
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THE BIGGEST BOX ON THE SHELF

The Sunshine

BY JAN WEYL



WHEN Nan and I were thirteen we went into busine for the fifth time. Our firm, Sunshine Enterprise Inc., had already been responsible for a newspape bakeshop, racing form and detective agency, eac formed with one aim in mind: money—as much and as fas as possible; and each thwarted by the same obstacle: parent

Now we again needed money. We were planning to tak a New York success course, and wanted to finish it and b glamorous by the time we were fourteen.

Sunshine activities had been stagnant for three month following the sudden demise of The Sunshine Detectiv Agency, until Nan's and my parents went to Florida to gether. The day they left Nan got a notice from the public library that she owed thirty cents for an overdue book. And my grandmother, who was taking care of Nan and me at our house, sent me downtown to give twenty-eight cents to a rental library for a book she was returning.

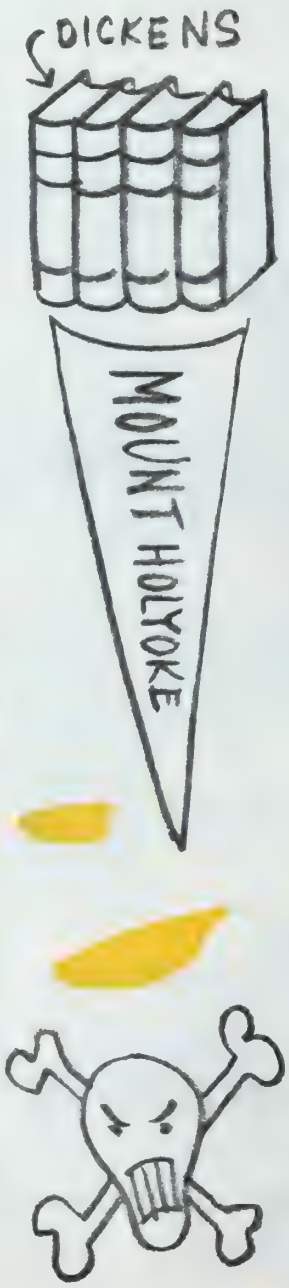
The combination was too much for Nan and me. The Sunshine Lending Library opened the doors of my father's library for business two days later.

Since Nan's overdue book had given us the first inspiration for the library, she became head librarian. I was billed as "the writer" because I'd just finished the first chapter of my first novel, Wilma of the Prairie, in which Wilma's mother was dying and the heroine and her father were sobbing at the bedside. Nan thought that with my obvious writing ability I should have the opportunity of working with the books of other great authors.

Our main problem was rounding up a wide selection of books which would appeal to our clientele, an age group ranging from five to eighteen. We started with the nucleus of dad's collection of detective fiction, and easily solved the problem of more books by hiring two book boys, my brother Tom and his friend Ned, both aged seven. For ten cents apiece they hauled fifty books from Nan's empty house to our library, and switched most of mother's favorite books from our living room to the library.

My grandmother was deaf and took a nap each afternoon, so all action took place during her nap. Grandma, wh wasn't a heavy reader herself, didn't see any difference in the library or the living room, although she did remark that we certainly spent a lot of time reading books.

Nan and I chose the books to come from her house. The selection included everything from the Yale Alumni Quarterly (1919–36) to the classics. Our own reading didn't extend far beyond the Little Colonel and Five Little Peppers series, so we chose books mainly because of their bindings. A set of Shakespeare bound in morocco leather particularly attracted us. We were sure we had the best-bound books in town.



To give the best-bound books due display, Nan and I worked out a special arrangement which no other library in town had thought of. One shelf featured a patriotic display of a set of Thackeray bound in red, a set of poetry bound in white, and the Encyclopedia Americana bound in blue, with an American flag hanging above. Below this shelf we placed a collection of Dickens, bound in light blue, in honor of Mount Holyoke College, where I was planning to go, with a Mount Holyoke banner attached. Nan was aiming at Smith, but we couldn't find any books bound in gold, so she settled for Cornell and her father's set of Shakespeare. At the very top of the bookcase hung a large, imposing setting sun made of yellow cardboard, with the library's slogan printed in black letters: "Take ye a book." The Sunshine Lending Library had a definite look of distinction.

By the end of two of grandma's naps all the books were arranged and the library officially opened. Each Sunshine book was identified by a small slip of paper pasted inside the back cover which said "The Sunshine Lending Library" at the top, and gave a space below for the date due. We had had little actual experience with libraries of any kind, and combined the best elements of both free and renting libraries—the best elements being those that would make us the most money. Our sign, in the shape of a sunset, proclaimed "The Sunshine Lending Library. Books three cents a day first seven days, ten cents a day if not returned at the end of one week. Those not returning books will be punished by law," followed by a skull and crossbones. Tom, who was planning to study law, was engaged as the Sunshine Lawyer.

The Sunshine Lending Library made an immediate stir in the literary life of the neighborhood. Our first customer was a six-year-old who chose a copy of Chaucer, written in Old English. He kept the book six months. Another customer applied for a book giving the facts of life. Nan and I weren't sure what she meant, but were able to supply her

"Take Y

Going Places With Ben Schultz

HE'S A FOREMAN WITH A FUTURE AT LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD



Mary and Ben Schultz, of Rossford, Ohio.

by JOAN YOUNGER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SOL LIBSOHN

BENJAMIN ADAM SCHULTZ—better known as Benny—was two when his father was killed in a factory accident and his mother was left with eleven children to bring up. Today, Benny, sitting in his cozy home with his three well-fed, well-dressed children and his pretty wife, thinking about his mother and that time, shakes his head and says, "She was determined and she was demanding, but I can't remember her ever telling us things were tough, or complaining."

She was Polish by birth; she could neither read nor write, so she took in washing and told her children there were only two important things in this world: getting along with people and making money.

Ben's two eldest brothers quit the fifth and sixth grades and went to work in the factory their father had been killed in. The family menu became a monotonous one of soup and potatoes except at Christmas, when walnuts and oranges did double duty as presents and food. And all except the smallest children learned how to plant onions or pick berries, carry papers and help with the washing.

"Mom always told us we were lucky to learn young that you couldn't live without hard work," Ben says; "and you know, I'd never want my kids to go through it, but I think we were."

It is very unlikely that Ben's family will ever be even threatened with such disaster. Ben's almost in the $5000-a-year tax bracket now. His precarious days as an odd jobber and a factory hand are behind him; he's a foreman with a future now. His children are healthy, easy-going youngsters. Freddie is eleven; he's the eldest. Judith Ann comes next; she's going on eight. Suzanne is six and very self-possessed. Freddie is a handy errand boy, and Judith Ann prides herself on being the school nurse—which means



Hospitality's a habit at the Schultz home, and Mary's never too busy to invent a new game or settle a squabble for the kids and their friends.





"I still don't feel right in a business suit." Ben stops to hear news in the casting room. Remembering his own days a factory hand, he thinks a good boss should keep close to his n

Mary sold Ben a cone and love at first sight when they at a drive-in 12 years ago. Major courtship attraction— blue eyes. Sole marriage assets—"$65 and a lot of plan

On a stay-at-home evening, Schultz style, reading's the occupation preferred



From the other side of the tracks to $4640 a year—confidence, competence and three good women helped Ben cross over.

she takes the children who have nosebleeds to the lavatory; all of them get their own breakfasts and make their own beds, but—as Benny puts it—in one generation the Schultzes have advanced from "soup to nuts."

How? Ben says it took "confidence and competence." But those are not easy things to come by on the other side of the tracks. When Ben looks back—which is not often, because, like most of us, he's too concerned with the present to reflect long on the past—he thinks first of the influence of his mother, and second, of the influence of a woman for whom he worked.

Ben's first "real" job was when he was eight: four weeks of onion planting paid him $10. At nine he had his own paper route, which he completed before he went to school each morning. Then, the summer he was eleven, he got a job that was not only good, it was wonderful. He became a gardener's helper on the estate of William E. Bock, the multimillionaire inventor of a bottle-blowing machine and a roller bearing. Benny's twenty-year-old brother Joe was the first to land at the Bocks'; it was through his job as head gardener that Ben and his brother Stanley, then nine, got their gardener's-helper jobs, and two sisters, Valerie and Stella, got jobs as maids.

For four years Ben worked with Mrs. Bock, who took it upon herself to play a combination fairy godmother and Dutch uncle to the five Schultzes. She gave them their meals, clothed them for school each fall, paid them well for summer work and work after school during the winter; but most of all, she showed them a way of life and a faith. She refused to hire them if they quit or missed any classes; she insisted they take naps or rest every day, gave them a room each where they could change, rest—and live, if they wanted to (all but Stanley didn't want to). She made them welcome in the big, well-stocked Bock library at any time whatsoever, and insisted that they all be clean, tidy, well



Until their dream home comes along, the Schultzes live a convenient quarter of a mile from the factory. The present girl friend house—company owned—rents for $16.50 a month.



How to make the most of the noon hour: Ben likes to share a sociable hamburger with Mary, often brings home a delicatessen pickup if she's tired. Family spends $29 weekly for food.

"When we have more money and more time, we'll spend them both on books."



mannered, socially graceful and very considerate of every living thing on the estate—be it bird, beast, flower, servant or family. If they didn't live up to her high standards, she gave them gentle lectures, usually in the form of fables in which loving-kindness triumphed and hostility beat a retreat. Whenever the boys got into squabbles, Mrs. Bock seemed to appear from nowhere, to talk about love and forgiveness, and to tell them that they were fine boys and had a chance of becoming fine men.

The summer day a tornado ripped through Toledo and stormed around the Bock estate, Mrs. Bock noticed Benny cowering with fright like a whipped pup and told him to come with her into the vast living room and sit down in the big chair that faced the garden window, and watch the storm quietly. She herself sat down in the chair opposite, and, together, the small, scared boy and the calm, imposing millionaire's wife sat and watched out the long, terrible tornado without a word. When the noise of the wind began to fade, Mrs. Bock rose and suggested they go see what damage had been done. She never spoke of the incident and neither did Ben, but he lost all fear of thunderstorms that day—and of a great many other things too.

"She was a great old girl," Benny says. "She taught me a lot. I don't mean the books and table manners exactly—she gave me a lot of confidence. She made you feel like you must be some good because she thought you were."

Ben met the third woman in his life, Mary Taylor, now Mrs. Ben Schultz, when he was twenty and she was nineteen. She's of Irish descent—"away back"; her hair is curly black and her eyes are hazel. They met on a spring night twelve years ago. Mary had just graduated from high school and taken her first job. He'd wanted desperately to go to college, but he had to work in order to pay his way, and at the end of his first year he found that, for all his strong body and disciplined ways, he couldn't make it—the words in the textbooks took to whirling around the room when he tried to study after eight hours of factory labor. He either had to quit school or quit eating, so he left Toledo University, pigeonholed his dream of becoming a public accountant, and began to make the Libbey-Owens-Ford glassworks his career.

He hoped that when he had made enough money, and saved some of it, and had some extra energy, he'd go back to school at night. Because he wanted an ice-cream cone on a June night in 1936, his



Judy, 7, in confirmation dress. She wants 10 bikes, 10 children.

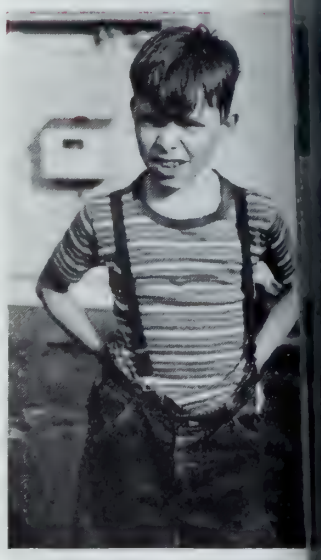
plans changed. He drove up to the frozen-custard stand in his jalopy and fate, fresh, curly-haired and dimpled, walked out to wait on him. Ben says now he was immediately attracted to Mary, though he can't say just why. Mary says she hardly noticed him at all, "except his blue eyes." It was her first job: she had just graduated from high school and didn't know what she was going to do. She had her choice of business school or staying home. Her family weren't wealthy, but they were comfortably off. The drive-in job was a summertime stopgap.

"I never have figured out just how we got married," Ben says. "I never asked her to marry me. She just kept saying 'when we're married,' and what's a fellow to do?"

"Oh, you," Mary says. "You drove over to the stand every night for ten nights running just to drive me home—which was only a block away. And who got me that wedding ring and engagement ring all at one time? Before I'd even said yes."

In November, they were married before a justice of the peace. Ben had $65 in the bank, his jalopy and $30-a-week pay. Mary had spent what money she earned at the drive-in on clothes: the last of it bought her hunter-green velvet wedding dress (which she still wears, she's that slim). Nine years later they were married again in church. In the years in between, Mary observed Catholic rituals with Ben and the children, but weighed her own attitude until a persuasive priest did what Ben had vowed he would never do—asked her to join the Catholic Church.

For six months they lived with Mary's parents. "They're wonderful people," Ben says. "But that's no way to bring up a family. Better to be broke in a place of your own." They moved out when Freddie was on the way, and, as Judith Ann and Suzie followed, Ben began worrying again about getting ahead. Some of the words of Mrs. Bock began ringing in his ears. An educated man with confidence in himself, she often said, need never stand still. Ben thought about this and then he sat down and wrote a two-page letter to his boss. It was right to the point: it asked why, with four years' high school and one year of college, he still was nothing but a factory hand. Was it his fault—or was it the company's? Should he go to another outfit? He never got a written answer to that letter. But two months later he got another kind of answer—a promotion. It seemed the letter arrived when the company was looking for four men to help direct wartime expansion, and Ben was placed, night foreman, in the new optical branch of the glassworks. Six years later, when he was a full-fledged foreman, he got another answer: the letter he had written came back to him from his boss with a note. "A letter from a twenty-six-year-old has-been you might want to read," the note said.



Freddie, 11, does good deeds neighbors, plans to be a doct

Today Ben runs the Tuf-flex department—which, as its name implies, makes glass "tuf" and heat-resistant, even when it's flexible, as in streamlined-car windows. He has 25 men under him, and his small office, shared with his secretary (a man) is right off the factory division handling the glass. His men, and the front office, call him Benny. He believes (just as he does at home) that encouragement is a stronger stimulus to work than discouragement; he rarely bawls anyone out, makes it a point to keep the men informed on how the department is doing, and keeps the door open to grievances and personal problems.

When Ben was one of the ordinary workers in the factory, he was a member of the union; as a foreman he is not, but he retains his belief that a good union benefits management and labor alike.

Cowboys and Arthur Godfrey are Suzanne's favorite people. "Doing just everything" will be her career.





Self-service department: Judy likes to make lunch for her 6-year-old sister. Suzie goes to public school while Fred and Judy attend parochial, as part of religious training.



There's no headache in a haircut when Frank Sedlar wields the shears. He used to barber President Taft, keeps two yellow lovebirds to intrigue his young clients.

Some time back, he ran for the Board of Education as a Democrat in hopes of helping along his educational dream: regular vocational courses in the public schools, or at least a general mechanical course, similar to the general-science courses which are taught now. He got licked, but hopes to try again one of these days. He also hopes—and with very good reason—to climb higher in the administration of the company. To do this, he believes that he must learn more of the operation of the plant as a whole, of the division he works in, of human relations in general, and the workers in Libbey-Owens-Ford in particular.

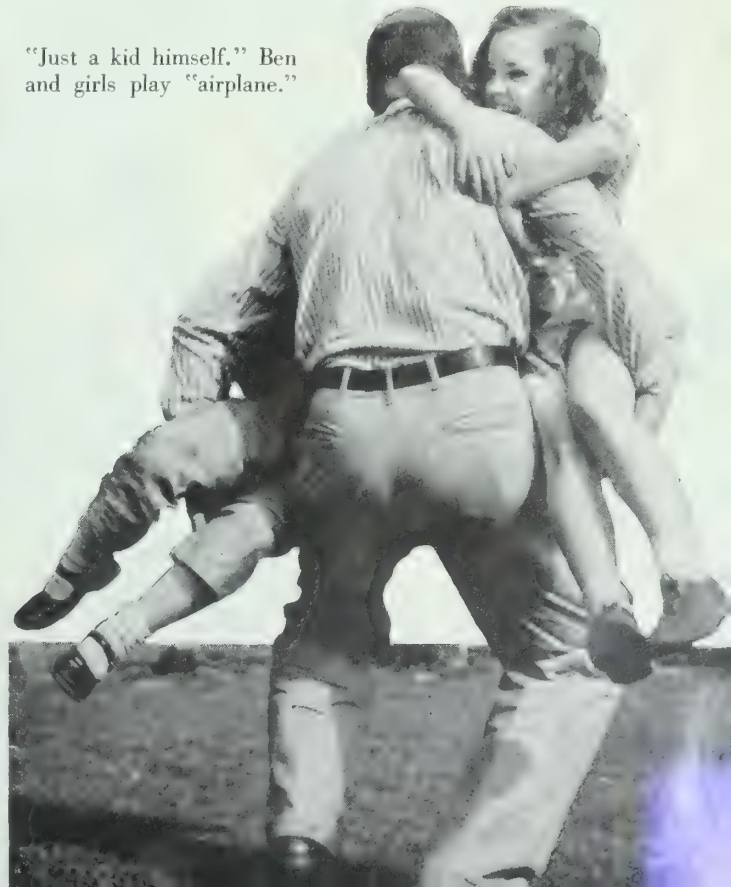
The last should be easy enough. Ben never gets anywhere he is going—except to work—on time because he always has to stop and talk to people. Judith Ann is like him. She frequently can't play downstairs after supper, but must stay in her room because it has taken her two hours and a half to walk the five blocks home from school. She says it's not *her* fault: there is a new football stadium being built near the school which she must inspect; the barber keeps two yellow lovebirds; a television set is on display at the radio store; at least three children live between her and the corner, and when the children on the other side are at home, it seems silly



"Important citizens wear shirttails in," and Mary helps Fred look the part. Her talent for sewing holds clothes expenses to $250 yearly.



Judy runs "cut-rate" errands at 5¢ per trip. She'll get an allowance when she's 12, knows "where money comes from—how it goes."



"Just a kid himself." Ben and girls play "airplane."



"All play and no work makes a good Sunday." Ben and brother-in-law Frank Domalski (who taught him to bake cakes) do the cooking—on Friday night.

Success can't mean a thing without people to care for—who care for you.



to come in first and then run right back out again. There is so very much to do in this world and so many wonderful people to talk to.

The two other children share in this family feeling, but with more restraint. Suzanne carries about her an air of delight that is as satisfying as the first crocus of April. If there is no one handy to talk to, she will talk softly to herself in a sweet singsong of small stories, or gently tell her dolls how to behave. Her stories have a beginning and a middle and an end and are related with wide-eyed feeling. Freddie, breathless and quick like his mother, has an eagerness to oblige that makes him a champion errand runner and good-turn doer, for all the fact that he is a bit too young for the local Boy Scout troop.

Their home is on the Dixie Highway, where it stretches east out of Toledo, cuts through the Libbey-Owens-Ford property to become Main Street to the factory town of Rossford. The Schultzes' front porch sits well back from the highway traffic, and, since the gray-and-white frame-and-shingle house they live in is one of the few houses still owned by the company, they pay a mere $16.50 a month for rent! "We expect a home *really* our own someday," Ben says, "but this will do nicely until one comes along."

In front of their house is a wide green lawn that melts into the next-door neighbors' unchecked by fence or shrubbery. In back is another lawn, cut into by the several (Continued on Page 276)

While the grownups relax for a game of "sevens," the kids play "far, far away," which is Jerry's name for any sport that takes them out from under.



forget recipes, mess and work with these

Quickest-of-all! Grandest-of-all!

BISCUITS



FIND THEM IN YOUR GROCER'S REFRIGERATOR



Here's the Ballard Workless way!



Out of the package...



into the oven...

onto the table FAST!



The only biscuits in the world that are *no trouble at all!*

No Measuring • No Mixing • No Rolling
No Cutting • No Failures • No Cleanup

Just bake 'em and butter 'em! That's all. Close your eyes, open your mouth and — m-m-m. *Biscuits!* Fresh, hot, home-baked biscuits. The real Southern kind that simply melt in your mouth — they're that tender. Flaky light, golden brown, perfect every single time!

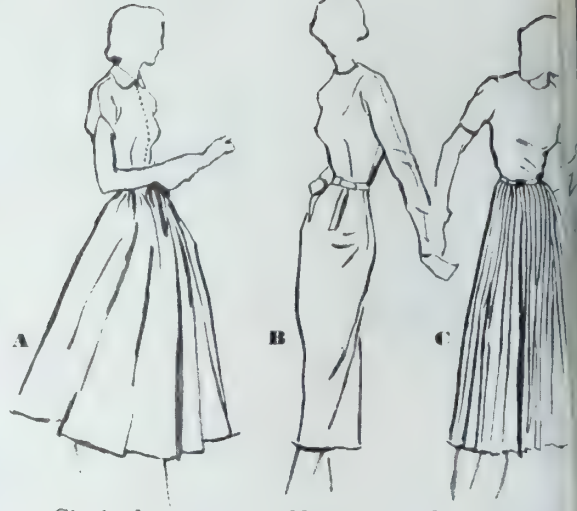
You see, Ballard makes OvenReadys from a famous old recipe, with snowy-white flour, purest shortening. Ballard vacuum-seals their rich, fresh flavor, rushes them to your grocer's refrigerator. One package makes a big plateful of the biscuits that make the meal!

Distributed Exclusively by *Kraft*

Ballard *OvenReady* Biscuits

Best you ever tasted . . . or your money back





A. *Six-inch grosgrain ribbon is an ideal solution full skirt and is wide enough to make very short sl Complete with grosgrain ribbon collar and but*

B. *Pleated satin ribbon inserted in a straight will give you the width of the ribbon in a length. Use narrower pleated ribbon for a co*

C. *A pleated skirt becomes a long-torso dress. Ou a wool crepe skirt with a matching wool jersey Adjust pleats to hip measure, buy pattern for the*

SEVENTEEN MAKE-OVER

Few of us can bear to discard a dress that has been a favorite. Perhaps it is the line of the dress we like, or the quality of the fabric. Sometimes it is the color that is so flattering. In any case, nine out of ten times there is a way to save it from an outmoded fate . . . you may even like it better after the change. The secret is in the subtleness of the alteration. Example: A 6-inch border on the lower edge of a skirt is less conspicuous than a 2-inch border. We have experimented with seventeen suits, coats and dresses. We have used ribbon, quilting, knitting, shirring, pleating, contrasts and fur. The results you can see for yourself . . . consult the small sketches to see the clothes before the changes. ★ BY NORA O'LEARY

These are idea pages . . . pages that suggest possible ways for stretching your wardrobe and your budget.



DRAWINGS BY
RUTH KLEINSCHMIDT









D. *An old evening dress becomes a glamorous ballet skirt. Ten rows of shirring twelve inches long lift the skirt off the floor. Wear with bare-shouldered blouse.*

E. *Quilted wool jersey is a natural on the lower edge of a jersey skirt. The quilted vest makes a complete costume. Also an idea to use in velveteen!*

F. *Velveteen combines with wool. A long-sleeved yoke and a ten-inch border on the lower edge of the skirt do the trick. Use a matching or a contrasting color.*





G. *A slim black suit looks better than ever with a four-inch fur-cloth border on the bottom, and a matching stole. Fur cloth under $10 per yard, and easy to sew.*

H. *Fur or velveteen borders the bottom of a coat and makes a pert tie at the neckline. Try black on brown, or brown on black, for an interesting combination.*

J. *A hopelessly worn fur coat becomes a practical cape! Ours was a lapin coat, and the cape was cut from the bottom of the coat—the part in the best condition.*

ND WARDROBE STRETCHERS



PHOTO BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

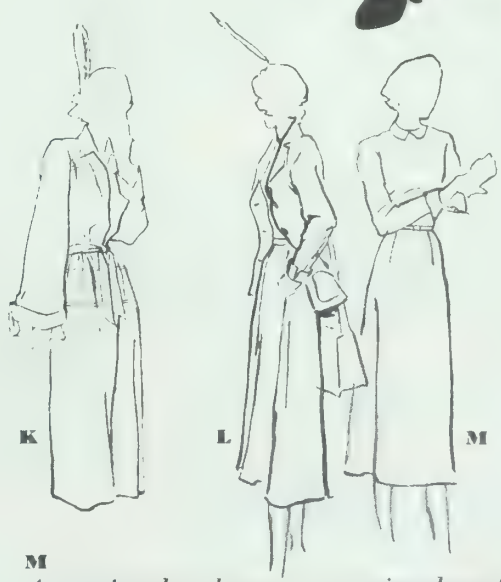
HOW AMERICA LIVES

Mrs. Ben Schultz in her four-year-old black wrap-around dress—made new with a six-inch pleated grosgrain border.



K
An outmoded spring coat becomes a short suit jacket for fall. Wear with a straight slim skirt to accent the peplum effect. Belted or unbelted.

L
A gray flannel suit becomes a dress and jacket. A darker gray jersey forms the top of the dress, and the yoke and center panel on the skirt. Adds height.



M
A one-piece dress becomes a two-piece dress. Separate the top from the bottom. Add a yoke to the skirt, and a hand-knitted waistband to the top to cover it.

anges and coconut? Well, this time blend juicy canned cling peaches with Baker's Coconut . . . either style . . . creamy-fresh Southern Style, tender-sweet Premium Shred. Easiest dessert that ever was—and sure of a big hand every time!

Let's celebrate—
Baker's Coconut is back!

THEY'RE SINGING in the kitchen—they're smiling at the table.

Everybody's rediscovering how utterly delicious Baker's Coconut is!

Today—snow Baker's Coconut on a velvety cake; toast it and sprinkle it over a creamy custard pie; bake it into crisp cookies or macaroons; use it to add quick-and-easy glamor to almost any pudding or fruit dessert.

Now everywhere—in home kitchens, in fine food shops and bakeries and restaurants—tempting coconut treats take the center of the stage!

Look for them! Make them yourself. Get Baker's Coconut today!

Yours—wonderful recipes! Send 10¢ for glamorous new Baker's Coconut recipe book. Address Baker's Coconut, Box LHJ5, Battle Creek, Mich.

Coconut Frosting

1 recipe Coconut Frosting
(See Baker's Coconut package)
1½ cups Baker's Coconut

Tint frosting a delicate pink; swirl over your favorite devil's food cake. Then drift it high with snowy Baker's Coconut—sweet, tender-moist, delicious!

BAKER'S COCONUT

Grocers have two kinds of Baker's Coconut—Baker's Southern Style (so good it seems like fresh-shredded coconut—sweetened) and Baker's Premium Shred (more moist and tender than ever before). Either kind is a heavenly treat!



Products of General Foods

PHOTOS BY J. DI



To make up for a Sunday splurge, Mrs. Schultz serves easy-on-the-bu main dishes during the week. Tonight it's Polish cabbage bun

IT'S A MATTER OF CHOICE

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

THIRTY DOLLARS a week is tops for food spending in the Schultz budget. This doesn't allow for thoughtless splurging, but neither does it mean they can't have the pleasure of a good roast-beef or chicken dinner with all the trimmings once a week. It's planned for! During the week their dinners aren't skimpy by any means. They are good meals and hearty, but they are inexpensive. Often the main dish is a Polish specialty, such as *knydlie*—potato dumplings which Mrs. Schultz serves with cottage cheese and fried onions.

A wise shopper and an economical cook, she is thrifty in many small ways that save money. She uses margarine as a spread, evaporated or dried milk instead of fresh for cooking.

Outside of occasional purchases of fresh fruits and vegetables for salads, she buys canned fruits and vegetables exclusively. There's a big saving here that adds up to quite a bit in a week's time.

Nothing goes to waste in her kitchen. Even the celery leaves are dried and kept in a jar for seasoning.

No one is shockproof to the grocery bill these days. Here are some economical menus that will help out the lean part of the week and some that cost more when you feel like splurging.

★ ★ ★ ★

This menu for five costs **$4.93**

Braised Chicken
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Cranberry Jelly Broccoli
Hot Rolls and Butter
Tomato Salad
Upside-Down Cake
Milk—Coffee

This menu for five costs **$2.00**

Polish Cabbage Bundles with Tomato Sauce
Baked Potatoes
Carrot Relish
Whole-Wheat Bread—Margarine
Baked Peaches
Milk—Coffee

"chicken every Sunday" at the ultzes'. Occasionally roast pork gets a y, but chicken braised in the pressure cepan is their all-time favorite for fes- e meals. A popular dish at their house week nights is cabbage bundles. "Good ngs come in small bundles," Mrs. ultz says. The only similarity in the o menus on page 216 is that they are th good to eat, both well balanced nutri- nally, yet one costs considerably more an the other. Chicken, in the first place, sts more than hamburger; fresh toma- es at this season more than canned mato sauce; a can of cling peaches less an the makings for an upside-down ke. Cabbage, potatoes and carrots are ually the cheapest fresh vegetables and rs. Schultz leans on them heavily.

POLISH CABBAGE BUNDLES

hop 1 medium onion and sauté in small mount of fat for a few minutes. Add 1 ound ground beef, or ½ pound ground eef and ½ pound ground pork. Sauté ith the onions. Season with 1¾ tea- poons salt and a little pepper. When eat is browned, combine with 1 cup ooked rice and 2 tablespoons chopped reen pepper. Add 1 unbeaten egg and nix well. Separate 15–20 leaves from a arge head of cabbage. Parboil in salted vater. Drain well. Place heaping table- spoon of the meat-and-rice mixture in he center of each leaf and wrap leaf round it. Secure with a toothpick if necessary. Place in a baking dish and pour 1 can tomato sauce over them. Dot with pieces of margarine. Bake, covered, in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., 40–45 minutes. Pour sauce over the cabbage bundles when you serve them.

This menu for five costs $2.82

Loin Pork Chops with Dressing
Scalloped Cauliflower
and Green Beans
Green Salad Corn Sticks—Butter
Lemon-Meringue Pie
Milk—Coffee

This menu for five costs $1.97

Pork Paprika—Noodles
Green Beans with Dill
Coleslaw
Pumpernickel and Margarine
Apricot Sherbet
Milk—Coffee

Both the above menus feature fresh pork, usually plentiful this month; but, as everyone knows, a shoulder cut costs less than the loin. While fresh cauliflower, green beans and salad greens are not exactly expensive, use canned green beans for your vegetable and the cabbage in place of more expensive greens for the salad and you can cut down your meal cost considerably.

PORK PAPRIKA

Cut 1½ pounds fresh pork shoulder into 1-inch cubes. Brown in 3 tablespoons fat with 1 pound onions, sliced or chopped, in heavy pan. Then add 2 green peppers cut in strips, 1 tablespoon paprika, salt and pepper to taste and 1 small can tomato paste. Add just enough water to cover the meat and vegetables. Put on the lid and simmer 1 hour or until pork is tender. Reseason to taste. Serve with freshly cooked rice, noodles or mashed potatoes.

This menu for five costs $3.58

Ham Baked in Milk
Baked Stuffed Tomatoes
Baked Acorn Squash
Rolls—Butter
Pears with Blue Cheese
Milk—Coffee

This menu for five costs $1.63

Sauerkraut Casserole
Baked-Potato Puff
Raw Vegetable Relishes
Bread—Margarine
Baked Apples
Milk—Coffee

Here are two oven meal combinations. Both have fruit desserts—yet look at the difference in cost! A slice of ham for baking should be a thick one, weighing at least 1½ pounds, and ham at today's prices costs real money; yet this is such a good way of cooking ham it's worth having macaroni and cheese several times to save up for it. While some ham could be used in the sauerkraut-casserole dish, canned luncheon meat costs less and adds good flavor too.

SAUERKRAUT CASSEROLE

Cook ½ pound link sausages and cut into ½-inch pieces. Dice ½ pound cooked ham or pork luncheon meat. Combine with 1 apple, chopped, 1 carrot, diced, 1 onion, chopped, and 1 potato, grated on coarse side of grater. Arrange 2 pounds sauerkraut in layers with meat and diced vegetables. Moisten with 1½ cups seasoned stock made from bouillon cubes or meat paste and water. Bake, covered, in a moderate oven, 350° F., 1½ hours.

Every Sunday the Schultz family dress in their best and have dinner in the dining room. There are flowers on the table—their favorite braised chicken.





Easy Recipe

Peach Petal Salad

4 canned cling peach halves
1 3-ounce package cream cheese
4 tablespoons syrup from peaches
1 teaspoon lemon juice
¾ cup shredded Baker's coconut*
Greens for garnish
Halved Maraschino cherries

Chill peaches. Whip cheese with fruit syrup and lemon juice. Fold in ½ coconut. Chill thoroughly. Center garnished serving plate with mound of cheese mixture. Surround with drained peach halves. Sprinkle remaining coconut over cheese. Decorate with cherries. (If desired, use ½ maraschino cherry syrup and ½ peach syrup to soften cheese.) Serves 4. *Product of General Foods Corp.

Instant dessert recipe: Spoon coo fornia canned cling peaches from t into your prettiest bowl. Serve " style" with chocolate cookies or cinnamon toast.

You get more for your money wh buy canned cling peaches from Cali More juicy just-picked flavor! More su color! And more wonderful uses th dreamed possible. Combined with foods canned cling peaches help a littl a lot . . . in salads, gelatins, puddings, desserts, or broiled with meat. Kee kinds handy; plump firm halves and slices. Both come in a variety of siz syrups for every need, every purse make sure the label says "cling pea they're California's finest!

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Check the label—Choose your favorite brand of

Canned Cling Peaches from California

Canned Halves · Canned Slices · Canned Fruit Cocktail—in tin or glass





The General Electric "Visualizer" Iron, $11.95.

24 million women helped perfect this iron!

(Many women report this newest General Electric Iron helps them iron ⅓ faster!)

When you pick up the streamlined beauty you see here, we believe you will agree that it is America's finest iron.

Into it are built all the important advantages that you and other American women have always wanted most in your "dream" iron.

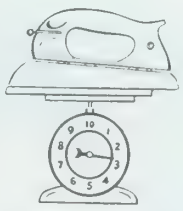
You will feel that this General Electric Iron was designed for *your* hand. You will be delighted with the ease with which it whisks over fabrics . . . quickly smooths the most stubborn surfaces.

Into this newest General Electric Iron have gone all the improvements perfected by General Electric engineering—plus the experiences of the women who have bought 24 million General Electric Irons through the years.

A number of these improvements are listed below. Read them, and you'll understand why many women report that this General Electric Iron helps them iron ⅓ faster—is even more dependable and satisfactory than ever before!



"Visualizer" Fabric Dial



Lightweight—Only 2¾ pounds



Temperature-indicating light

"Visualizer" Fabric Dial permits you to tune in to the correct temperature for each fabric. Remarkable cast-in *Calrod** unit heats the iron rapidly. *Temperature-indicating light* tells you the instant your iron is ready. Double button nooks. Built-in thumb rests. 27½-sq-inch ironing surface—yet iron weighs only 2¾ pounds. (Price, $11.95. Subject to change without notice.)

See the remarkable General Electric "Visualizer" Iron at your retailer's. General Electric Co., Bridgeport 2, Conn. *Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Just too Tired

BY MARGARET DAVIDSON

ARE women really the weaker sex they are often said to be? With litt more than half the bodily strength of men, they still continue, on t average, to outlive men—by as much as five years—and in the hon and out of it often do a physical job close to, and sometimes equal t that of many men.

Why is it, then, that many a homemaker, like Mary Schultz, ofte finds herself at the end of the day "just too tired to move"? It's true th some days she may carry a load of wet clothes weighing 20 pounds or mor tote a vacuum cleaner weighing close to 20 pounds upstairs and dow carry dinner dishes weighing as much as 11 pounds back and forth fro kitchen to dining room; shift a heavy chest, weighing perhaps as much a or more than she does, to dust behind it; lift a sick youngster weighing 3 to 40 pounds from bed to chair.

But is it the amount of work, or how they do it, that makes women s tired? There must be ways of making heavy work lighter, of doing it wit less effort, less fatigue, or women never could have set the rigorous recor that they did at wartime work. Then they sometimes cut shells weighin 17 to 100 pounds, lifted others weighing 20 pounds apiece; made by han cores weighing 45 pounds apiece; shoveled 20 to 25 tons of crude minera a day, lifting it to a height of 2½ feet; pushed loads as heavy as 750 pounds; lifted others weighing as much as 58 per cent of their own body weight, although 35 per cent is often given as a safe maximum.

How did women do such heavy work without too great fatigue, and even injury, particularly to weak back and abdominal muscles? Because they learned to do their work the easy way; learned how to stand, to sit, to lift a heavy load; to sit at some jobs, to stand at others, and alternate the two so as not to get too tired at either; to break their work with rest periods, morning and afternoon; to eat plenty of energy-building foods to give them the strength to do their jobs.

Many homemakers would find that housework makes them less tired if they would take a tip from their sisters in industry, and adapt some of their working ways in doing many household jobs.

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

Most women raise windows the wrong way—body bent over from a distance, with arms spread wide, thus giving themselves a "kink" in the back, or, worse, a misplaced vertebra. To raise a window easily, stand close to it and facing away from it; then, with arms spread no wider than need be, and stooping a little, bring muscles of the legs and thighs into play. Should the window still prove stubborn, place a short stick against the top and center of the frame, hold another vertically up against it, and tap the end of the vertical stick lightly with a hammer. . . . Windows over sinks and others hard to reach should be easy-to-open casements.

Reaching up to get down a seldom-used platter or vase high on a cupboard shelf, too high to reach with comfort, may put a strain upon the back. A sturdy stool or stepladder handy to such high spots saves overreaching. . . . Another sure way to save stretching is to store the most-used utensils and equipment within easy reach. . . . A sure time- and step-saver, too, is to keep together things used together: in the kitchen, all the makings of the breakfast, all the makings of a cake; about the house, all the cleaning supplies in one handy basket; supplies for sewing near the sewing machine, and the machine always in place near a light-giving window.

to Move—

Women who do their own laundry carry as much as 20 pounds of wet clothes to the line—often quite a distance. Better to make more trips, with lighter loads. Better still to use a child's cart or wagon. Better than either, a waist-high and wheeled cart like this saves trips, saves lifting, and much bending and stooping too. . . . The right working height saves tiresome backbending at other stand-up jobs.

DI PIETRO





Many women stand 6 to 8 hours a week to iron. Constant standing may cause menstrual troubles, aggravate varicose veins. Ironing can be done easily sitting down if the ironer sits well back in a chair that allows knees to bend without constricting blood vessels, and with the body erect, arms free, and feet at rest. A new low-height ironing board allows ample leg room.

Week-end groceries for a family of four may weigh as much as 54 pounds. Heavy lifting may result in bone deformities, in menstrual difficulties. To spare back and abdominal muscles, housewives should learn to stand close to the load, feet 8 to 12 inches apart, squat until the body is level with the load, then, pushing up with the toes, lift it with leg and thigh muscles.





Women who make 3 beds a day the hard way—back and forth, from side to side—travel ¾ of a mile a week. They could cut this a third by making beds one side at a time, each side complete. Bed-making is less backbreaking for those who bend to their work from the hips, keeping back and shoulders straight, stomach in.

Climbing stairs takes more energy than walking on a level, puts a strain on back and heart. Going up with body bent into an awkward question mark only adds to the strain. Those who would go up the easy way keep back erect, head up, let strong legs and thighs lift them from step to step. . . . A "collection basket" for odds and ends kept near stairs saves many upward trips.



Mrs. White Uses FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



This is lucky Mrs. "White", fast asleep on Washday Night—
Washday dreams *improve* her rest, since her laundry soap's the best.
It will soon be *lucky* you, if you use Fels-Naptha, too.

Mrs. Gray Uses... SOMETHING ELSE



Here is restless Mrs. "Gray", haunted by the coming day—
She knows she must rub and scrub, victim of the Washday Tub.
Mrs. G. will find there's hope, if she'll try Fels-Naptha Soap.

Every week there are more Mrs."Whites" in the world and fewer Mrs. "Grays". Women who want to make washing easier—who want their washes completely, fragrantly clean and sweet—naturally turn to golden Fels-Naptha in place of lazy laundry soaps. Or tricky "soap substitutes".

Why not mark your shopping list now?
For whiter washes, brighter colors,
easier washing, Fels-Naptha Soap.



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

MADE IN PHILA. BY FELS & CO.

Fels-Naptha

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



Brighten your bedrooms with the new, NEW

MONUMENT
INCORPORATED 1850
Bedspreads

Take *colors* bright as winter sunshine. Take *patterns* gay as a country garden. Take bedspreads so sturdy and sun-fast and tightly woven that they will hold their smooth lines and lovely color, and you have the NEW Monument Bedspreads — spreads that are making decorating news!

See what they can do for *your* bedrooms! Many of them have their own matching draperies. Most of them are *reversible* (think of the decorating possibilities there!). All of them are slated to give new sparkle to your bedrooms at sensible Monument prices. See the new Monuments now at *your* favorite store.

RICK RACK — Colorful rick rack interlaces pert white flowers on rose, blue, green, yellow. . . . . Around $7.95
Matching draperies. . . . . Around $7.95

MORNING GLORY — Dewy blossoms and a dainty trellis take turn-about on rose, blue, green. . . . . Around $7.95

COTILLION — A fan, a rose, a ribbon — flirtatious whimsies on rose, blue, green. Reversible. . . . . Around $5.95

COUNTRYSIDE — Quaint old-fashioned blossoms "embossed" on blue, green, mahogany, rose. Reversible. . . . . Around $6.95
Matching draperies. . . . . Around $6.95

MONUMENT MILLS, HOUSATONIC, MASSACHUSETTS

JUDGE ABBEY AND THE FOUR ELVES

(Continued from Page 70)

and watched her talking. He smiled at the babble of her light, warm voice, he admired the articulation of her pretty lips, and he adored the innocent wisdom of her eyes. He did not hear a word she said. Outside, the sun shone brightly and the snow lay deep over the quiet village.

"And at eight sharp, we all proceed to Judge Abbey's house," Mary was saying enthusiastically, "and range ourselves outside his parlor window, and sing The First Noel very loudly, because of course the judge is deaf, and then we shout in unison, 'Merry Christmas, Judge Abbey!' You'll be in the kitchen dressed as Santa Claus and when we're all inside you'll bring in the birthday cake with ninety candles on it—it isn't the judge's birthday until next Wednesday, but we thought it more fun to honor him Christmas Eve. And Bert Willington will bring the cider and Jeb Wilson is supplying the Christmas tree and — "

. A word or two began retroactively to penetrate Doctor Gates' pleasant meditation. "Who," he asked, suddenly starting, "will be in the kitchen dressed as Santa Claus?"

"You, darling," Mary answered guilelessly. "I told the committee you wanted to contribute to the fun, too, though if a baby comes you can't be present, only I believe none is planning to come tonight."

"What committee, Mary?"

"The committee in charge of Judge Abbey's Ninetieth Birthday Surprise Party. Bill, you *haven't* forgotten the judge's party; as a physician you must have noticed the whole town's in a fever over it."

"Mary," he said kindly but firmly, "I will not be in the kitchen dressed as Santa Claus, and I will not bear in a cake with ninety candles on it. It would look undignified and, in fact, I would feel like a fool."

"You won't, dear," Mary said, smiling into his eyes, "because it will make everyone happy, and because dear old Judge Abbe counting on it so, even though it's suppo to be a surprise. And as for dignity," went on, and reached over for his ha "remember this isn't Johns Hopkins a more, or the Lahey Clinic. Remember Stillbrook, New Hampshire, and we're human beings together that's what wanted when we came here."

"I still say no," Bill said crossly. "Sa Claus is a superstition who should not encouraged, and dear old Judge Abb can ——" But the telephone interrupt his recommendation, and he went into t hall to answer it.

"Doctor Gates, it's Mrs. Hopper—Jud Abbey's housekeeper." Her voice rattl with exasperation. "Doctor, it's them elv again!"

"I see." Bill Gates' face was grave a professional. "Bothering him again, a they?"

"Yes, doctor. But this time he's taken his bed. He says he won't get up un they've gone."

"I'll stop in and have a talk with him

"Thank you, doctor. 'Twould be a shan to spoil his party; and I declare, I've ha just about enough of his nonsense. Why ——

But Doctor Gates said good-by and hur up. Mary was clearing away the breakfa things.

"Judge Abbey's elves are back," he to her.

Mary's face filled with alarm. "Oh, dea they won't interfere with the party?"

His eyes twinkled. "I'll tell 'em not to.

Mary giggled. "Or maybe they should b invited. Poor judge—what a darling ol rattlepate he is! Good-by, dear. I've got t plot out a cake big enough to hold ninet candles. I think I'll bake it in the washtub.

Bill was putting on his overcoat. H caught Mary about her small waist. "I'



Help!

Do you feel insecure in your decorating?

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Sorry I was cross," he murmured, and drew her close. "I expect I'm just scared of making a spectacle of myself." He asked, unnecessarily, "You know I love you, don't you?"

Outdoors long blue shadows of bare elm trees interlaced over glistening snow, and the air tingled with the sound of sleigh bells, for Jeb Wilson had turned out in his crimson cutter. Christmas wreaths decorated the front doors of the white houses lining Main Street, and pale wood smoke rose straight in the air from the brick chimneys. Doctor Gates inhaled deeply and, full of Christmas optimism, strode to his blue coupé.

The judge's fine white house stands on the top of the rise of Main Street and lends a note of elegance to the simple village, for it has Ionic columns supporting a portico, and its front door is considered by experts a perfect specimen of Greek-revival grace. Mrs. Hopper opened the door this morning, and the doctor stamped off his feet and went up the wide stairs to the judge's bedroom. It is an enormous room, darkly furnished with carved walnut, but warm in winter with red wallpaper, sunlight and a hissing wood fire.

The optimist is as often wrong as the pessimist, but he is far happier.

High in the vast four-poster, beneath sheets and blankets and a Rose of Sharon quilt, lay the body of Judge Abbey, and only his sharp blue eyes were alive and visible.

"Look out!" the old voice shrilled piercingly, and then even the eyes disappeared. Doctor Gates stood still, and presently the top of Judge Abbey emerged once more. "'Y gory," he sighed, "you almost stepped on one."

Doctor Gates proceeded to the judge's bedside. The voice of the sympathetic psychologist, he remembered ironically, is supposed to be calm and quiet above all things. "You realize, your honor," he shouted at the top of his lungs, for the old man was very deaf, and while he shouted he drew the covers gently down and made a routine examination of the ancient pulse, the valiant heart and lungs, "you realize that you *thought* I almost stepped on one. But it was in your eyes, not mine."

The blue eyes sparked at him. The old man cried, "Do I have to go all over it again with you? They're here again, the same four, plain as day. I know their faces."

"What are they wearing?"

"Oh, I've told you a dozen times. Green overcoats, red breeches! Why can't you remember, boy?"

Doctor Gates remembered perfectly well, but he wished to test the persistence of the old man's recurrent hallucination. "And did they disturb you this morning?"

The judge implied the affirmative with a series of archaic words which are best described as "blankety-blank-blank!" Then he lowered his voice to a whisper. "They were laying for me. Hadn't barely got out of bed before one of 'em took me off balance. Barked my shin on the rocker. Thought I'd brave 'em out, but the second one hid my slippers, and the third tangled up my galluses. When the fourth turned up the rug and I fell smack flat and winded myself, I was beaten. I gave up. I've taken to my bed, boy. For good." Suddenly he pointed at his marble washstand. "All right, go ahead and gloat, you blank-blank little devil!"

Involuntarily Doctor Gates looked, too, although of course there was nothing but the washstand to see.

Bill Gates took another tack. It is difficult to yell sympathetically, but he attempted to. "Judge, in a few days you'll be ninety years old! It's only natural that you mightn't be quite as steady on your feet as you used to be, and sometimes that your eyes should play tricks on you. Now if I were you I'd rest awhile and then ——"

"Are you calling me a liar, boy?"

"No, I am not!" Doctor Gates was filled with misgivings. As a psychologist, he

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thought, he would make a good plumber, for so far he had only increased the old man's distress. "Lie down, your honor."

The judge sank back and his blue eyes suddenly filled with tears. "And I was looking forward so to my surprise party!"

"But surely the elves won't stay for the party. They'll clear out when all those people arrive and you can get up again."

"Oh, no. This time they're here to stay."

Doctor Gates hid his start of dismay. "What do you mean?"

"This time they brought their baggage with them, boy. They've got little green satchels, stored 'em neatly on my closet shelf. They've moved in." He prepared to retreat under the covers again. "And I'm not going to let them trip me up and pull chairs out from under me any more. I've taken to my bed for good and all. I'm an old man and I'm beaten." He buried his face entirely this time, for he did not wish the boy to see him weeping. "Go away," his muffled voice whimpered. "Tell them to call off the party."

Bill Gates sighed. He stood for a moment longer by the bed, deeply touched, and feeling helpless and incompetent. At last he went out of the room. He left a mild sedative for the judge with Mrs. Hopper, and went on to his other calls.

But the problem of the judge's hallucination kept nipping at his mind. He had never enjoyed being defeated by the limitations of science, but raising the white flag to a small band of nonexistent elves made him truly bitter. His Christmas optimism was gone.

At noon he stopped at the post office for his mail. The post office and telephone exchange are operated simultaneously and competently by Miss Mabel Badger, a broad outspoken maiden of sixty with healthy red cheeks.

"Morning, Doctor Gates." There was a derisive glint in her clear eyes as she handed over his mail. "Hear you're going to play Santa tonight for Judge Abbey." She had guessed it was the kind of thing Doctor Gates wouldn't be caught dead doing.

"The judge has asked me to call the party off," he told her.

Miss Badger's jaw dropped. "Doctor, you can't mean it! Is it his elves again?"

"It is. He's taken to his bed and won't get up."

She planted her fists on her sturdy hips. "Well, now, that's the limit! And I've made a string of popcorn for his tree that would stretch from here to North Conway. Isn't there anything any of us can do for him?"

"I don't think so."

She leaned across the counter and powerfully gripped his arm. "Doctor Gates, you know all about that psychology stuff, and we're backing you. Try again!"

He smiled then, grateful for her confidence, but he was not hopeful.

He stepped across the street to the bank, where Bert Willington stopped him on the threshold. Bert is sexton of the church and a firm supporter of the local Anti-Saloon League, but unexpectedly he is as wide in all directions as he is tall, and his spirit is irrepressibly merry. This morning, however, his round face was woeful as a child's.

"Doc, is it true about the surprise party bein' called off? About the judge's elves movin' in on him?"

"It's true, Bert." Bill Gates avoided the appeal in Bertram's eyes.

"Gory, 'twon't seem like Christmas at all, not givin' that party." Bert's sigh rose into the frosty air in a vast cloud. "Ayah, we'd planned it so careful, too, just what would give the old gentleman pleasure. Wish we could get rid of them elves once and for all."

"I've tried, Bert. I can't do anything about old age." And he left Bert on the bank steps looking fat and disconsolate.

The musty steam heat of the bank was like an anesthetic after the clear cold of outdoors. The doctor endorsed a check for an office call and went up to the window. Asa Spade, the president, appeared behind the grill.

"Good morning, Doctor Gates. I understand the party's been called off tonight on account"—he coughed deprecatingly behind his hand—"of the elves."

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"That's right."

"I wondered if it would do any good if I talked to him, as president of the bank, a reliable citizen. Perhaps my word ——"

"No, it upsets him to argue with him."

"Ayah. It does seem a shame though. And I—ahem—made a rather handsome financial contribution to the committee. I'd have thought you'd know how to deal with him. Your psychology and such ——"

Doctor Gates had heard enough about psychology for one morning, and he left the bank abruptly. He went home to dinner.

Mary wore the glowing look that came from standing over a hot stove all morning and enjoying it immensely. She sat him down to a robust meal, and he felt guilty telling her the bad news.

And when he told her she pushed back her chair and stood over him with an expression which actually made his heart skip.

"William Gates, you are not going to let four elves defeat you. There's an old man with a feeble brain, and here you are with a smart one. And you say you're licked!"

Women had the most exasperating way of rationalizing the irrational. "But, Mary, it's nothing but old age, and that's one thing even a smart man can't cure."

"Old age, no, William Gates, but elves' yes!" Her chin quivered suddenly. "The cake is beautiful, the whole evening will be beautiful, and the poor old man will want to die if he has to miss it." Her chin firmed warningly once more. "Now you look here, William Gates; if you're as clever as I think you are and the town thinks you are—yes, and as you think you are—then this is the time to prove it. You think of something to get rid of those elves. Because Judge Abbey's got to have his party." She marched out of the room.

He that lives on hopes will die fasting. —FRANKLIN.

Her husband went in despair to the back of the house to open his office. The little waiting room wasn't crowded. Only three or four patients filed through: Millie Coolidge, who was expecting; the man with the powder burns from deer season; a child with a cough. And Miss Partridge, who still had the pain in the palm of her hand.

No one in Stillbrook believed in the judge's elves, but Doctor Gates was the only soul in town who didn't believe in Miss Partridge's affliction. He had diagnosed it long ago as hysterical, and in his present state of despondency and exasperation he decided he could be bothered with it no longer; this was one case, at least, that he was going to cure here and now.

"Miss Partridge," he announced, "it is high time we got to the bottom of that pain." She was well named: she was alert and bulging-eyed, and seemed always about to take rustling flight in alarm. "I have tried to spare you this, but I believe now it is my only course." He took a deep breath and announced portentously, "I must operate."

"Oh-o-oh, doctor, must you really?" Her good hand fluttered fearfully in her hat and her hair and over her dress, but the doctor observed the gleam of eagerness in her rolling eyes.

"I am convinced of it." He washed his hands solemnly and put on sterile gloves. Then he donned a surgical mask and glared at her over it. "Are you ready, Miss Partridge?"

The poor thing looked frightened to death, but she climbed onto the table with remarkable agility.

"I am going to blindfold you, Miss Partridge. I shall have to use a local anesthetic, and it may be rather unpleasant to watch."

"Oh-o-oh, doctor!" she warbled again, fearful and thrilled.

He bandaged her eyes and injected a shot of procaine into her arm. Then with a small surgical knife he made an incision about a half inch long in her palm, exclaimed "Ah!" and bound it up neatly in yards of gauze and

(Continued on Page 225)



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(Continued from Page 223)

esive tape. Finally he took a common lle from a sewing case and laid it on a are of gauze. He removed the blindfold a flourish, and Miss Partridge sat up admired her bandaged hand.

It's all over," he told her. "You have n very brave." He gave her something to nk. "The operation, I think I may say n the utmost confidence, has been a suc-s." He took up the needle in a forceps. or look what I discovered!"

Why, doctor, so that's what the trouble !" she cackled gleefully. "I knew there s something in my palm. I just knew it!"

And the pain is gone?"

Oh, of course! I can't feel a thing any re. And doctor, may I—may I have the dle? Just to show people?"

She departed in high spirits, and Bill tes, sitting down at his desk, allowed him-f to smile at last. The power of suggestion! Suddenly he sat galvanized. The problem Miss Partridge's pain wasn't very different m the problem of Judge Abbey's elves. was rigid for some minutes, ideas flashing nost visibly across his face. It was five lock, and his waiting room was empty.

First he telephoned the Stillbrook station oston & Maine branch). Then in turn he ephoned Asa Spade, Bert Willington and abel Badger.

"Sure," Mabel said. "I'll put my boy end in charge here. Be right over."

In only a few minutes they were all in his fice, and hurriedly Bill Gates explained his an to them.

"Oh, now, really, Doctor Gates!" Asa ade, the bank president, protested. "You n't really expect us to take part in a thing e that!" Bert Willington's round face was bious, and Mabel Badger put her hands her hips and said, "Of all the crazy ideas! hat is it, doctor, psychology?"

"It most certainly is, and even though you ink it's crazy, you all begged me to use it is morning. And you were willing to do ything to help. I am not going to fail u—or myself, or Mary, or Judge Abbey. his is what I plan to do, and this is how you n help."

"Doc," Bert Willington exploded, "I'm ith you!"

Mabel clapped her hands. "Me too!"

"But really ——" Asa wavered.

"Asa Spade," Mabel turned on him, "Judge Abbey gave you your start in life and you can do this much for him. Why, he taught you to count when you were a little squirt, and where'd you be now, I'd like to know, if you couldn't count?"

"And don't forget your financial contribution," Bert reminded.

That settled it. Asa picked up his gray fedora. "Let's go," he said.

Out they went and strode up Main Street to the judge's house, while Bill Gates gave them a final coaching on the way.

They waved Mrs. Hopper aside and marched straight up to the judge's bedroom, where the old man still lay in his bed with the covers up to his nose.

"Your honor," Asa Spade announced in his most impressive bank-president voice, "we have come to get rid of your elves."

The judge whipped down the covers and sat up, hope beginning to shine in his face. "You have? How?"

"We are going to drive them out of the house."

The blue eyes clouded and hope died. "But they'll come right back, lad. I drove them out myself once, but they came around and got in the back door when Mrs. Hopper wasn't looking."

"They won't this time, your honor. We are going to ——"

"Sh!" Doctor Gates held up his hand. "Don't let them hear you."

Asa bent down and shouted confidingly in the judge's ear, "We are going to put them on the train to Boston!"

Mabel bent and added, "Just slam the door and let 'er rip!"

The judge opened his mouth then and howled with delight. "Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! They'll never be able to find their way back from Boston. Oh, you wonderful boys, and you, too, my girl, to think of such a wonderful thing!"

"All right," Doctor Gates advised, "let's not waste any time."

And in that instant the judge's handsome bedroom was transformed into a scene of the wildest activity, confused with shouts, the crashing of furniture being overturned, arms and legs flailing, and, above all the din, the judge's howls of encouragement. He hopped



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up and down on the bed in his long white nightshirt, directing the efforts of his champions: "That's right, get that one first, under the rocker! Good, Bertie, splendid, you've cornered him! Now, Mabel, down under the bed—there's been one of 'em lurking there all afternoon!"

"Here's one hiding behind the door," Doctor Gates shouted, grabbing a fistful of air.

And Asa, whisking his gray fedora about, exclaimed with a perfectly straight face, "There goes the fourth, out into the hall!" And added, with what Doctor Gates thought showed real psychological insight, "Why, he's got red pants on!"

"Of course he has," the judge shrilled with delight, bouncing up and down, "they all have. That's the trickiest one, Asa; you'll have to watch him."

Mrs. Hopper appeared in the door and stood rooted in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Out of the way, woman!" Bert yelled, perspiring freely. "We're rounding up the judge's elves." And Mrs. Hopper emitted a shriek and vanished.

"All right, this way!" Doctor Gates commanded, when Mabel had emerged red-faced from under the bed. And there was a tumbling and bumping as they went through the motions of maneuvering reluctant elves down a flight of stairs. The judge hung over the banisters, bleating with joy.

"Ouch," Bert yelped, for he was now thoroughly in the spirit of the undertaking. "Mine bit me!"

They were in the hall now, making scuffling motions among themselves. Only Asa's elf seemed willing to be led away quietly, perhaps because it was being led away by a bank president. Then Doctor Gates flung open the wide door.

"Out you go, you blankety-blanks, and may you blankety-blank-blank!" The judge, hanging almost perpendicular over the stair well, pronounced a picturesque sentence, and the others paused below in admiration. "Pardon me, dear girl," he concluded courteously, addressing Mabel.

"That's all right, judge. I'm going to save some of those for my boy friend."

"So long, your honor," Doctor Gates called then. "Don't worry about elves any more. We're off to the train now. Your troubles are over!" And the three men and the woman burst out-of-doors, across the porch, and down the walk.

"DANG it all," Asa muttered, peeking back over his shoulder, "he's up in his bedroom window and he's going to watch us all the way to the station."

"Of course," Bill Gates said. "He must see it from beginning to end, in order to be convinced."

"Well, come on, then," Mabel cried, wrapping her red muffler securely under her red cheeks and preparing to advance.

"Who wants to stop now anyway?" Bert added. "This is more fun than a corn-huskin' bee. Git on there, critter!" He seized a snow shovel to implement his commands.

"Wait!" Doctor Gates held up his hand. He, too, was enjoying the enterprise, and such a thing as his personal dignity farthest from his thoughts. "Let us ro them into a pack," he advised sens "Then we can bring all our forces to and drive them down the street toget Mabel, you take the left flank, and take the right. Bert, you hold the cen Asa, you follow behind and play fielder, in case an elf gets away. Rea Forward!"

AND with a battle cry of attack that heard the length of Main Street they roun the judge's picket fence; they looked ba and in the window the judge was still h ping up and down, joy lighting his face that it shone like silver, for he indeed co really see four elves being driven away. shrieks and howls began to attract the tow people. Windows shot up, doors were fl open, heads popped out everywhere; passe by on the sidewa froze in their trac They stared a stared some mo for it was a fact th Mabel Badger, po mistress, dignified J Bill Gates, and Bert Willington, su porter of the An Saloon League, we making their wa down the center Main Street beati at the air and danci about in a kind triangle, and in t rear came Asa Spad the town's most r spectable citizen, tr ing to look as thoug he weren't one of t company, althoug obviously he was.

Doctor Gate glanced back at hi and winked at Ber who cried, "Oops sorry! One of 'em' got loose! Quick, Asa he's gone up there o Sheriff Wakefield' porch!" And poo Asa, pale as the snow had to scuttle up ont the porch and grab nothing under the very eyes of Sheriff Wakefield, who had been attracted out-of-doors by the commotion and who observed Asa with sober conjecture.

They passed the doctor's house. "Hello, Mary!" He waved gaily to her and she waved bravely back, for that is the kind of devoted wife she was.

The group entered the center of town and all work in the shops ceased. One of the rougher boys of Stillbrook stared at the gyrating group and commented penetratingly, "Oh, boy. Dead drunk," and Bert Willington's happy face turned the color of American Beauty roses.

Then Adam Starling, editor of the Stillbrook Weekly Sentinel, at last called out from the crowd the question uppermost in everyone's mind:

"What in thunderation's got into you people?"

"Getting rid of the judge's elves," Doctor Gates panted, "for good and all!"

And the howling and hopping, directed by the doctor, continued right around to the station, where the little two-coach train stood getting up steam.

"Four elves for Boston," Bill announced to the conductor. "Only little fellows, so they can go half fare." He handed nothing into the conductor's palm, and the three men and the woman scrambled up the coach steps, shooed in the invisible elves, and slammed the door. Then they waved reassuringly at the judge's window, which was

(Continued on Page 228)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Time Cannot Claim This Hour

By Kathleen O'Neill-Bailey

Within your arms both rest and rapture lie
Where love, a living flame, can yet bestow
The gift of peace so deep my heart must know
It has come home, at last, to live—or die.
Time cannot claim this hour, nor life deny
Its dear contentment, nor the shadows grow
Around its loveliness. . . . For all we owe
Eternity alone can satisfy.

Remember that you bear me where you will,
Who have known happiness beyond belief,
If our swift-parted ways should meet no more.
The years ahead may never here fulfill
Our finite dreams—but do not shelter grief:
I shall be waiting on the tideless shore.

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(Continued from Page 226)

visible at the top of the town, while the conductor stood by as though in a trance.

But at that moment Mrs. Hopper, the judge's housekeeper, quite out of breath, broke through the crowd of onlookers and cried:

"Their satchels! The elves left their satchels behind. Judge wants you to come back and get 'em—he's afraid the elves will return for them!"

They groaned in unison, but Bill Gates asked them, "Is it worth it, or isn't it?" and the crowd held its breath.

"I'll hold up the train," Sheriff Wakefield offered.

"We'll help you, doc," several onlookers spoke up.

So the group of four turned back up Main Street, but this time the crowd went with them. And thus the whole town set to, to help Doctor Gates make his psychological treatment a success. They streamed up the street, men, women and children, and when the satchels had been reclaimed they streamed down it once more, shouting and singing. And after the flabbergasted engineer had at last been permitted to start the train and it chugged away, the multitude gathered about and gave three deafening cheers. Doctor Gates, discovering that the cheers were for him, blushed furiously, but he was proud, for he knew he had proved himself, and warmly happy, too, for now, as Mary had said, they were all human beings together.

The judge's big white house rocked with revelry that Christmas Eve. All the hearth fires were lighted against the snow and cold, and the cider flowed freely. Once Mary Gates' eyes had filled with tears, perhaps at the sight of her beautiful cake being borne in all alight with ninety candles, or perhaps at the sight of the Santa Claus who proudly bore it.

The judge laughed and cried and even did a few steps of the Portland Fancy with Mabel Badger, to the music of the trio which had set up in the hall.

Once during the festivities he approached Santa Claus and said, "Boy, I think I'm having hallucinations again."

Santa's false beard dropped a good four inches. "What do you mean, your honor?" Bill gasped.

"Well, I heard Christmas music, singing and the like," the judge told him, "early this evening."

"But folks were singing carols outside your window. You must have heard them."

"How could I?" The judge's blue eyes twinkled gaily. "Been deaf for twenty years." He skipped merrily away.

THE END



"How about dinner tonight, Janie?"

"I know a place with soft lights and sweet music—and the milk is marvelous! Hurry . . . you just have time for a bath and one of those Mennen Baby Oil glamour treatments that you tell me are so soothing and protective!"



Protects baby's skin better because it's Antiseptic! Over 3400 hospitals buy and use Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil to help protect the sensitive skin of newborn babies. The majority of doctors, too, prefer an antiseptic oil. Mennen actually helps prevent the growth of many surface bacteria that can cause serious infection. Yet this pure, mild, fresh-scented antiseptic oil is as gentle to baby as the hand that feeds him!



Smooth, unbroken shield of protection—always on guard against irritation! Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil goes on smoothly, covers completely. This protective film helps prevent diaper rash, urine irritation, roughness, chafing—and many other skin troubles that bother baby.

Famous, original Mennen Antiseptic Oil is filled with benefits for baby. See how it helps you keep baby's skin soft, smooth, healthy. Start using Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil after every bath and diaper change—beginning today!

Chase chafing and prickles with *NEW* Mennen Baby Powder! Baby loves to be sprinkled with *New* Mennen Baby Powder, too. It's so soft, soothing and fragrant! Borated, too—for extra protection... makes baby feel so good! Buy some right away!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



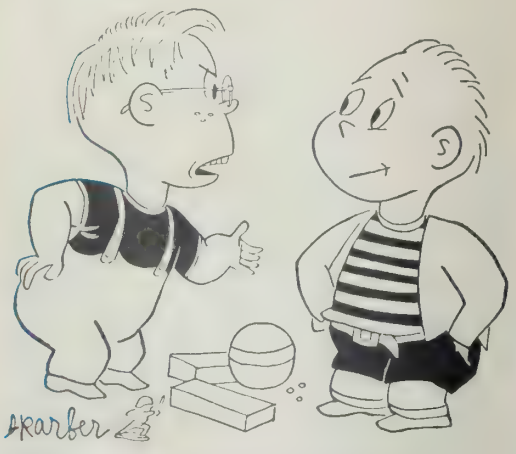
Mennen Baby Powder Antiseptic Baby Oil

Two of the world's finest baby products

Bringing up Parents

DR. BARBARA BIBER, Consultant
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

THE six-year-old boy, getting dressed, said, "Gee, mother, I think my feet are on wrong." His mother said, "Yes, dear, you did put your shoes on the wrong feet." She was very wise. She might have laughed at him—in fact, it was hard not to. But this mother was aware of how easily children's feelings may be hurt by adults who laugh at them when they have no intention of being funny. Every parent wants his children to be close, to enjoy being with him, to come with their problems. But sometimes the best of parents adopt careless attitudes in what seems to them to be an unimportant aspect of living with children. A child who gets a disturbing feeling that he may be laughed at, in the serious business of growing up, can be driven away from a closer relationship with his parents. That doesn't mean you shouldn't laugh *with* your child; it does mean you should be aware of when he's serious and meet him at his own level.



"Parenth have thome thenth of humor—they're alwayth thmiling and thnickering jutht becauth I can't thay 'eth.'"

Your baby looks to you to guard his tender skin from discomfort.

Handle his thinner baby skin with gentlest care



ou keep his tiny fingernails clipped short and ently smooth. His skin is so tender that even those oft, baby nails can scratch and tear it. His skin actually thinner and more sensitive, you know, than a grown-o's. Recent tests show that it would be hurt and injured oner. He trusts you to give his delicate skin your ery gentlest care.



Even during your busiest hours you find time to change him, to keep that tender skin dry and comfy. If your baby is under 6 months, try lining his diapers with 20 or more fluffed up sheets of soft, absorbent ScotTissue. You won't have so many complete diaper changes. Just remove and flush away soiled tissue. It saves laundry and keeps baby just as dry.



More mothers every day are finding the ideal combination of "tender skin" qualities in ScotTissue. It's downy soft to prevent chafing . . . instantly, cleanly absorbent yet strong enough to avoid shredding. You can depend on ScotTissue's gentle cleansing to help you care for your baby's tender skin now—to help train him properly later on. Trade Mark "ScotTissue" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ScotTissue is soft as old linen

Lotus

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"Lotus" Perfume $5 to $17.50 plus tax

a sophisticated new perfume
by YARDLEY

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

TRAINING-TABLE DIET

For Feminine Figure Champions

Prize-winning figure proportions include a waist which measures ten inches less than your bust and hips, which should be the same. While these measurements are the exception (usually discovered by talent scouts), they can be your goal for getting your figure in shape for your new fall clothes. The Training-Table Diet, high in nutrition but low in calories, is designed to show you the way. If you are within fractions of the ideal measurements, one or two weeks' diet will do the trick. If, however, you are definitely overweight—and your doctor agrees—determine the number of pounds you must lose to feel your best and look your prettiest. Divide the number by two and follow the diet for that number of weeks. For example, if you should lose ten pounds, you will have to diet for five weeks. For perfect results: avoid the extras (see Hidden Calories) which are tempting but apt to find you "eating your way out of the league"! ★

BY DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

PHOTO BY LESLIE GILL



"I drink fruit juice to curb my appetite," says Sarah Palfrey Cooke, tennis expert. Fresh-vegetable salads, lean meat and fresh fruits appear daily in her diet

Basic Menu for One Day

		Calorie
Breakfast	½ grapefruit	75
	1 boiled or poached egg	75
	1 thin slice whole-wheat toast (⅛″ pat butter)	85
	Coffee, black	0
		235
Lunch	1 cup clear beef or chicken bouillon	20
	Tossed green salad (water cress, tomato, green-pepper and cucumber slices, shredded carrots, rosebud radishes, lemon juice)	65
	2 apricots	40
	1 rye wafer	30
	1 glass skim milk (8 oz.)	88
	⅛″ pat butter for wafer *or* 1 teaspoon salad oil	25
	Extra: Tea with lemon	2
		270
Five o'clock	1 glass orange juice (6 oz.)	100
Dinner	1 medium broiled lamb chop (trim fat before cooking)	150
	Broccoli (medium serving)	30
	Stewed tomatoes (medium serving)	30
	Fresh fruit cup (pear, grapes, pineapple titbits, apple, lemon juice)	117
	2 slices Melba toast	40
	1 glass skim milk	88
	⅛″ pat butter for vegetable or toast	25
	Extra: Tea with lemon	2
		182
	Total for the day	1087

SELECTIONS FOR A VARIETY IN YOUR MENU

In choosing from the following, let the amounts shown on the basic menu be your guide.

***Fruits*— Citrus fruits should get preference most of the time. You may choose from: honeydew, cantaloupe, strawberries, banana, orange, grapes, pineapple, plums, peaches, nectarines, apples, tangerine, raspberries.**

***Cereals*— ½ cup ready-prepared or hot cereal may be served for breakfast in place of toast and egg.**

***Vegetables*— There should be one serving of green or yellow vegetable every day. You may choose from: asparagus, yellow squash, string beans, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, carrots, young Lima beans, potato (small), spinach, peas, beet greens.**

***Salads*— With greens mentioned on menu or other dark green leaves, you may choose either: cottage cheese and chives (4 tablespoons); sliced egg (1 egg).**

***Meat, Fish and Poultry*— A choice of any one of these may be made for dinner: steak, roast lamb, beef, veal, chicken, capon, haddock, bass, cod, halibut, salmon, mackerel, lobster, oysters, clams.**

***Desserts*— Preferably fruits, but occasionally your choice may be: plain gelatin without sauce; junket or custard without sauce; small serving of Cheddar cheese with one saltine.**

10 training table rules

Penalty for breaking: One overweight figure

1. **Weigh in twice daily, before breakfast and bedtime. Keep a record of the weight you lose.**
2. **If excessively overweight, consult your doctor before beginning any diet.**
3. **Stay on diet. It may take a week before you begin to lose weight.**
4. **Be sure to drink your pint of skim milk a day.**
5. **Do not take more butter than stated in basic menu.**
6. **Eliminate all fried foods from your diet.**
7. **Avoid all pastries, pies, sweets and sauces.**
8. **Get plenty of exercise. It will speed up your loss of weight.**
9. **Spend as much time as possible in the sun and fresh air.**
10. **Average 8 hours of sleep each night.**

Hidden Calories

If you consume (above your actual food requirements):	In order to work it off you (the average woman) would have to:
1 Blueberry Muffin	Sweep for 1 hour
2 tablespoons Jam	Iron for 1 hour and 40 minutes
Apple Pie à la Mode	Scrub floors for 2 hours and 50 minutes
Ice Cream Soda	Walk for 1 hour and 50 minutes
⅜″ pat Butter	Wash dishes for 40 minutes
2 Chocolate Caramels	Pare potatoes for 50 minutes
½ cup Ice Cream	Waltz for 50 minutes
4 Fresh Dates	Do laundry work for 1 hour
1 Doughnut	Type for 1 hour
20 Peanuts	Sew for 1 hour and 10 minutes



Tomorrow's Beauty

BEGINS TONIGHT

with AVON *beauty-formula* creams.

Prepare your complexion for tomorrow's compliments with Avon's quick-melting Cleansing Cream. Then, a stimulating "make sure" Skin Lotion . . . finally, Avon's gentle, lubricating Night Cream to keep your skin soft, supple, youthful looking. These and other Avon *beauty-formula* creams, so modestly priced, are brought to your home by the Avon Representative. Welcome her when she calls . . . be a hostess to loveliness.

Avon cosmetics

IN RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

SEVENTEEN MAKE-OVERS AND WARDROBE STRETCHERS

(Continued from Page 215)

Patience is a virtue when making over clothes. If you have to open seams, do it carefully so it does not tear the fabric. Steam the lines out before attempting the alteration. If you are adding new sleeves or a bodice, use a good pattern that is suitable for adaptation.

BY NORA O'LEARY

A pitifully short skirt becomes a vest, and a new tweed skirt is added. Make an over-collar to match the tweed skirt.

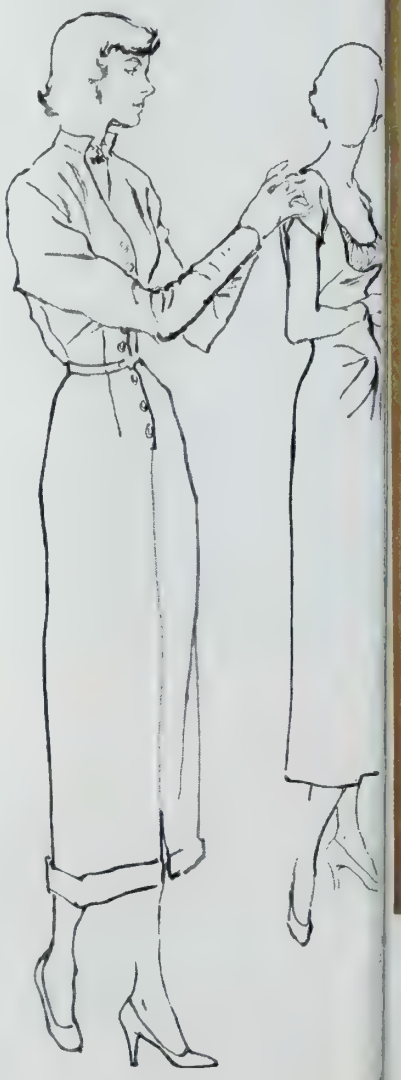




Black flannel is sewed to bottom of black-and-white check skirt. Checked buttons give effect of buttoning.



A peplum becomes a cuff on bottom of black faille dress. A dinner dress turns into a daytime dress; shorten . . . new neckline.





Modess . . . *because*

COAT BY AQUATOGS • UMBRELLA, LUBAR



NU-HITE—Lower and lighter . . . this boot with its serene airs unruffled but for the gentle sweep of winged lapels. Available in "platform" version. Black or white.



WARDROBES GO EVERYWHERE WITH THIS "WEATHER TRIO"

RONDELLE OXFORD—The newest oxford . . . styled sleek and slim . . . uncluttered but for the distinctive simulated buckle. A soft-spoken accessory to your wardrobe. Black.

AIRLINER—It lays enduring warmth . . . endearing luxury at your feet! This city or country boot in rubber that seals out weather. Richly lined, with sheepskin cuff. Brown or black.

for rain, for snow, for cold, get the "WEATHER TRIO" by **B.F.Goodrich**

Footwear Factories, Watertown, Mass.

LADIES, HERE IS THE KEY TO HIS HEART!

(Continued from Page 73)

companion. He seems to understand and sympathize, but may see only the outward facts and miss the inner significances, for his own emotions can remain singularly untouched and uninvolved. He is faithful and loyal, but none too good at caresses, and seems half-afraid of his own passional depths. For he loves life, yet love is not the greatest thing in life to Dick; his work is. He should be a success, for he has an easy magnetism, is clever and resourceful, and carries things off with magnificent self-possession.

Key. Dick expresses himself better in words than emotions, so he needs to talk things out often. Be a good listener and always give him *facts*. He appreciates brains and ingenuity when you are not militant or aggressive—he likes feminine women. But don't try to win him over by being sick, as he can't abide sickness or weakness. Fit into as many of his varied interests as you can, but let him take the initiative, especially in loving. Be vitally responsive then and help him merge himself more fully. He is charming to many women, but he resents their disturbing his emotions, for Dick is not oversexed, for all his sex appeal, nor easily promiscuous. He measures everything by his own yardstick of standards, and hates to be questioned or probed. His moods are unexpected and sharply jagged, but of brief duration, and life with Dick will never be dull.

HARRY 42

HARRY is an artist and something of a musician. He has a delicate sense of taste that loves harmony and color, beauty and rhythm. Always courteous and gracious in manner, he has a go-withness about him that makes him seem pliable and adaptable in the extreme. But for all his tact and responsiveness, Harry has a one-track mind that remains secretly set more than most people guess. He finds it hard to balance thought with feeling, which makes him the victim of either-or thinking, the kind that ponders and weighs, measures and considers and cannot easily reach a decision.

Harry is quietly fervent and sincere, given to high ideals and devotion to family, church and worthy causes. He strives so hard to please others that he often fails to please himself, but anger with Harry is more melancholy than fury. He craves refinement and culture, for he is a perfectionist who retreats from discord as from a physical injury. He finds reality hard to face, becomes upset by harsh and crude surroundings, and will do almost anything for the sake of peace. He would be poor at politics, or in competition with ruthless businessmen, for he lacks endurance and aggressiveness, but his nature is open and forceful in his world of artistry and music.

Harry's wife finds him gentle and understanding, a comforting, comfortable person to have around the house. He is malleable and easily swayed in the little matters that mean so much to a wife, even though he is sweetly adept at getting his own way when he wants it. Though something of a mystic, he becomes very human in love and quite demonstrative, yet in a curious and subtle way he keeps his inmost self aloof. It is as if his world of dreams and illusions were as real as the real one of tumult and passion.

Key. Harry can't bear to hurt anyone, nor to be hurt himself. It kills his spirit, and half of Harry is his high, fine spirit. He is an honest-to-goodness romanticist, ever seeking for ideal relationships and idyllic love. This inclines him to put people on pedestals, especially one he loves, and when she falls short he suffers; or if a relationship becomes tumultuous he crawls off in a shell of melancholy. This is because he is both superemotional and hypersensitive, and he has an inner core of vanity that easily takes on feelings of inferiority in place of the feelings of superiority he must have to be at his best. Also to be his best he must be in love and be dear loved, for he then receives the sustainme and adulation he needs and craves. Har may never set the world on fire, but he mak an ideal husband.

BEN 13

BEN is a government official. He is self-possessed, dignified man, reserved an correct in manner. He looks older than h years because of his sedate and serious mie yet underneath his somber, courageous e terior he hides a lot of timidity and caution He loves to rule and superintend, keeps h finger in many pies, and with his gift fo organization and facts he generally succeed in his purposes. He has a strong will doggedly controls his temper, and with quie determination dominates everything an everybody he can.

Proud and ambitious, Ben craves cultur and position, and is giving a good account o himself in his field. Yet he is a constan mixer who never quite mixes or mingles wit those he associates with. He is too auster and autocratic, too critical and exacting. H almost never explodes; he seldom argues o bickers. But he makes others feel that they are out of step with him, not that he is out of step with them, and in the end others usually step out of his path. He is cunning and clever and must win at every game to be happy, even the game o love.

> **Honor's not well lost for anything. You can't replace it.** —A. S. M. HUTCHINSON: If Winter Comes (Little, Brown and Company).

Ben's wife finds him to be a solemnly devoted husband and father, who loves authority. He is intense and serious in love, yet he secretly fights responding to others even though he loves having them respond to him. He loves attention and gives it, and in an effort to hide his native arrogance he often makes sacrifices and exhibits great moral courage, but with a hint of the martyr in his make-up, and very little humor. He seldom lets himself go, no matter how angry he feels, but stalks away in silence. He inhibits his passion in the same way, making him moody and morose, but determined to be exemplary in conduct at all costs.

Key. Because fear and caution are forever tugging at Ben, he overcompensates by a show of fearlessness and strength. Being so somber and serious, he needs to learn to laugh more and broaden his sense of humor. This will also help him release the pent-up temper and passion which he controls so intensely outwardly but which ravage his inner nature. He has such a strong ego that he can't bear to lose his own sense of identity, not even in love, so he will try to dominate and submerge the personality of a loved one. For Ben is an amative person with a Puritan complex, and in spite of his independent self-assurance he is at heart a truly lonely man, eager, but afraid, to give and receive love fully and freely. You will have to be willing to play second fiddle as Ben's wife, but many will respect, and even envy, your position.

BILL 21

BILL is a doctor. He is capable of high sacrifice, for there is something open and big about him: big-visioned, bighearted. His response to people and their needs is generous and royal, but there is a touch of reticence in his speech and manner, and in spite of his lovingness he does not express his feelings easily. Naturally radiant, he hates gloom and loves joy, and many patients are cured more by his cheerful confidence than by his medicine.

Bill hates littleness, cheapness, puny purposes; he has innate pride and high aims. There is something almost tragic in the way he can feel into the hearts of others, for it makes him suffer everybody's woes. He has more power and compassion than brilliance, for he thinks with his emotions—a sort of

(Continued on Page 236)

GOLD

RED CROSS SHOES

AMERICA'S UNCHALLENGED SHOE VALUE

More smart women wear Gold (Red) Cross Shoes than any other brand of fine footwear in the world. But the reason is *more* than gracious, young styling. It's their value . . . far beyond their price. And their Fit-Tested* fit that keeps a schoolgirl swing in your step. *Shoes illustrated left to right: Buttons, $10.95 • Amorita (on the model), $10.95 • Tailored, $10.95 • Mandalay No. 3, $10.95.*

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Continued from Page 134

honest dramatizer of himself. He believes in the goodness of mankind and with humble pride and simple vanity he adores his own integrity. He is democratic and gives with lavish generosity, yet he lives in a kingdom of his own making and reaches down to you from his throne, but not condescendingly. When faith in someone topples he becomes deeply despondent, but Bill can lift himself up by his own bootstraps.

His wife finds him sweetly intriguing and fun to be with—but he is always at the beck and call of humanity. He likes to nurture and cherish and feels possessive of loved ones, though he may not show it. He is more loving than passionate, and is fundamentally stable and loyal. He seldom stoops, never grovels. He wants everything to come out perfectly, but he hates details, and cannot bear to be censored. He feels despair or anxiety more than anger, and when things go wrong Bill is prone to feel that life is punishing him.

Key. Bill's impulsive, may even seem erratic and gullible at times. He is overgenerous, extremely proud, and tenderhearted. He has a way with him—a sense of chivalry and a princely gallantry—that is appealing to women. But give him plenty of praise and plenty of rope and he will only tie tighter the knot that binds him to you, if he loves you. He is supersensitive to unfriendliness and criticism, and a word or glance can throw him into gloom. His moods are sudden and swiftly changeable, but the sunshine predominates. Bill likes familiar things: a certain chair, his own walls, his loved ones. He expects you to believe in his good intentions and not censure or dictate. All in all, he is a considerate and thoughtful person, a good lover, a loyal husband.

JIM 32

JIM is a merchant, economical and conservative, and a worker in civic causes. He is also a home-loving family man who has a warm responsiveness to daily living. He lives in the here and now, with real interest in the come and go of events. Though friendly and sociable, he is not given to much talking, but he is quietly sympathetic and remembers what he *feels*. Inwardly he feels timid and cautious, so he likes to consider all facts before making a decision. He likes to touch things, to handle them in his thinking; this gives him the feeling of security he craves.

Jim is none too aggressive and dynamic, but is a prudent merchant and a wise citizen who sets an impressive example by being a solid backer of good leaders. He meets most situations with passive poise and without upset, for he has inborn pride and dignity and feels a sure respect for himself and his decisions. He quickly feels pity for others, and sometimes directs it toward himself. He is seldom explosive or bad-tempered, but has gradual, mellow moods of dejection and elation. He generally wears a mantle of gentleness and releases his temper in little ways, such as nervous irritability over trifles that bother him just for the moment and only on the surface.

Jim's wife finds him a thoughtful housemate and a pleasing companion. He is romantically affectionate and giving in love. But his demonstrations are so laborious that they have a tendency to smother, and if rebuffed he may give in to illness. He is frugal and expects her to be thrifty; good at routine and requires that she be systematic. He has great family pride and much sentiment—a sort of idealistic realist who is capable of critically evaluating others without observing the same faults in his own make-up.

Key. Jim is given to dramatizing himself in secret and remembers well every little thing you say or do. No one is more truly a home-loving domestic man than Jim, none more yielding as a husband and lover. He craves being loved and cherished and clings tenaciously to a dear one in an effort to gain security in love, for in all things he longs to feel secure. He does not require you to play second fiddle, but he captivates and holds a person captive by his very submissiveness



Satina makes starched clothes 3 times easier to iron!"

WRITES MRS. P. F. McEWAN, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Satina is a wonderful ironing aid that you use with boiled or unboiled starch. It dissolves easily in boiling water or the boiling starch solution.

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Dear Sirs: Satina sounds good to me. Now I'd like a free full-size package to see how much easier it makes *my* starched ironing.

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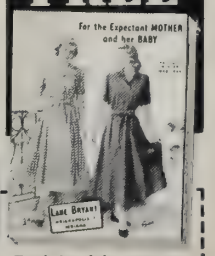
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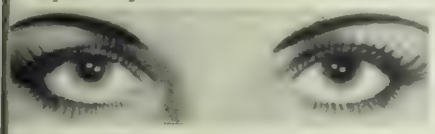
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AMBROSIA

The Liquid Facial Cleanser Frees Pores of Dirt and Grime. At Dept., Drug and Ten Cent Stores.

and devotion. Underneath his pride and quiet arrogance he feels doubt and self-abasement, and if he should fail or disappoint you he would tell you he is no good, and with a look of strange pride dare you to believe him. Don't do it, for Jim is as big as your belief in him, and your love.

PETE 34

PETE is a real-estate man, a little-theater actor turned agent. He is a merry, charming fellow, a good conversationalist and an easy mixer. There is a fluid, chameleonlike quality about him that makes him belong to whatever setting he is in, and he is singularly influenced by it and by the people around him, whom he in turn influences greatly. So most of Pete's troubles come from human relationships, but he gets moody from inner storms rather than angry.

Pete's native histrionic ability makes him an intriguing actor in the drama of life, for his thinking is a kind of feeling. He has a vivid imagination and a sensitive response to color, music, ideas. But for all his quick grace of motion he has to battle himself not to be a dreamer more than a doer, even though he lives in the present. So many impressions play upon him that he becomes mute with emotion, yet he can win by charm as much as by effort and manages to accomplish a great deal. He makes an excellent salesman, even though there is nothing hard or calculating about him, as he can so easily sell himself.

Pete's wife finds him a delightful companion, responsive to her least fancy when in his usually gay, tender mood. Considerate and unselfish, he seldom does or says things to offend, yet he has a way of graciously getting his own way. Indeed, Pete has a magic, special touch that makes doing anything with him seem glamorous and important. Luxury-loving and none too conventional, he has an inborn impulse to satisfy his own desires when upset. So he may compensate with drink or some form of indulgence if life gets too emotionally tragic, unless his refined side clings to his basically high ideals.

Nobody ever does his best; that is why we all have so good a chance to do better.

Key. It makes a big difference whom Pete marries, for if not given sympathetic understanding he may try to get even with life, and rather than take it out on people he would take it out on himself. He has much of the sweet little boy about him which makes him appealing and lovable; he will even take advice and criticism if given in the spirit of love. He has a poetic sense and a reproductive imagination which makes him creative, but he is at his best as a realist. He needs to be helped to face facts squarely and encouraged to use his native ability in both practical and creative endeavor. Humanitarian and domestic, he loves to serve and be served by loved ones, and he needs to give some of himself in service to mankind. He is a sensuous, not a sensual lover, susceptible to every touch and tone.

SAM 31

SAM is an engineer and builder, keen and courageous, outspoken and brusque. He is a proud man and secretly vain, with a sort of regal dignity in his bearing and strong physical magnetism. His penetrating mind and alert face are always watching and searching, taking in everything with eagle eye, for he has an insatiable hunger to know, to experience, to gain his own ends. Full of nervous energy, strong of will and purpose, he loves to master obstacles. Competition only spurs him on and he hates to come out second in anything he undertakes.

So Sam is a natural leader, loving prestige and position, and having a cautious daring few possess. He fights anxiety and inner fear, but this very fact impels him to greater courage and he has the capacity for disciplining

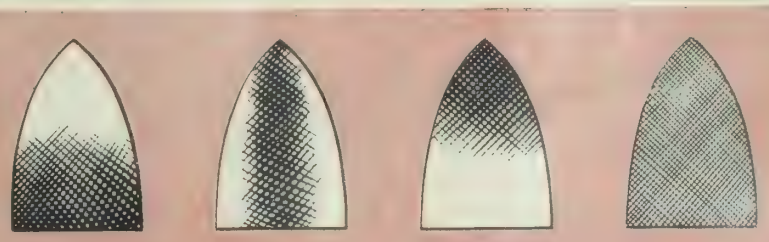
(Continued on Page 239)



THE NEW
HOOVER IRON
WITH THE PANCAKE DIAL

Light to hold, easy to guide, the new Hoover Iron slips quickly into ruffles and under buttons, does a maximum job with every move of your hand. You work less, the iron works harder because every inch of ironing surface registers the same even heat. Set the large, clearly marked Pancake Dial and get positive heat control to suit your speed and fabric. No wonder women say their ironing goes faster and looks nicer with this new Hoover Iron. Made by the makers of the famous Hoover Cleaners. See it in the housewares section of your Hoover dealer's.

11.45 *Price includes excise tax*



Does your iron heat like this... cool at the tip?
Does it heat like this... cool at the sides?
Or does it heat like this... cool at the heel?
In the new Hoover Iron all the iron irons.

Hoover's new heat unit gives fast, even heat over every inch of ironing surface.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, North Canton, Ohio

New Rinso with SOLIUM

. . . the scientific Sunlight Ingredient

puts sunshine in your wash

. . . even on rainy days!



That's why only New Rinso . . .

1 WASHES WHITE CLOTHES **WHITER** THAN BRAND NEW

2 MAKES WASHABLE COLORS **BRIGHTER** THAN BRAND NEW

No other soap can give these results because no other soap contains Solium

It's sensational! On rainy days or sunny days . . . whether clothes are hung indoors or out . . . new Rinso with Solium, the scientific Sunlight ingredient, puts a new brilliance in your wash—a brilliance never known before! You'll see white clothes become whiter *than brand new!* You'll see washable colors become brighter *than brand new!* You'll even see yellowed and grayed clothes made whiter *than brand new!* No other soap can do this because no other soap contains Solium.

And, the oftener you wash clothes with new Rinso containing Solium, THE WHITER AND BRIGHTER THEY GET! You'll see these amazing results no matter how hard the water. Get a package of new Rinso with Solium today.



Rinso is used by more women than any other washday soap in the world



SOLIUM . . . the miracle Sunlight ingredient . . . is an exclusive development of wartime scientific research by the world-famous laboratories of Lever Brothers Company.

New Rinso with Solium . . . So Safe for Clothes . . . So Kind to Hands

(Continued from Page 237)

himself as well as controlling others, if he does not let his lower nature sidetrack him. For Sam greatly enjoys the pleasures of the senses: food, drink, luxury, sex. He is always up on the heights or down in the depths, but none is better at hiding his feelings and intentions, more gifted with concentration and determination.

Sam's wife finds him grand company when in an agreeable mood, with a keen faculty for listening and understanding that is satisfying and rewarding. He is usually serious, even at play, and his permeative presence is always felt even when he says nothing. He is unpredictable, full of surprises, and when angered he may lash out with sarcasm or silently brood. He is an intense, dominating lover and is never calm even when he seems to be, for his mind is ever probing and temperamental storms are often brewing within. He loves by mastering, not by yielding, and is always the ruler in his home.

Key. Sam's compulsive drive may be his power or his undoing. He will be staunchly loyal and devoted to the right wife and she can help him conquer himself even as he conquers other things. Unless you are physically strong and passionate, Sam is not for you, as he is so highly sexed he finds the more chaste and tender forms of love difficult to achieve, and he may have to fight varietism. He keeps his own counsel with a sort of brooding relentlessness, but he is capable of revenge and is also of a jealous disposition. He needs a peaceful, well-ordered home and a wife who knows how to feed his ego constantly. He must be the master always, but he is so magnetic and forceful that one on whom he showers attention feels important and flattered. And he can practically remove mountains if his faculties are given full expression and guided into constructive channels.

JACK 24

JACK is a professor; he also grows flowers, does woodwork, writes and gives lectures. For Jack is a versatile, jack-of-many-interests person who may be immersed in using his brain one day and absorbed in a practical skill the next, equally happy and gifted at both. He is spontaneously friendly and good-humored; his alert senses and quick, light touch keep him on the *qui vive*, a dynamic live wire who gives off sparks of magnetism. But he is outwardly responsive and inwardly elusive, making him difficult to really know. He has a meditative, self-sufficient side that sets him apart and propels him to action.

Energetic and fearless, he has a compulsive idea of what is worth while in life and of doing it with poise and self-confidence. He is also original and intuitive—a truly creative person. But under his cool head are hypersensitive emotions, which he inhibits with great intensity. He constantly stores up impressions, mulls things over, carries on a stream-of-consciousness thinking that he seldom voices. Yet such is the pose of self-possession that few ever guess how the caldron boils within—not of anger, but emotion. Essentially unteachable, he is always learning; extremely adaptable, he ever fights to maintain an independence that even love cannot conquer.

Jack's wife finds him both trusting and trustworthy, loving the truth and hating deception. He loves life and gives her life color and meaning; he hates harshness and crudeness. He is quick to accept responsibility, and likes to lay all his cards on the table in an effort to understand and be understood. Tenderminded yet earthy, he strives for a physical-mystical union in marriage, but even when greatly loved he feels unloved and rejected at times and with strange self-doubt he quietly hates himself.

Key. Jack is a coolheaded, warmhearted hustler who will always make a good living. He is fascinating to many women, so he finds surface contacts easy, but not lasting love. For he does not love lightly, and he wants to feel anchored without loss of independence. He isn't easy to change or easy to understand, for he stumbles over his own emotions and is often at war within. He can't give himself in love if there is a feeling of domination or suspicion, for he isn't revengeful or jealous and finds this hard to understand in others. He sticks to a bargain once it is made, and is slow to reveal any hurts to his heart or pride. He seldom gets angry or blue, but gives way to inner fury at times due to inner conflict. Yet Jack is capable of an unusually satisfying intimacy in love, if he is well integrated.

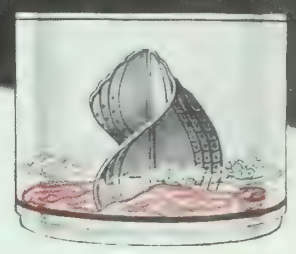
JOE 43

JOE is a social worker, a good Samaritan who loves human beings with altruistic con-

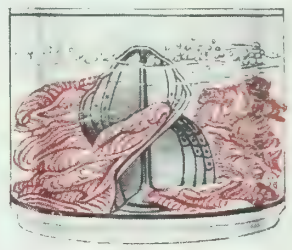


". . . four pounds of lamb chops, one roast of beef, two thick sirloins and a large ham . . . gosh, that was fun, Mr. Duffy; now wrap up two frankfurters, please."

As Gentle as your own soft hands



● Wonderful for safe cleansing of your delicate fabrics! Just load the washer to the Silk Water Line on the Spiral Dasher, add mild soap and wash for 3 to 4 minutes. No other washer has this gentle low-water action.



So Thorough for the Brightest Wash . . .

Full loads of clothes come beautifully clean in 7 to 8 minutes of Spiral Dasher cleansing. Less washing time, less fabric wear! See your dealer and *look inside* a new Apex!

THE APEX ELECTRICAL MFG. CO., CLEVELAND 10, OHIO

The Apex Spiral Dasher



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



NEW! Apex Automatic Washer with exclusive "bouncing basket" action. An automatic that really gets clothes clean!

The Peak of Quality
FOR MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

Apex
CLEANERS
WASHERS
IRONERS

EVERY DINNER TABLE WELCOMES

Raised Rolls

Make them light, delicious... with the new

Pillsbury

HOT ROLL MIX

(WITH YEAST)



Now you can make honest-to-goodness fresh-baked dinner rolls, sweet rolls or coffee cakes. Wonderful every time with the new Pillsbury Hot Roll Mix. All ingredients are Pillsbury quality. Try it soon.

Tender and golden-brown outside
Snowy-white, feather-light inside
Rich flavor; fine, even texture
Just add water to yeast, then mix

You and Ann Pillsbury can make a great team

Ann Pillsbury has developed a new hot roll mix in *her* kitchen to save you time in *your* kitchen, and give you perfect results every time.

Pillsbury BEST XXXX Mixes

© P. M. I.

cern and longs to ease all the sorrows of the world. He is sociable and adaptable, his perceptions are keen but kind, he co-operates easily and seldom gets ruffled or upset. But being so sensitive to the play and interplay of living upon lives, and so timid and cautious by nature, he finds it hard to make up his mind, difficult to follow up feeling with action and live boldly. And for all his sympathetic responsiveness to everyone's troubles, he manages somehow to remain curiously unstirred and unhurt in a personal sense.

This is because Joe is a visionary, a peace-loving idealist who uses up his emotion on philosophic theory and humanitarian speculation. He sees and plans so much to do, so many to help and reform that he often gets lost and bewildered in the maze of details and duties. But he gives of himself with wholehearted generosity, never seeking position or glory, and never posing. He is the first to excuse others and the last to condemn. He is always seeking the truth and cares little for the conventions.

His wife finds Joe to be sentimentally tender and romantic, and ever solicitous of her welfare. He is tranquil and easygoing, with an easy-to-live-with disposition. He seems to flow with her in thought and feeling, seldom gives in to storms of anger or passion, and is quite free of jealousy or revenge. Never cowardly but troubled with uncertainty always, Joe did not easily decide to marry, but none makes a more affectionate and companionable husband. Democratic and singularly human, he lives with his head in the clouds and his hands busy with things of the earth, his life dedicated to others.

Key. Joe has a mild, sweet-tempered disposition that may be irritating at times when one wants to clear the air with an exchange of words or action, or when one wants him to make up his mind and he won't or cannot. But his kind, refined nature is incapable of the more barbaric emotions and he loves with delicacy and taste. He responds to love easily but not intensely, and for this reason finds it hard to make up his mind about marriage and likewise difficult to find happiness. He hates to lose his intellectual independence, but once he makes up his mind, he will endure even an unhappy relation with more serenity and adaptation than most men could muster. If demanding and passionate by nature, do not marry Joe; he would feel trapped and so would you. But his wife can help him overcome inner fear and caution, and the resulting indecision.

TED 14

TED is executive secretary for a large concern. He is a "marvelous, industrious mole" who likes to classify facts, gather statistical data, present deductions. There is an X-ray criticality to his make-up and he analyzes everything and everybody acutely. He makes a good committeeman in community affairs—always the gentleman and a dependable worker. He loves exact language and uses a persuasive flow of speech which he delivers with more mental ingenuity than display of feeling.

Ted is a discriminating, culture-loving person with true moral courage and with more individuality than personality. He is highly regarded both for what he does and does not do, and he makes an excellent businessman when he doesn't get lost in details. He lives in relation to his setting and is an attentive, receptive listener. But he feels self-conscious and reserved in spite of his courteous friendliness, due to a hermit streak that craves solitude. He quickly becomes bored with people, and not even with his closest friend, whom he follows about with the devotion of an Airedale to his master, does he share his inmost longings and feelings.

With his wife Ted is considerate and fastidious even in moments of love. He is not very demonstrative, for his critical, analytical nature tends to hold his feelings in check. But he is fair and square, and gentle and kind, with more justice than passion in his make-up. He usually holds his temper in control, but it bottles up inside and comes

It's so much *easier* to iron on the



MET-L-TOP
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
ADJUSTABLE HEIGHT IRONING TABLE

ADJUSTABLE LEGS

In a recent survey among thousands of women, the feature stressed as most important was adjustable height. MET-L-TOP legs are easily adjustable to 7 *different heights,* for a short, medium or tall woman. Proved to be a big factor in reducing back strain, arm strain and ironing fatigue. MET-L-TOP is the original *all-metal* ironing table . . . *fire-proof* . . . *warp-proof* . . . *ventilated,* white enameled top . . . *sturdy Protecto-Rest,* protects pad when table is set on end . . . or makes convenient hanger. Investigate the Adjustable Height MET-L-TOP now.

See your dealer

For best results use MET-L-TOP pad and cover set. Tailored to fit.

GEUDER, PAESCHKE & FREY CO.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin



Are You Proud of Your Curtains?

Are they smart...crisp...sheer...lovely? They most certainly will be, if they're Queentex Washable Rayon Curtains! No matter how often you wash them, they remain trim, beautiful, luxurious. They wash like a handkerchief —no starching, no stretching, no special care in ironing. You'll be proud of them for years.

Write for free Queentex Rayon Curtain Booklet now! Queen Valley Fabrics, Inc., P. O. Box 634, Pawtucket, Rhode Island. For 20 years weavers and manufacturers of rayon curtains exclusively.

Queentex

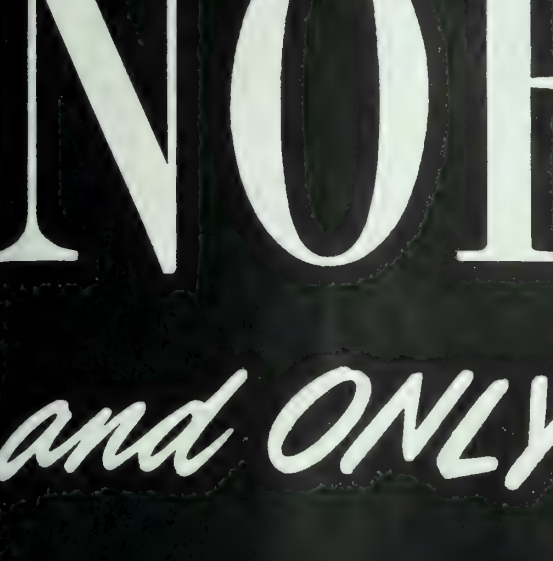
QUEENTEX® *Washable* RAYON CURTAINS

NORGE

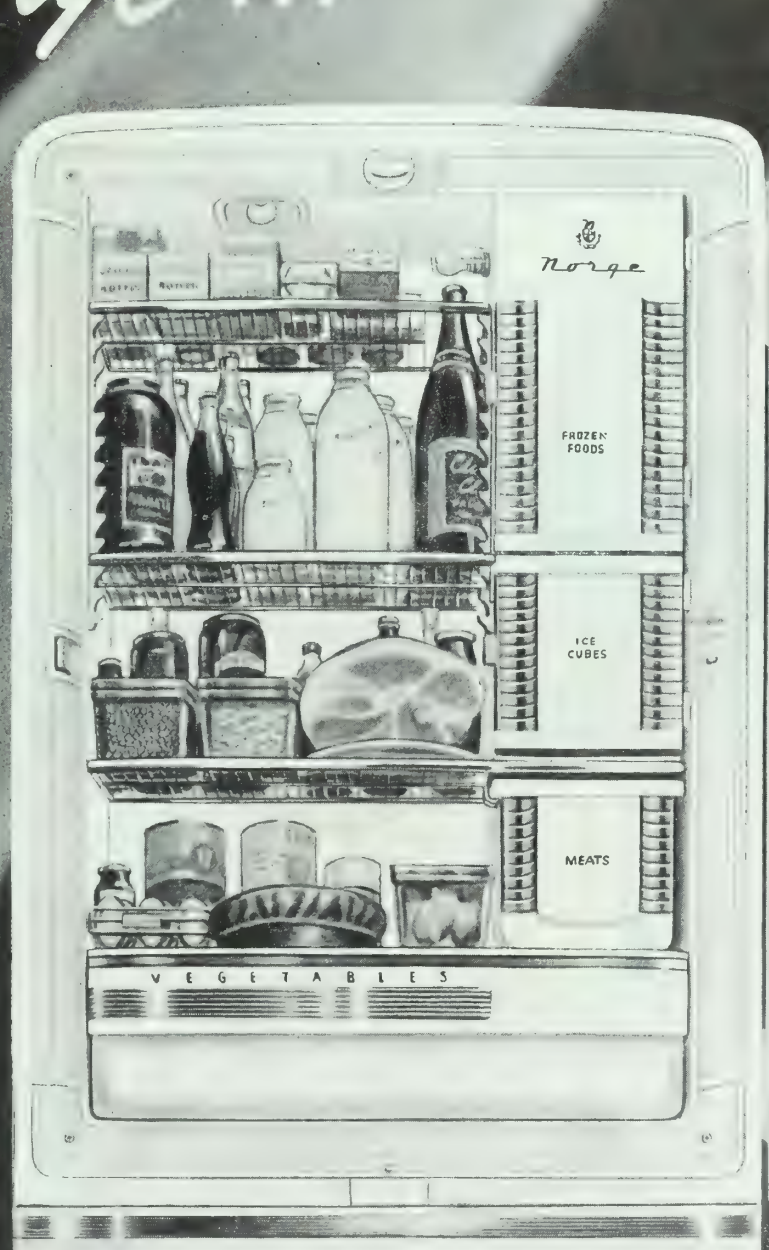
and ONLY Norge . . .

has the exclusive

SELF·D·FROSTER*



*S.D.F. It happens at midnight!



See Norge before you buy!

A BORG-WARNER INDUSTRY—Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corp., Detroit 26, Michigan • In Canada: Addison Industries, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.



Children need the 6-way nourishment

from ENRICHED BREAD and FLOUR



There's such a delicious variety of breads . . . at the stores . . . or that you can make. Use more of them to vary your menus.

You knew, of course, that bread is our cheapest and best source of food energy, providing power for the laboring man, "go" for children . . . energy to sustain us all in our stepped-up pace of living.

But those *flags* . . . have you read what they say? From modern enriched bread and baked foods made with enriched flour you get *6-way nourishment*! A valuable contribution toward the all-round balanced diet you need. Remember that . . . every day at meal time, at snack time.

"IS BREAD FATTENING?" *No;* nutritionists tell us breads are no more fattening than any other food of equal energy content. The carbohydrates of bread are readily and easily converted into energy which is then used by the body as needed.

WHEAT FLOUR INSTITUTE



"HOT FROM THE OVEN" *come your own biscuits, muffins, cakes, cookies, pies to thrill your family and guests. Always buy flour that says "Enriched" on the label. Make sure it has this added nourishment.*



WHAT TEMPTING VARIETY *your baker offers! New treats in breads, rolls, cookies! And they're all highly nutritious when enriched. Ask him. It's important that you know.*



ALWAYS SERVE PLENTY OF BREAD *It's delicious and so economical. On the wrappers of enriched white bread there's a panel stating that fact. Look for it when you shop.*

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The nutritional statements in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

(Continued from Page 242)

oong ha peen, and what a combination of delectable tastes and textures this dish provides! With it, we'll serve green-pepper-fried rice.

As a gesture in the direction of dessert—an American touch, because the Chinese don't serve dessert in our sense of the word—an assortment of preserved fruits will give the perfect finale to a super meal. At least I think it's super, and I hope you'll agree.

The recipes will serve eight, and this can be a sit-down dinner from start to finish; the whole meal can be served buffet; or the first half can be served in the living room, and the second in the dining room.

BARBECUED SPARERIBS

Get a strip of meaty, lean spareribs and put it in a pan with a very little water. I use my oval or oblong roaster for this so that the spareribs can lie flat. Cover and cook gently on top of range until tender enough that the bones can be pulled out. From time to time add just enough water to prevent browning. When cool enough to handle, remove bones—they slip out easily. Cut meat into strips or squares, as neat as possible; 1-inch square of 2 ribs or 1½-to-2-inch strip of 1 rib is about right in size.

Make a barbecue sauce of ⅓ cup soya sauce, 5 tablespoons light brown sugar, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 3 tablespoons finely chopped candied ginger and 1 clove garlic, minced. Dip each piece of spareribs into the sauce until completely coated and arrange on broiling pan. Set pan in about the middle of your oven, turn on broiler, and watch. When top sides of pieces are nicely browned, turn them over, dab on a little more sauce and brown other sides. Transfer to paper towels to drain off excess grease and store in a cold place. This is a good day-before job—and if you like the spareribs hot instead of cold, just heat them in the oven for a few minutes before serving.

There was a man who was greatly in the habit of exaggerating everything, and afterward feeling ashamed of having done so. So he said to his wife one evening when they were going out to a dinner party, "Tonight if you hear me exaggerating anything make a sign across the table and I'll stop it."

At dinner he got to boasting about the big conservatory they had at his home when he was a boy. "It was," he said, "let me see, oh, easily a hundred feet long and I should say about sixty feet high." At this moment he got the sign from his wife, checked himself and added very quietly, "But of course it was only about eighteen inches wide."

—STEPHEN LEACOCK:
Humor
(Dodd, Mead & Company).

CHINESE MUSTARD

Make a thin paste of dry mustard, water and a very little tumeric. The tumeric adds a zesty flavor and a bright yellow color to the mustard.

PLUM SAUCE

This can be bought in Chinese stores or in food-specialty shops, and makes a delicious accompaniment to the barbecued spareribs. If you can't get it you can concoct a perfectly good substitute by mashing a few canned greengage plums and adding a little lemon juice and chopped candied ginger.

Butter chips make attractive dishes for the sauces, or individual small plates can be served with the spareribs so that the two sauces can be put on the plate and the pieces of meat dipped into them.

WUN TON SOUP

A day or two in advance prepare the chicken broth which will be used for the soup and the *loong ha peen*. Get a big stewing chicken and 2 or 3 extra gizzards and livers. Put chicken, gizzards and heart in a kettle with 14 cups cold water and 1 teaspoon gourmet powder, bring to a boil, then lower heat and cook, covered, 1 hour. (Gourmet powder has been the subject of many inquiries, and it deserves a little explanation. It has a variety of names—"Peking powder" is one; more often than not, just "Chinese seasoning powder." The principal ingredient is a vegetable protein derivative, mono sodium glutinate. Gourmet powder intensifies, rather than adds to, the flavor of foods, so that your chicken soup tastes as if you had used two chickens instead of one to make it, and your steak tastes like the most superb beef imaginable. If your grocer doesn't have any one of these Chinese seasoning powders—look on the label for mono sodium glutinate as an ingredient—he can order it for you through a Chinese market, or an herb-and-condiment shop.) But back to the business at hand. Add 1½ teaspoons salt and continue cooking until chicken is tender. Take chicken from kettle and remove white meat from the breast in as large pieces as possible. Set these aside for your *loong ha peen*. Remove the rest of the chicken from the bones. We won't need it for this meal, but it can be used for croquettes, salad or creamed chicken, any day. Return bones to pot and cook some more so that all the chicken taste will go into the broth. Water should be added to compensate for evaporation, because we'll need 14 cups of broth in all. Add more seasoning if needed, strain through sieve lined with cheesecloth, cool and store in refrigerator, or outdoors if weather is cold enough. When grease rises to top, remove it.

To make stuffing for *wun ton*, sauté chicken livers in butter or margarine 2 minutes, transfer to chopping bowl or nut chopper and add the meaty parts of cooked gizzards—discard all gristle—4 water chestnuts cut into pieces, 1 small clove garlic, minced, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon salt and a little freshly ground black pepper. If you were not successful in getting extra livers and gizzards, substitute some scraps of dark meat of chicken. Chop mixture very fine and, if needed, correct seasoning—¾ cup of stuffing will be plenty.

Make noodle dough by combining 2 slightly beaten eggs, ¼ cup water, 1 teaspoon salt and 2½ to 3 cups flour. Roll into very thin sheets—and be sure that your rolling pin and board are well floured or the stuff will stick. Cut rolled dough into 2½-inch squares, allowing 4 to 5 squares for each person to be served.

Make a ball of stuffing about the size of a smallish marble and put one in the center of each square, then brush outer edges of dough with slightly beaten egg. Now bring one point of a square to the center of a ball of stuffing. It will stick in place—the beaten egg attends to that. Then fasten the opposite point to the center in the same way, overlapping the first point of noodle dough slightly, and repeat the operation with the remaining two points. The result is a square of noodle dough with the ball of stuffing enclosed in the center. By gently pinching the four seams you can make the seal secure and the stuffing won't escape when the *wun ton* are boiled.

Make the *wun ton* the day before or the morning of the party. It's fun—at least I think it is—but it's a fairly fussy job, the only one we have with this meal, and it's well to have it out of the way ahead of time. An hour or two before serving, drop them into a pot of rapidly boiling salted water, lower heat and boil gently until tender—about 15 minutes. Drain and store in a cool place.

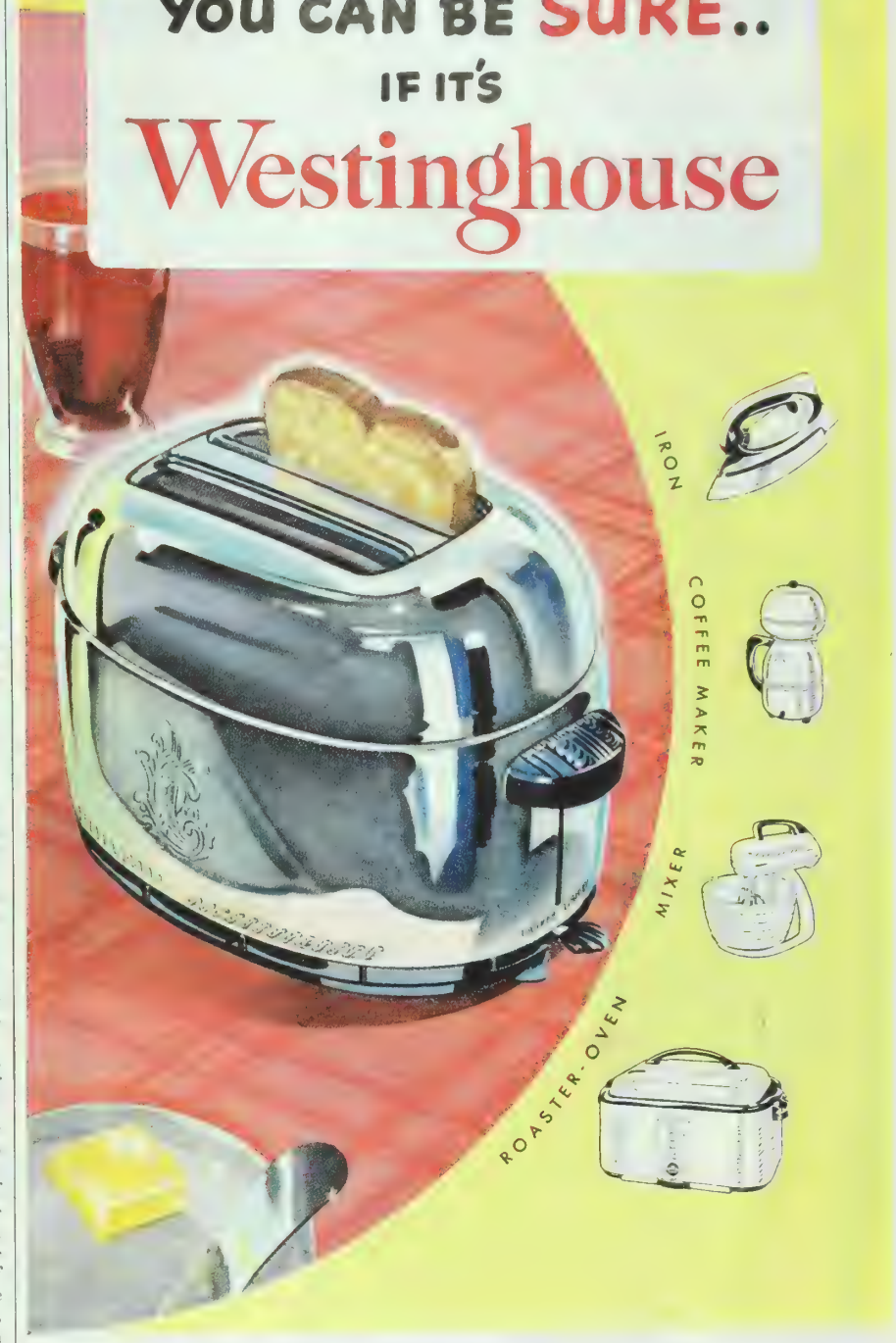
The rest of the prepreparation of the soup is simple. Cut ¼ pound sliced cold boiled ham into slender slivers, cut broccoli—Chinese or the regular kind—into slender strips to make 1 cup, chop tomatoes, skin and seeds removed, to make 1 cup and cut 8 or 10 scallions into thin slices, using some of the green tops.

For the actual assembly of the soup, have chicken broth boiling, add *wun ton* and ham, and when broth is again at boiling point, add broccoli and tomatoes. Cook 3 minutes more and the soup is ready to serve. The raw chopped scallions are sprinkled into each cup of soup according to taste—and for my taste this should be done with a very light touch. I can joyfully eat my way through a whole stack of scallions, but the taste of the soup is delicate and the onions shouldn't dominate it.

LOONG HA PEEN

The preparations for making *loong ha peen* can be made in advance, but the cooking of it—which takes about 10 minutes—should

YOU CAN BE SURE..
IF IT'S
Westinghouse



BUY THE BEST..BUY THE NEW
Pop-up-Toaster with Whispering Timer

It's the Toast of the Town . . . this glamorous, newest-of-all *Westinghouse* Pop-Up Toaster! There's no other like it and, we frankly believe, no other so good. It *automatically* makes toast crisp on the outside, tender within, exactly the golden brown you like best. Over the *whole* slice, too. There's no noise . . . no burning . . . no guesswork, thanks to the exclusive Whispering Timer that works like a clock. *This* toaster is easy to care for. Wipes clean with a damp cloth, has a hinged crumb tray at the bottom that's easy to get at, easy to wipe off. Buy one for yourself . . . give one to your favorite bride. These new Pop-Up Toasters are on display at your Westinghouse retailer's now.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION • • • APPLIANCE DIVISION • MANSFIELD • OHIO

EVERY HOUSE NEEDS A
Westinghouse Toaster

TUNE IN TED MALONE . . . EVERY MORNING, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY . . . ABC NETWORK

SMACKIN' GOOD NEWS! MINUTE TAPIOCA IS BACK!

(REAL PREWAR TAPIOCA—GENUINE MINUTE TAPIOCA)



Smackin' good eating—APPLE RING TAPIOCA!

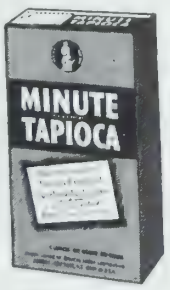
¼ cup Minute Tapioca
⅓ to ½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon mace
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 teaspoons lemon juice
2 cups water
2 tart red apples
3 tablespoons brown sugar
1 tablespoon softened butter

Combine Minute Tapioca, ⅓ to ½ cup brown sugar, salt, spices, lemon juice, and water in saucepan and mix well. Bring to a full boil over medium heat, stirring constantly. Remove from heat.

Core unpeeled apples and cut in ¼-inch rings (makes about 10). Arrange half of rings in greased baking dish. Cover with tapioca mixture.

Add 3 tablespoons brown sugar to butter and mix well. Spread over tops of remaining apple rings. Arrange rings, sugar-side up, on tapioca mixture. Bake in hot oven (400 F.) 30 minutes, or until apples are browned. Serve warm, plain or with cream. This heavenly-tasting Minute Tapioca recipe makes 4 to 6 servings. And it's pretty as a picture!

More grand secrets! Smart cooks know from long and happy experience how much they can do with Minute Tapioca! Makes tender meat loaves that never crumble, fruit pies that never run over, puffy omelets that never fall. See box for recipes.



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be done just or shortly before serving. Later we'll go into ways and means of dodging a 10-minute session in the kitchen at an inconvenient time. Fresh, frozen or canned lobster may be used, and the quantity is a pretty elastic business. Most Chinese recipes call for a surprisingly small amount of meat, and I'm inclined to be a little generous in that department. I'll give you this recipe as I like it best, but if you want to cut down on the lobster and increase on the vegetables, you'll still have a wonderful dish.

Frozen lobster tails are available in many locker plants and groceries, and they're certainly easier to work with than a whole lobster, so I suggest you get them if possible—2½ pounds will be plenty. Wash them thoroughly in cold water and plunge them into a large pot of rapidly boiling water to which 1 cup vinegar has been added. Boil 8 minutes, rinse in cold water, remove shells and cut meat into fairly thin slices. If whole lobster is used, get 1 large or 2 small, boil 10 minutes, split in half, remove meat and slice. Two 7- or 8-ounce cans of lobster may be substituted, but try for fresh or frozen because of their firmness. Many stores don't stock lobster tails because their sale is uncertain or slow, but perhaps you could order in advance. I like to keep a little stock of them in my frozen-food locker. Not that I toss them around in lighthearted abandon—they're too expensive—but it gives me a feeling of providence to have them on hand for a possible emergency. Lobster Newburg; sweet and pungent lobster; salad—their uses are infinite.

Cut the cooked chicken breast into thin slices and mix them with the lobster.

Now we're ready for vegetables. I'll give you my first choice, but I'll suggest substitutes in case any of these are not available. Slice fresh or canned water chestnuts to make 2 cups. Cut 1 can bamboo shoots into thin slices. Wash and string, just as you would string a green bean, 1½ pounds snow peas (edible pea pods). Slice 1 pound firm fresh mushrooms—and don't make the slices too thin because, as you know, mushrooms decrease considerably in bulk as they cook.

Canned water chestnuts and bamboo shoots are available now in most fancy grocery stores and in Chinese markets. You shouldn't have much trouble in getting them, but if you do, substitute sliced flowerets of cauliflower and a handful of blanched almonds for the water chestnuts, and whole button mushrooms for the bamboo shoots. Snow peas I've never found anywhere except in a Chinese market, but I did grow them in our garden last summer with great success. I got the seeds in Chinatown, planted them very early in the spring, and I think every one of them came up. Now my frozen-food locker holds box after box, and do I love it! I couldn't find any directions for processing snow peas, so I had to make my own. I gave them only ½ minute in boiling water, transferred them to ice water until thoroughly chilled and proceeded as with any other vegetable. Of course the frozen ones take next to no cooking; by the time they're hot they're done. But to get back to substitutes. If you can't get edible pea pods, use 2 cups fresh shelled peas and 1 pound shredded Chinese cabbage (celery cabbage). The Chinese cabbage, if brought barely to the boiling point, will be crisp enough to pinch hit for the crispness of the edible pea pods. The texture of the vegetables is of supreme importance.

Break 1 cup walnut meats into small pieces—don't chop them—and fry in butter, margarine or salad oil until deep golden brown. Spread on paper towels to drain off grease. Chop 3 hard-cooked eggs very fine and heat before serving.

With all preparations made, the cooking of *loong ha peen* is no chore at all. Heat the 4 cups chicken broth to the boiling point and have all the other ingredients at hand. Heat 4 tablespoons peanut or other salad oil—not olive oil—and 2 finely minced cloves garlic in a heavy skillet. When sizzling hot add chicken, lobster, water chestnuts, bamboo shoots and mushrooms. Cook 2 minutes, stirring all the time, and transfer contents of skillet to a pot or large casserole that will stand direct heat. Put it over heat, add hot chicken broth, 1½ teaspoons salt, 2 teaspoons gourmet powder and 1 teaspoon sugar, cover and cook

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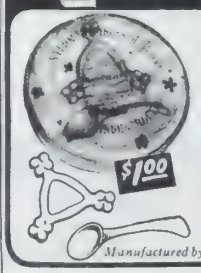
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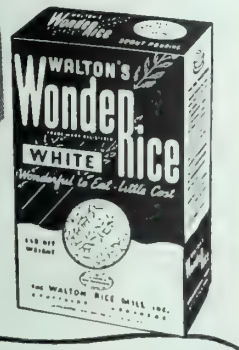
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2¼ cups meat stock
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup rice
¾ lb. ground beef
Meat drippings
¼ cup each chopped celery, onion and green pepper
1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
1 cup canned tomatoes
Salt and pepper
Dash cayenne
½ cup grated sharp cheese

Bring meat stock to boil and salt. Add rice, cover and cook until rice has absorbed all the stock. Brown meat in hot meat drippings. Add celery, onion, green pepper and cook 5 minutes. Add everything else except cheese and cook slowly about 10 minutes. Mix rice in thoroughly and pour into greased casserole. Sprinkle cheese over top and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 30 minutes. Serves 4.

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4 minutes. Add edible pea pods, cover and cook 1 minute more. Stir in 8 teaspoons cornstarch mixed to a smooth paste with water, cook 2 minutes more, stirring frequently—and that's all. If ordinary peas and Chinese cabbage are substituted for the edible pea pods, start the peas cooking with the meat and add the Chinese cabbage at the last so that it will barely come to the boiling point.

Serve the *loong ha peen* in the casserole in which it was cooked or in a chafing dish, and have the nuts and chopped egg in small bowls beside it.

GREEN-PEPPER-FRIED RICE

The rice should be boiled the day before, and it can be fried at the last convenient moment before guests arrive and kept hot in a very low oven or warming oven or on an electric hot plate. That's fine and easy. Boil 2 well-washed cups long-grained rice—or cook it by any method you like best—drain, spread on cooky sheet and let it dry for a few minutes in a barely turned-on oven. Store in a cold place. Chop coarsely 4 green peppers, 2 medium onions and 2 canned pimientos.

To fry the rice, beat 2 eggs with ¼ cup water and scramble them in a hot, well-greased skillet until half done. Add onions, green peppers, pimientos, rice, 1 teaspoon gourmet powder and 6 teaspoons soya sauce. Stir until well mixed and cook 5 minutes, occasionally turning rice over with a pancake turner. Taste and add more soya sauce if needed. Transfer to dish in which it is to be served, and keep hot.

PRESERVED FRUIT

Here the choice of fruits is up to you, and whether they are home-preserved or bought ready for the table is also your choice. You won't need a large quantity of any one fruit, but I think a wide variety is desirable. Kumquats, figs, cherries, mint-flavored pears colored green, apricots and so on are all good and provide a fine variety of color. A few sticks of candied orange and grapefruit peel would be a nice addition, or some honey-cooked nuts; and if you want to go a step farther, add some almond and fortune cookies, which can be bought in Chinese markets, or some thin, crisp, homemade cookies. Appetites will already be satisfied, and a touch of sweets is all we need as a piquant finale to our dinner.

> The preservation of health is a duty. Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality. —HERBERT SPENCER.

Service. As you see, this menu adapts itself to various forms of service, so you can choose the one that suits your entertaining facilities best. The whole meal can be served buffet, with individual trays, plenty of small tables strategically located, or card tables set up for the convenience of your guests—and yourself. Whenever I plan a buffet meal, or suggest that kind of service, comfort looms large in my calculations. I don't care how supercolossal the food may be, a dinner can be ruined if eating it turns into a juggling act.

If you decide on eating at the dining table, I'd suggest serving the barbecued spareribs in the living room and everything else in the dining room. The preserved fruit needn't be a separate course. It can be on the table looking very decorative with a stack of plates beside it, waiting until everyone has had his fill of the hot food.

I find it easy and pleasant to split this meal differently and serve both the soup and the barbecued spareribs in the living room. And if you have a chafing dish or other heating gadget, it's fun to do the final cooking of the soup there too. The platter of precooked *wun ton* and the bowls of ham, broccoli, tomatoes and scallions are so colorful, and if the broth is brought in piping hot, only a few minutes are needed to have the soup ready to serve.

The only problem is the final cooking of *loong ha peen*, which must not under any circumstances be overcooked. Unless you plan



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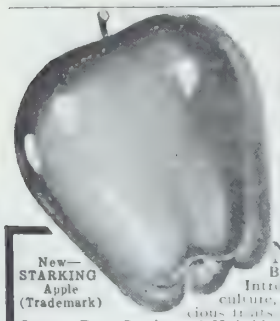
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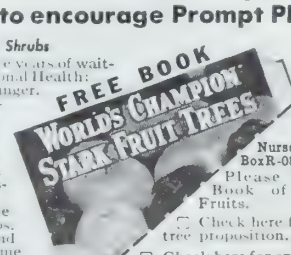
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to absent yourself and do this dish literally at the last moment it must be done as late as possible and placed in or on a heating device which will keep it piping hot but not continue to cook it. My solution of this problem is an electric hot plate with a cover; but lacking one of these most useful gadgets, a warming oven or a preheated but turned-off oven will do.

This meal at Anna May's had a happy aftermath. Richard Wong, Anna May's college-student brother, was so fascinated by the preparations—he could not believe at first that I would actually cook the dishes instead of ordering them from a Chinese chef—that he offered to cook me an un-American Chinese dinner himself. And a superb meal it was too. The chef-d'oeuvre was a winter-melon soup, served in the huge melon which stood in the center of the table throughout the meal. It is the Chinese custom to take up a morsel of food with one's chopsticks from time to time and dip it in the soup before eating it. Instructed by Anna May, my husband soon became quite expert at this, but on my first attempt my morsel disappeared in the soup and I gave up. It was a gay party and a delectable menu, and my respect for the gracious civilization of China rose even higher than before. I hope my menu will convey some of this feeling to you and your guests. THE END

FATHER TELLS THE TRUTH

(Continued from Page 42)

"Well, what do you think?" she said, coming back out. "What do you honestly think?"

Now mother should have known better than to put "honest" in it. Father never takes it lightly when someone asks him what he honestly thinks.

He looked at mother very carefully. He went around and looked at the back. Finally he said, "It hardens the lines in your face."

Mother took off the hat and threw it. It went on the Welsh dresser. My little brother, Pud, picked it up and smoothed out this pinkish brownish feather that was on it, like he felt sorry for the hat.

Mother said, "Well! The hat cost a pretty penny, but I'll certainly never wear it." Then she said, "Is the water hot for tea?" like she had forgotten about the whole thing.

Father started to read his book again. I guess he thought she had.

But mother glared at him a minute. And then she said, "Well, say something!"

"I did," father said, looking up from his book. "Too much, I guess. I didn't know you wanted pretty lies."

"You've just wrecked a whole season for me and you don't even care," mother said.

Father said, "It's a pretty enough hat. It just doesn't go with your face. They ought to sell hats that go with faces."

"Well, *that* helps, I'm sure," mother said. "I liked it better when you just kept still."

"You're a good-looking woman," father said, getting up and picking up the hat. "And this is a very pretty hat, but I don't like it on you. Couldn't you just carry it?"

"That," mother said, "is the kind of question nobody answers." She whisked the hat out of father's hand and put it back in the box. She put the tissue paper back on top of it and put the lid on. "Come on and have some tea," she said. "I suppose you can't help having to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but."

Mother wore the hat, though. She wore it several times. But every time she did she fussed around a lot about how she had it on and she wasn't happy about it. And "I *hate* this coat," she said, time after time. "I should have put the money toward a coat."

"I think the hat is real pretty," I told her and she said:



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"Yeah, so does father. I was crazy, I guess. What I really need is a new vacuum cleaner, and I sink that kind of money in a hat."

She was still wearing the hat and talking that way about it when this girl came to visit Aunt Lil. She isn't our aunt, she's mother's aunt, and mother's cousin, Dorothy, lives with her and this girl came there to stay for a long time because she was going to go to some kind of a school and Aunt Lil has an extra room and the girl's mother was an old friend of hers.

"I want to go over to Aunt Lil's tonight," mother said one night. "I can hardly wait to see Rita. I've heard so much about her. So I baked some brownies."

"What?" father said.

"Hurry with dinner," mother said. "We'll all go. The baby too."

"I hope Rita comes often, if she makes you bake brownies," father said.

"They're for Aunt Lil," mother said. "I have to have an excuse for going."

"Couldn't you just go to see Rita?" father said.

"Of course not," mother said. "It would look nosy. Aunt Lil loves brownies."

"It doesn't hardly seem right," father said. "Carrying brownies to Aunt Lil just so we can all gawk at Rita."

"I suppose it wouldn't to you," mother said. "It has such a dishonest flavor."

Well, this Rita was *very* special. I thought she was going to be as old as mother and Dorothy, but she wasn't; she was just a young girl, and was she somepn? It wasn't only that her eyes were the bluest I've ever seen and her hair was light and kind of silky and shining and her face had everything just exactly right and her forehead was wide and kind of shining, too, and she was slim, and wore nice clothes, but she was even nice. She smiled nice and she talked kind of like everything was so wonderful she could hardly get her breath.

Never chase a lie. Let it alone and it will run itself to death. I can work out a good character much faster than anyone can lie me out of it. —LYMAN BEECHER.

"Well, what did you think of Rita?" mother said afterward, when we were home and trying to get the blankets off the baby and him so asleep he just fell every which way when you moved him.

Father whistled. "*Wheee-wheeeyou!* The gorgeous stuff Aunt Lil's old friends turn out," he said.

"She *is* pretty, isn't she?" mother said.

"She *IS*," father said. "I don't think I've ever seen any one girl have so much of everything. Her hair and her eyes and her complexion and her figure and even her voice!"

"I didn't ask for an inventory," mother said.

But father didn't notice what she said. He had stopped unbundling the baby and he was folding up this blanket very carefully and smoothing it out and thinking of something else.

"Now that's the kind of face I mean," he said, "to go under that hat of yours with the name. Her face is soft and the hat wouldn't have that effect on her."

"Get to bed, boys!" mother said. "And don't skip the toothbrush!"

I was finishing the funnies.

"I mean *now*," she said, picking up the sleeping baby and starting upstairs with him, and she sounded cross. She stopped on the stairs and turned around. "I suppose I might give Rita the hat," she said.

Father didn't answer.

"But then she might not take castoffs," mother said, "and I might not be able to afford another. I just guess people will have to stand it on me."

"I really think," father said, "the more I think about it, I really think that hat was made for her. It belongs with her. It would be an artistic act to put it on her. You know

(Continued on Page 251)



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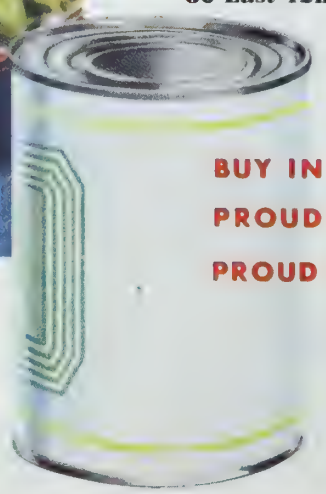
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*For full details see "Comparative Cost and Availability of Canned, Glassed, Frozen, and Fresh Fruits and Vegetables" in the April issue of the *Journal of the American Dietetic Association.*

(Continued from Page 249)

We could get her over and have her on and if it's what I think it would be, r to let me take her picture."

her is a camera fan and he stood there moothing the blankets the baby had wrapped in with that faraway look in es. He was seeing the beautiful picture uld make. Mother was standing on the ooking at him, a look father might not liked if he had noticed it.

h, goody!" mother said through her "Let's!" And she went on upstairs.

was maybe two weeks later that mother unt Lil over for dinner. And Dorothy ita, too, of course.

unt Lil's so wonderful to me," she said. ink we ought to have them."

ou don't have to think up reasons," r said. "Sure, let's have them. And e Rita will let me take her picture."

Maybe she will!" mother said.

ta was even prettier than the first time. air shone like something that was silk!

ter dinner father "Would you like e some pictures been making?" d Aunt Lil said, course we would, ," and I knew father was get- around to.

e showed them ures he had just shed mounting. Aunt Lil said, u certainly have e nice ones there," Dorothy said to , "You know, he xhibited in many s," and Rita said, ey're just beauti- and father said, ll, I enjoy it. n I see some- g pretty, I like to ograph it. You w," he said to Rita lenly, "I'd like to tograph you, etime."

Well, thank you," said.

How about now?" er said. "I'm all up in the base- t."

Why, all right, I ss," Rita said. She ed to mother. "If don't mind."

Should I mind?" mother said.

There's this hat," father said, and mother t out to tend to something in the kitchen. s a very charming hat and I think it ld be rather special on you. Would you it on?"

ita shrugged. "Well, sure," she said.

ather called to mother and she came k into the room. "Rita says she'll wear hat," father said.

How nice!" mother said.

Well, get it, will you?" father said.

OTHER stood very very still like she wasn't n breathing and she said, "I'm so very y, but it isn't here," and she kept looking ita all the time, not at father.

Isn't here?" father said. "You couldn't e it back, you wore it."

Oh, no," mother said. "I didn't take it k. The feather came loose and I took it m to have them tack it on."

A little thing like that. You couldn't sew n yourself?" father said.

Huh-um," mother said, shaking her head looking kind of like a baby.

Well, father took the pictures and they all t home early because Aunt Lil doesn't to stay out late and I was going to bed father was helping Pud while mother ded to the baby and he went in the linen et to get a clean towel and all of a sudden yelled.

Hey! *Here's* your hat!"

So Pud and I both ran to look and sure enough there it was on the shelf. Father picked up the hatbox and looked inside. Then he picked out the hat and stood looking at it. Mother came and snatched it away from him.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I forgot. It did come back today."

"I don't believe it was ever gone," father said. "Was it?"

"You know," mother said, smiling sweetly, "it is very comfortable not to be bothered by the scruples some people have."

"IF you didn't want her to wear it, you could have said so," father said. "*I* wouldn't mind so much, but you might have kept it from the children."

"I'm sure I tried to," mother said.

Father looked very troubled. "Somehow I wouldn't ever have thought it of you. If I were going to be dishonest with anyone, it would certainly not be with you. Married people are supposed to trust each other."

"I'm sure you wouldn't," mother said. "And it isn't in the marriage service. Love, honor and obey are the words."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For Robert, Realist

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

Robert, Robert, small and fey,
Was anything but that today;
Was anything but wrapped in
schemes
Transported from a world of
dreams.
Whoever knew a single elf
Who spoke so firmly to himself?
A winged sprite born of the skies
With such directness in his eyes?
What leprechaun in all the land
Has half the steadiness of hand
That Robert has? I must declare
I've never seen one anywhere;
Not anywhere, not any place,
So clear of mind, so sure of face.
And well I wonder, as I should,
About these tales of fairyhood;
Can I expect him to believe
These songs of star dust that I
weave?

This magic and this fantasy. . . .
Is it for Robert—*or for me?*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The pictures were extra good. Father fusses around a lot with his pictures. He'll make a print over and over again to get it just right, and he was making pictures to enter in a salon, and my goodness, did he fuss with this one of Rita! It was a side view and her hair was just like a light shining and everything was just right. It looked just like a movie star. Father was making some others, too, to enter. There was one of Pud and the baby that mother said had everything, only she thought it was too dark. And there were some of the lake last summer and one of mother, too, reading to Pud, and it had a spot or two on it and mother said he should make that over, really. But father seemed interested in only that one of Rita.

"This is my best picture," he kept saying, "the best one I've ever made. Look at that skin quality. Look at the light on the hair. Look at the tilt of the chin."

"The eyes and the neck aren't bad either," mother said. "Good thing we didn't use the hat. That would have been *too* much."

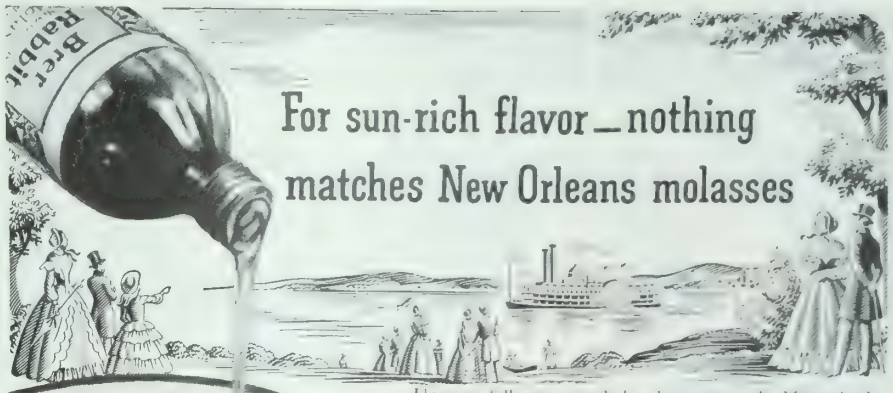
Father made maybe half a dozen large prints of that one picture of Rita.

"It's the best work I've ever done," he said. "I want to get the most out of it."

Rita's picture was hung in the salon too. And Pud and the baby and one lake one. But not mother.

Well, then one day Rita cooked up this radio party. Everyone had been so nice to her, she said, she was going to entertain all of us. Aunt Lil and Dorothy and Rita and all of us, Pud too, but not the baby, were going to go out for dinner as her guests and then came the exciting part. She had tickets for this radio broadcast.

I hadn't ever been to a broadcast, even a little one, but this was a big one. This was Rupert Dodds, and he was going around broadcasting from different cities and he was coming to ours. I just love his programs because he does such funny things with people. He makes them go out on the street and ask people silly questions just to see what happens and he gives them just wonderful prizes. He gives them sets of silverware and electric refrigerators or golden watches or diamond



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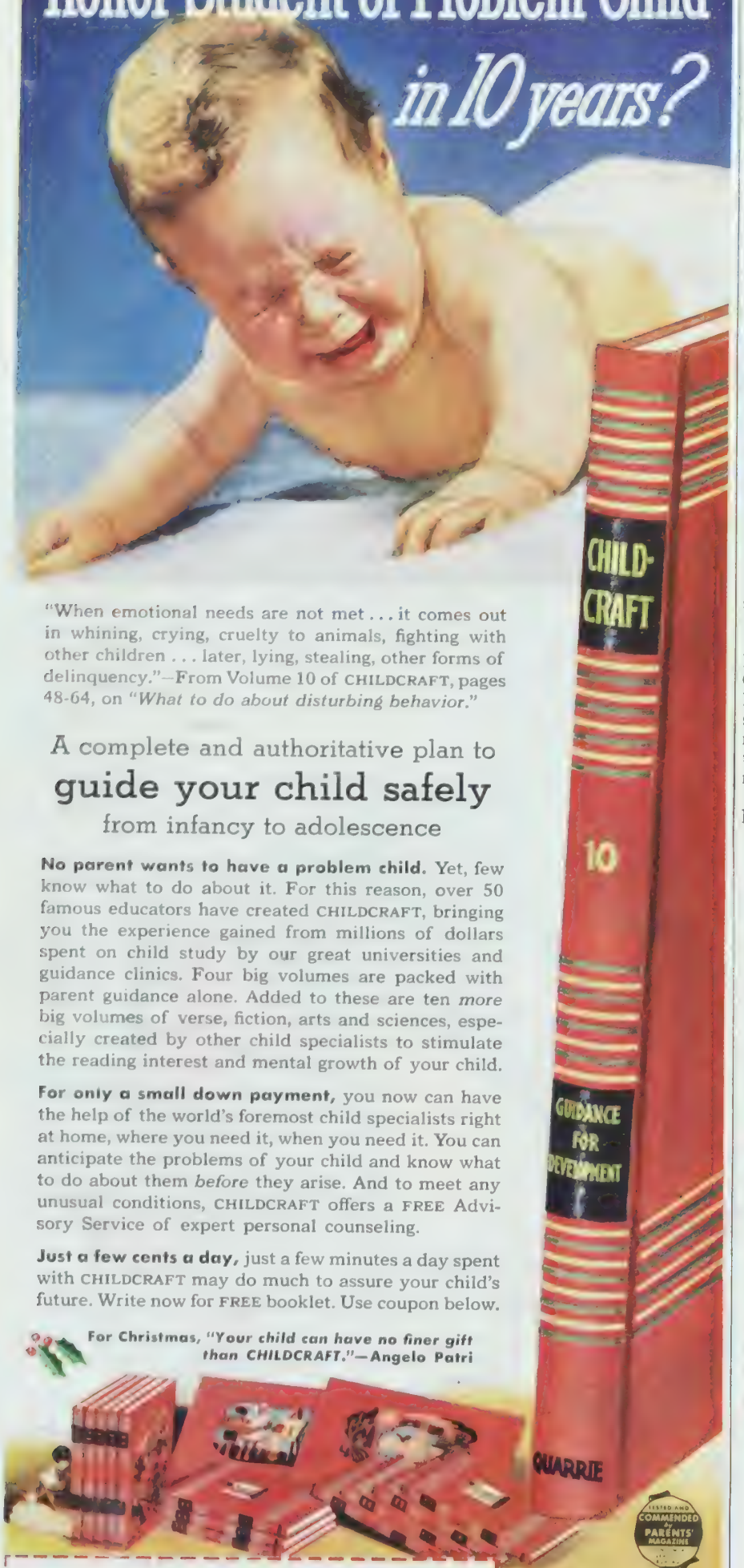
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rings and sometimes trips. There doesn't seem to be anything he doesn't have to give away.

Pud and I were terribly excited about the broadcast and we talked about it all the time. And father thought it would be nice, too; he listens to it. Mother never listens to the radio much, but she said it sounded wonderful and she hoped we'd all get prizes.

I said, "Well, you have to do crazy things to get them and everyone doesn't get chosen."

And mother said, "Crazy things? Like what? Like buying expensive hats when you need coats and vacuum cleaners?"

And I said, "No, like jumping in a tub of water."

And she said, "Well, then, I hope you get a prize. Or," she said, and she laughed, "I hope father does. You'll concentrate hard, won't you?" she said to father. "And make them choose you and before you jump you whisper in their ear and tell them what you really want is an ultra-new-look lady's coat."

"What I really do want is a light meter," father said. "Can't I ask for that?"

"Oh, nobody sees a light meter," mother said. "Please ask for the coat."

"All right," father said, "I will." And then he pretended he was talking to Rupert Dodds.

"I'm fine," he said, "fine. How's yourself? Yes, I know a little about swimming and diving. Yes, sir, I'd be glad to answer your question and if I get it wrong what do I have to do? Dive from that springboard up there at the top of the theater into that little bitty tub of water headfirst? Certainly, certainly, sir. Go right ahead with your question. But first, I'd like to tell you that what I really want more than anything in the world is a lady's coat—extra ultra new look. What? Oh no, ha-ha, not for myself. It's for the little woman, finest little woman you ever saw. She's sitting out there in the audience right now watching me and it's only through the faith of women like her, sir, that men like me are able to do things like this, sir."

"Oh, I hope father gets on the program," Pud said. "He'd just be wonderful."

"Well, wear your old clothes," mot said, "in case you do."

But on the day of the party, mother ready to stay home. "It's more trouble t it's worth," she said. "Annie can't com stay with the baby and I'll have to keep h up from his afternoon nap to make him g and sleepy so he'll go to sleep early. I'll h to get him fed and to bed and asleep be this woman comes or he'll scream his h off. You know how he is with strangers."

Father said, "Well, I suppose you co tell them that."

"No, I can't," mother said. "They this woman for me when Annie coul come. They'd think it sounded pretty w and Dorothy thinks my children are spoi enough anyway. I couldn't tell them that could tell them I was sick, or that your un came in unexpectedly. How would that be

"Terrible," father said. "Of course n You can get the baby to bed all right, an not, let him scream."

The way it turned out, they let him screa He was screaming when we left.

Mother hated to leave him. But father sa "He'll stop the minute we're gone, probab Come on and forget all about it."

Mother took a few minutes to put on new hat and she pulled her old coat down make it as long as she could, like they w them now, and we met the others and went this keen place to eat and mother seemed be having fun after all. She looked almost pretty as Rita, and father reached across t table and patted her hand and said:

"This we should do often."

And Rita said, "I can't take my eyes that hat! Is that the one you wanted me try that night? Why, I'd give my eyetee just to wear it in a *picture!*"

"I'm glad you like it," mother said.

"I *love* it!" Rita said.

I looked at her hard, but she didn't lo green, so I guessed she didn't know the h had a name.

(Continued on Page 254)



By Munro Leaf

A CLOTHES-LOSER is a very expensive, wasteful and unpleasant sort of person to have in any family. Some of them just lose their coats or rubbers or hats or gloves. This Clothes-Loser is one of the worst of all. It started out in the morning fully dressed, but by now it has lost everything it had on but one sock and had to come home in a barrel. The unhappy Watchbird has found only its tie. What a foolish waster a Clothes-Loser is.



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(Continued from Page 252)

"When you're through with it, remember me," she said.

It was exciting at the radio broadcast. Things I never knew they did. They held up signs when you could laugh and when you could clap.

And there were so many people, it didn't hardly seem possible that he would, but father did, he got chosen! And at first father didn't want to go but mother's eyes were shining and excited and she said, "Oh, go on!" so he did and when he got up she whispered, "Remember the extra-ultra."

They asked father some question and I know father knew the answer but they didn't hardly let him get started to answer it at all when they said he was wrong so he had to do this thing.

They took him out somewhere and then this is what they did: They brought two one-hundred-dollar bills and they said, "Are you his wife?" and mother said she was and they gave her the bills and told her to put them in her purse and hold them for them. Then they brought father back into the room and they said, "Now this is what you have to do. You pick out the woman in this room that you honestly think is the prettiest and ask her to give to you to keep what we gave to her to hold."

Mother had a funny look on her face. She put up her hand and fixed the hat a little bit and she pulled her coat a little at the knees.

They had said "honestly" to father so he was being very careful. He looked all around the room and his face looked like he was trying terribly hard to do it right and it was very quiet, only some ladies laughing a little when father looked at them and Rupert Dodds saying, "Come, come, now, it shouldn't be that hard."

Then father started over toward us and I had to keep my mouth shut hard to keep from yelling to him, and mother still looked that funny way and she was watching him all the time. And father went over and picked up Rita's hand.

"Here she is," he said.

The people just went wild and Rupert Dodds was talking like mad but we couldn't hear him and mother looked just the same as she did, just looking straight ahead with that funny look on her face. I think she knew all the time that father wouldn't pick her and I thought it was a dirty trick they had played on mother and father, and I felt like crying.

When people quieted down enough for him to be heard, Rupert Dodds said to father, "Well, sir, do you know what you have just done? You have thrown away two hundred dollars. Yes, sir, two hundred dollars. We had given your wife two hundred dollars to hold. If you had picked her, she would have given it to you to keep."

I knew how father felt. Like I felt that time everybody laughed so when I was the only one who raised my hand when the teacher asked what a hogshead was and nobody else knew so I got to tell and I said a pig's head and it was wrong, it was a barrel.

Father said, "But you told me to pick the one I honestly thought the *prettiest*. My wife isn't the prettiest, Rita is."

People just howled. The radioman really was stumped. He didn't know what to do next, I guess. It wasn't working out the way he thought it would.

Poor father! He wasn't through talking. I certainly knew how he felt. Because that's the way I felt about the hogshead. He felt like he had to explain.

The people were very noisy and now Rupert Dodds held up his hand and asked them to be quiet and he said, "Let's let this man work out of this, if he can."

"My wife *used* to be that pretty," father said, and I could see he felt pretty terrible and like maybe he'd never be able to say what he meant. "She isn't that young any more," he said. "She has three children and does all the housework."

"You mean," the man said, "that say fifteen years ago your wife would have been your choice, but now she has worked so hard

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that she is not, in your estimation, the most beautiful?"

"Oh no!" father said. "I didn't say that. You didn't say 'beautiful.' You said 'pretty.' Beautiful has more to it. Work or age doesn't have anything to do with beautiful. Young girls are always prettier. That's the way Nature planned it. Why, it would be terrible if they weren't."

"It would?" Rupert Dodds said and I could tell he was making fun of father again.

"Of course it would!" father said and he was talking right up to the man now. "If they weren't they'd never get married. Men wouldn't ever choose young girls if they weren't any prettier than older women, because the older women are so much more attractive in every other way. If they were just as pretty, too, it wouldn't be fair."

Well, I don't know much about women so how could I know that father had said a wise thing? I put my head down between my shoulders and waited for them to laugh again. But there wasn't a sound.

Except in a minute, Rupert Dodds said, "Brother, you have something there. I guess maybe this man is the most truthful one we've ever had on this program. Where's that two hundred dollars?" he said to mother,

In ancient times, salt was both scarce and expensive. Hence, Roman soldiers demanded a special form of payment for the purchase of salt. Some of the famous highways of the time were built for the sole purpose of transporting salt to cities. One such road was even named Via Salarium. The salt money doled out to soldiers was called simply "salarium." So when the English-speaking world needed a word to mean regular pay, the old Roman term for salt money was altered slightly. As a result, we have the very important word, "salary!"

—WEBB B. GARRISON.

and she handed it over. "I think he deserves it after all, don't you?" he said and the people all cheered and when it had quieted down he said, "You know, I think someone else here deserves a prize and that's the woman who made him think that," and he gave mother another one-hundred-dollar bill! "You don't have to answer any questions to get this," he told her, "you've already won it; but if you care to tell, why did you marry the guy?"

Mother twinkled. "Oh, lots of reasons," she said. "More than I could possibly tell, but one was that he's so honest. He always tells the *whole* truth."

Well, it was certainly some party Rita had thrown. Father could have his light meter, mother could have her new-look coat and how did I know, maybe there was enough left over for the new vacuum cleaner.

And father said, "What do we care about how late it is; are you boys tired?"

Anybody knows what we said.

"Well then," father said, "let's go to the Gladstone and string it out awhile."

And the funniest thing happened there. I was eating this super sundae. It's one dipper of vanilla and one of chocolate and one of strawberry with sliced bananas and marshmallow and whipped cream and pecans and cherries on top. It's a sixty-five-cent sundae and I never thought I'd ever be able to get one in my life, but father had said to shoot the works. Well, I was on the strawberry and noticing how pretty it looked when you cut into it and the marshmallow ran down and the cherry juice on top of that in streaks and I heard mother say:

"A hat like this couldn't ever be a castoff, could it, Rita, so I couldn't insult you by giving it to you, could I?"

"*Insult* me!" Rita said.

"I'm through with it," mother said. "You take it." And she took it off and handed it to Rita. And just as I was digging into the strawberry again, Rita let out this little squeal and I knew she had had a name.

THE END



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THE ANTISOCIAL CHILD NEEDS UNDERSTANDING

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

PERHAPS there is a child in your neighborhood about whom you are beginning to wonder. He is probably five or six years old now, and still he never ants to be away from his mother's side. A ouple of years ago you thought it was ouching, this tender devotion of mother nd child. But came the first day of school, nd the mother had to stay all day—as on as she started to leave, her offspring egan to cry and act up. The same thing happened day after day for several weeks. You began to feel sorry for the mother then.

Possibly you have heard reports that are even more disturbing. It may be rumored in the neighborhood that mothers of the younger children have to watch this youngster closely at play—he has a mean way of pushing, pinching and striking the little ones. There are shocking stories of his cruelty to neighborhood cats and dogs. Perhaps you have heard that one afternoon after school he sneaked into the classroom after the teacher had gone and destroyed property belonging to other pupils and to the school.

You would feel even sorrier if you knew how deep are the roots of this child's behavior, and how much more serious trouble is in store for mother and child in the years ahead, unless steps are taken promptly to correct the condition. I have seen many cases of this kind myself, and I know how these early and apparently harmless incidents can develop into heartache and tragedy for the whole family, if not given attention.

This early symptom that we used to call "extreme shyness" is recognized by doctors today as the beginning of antisocial behavior. Something in the child's family life or environment has made him subconsciously insecure and afraid. He responds by "withdrawing from society," protecting himself against the possible hurts of new experiences and new contacts by refusing them. Unless the exact cause of his behavior can be discovered and the right adjustment made, further withdrawals may be expected as the child grows older. Before long he will become a lonely, pitiable figure, set apart from his schoolmates by refusal to take his normal part in their work and games, and perhaps teased for his failures. Hurt again by these gibes, he withdraws still

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"Nope, Mom— you don't get out yet!"



BABY: Tch-tch, Mom! *You*—the lady who said she'd like to be a baby for a day—wanting *out!* What changed your mind?

MOM: All this crawling and wriggling around! It's made my skin so *miserable!* Does *your* skin get as uncomfortable as all this?

BABY: Glad you asked, Mom. The answer is *yes*. But it could be *no*—if you gave me the right kind of care, with Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: You mean I've been slipping up? That you ought to have *both—every day?*

BABY: *Several times a day* is better, Mom. Pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil for my after-bath smoothovers. And don't forget it at diaper changes, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation."

Now about Johnson's Baby Powder. Plenty of soft, silky sprinkles will help chase those chafes and prickles that ruin my disposition! Is it a deal?

MOM: Honey, you've convinced me—even if it had to be the *hard* way!



Shall we go get the Johnson's?

BABY: We're off, Mom! Get those carriage wheels turning!



The happy boyhood that began 13 years ago.



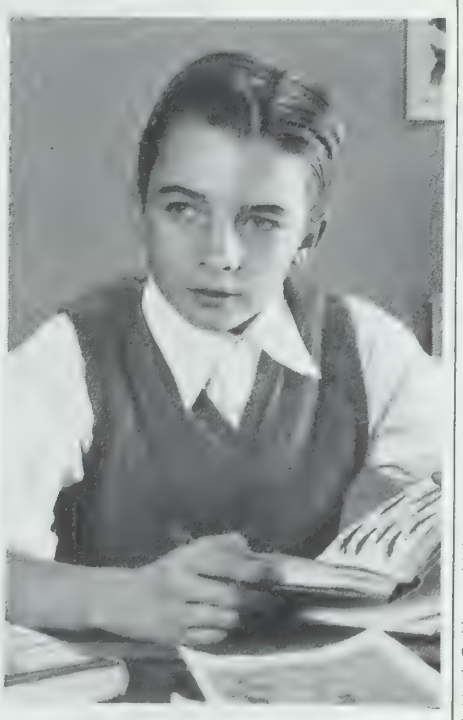
AT 4 MONTHS. Thirteen years ago, Jerry Wright was picked for a special test to see how babies thrive on Clapp's Baby Foods. At the time of this picture, Jerry had been eating Clapp's iron-rich Cereals for a month. Can't you see his happy disposition?



AT 8 MONTHS. Jerry is a great big bundle of love! He's now having Clapp's Strained Vegetables, Soups and Fruits—with the proteins, minerals, iron and vitamins he needs to grow. Jerry loves to eat and Clapp's smooth texture is just right for his tender digestive system.



AT 11 MONTHS. "My, what a husky!" people say, when they see Jerry bouncing around. He weighs 23 healthy pounds—his flesh is firm, his body straight. His vitality is unlimited—thanks to Clapp's. He'll soon be on Clapp's Junior Foods—to keep him growing strong.



13 YEARS OLD! The promise for a happy boyhood fulfilled—Jerry's parents are so grateful to Clapp's! Jerry is an athlete and a scout. Studying birds is his hobby. His teacher says: "Jerry is one of the best adjusted boys I know." Start your baby on Clapp's *today!*

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more, and eventually he is completely estranged from the society in which he lives. Often along the way the child's antisocial feelings find expression in bad acts; naughtiness in the small child is replaced by cruelty and destructiveness in the later years—ultimately, sometimes, by the incorrigible behavior we call delinquency.

In the past, parents and teachers have struggled vainly with antisocial children, unable to deal with the problem successfully because they failed to understand what was happening in the child's mind.

Today we can usually recognize the early signs of social maladjustment and prevent it from becoming a problem by altering the parent's attitude toward the child. Better yet, we can teach parents to know these hazards, so that children will not be affected in the first place.

A certain amount of shyness or withdrawal is perfectly normal at various stages of the child's development. For example, the child whom circumstances have kept isolated for the first two or three years of life may be expected to show some feeling of strangeness when he is first thrown with a group. The more common mistake today is to overprotect our young children.

It is when strangeness or shyness takes an extreme form or lasts more than a day or two in the new situation that parents must look for an underlying cause. As it turns out, the trouble sometimes lies within one or the other of the parents, or in their relationship to each other. For example, the mother whose own needs for love and attention have never been adequately fulfilled may seek to compensate for this lack by lavishing an undue amount of affection on her youngster, thus laying the groundwork for a relationship which excludes the rest of the world and, while it may gratify the mother, leaves the baby unprepared for the social experiences that come later.

When elderly invalids meet with fellow victims of their own ailments, then at last real conversation begins, and life is delicious.

—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH: Afterthoughts (Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc.).

Another situation I have seen many times is one in which the baby is subconsciously unwanted or rejected by the mother. Sometimes the reason for this is economic; the baby may be an unconsciously felt threat to family financial security. More often, the rejection is rooted in the mother's sex life. When this is not stable or adequate, dissatisfaction may fix itself on the child who has "come between" the parents. In these cases, no matter what show of affection the mother makes toward the child, real love is lacking. Eventually, the child withdraws from contact with others and turns his attention inward. Self-love, the only kind of love he can count on, must do its meager best to satisfy his needs.

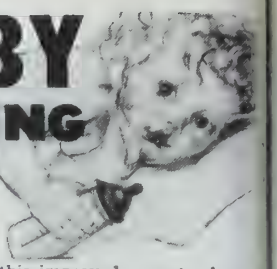
Fortunately, these deep-seated maladjustments on the part of parents are not frequent. When such a cause does emerge as the reason for a child's behavior problem, frank discussion of the situation between the parents and the family doctor is the first step toward correction.

In the majority of children in whom it occurs, antisocial behavior is the result, not of maladjustment in the parents, but of carelessness or lack of understanding of the child's needs and how to handle him. If mothers will bear in mind from the beginning that babies are human beings, with the same need for love and affection, and the same need for company that older children and adults have, these problems should not develop.

The child who has already developed antisocial tendencies needs understanding and real love, not discipline or protection. When love and understanding are given him in the measure that is every child's due, his bad behavior and inwardness will vanish.

THE END

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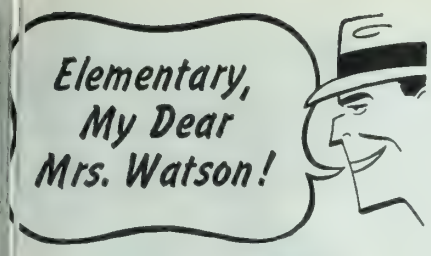
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WHY DO WOMEN CRY?

(Continued from Page 44)

falls down and skins his leg: his mother tells him, "Be a little man. Don't be a crybaby." John thus discovers that the way to his mother's heart is by swallowing back his tears—and he is still swallowing back his tears fifty years later, when a good cry might give him the release his mind and body need.

When little Jane falls and skins *her* leg, she is greeted by a sympathetic, "There, there." Her mother comforts the sobbing little figure and wipes the grimy tears from her daughter's face. Jane makes a mental note: crying brings attention and love. Fifty years later *she* may still be using tears as a useful racket for getting her own way.

Dr. Alfred Adler, the Viennese psychiatrist, coined the word "waterpower" to describe the technique by which some women tyrannize over men by insincere appeals for sympathy. As one of his students, Dr. Olga Knopf, has said: "In human relations the weakest is often the strongest. A helpless baby is the strongest of tyrants; everyone must serve his needs. Women sometimes assume weakness to dominate their households; many a quarrel ends by the husband's giving in because he can't bear seeing his wife cry."

Psychiatrists agree that women still use tears as a weapon, but probably less often than in the Victorian age, when weeping, fainting and "the vapors" were so common that every household had its bottle of smelling salts to restore its ladies from their strategic swoons. Such tears, turned on to gain a point, have been described by Doctor Burlingame as "an adult temper tantrum." Part of the modern man's discomfort when a woman cries thus comes from a sincere doubt as to whether she is really suffering or whether he is being "worked" by "waterpower."

But modern man is in no position to scoff at woman's tearfulness. Both psychiatrists and physiologists state that the average American would improve his health if he would himself indulge in an occasional good cry (as Latin men sometimes do). This belief is more than a hunch of the doctors: it appears to have a sound basis in chemistry.

Tears contain lysozyme, an enzyme discovered by Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin. Lysozyme (which also appears in saliva) is a very powerful antiseptic: tears diluted six million times still have a destructive power against some of the microbes found in the air. The normal, nonemotional secretion of tear substance about the eyes is thus a natural means of protection from infection through the eyeball.

But recent experiments made by Dr. Karl Meyer, of Columbia University, New York, show that lysozyme is also found abnormally present in the stomachs of ulcer patients, and that they produce it in exceptionally large quantities during emotional upsets. Lysozyme is always powerful stuff: it can eat through the protecting mucus that lines the stomach and lay the stomach wall open to erosion by acids among the digestive juices. Wherever lysozyme is desirable, it is *not* in our stomachs.

These discoveries—reported to the American College of Surgeons a year ago—have made the physicians sit up and think. For it is known that four times as many American men as women are ulcer sufferers. In crying, women may be doing much more than "letting off steam"; they may be letting off the lysozyme which would otherwise destroy the linings of their stomachs. And when men "swallow down" emotion they may also be swallowing a deadly enzyme. The habit of crying may protect our health.

But tears would not start to our eyes without some originating cause: women do not cry *all* the time. Why do they need to cry *any* of the time? Many investigators have tried to find out.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall was one of them. He reported the results of a questionnaire he had sent to several hundred college students: they listed 307 different occasions for tears in their

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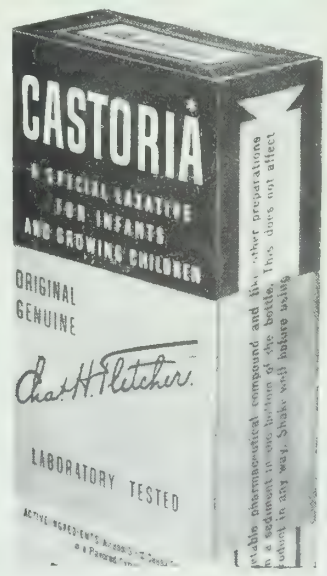
WHEN your cheerful child whines and wails ... when he fusses because of "Childhood Constipation" ... it's wise to know what to do. Give him Fletcher's Castoria.

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own experience, and these proved to be so various that they could not be grouped under fewer than 47 headings. The vast majority of the students stated that they found themselves crying less as they got older, and for rather different reasons than in childhood: 122 reports of crying from anger were recorded; only 8 of these took place after the students were adult. Many of the girls reported having cried "for no reason" during adolescence.

Tiredness was the commonest condition in which tears occurred. A large percentage of the returns recorded a "disturbed circulation" during weeping. Most of the students remembered having thrown themselves into a prone position while they cried. Three quarters of the returns said that the women had found themselves unable to hold back tears, no matter how much they tried. Most of them reported "relief" from crying, although a few told of serious aftereffects—stupor, nausea, sore eyes, exhaustion. One girl said a crying bout had caused an illness which lasted for over a month.

Most of Doctor Hall's students felt that fright had made them cry when they were children, but that as adults they wept only from grief or from sympathy with another person's sorrow.

Doctor Borquist, who conducted a similar survey, found fatigue to be the greatest single cause of weeping: about one quarter of all reported cases of "the weeps" seemed due to tiredness. If a woman is worn out from overwork, worry or overstudy, he found, she hardly needs a "mental" motive for crying—and her tears are apt to be hysterical and uncontrolled when she lets them go at such a time. During menstruation or the menopause, such nervous fatigue is especially apt to occur.

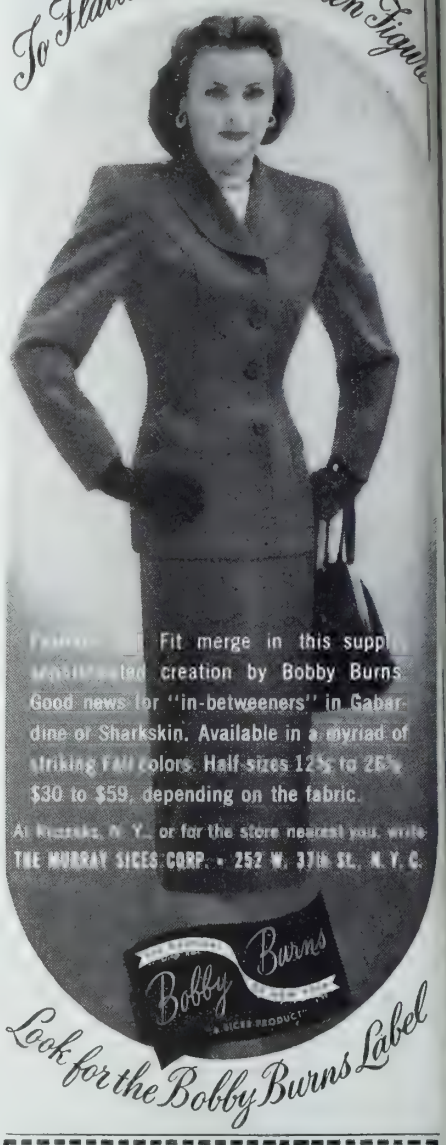
But crying, which may indicate a serious nervous breakdown in Jane, can be a symptom of only a very casual disappointment in Mary. For some women weep more easily than others. The most complete investigation made of this difference in inborn temperament is the work of Dr. W. H. Sheldon, of Harvard University, who studied 4000 men and women from the viewpoint of "constitutional psychology." Doctor Sheldon found he could grade the patients according to their physical and temperamental tendencies, which go hand in hand. Most of us are mixtures of the three extremes of temperament he describes: the viscerotonic (in whose physical make-up "the digestive tract is king"); the somatotonic (whose muscular system dominates); and the cerebrotonic (in whom certain functions of the brain exert control more completely than in the rest of us). All these types react differently to grief.

The woman who cries easily is, by this classification, a woman in whom the viscerotonic element is strong. She "sobs and cries convincingly at the time when it will do most good," instead of bottling up her emotion during a long, painful prelude to weeping, as members of the other categories often do. And when she cries, the viscerotonic cries *hard*. "Her sobs," says Doctor Sheldon, "seem to come from the depth of the abdomen."

The viscerotonic woman seems to have a particular, urgent need to cry—and to cry in company. In a time of stress, she will seek out someone with a sympathetic shoulder, will tell her troubles to a perfect stranger if she is cut off from her friends. If a viscerotonic woman can find *another* viscerotonic, she will get especially great relief—for men and women of this type are always sympathetic with the tears of others. "When two viscerotonics meet," says Doctor Sheldon, "a kind of emotional orgy takes place, and in this process the grief becomes dissipated. It is shared, thrown off, distributed . . . possibly in something of a literal physiological sense."

According to the Sheldon findings, it is the viscerotonics who most often cry at movies and theaters—although other types may be moved as deeply, without showing this by tears. Psychologists tell us that we all identify the characters on the stage or screen with ourselves, and Dr. George Gallup's Audience

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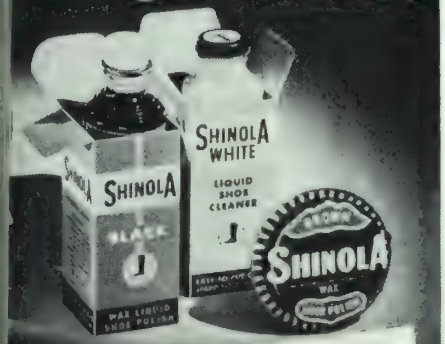
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OUTWEARS LEATHER—WATERPROOF—SLIP-PROOF

Research Institute has verified this fact: it is women admirers who give the leading actresses their popularity, it is men who support the male stars. Thus, when a woman in the audience sees a star suffering, she may show the same emotional reactions she would express if the tragedy were her own. With a viscerotonic, this means a flood of immediate tears.

Dorothy Parker's short story, Big Blonde, vividly described the viscerotonic woman to whom tears can become a luxury and a joy. "She fell readily into the habit of tears during the first year of her marriage," wrote Mrs. Parker. "Even in her good-sport days she had been known to weep lavishly and disinterestedly on occasion. Her behavior at the theater was a standing joke. She could weep at anything in a play—tiny garments, love both unrequited and mutual, seduction, purity, faithful servitors, wedlock, the triangle.

"'There goes Haze,' her friends would say, watching her. 'She's off again.'

"Wedded and relaxed, she poured her tears freely. To her who had laughed so much, crying was delicious. All sorrows became her sorrows; she was Tenderness. She would cry long and softly over newspaper accounts of kidnaped babies, deserted wives, unemployed men, strayed cats, heroic dogs."

The other Sheldon types are unlikely to cry over strange dogs' troubles—they scarcely cry about their own. In moments of stress and sorrow, the somatotonic woman must do something strenuous: climb a mountain, go on a spending spree, take an automobile trip, do anything violent and active to get the trouble off her mind. The cerebrotonic, on the other hand, retires into a shell with her sorrow and seeks solitude. For her "to

You'll never develop eye trouble by looking at the bright side.

show feeling is like public exposure of the naked body. Such an individual stands tearless at the grave, although her inward feeling may be more poignant than that of the most demonstrative person." When she *does* cry, it is reluctantly, and through clenched teeth.

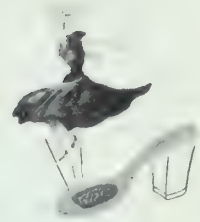
Other students of the subject agree with Doctor Sheldon that some women are more easily inclined to tears than others, but they disagree as to the cause. Doctor Lund believes that increased thyroid activity lowers the "tear threshold": young girls at adolescence are apt to be tearful, and this is also a period of thyroid growth. This gland, when it is overactive, always produces restlessness and excitability. In some women the thyroid is constantly overactive; they may be particularly inclined to tears.

Doctor Borquist also recognizes the temperamental difference in susceptibility to tears. He gives an example of two sisters who lost their mother. One of them burst out at once into uncontrollable grief; after a day or so she rapidly grew cheerful and liked to talk about her mother. The other sister shed no tears until a week had passed; then she broke down and was sick in bed for some weeks. In the first case, the emotion may have been lighter and the expression of grief less intense; on the other hand, the first sister may have had a different temperament, a more sluggish set of glands.

Whether you do or don't cry easily may provide an important clue to other aspects of your disposition: sociologists have found that, other things being equal, men who cry at movies are more apt to make very good husbands. (A man must have a somewhat exceptional supply of tenderness to be able to break through the "tough guy" convention of our society and to show emotion—and tenderness is an important quality in marriage.)

But the man who cries in the living-room tête-à-tête can be dangerous: Doctor Sheldon points out that "the viscerotonic ability to cry is a remarkably potent weapon. When a viscerotonic male sets his heart upon a woman whose quality lies a little beyond his

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reach, he's apt sooner or later to resort to this weapon. Men may be fairly well disciplined in resisting female tears, but against a good viscerotonic man's tears the female is at a serious disadvantage, for her own weapons are then turned against her." Some unfortunate marriages, he believes, have taken place simply because the woman could not bear to see a man in tears because of her!

Ready tears do not tell the doctor or psychologist whether you are intelligent or stupid, strong or weak: they are a symptom only of the *emotional* nature of a woman or a man. Dr. B. W. Richardson has written in the Dictionary of Psychological Medicine that "No one ever wept from the head; that is to say, no one ever reasoned himself into tears except through an appeal back to an emotion." But tears, he says, can often be checked by the simplest mental diversion: A woman who is about to weep at a moving scene in the theater may remember that she forgot to bring a handkerchief; that slight interruption of her attention can destroy the need to cry. "The more intense the nervous vibration, the easier is the diversion of the impulse from one center to another"—so long as the condition has not become a habit. Sometimes it does. Such excessive and habitual crying, says Doctor Richardson, can be corrected by a change of scene, by mental diversion and by an outdoor life. But alcohol should be forbidden weepers, for it "keeps up a maudlin and pitiful sentimentality. Alcohol is the mother of sorrow."

This constant crying can be a symptom of a nervous or psychological condition—but not of physical pain. Doctor Richardson reports that records of surgical operations before the days of anesthetics tell us that patients in great pain fainted and screamed, but did not cry. Women in labor do not cry, he says—unless they have been given medication which creates an abnormal psychological state. If they weep then, it is from a nervous cause, not because of the physical suffering they feel.

STUDIES of crying among the insane seem to support the view that crying is a sign of emotional recovery. Manic-depressive patients typically moan without tears in their dejected state, but they cry easily when they are passing into a state of exaltation. The conditions in which tears are commonest among the ill are paresis, arteriosclerosis, multiple sclerosis and some brain tumors—and Drs. S. E. Jeliffe and W. A. White have pointed out that the paretic patient often weeps in the midst of sublime happiness. Among mental patients only mildly ill, extreme fatigue leads to an emotional instability which may express itself in either laughter or weeping without an apparent cause.

Psychologists have attempted to explain the complex of tears by a physiological approach: it is known that their immediate cause is a secretion of the lachrymal glands in the upper and outer portion of the ocular orbital cavity. These glands are innervated by both the cranial and sympathetic divisions of the autonomic nervous system. Now, the cranial nerve supply is usually active in pleasant states, the sympathetic supply in unpleasant. Physiologists tend to believe that the cranial nerve must act in order for us to weep and that unalloyed grief, therefore, cannot be a cause for tears. Renewed hope must enter in.

Exponents of this popular view offer numerous case histories to indicate that tears come only with hope: A mother, worried and desperate when her daughter's pony came back riderless, remained dry-eyed; but when the girl turned up safely a few hours later, she was dissolved in tears. . . . A man who was fearful of his own suspected insanity was unable to cry; when a psychiatrist convinced him that he was quite sane he burst into torrents of tears. . . . A heavyweight boxer cried on his way to his corner after knocking out his opponent.

Any great privation, by this theory, merely sets the stage for weeping; our whole being is stimulated to make good the loss, but it is prevented from doing so because total misery cannot bring us tears. Energy, for which

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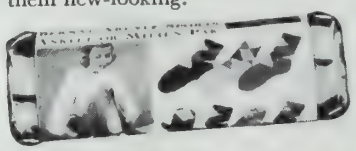
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there is no outlet, causes our *suffering*. Yet we cannot find the release of tears until the situation gains some redeeming feature; then the contrast between our sorrow and our "lift" will let us cry.

But this theory is not shared by all psychologists: some of them prefer the older belief of Charles Darwin, whose book, Expression of Emotion in Man and Animals, was one of the first studies in the field. Darwin drew a distinction between the causes of tears in children and adults: he believed that helplessness made the child weep; hopelessness, the adult. "Tears come when the individual," he wrote, "gives up the struggle to adjust himself to the demands made upon him." Preceding the onset of tears is always a profound disturbance of the nervous system, exhaustion and a lessened power of restraint. "The conditions demand an effort which the depleted individual cannot make." Crying comes later—it "is the cessation of the state of strained effort in the direction of total giving up." By this theory, despair is at the root of our ability to weep. William James, too, subscribed to the belief that we cry when we have "reached bottom" and that crying itself makes us sadder. Our tears stop, he said,

PIG IN A POKE

Pigs cost money to raise, while cats may be raised for next to nothing on a farm. The reference in this phrase is to the practice of pitchmen at county fairs of openly displaying a fine-looking suckling pig and then having several more wrapped up in a sack which was then known as a *poke*. You remember the line in *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*, "I'll bet my poke they're true." Only a greenhorn would buy a pig without opening the bag to see the kind and quality of merchandise he was getting. The shrewd buyer who opened the bag to see the pig in the poke would of course "let the cat out of the bag."

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

only from "apparent exhaustion of the machinery."

Whether we cry from hope or hopelessness, *all* the experts agree that we feel better afterward. Doctor Borquist says that in all grief the sufferer is in a state of apathy and collapse "with sluggish circulation and slow vital processes. If through voluntary exertion, he diverts his thoughts to new channels, the fatigued cortical centers get a rest and improved respiration and circulation give them nutrition. But if he is left alone, his energy gets lower until a storm of weeping comes to restore and restimulate." Weeping is thus Nature's substitute for friends to take our minds off our troubles. We always feel better after a cry.

(Dr. S. Weir Mitchell agreed with this—he believed and told his patients that women who cry frequently keep their youth longer!)

Literature—especially poetry—is filled with mention of tears. Often the writers seem to have known what psychologists only now are telling us—that tears are a symptom of recovery.

Alfred Tennyson's Princess offers a classic case of the way in which the grief-stricken may not be able to cry while their sorrow is completely unrelieved:

Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry.
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

In this story, her small child was brought to the Princess; when he was in her arms, her sorrow was given the needed gleam of hope and she was able to burst into tears.

William Shakespeare is another poet whose observation of the way tears flow is borne out by modern physiological findings. "I am a fool," he wrote, "to weep at what I am glad of." But Doctor Ribot could have explained this to Shakespeare: both joy and

(Continued on Page 265)



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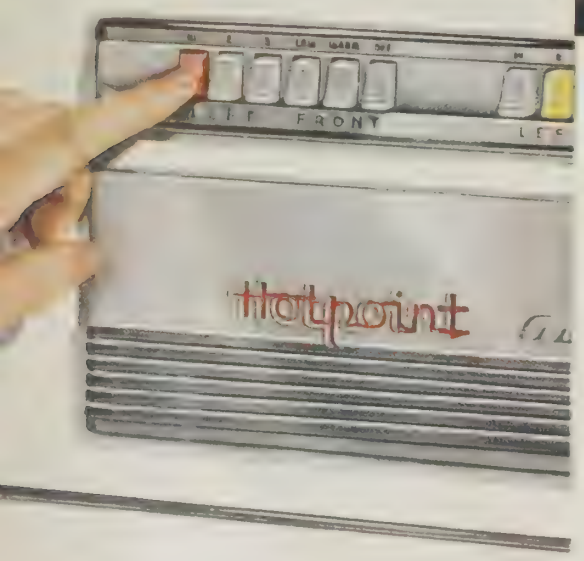
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(Continued from Page 263)

erness, he says, act as a mild stimulus to ar glands—it is for this reason that our shine with affection or happiness. If e emotions are intense enough—and our onal tear threshold is sufficiently low—ay cry from any strong emotion. Doctor urdson reports that women in hysteria be moved to tears by fear, grief and joy g a single paroxysm.

The Ballad of Reading Gaol, Oscar e describes the utter despair of the man is to be hanged: "He did not wring his s nor weep." With this he contrasts the vior of the other prisoners on the night ecution—men who sympathized with urderer but whose sorrow for him was ved by hope for themselves: "There is no when men must weep who never yet wept," and "As molten lead were the we shed."

e same poem portrays the difference in eraments of the men, all of them in n, all of them suffering:

d some men curse, and some men weep,
And some men make no moan:
God's eternal Laws are kind
And break the heart of stone.

more modern author has also described difference in men's emotional expression le a jail. Arthur Koestler's Dialogue With th tells of a group of political prisoners g taken out of their cells to die: "'*Hombre,* e's no help for ,' said the warder accompanied the st. For a moment man who was ut to die was si- . And then he be- to laugh. He kept pping his knees n his hands and laughter was quiet subdued, full of e gasps and hic- ghs. 'You are only tending,' he said the priest." But second man called die "sobbed and impered like a ld." Of the third, author writes, "He gan in a low voice sing the Marseillaise. But after a few bars voice broke, and he too sobbed."

Often in literature tears are shed for an- er. "Weep thou for me in France; I for e here," says one of Shakespeare's war- rs. Because joy, fear, tenderness and sor- w all set up the same glandular reaction the body, any of them may lead us to rs. Beauty can make men cry. And so can hild's appealing face, or a story of heroism. that is required is a contrast of two states: lackening of tension, a relief from despair —in the case of tears at a sunset or a stretch sea—a sense of the unattainability of this veliness, which is so perishable.

People long separated also weep when ey are reunited: the joy merges with the emory of sorrow to give the complex emo- n required for tears to flow. In music, it the minor scale which brings tears to the es; minor harmonies arouse "unrest and ngled feelings with a desire for the com- eteness of the major chord," according to octor Lund. To cry, he says, is always the ark of a mixed state; neither sorrow, dejec- n, joy nor elation alone is sufficient cause.

EARS accompany man's unique spiritual- y: animals never cry. Man alone has chrymal glands, and even man does not ossess them in working condition at birth. abies do not shed tears until they are two three months old. They cry from the first y of life, according to Dr. Arnold Gesell, of ale University, but only through dry-eyed bs. Cretins (whose thyroid glands do not erate) never shed tears at all.

Babies do not cry from grief, which is a ghly sophisticated emotion; they cry be- use of anger, hunger, fear, pain or surprise. bservers of crying children have been un- able to detect any difference in their mode of crying—whether the cause was hunger, anger, pain or fear of falling—according to a report by Dr. Mandel Sherman in the Journal of Comparative Psychology. His studies of children sixteen months to three years old, made over a three-year period, showed that more than 100 situations caused them to cry—but that exactly the same situations often led to laughter.

DOCTOR GESELL found that in the first days of life an infant cries at any pronounced stimulus, such as being picked up. Two weeks later he will cry in the crib, but will cease crying when he is picked up. As time goes on, fewer and fewer things make him cry. Dr. N. Bayley, writing in the Journal of Genetic Psychology, says that in the first year of life children cry 15 per cent of the total time. In the baby's first month, she found pain to be the chief cause of crying; later, strange situations and odd forms of handling proved more apt to make the child weep. Dr. Catherine Williams Brackett, writing in a Teachers College, Columbia University, monograph, reports that preschool children seldom cry when they are with other children whom they like, and that they cry much less in routine situations than when they are turned loose to play.

Children's crying is taken for granted—we do not become too greatly distraught at their tears. And for the American woman, crying presents no problem: if she rarely weeps, she may congratulate herself on having a life so ordered that there are few occasions for tears. If she *does* cry, she has the blessing of the physicians, who will assure her that she feels much better afterward, and may even be taking a step toward renewed youthfulness by every sob!

It is the *men* who have to worry about tears in the American culture of today. For their Anglo-Saxon tradition of "manliness" and self-restraint, they may have to pay in the expensive coin of stomach ulcers. Their inability to cry without social censure deprives them of one of modern woman's soundest ways of letting off steam. And men are asked—while deprived of the relief of crying themselves—to endure the spectacle of a wife's weeping, with the silent reproach it often brings to them.

What can American men do? It is probably too late for them to develop the healthy habit of an occasional cry themselves. But they can, at least, comfort themselves with the modern theory that a woman weeps only when she has already begun to hope: a husband may feel less wretched if he looks upon a woman's tears as a symptom of renewed cheerfulness and not of despair. He may take a leaf from the New York credit manager—and silently hand his wife a facial tissue, as a signal to stop. Or he may let her have her cry out, supported by the medical certainty that she is doing herself a world of good.

He may even adopt the cynical device worked out for him by Charles Darwin in 1873, and probably never improved upon to this day:

"The way to stop the occasional weeping of ladies who wish to desist," Darwin wrote, "is to beg them earnestly *not* to try to stop and to assure them that nothing will relieve them more than prolonged and copious crying."

Doctor Darwin's recipe has a further advantage to recommend it to the distressed man of today: it completely spoils the pitch of the occasional tear racketeer whom he may encounter. For no woman can use "waterpower" to get her own way from a man who, in all sympathy, urges her not to stop. Tears are a weapon against only the man who is deathly afraid of them. THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Empty-Handed

By Rhina P. Espaillat

Accept my silence. Let me be
The wordless lips, the distant bird,
The heart across uncharted seas
That holds you dear beyond all
words.
My love, my prayers, a fancied
kiss—
I have no gift for you but this.

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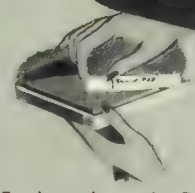
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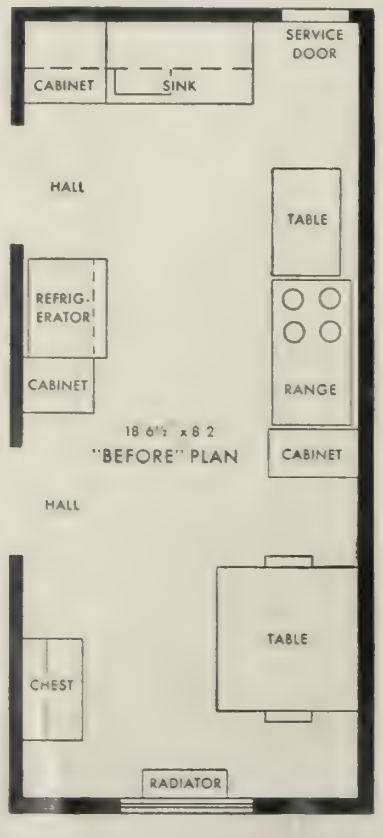

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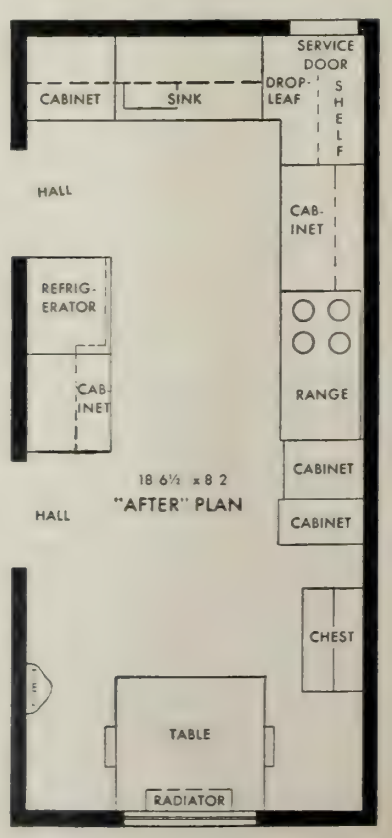
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Moving the range a matter of inches; giving the refrigerator, broom and china closets a shove made space for extra cabinets next range and refrigerator. Fresh paint, linoleum and wallpaper brightened the atmosphere. For the kitchen: new convenience. For the family: a room to love instead of leave.



Little annoyances add up in a kitchen like this. Sink and range get no light from window. Unshaded bulb glares and throws shadows. Supplies are crowded in high cupboards. Low table only place to work. Refrigerator isolated and opens next cleaning closet. Linoleum old and hard to clean. . . . A woman can make do in such a setup, but the doing's no fun day after day.





"HOW FAR WILL $250 GO IN MY KITCHEN?"

BY GLADYS TABER

"OF course if we expected to live here forever, it would be different," a friend of mine often says, "but as it is, we just don't want to invest a lot of money and time on the kitchen." In a way, this seems a common-sense viewpoint, but it is one I have never been able to accept. I like to flax around and fix things up even if I am only staying in a hotel for a day or two, just so I will feel at home wherever I am.

And so, when I drove out through the bustling suburbs to see the L.'s kitchen, I was singing small songs to myself all the way. Because the JOURNAL had decided to see what could be done on a budget to remodel a kitchen in a house in which the family would live a reasonable length of time, but not forever.

The L.'s felt that they could spend $250 and save money by eating more meals at home and entertaining less in restaurants, assuming they would be in this house some time. This sum was the budget for the kitchen. The final sum spent was $228.82.

This seemed very exciting to me. I don't see any real reason to throw in the towel just because you do not own your *(Continued on Page 268)*

It actually cost $228.82. We got our money's worth and had fun doing it.

Plumber (Move gas range)	$ 5.00
3 Unfinished Wood Cabinets	57.00
2 Light Fixtures	9.00
Electrician (Install light fixtures and move electric outlet)	10.00
Shelves, Lumber, Hardware	13.30
Floor Covering, Linoleum, Molding	46.90
Counter Top (Material and labor to install)	27.46
Paint and Paintbrushes	13.39
Wallpaper and Labor to Hang	22.50
Curtains, Drapery, Chair-Cover Materials	12.27
Handy Man (8 hours)	12.00
Total	$228.82

Wallpaper gives a feeling of space; hanging lamp, a touch of elegance. White enamel makes Victorian furniture fit right in.

PHOTOS BY STUART-STEPHENSON





Set No. 3462/5. Table size 34 x 62" extended; 34 x 50" closed. Choice of colors: Table: white or canary. Chairs: seats and backs richly upholstered in canary, red or black; seat and back panels in gleaming white Arvinite.

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New "Miracle" slide-away extension leaf . . . richly upholstered chairs . . . other exclusive features

New "Miracle" Slide-Away Extension Leaf

Completely concealed, yet ready for instant use. Automatically stored just below the table top. Operates so easily that a child can raise or lower it with one hand from either side. The most convenient table-leaf ever developed.

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NEW SMARTNESS, new luxury, new convenience are yours with a genuine Arvin De Luxe Dinette Set! The "Miracle" leaf, so saving of time, space and effort, is the only one of its kind. The deep, richly upholstered chairs are the ultimate in stunning beauty, sheer comfort — with their covering of scuff-proof Vinyl fabric, form-fitting backs, and gracefully curved lines. The table will delight you with its beautiful semi-oval design, and with the extra leg room provided by the curved legs. Extended, it gives you ample room for serving eight! The new, lustrous long-life Arvinite finish resists chipping, cracking, acids, alcohol and boiling water. The striking color combinations, the many exclusive Arvin features, plus Arvin durability, make this the perfect set to own.

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Columbus, Indiana

Arvin Metal Chrome-Plated Dinette Sets • Metal Outdoor Furniture • All-Metal Ironing Tables

house. You may not start a box garden, but you can always plant things that grow in a year. You may not afford a new pine-paneled library—but why not fix up for comfortable living as much as you can? Some families rent their homes for only a year or so, but there are thousands who won't be able to build their dream house for a long time. But meanwhile they *are* living. Life is now, not tomorrow or next year, but today, this very minute. So why not plant the Silver Moon rosebush and build that barbecue and paint the scarred woodwork?

The L.'s expect to be some time in this particular house, and it is a pleasant, attractive place on a cool, leafy street. The landlord was willing to repaint the kitchen a good standard mud color. But naturally you couldn't expect him to fuss over the rest of it. It had an adequate range, a fairly modern refrigerator, a good sink.

It was nothing to him that Mrs. L. rushed out of the kitchen as soon as possible after the dishes were done. And getting a simple meal got the kitchen in such a mess that the family ate in restaurants as much as possible.

When I looked at the kitchen I felt that special kind of depression that comes when I find I have added up my income tax wrong and the hounds of the Government are baying at my heels. I couldn't see any hope for it either, short of tearing the whole room out. I mean, what could you do, without structural whacking about?

It was even worse because Mrs. L. had some excellent Victorian chairs and a fine drop-leaf table, a fine tole tray and some lovely china. But they looked sad and dark; lifeless, somehow, in that setting. So I looked instead at the way the sun lighted up the eyes of Mrs. L. I never saw eyes the color of fringed gentian before, but now I have, I thought, and that is a fine thing.

Meanwhile the JOURNAL staff members were crawling around on their hands and knees, measuring and measuring. They figured and wrote notes to themselves. They got under the stove and looked at the connections, and they pounded the wall as if it were a Ouija board.

By moving the range, shifting position of one tall cabinet and pushing the china cabinet a little farther into the dining area, room was made for two base cabinets—one next the range, one next the refrigerator, with an upper cabinet over it. Well-made unpainted cabinets are often good buys and may be painted any color you wish. For fitting shelves and laying linoleum on the counters and hanging the wallpaper, the L.'s paid $45 for help. A plumber moved the range for $5, the electrician installed the lighting fixtures and moved the only available electric outlet into a usable position for $10. Paint and other fixing they did themselves.

New floor covering seemed a must because the old was worn and because with such a busy, nervous, hard-to-clean kind of flooring. A serene dark green was used and cost $46.90. The budget could have been put on a 900-calorie diet, I suppose, by painting the old linoleum, but this expenditure was sound because the floor is now easy to clean and pleasing to look at.

The wallpaper cost $7.50 and added million-dollar look. I learned something from the choice of this. The stove had green enamel with a wavering marble pattern (why did the manufacturers think this was chic in the '20's?) so the wall colors just took this over and absorbed it. Also, this paper makes the end of the kitchen seem like an important separate room, which it now is; and since there is no dining room in the house, it is especially valuable to make this end of the kitchen a pleasant dining area.

Instead of the glaring exposed bulbs for lighting, a good globe was used in the work area and a charming lamp hung over the dining area. The lighting fixtures and cabinets were purchased from a reliable mail-order house.

And finally, all the Victorian walnut furniture was painted with chalk-white enamel! I was simply horrified at the idea when they told me they planned to do it. Perfectly good walnut Victorian antiques—painted! But when I saw the kitchen after it was finished I was delighted. The eating area had become gay and light and spacious-looking with all that pear-blossom white; and with white organdy curtains and a coral swag to match the seat covers and tablecloth, the effect was fresh the first day of June.

Now the lady with the gentian-blue eyes says she can hardly bear to leave her kitchen it is such fun to cook in it! As for me, I want home humming my small hum and dreaming thoughtfully of my own Victorian chairs. Maybe chalk white. . .

I told myself while I was stirring the apple sauce for supper that I wished every woman who puts up with a hundred little annoyances and inconveniences in her kitchen could see what could be done in any kitchen on a limited budget.

The next time I visit Mrs. L., I know I am not going to sit in that pleasant living room. I am going right into the kitchen and have my cup of tea at that table! Or on one of those gold-and-scarlet autumn days eat waffles and wild-flower honey and small sizzling bacon sausages while good talk makes the meal in this charming kitchen one to remember.

THE END

> **Only while we are young do we believe that the reverse of love is hate. We learn later—and that lesson we never forget, for love alone can teach it—that the reverse of love is egotism.**
>
> —MARY CHOLMONDELEY: Prisoners (Dodd, Mead & Company).

THE REBELLION OF WILLY KEPPER

(Continued from Page 38)

some pride you can call yourself a batchmaker. But you're not satisfied and then eventually you're twenty years old and the big day comes when you put aside the brown uniform and exchange it for a blue one. You're a foreman, leaning over a desk, studying batch cards, scared stiff the men working under you won't like you. You don't show it, though, and it works out all right, only you're still ambitious and finally you go back to the books you discarded. You buy a high-school chemistry text, you go to school after supper instead of bowling with the boys or calling up that cute number who lives around the corner. You sit up nights at the dining-room table until the print swims in front of you.

But it pays off finally, and one proud day you come to work in your best suit of clothes, and you don't get paint in your hair any longer. You run errands for the salesmen, check on orders for them. You know the factory and now you get an inkling of the men who sell what you used to make. You have bad moments, but you learn; you stammer a few times, but finally you learn how to talk to a purchasing agent. And you look at a desk that someday will be yours.

Willy came back into the general offices. He scrawled some waybill information on a telegram blank, handed it in at the switchboard, then sat on the edge of a desk, swinging one foot, glaring at the next telegram in his hand. The odor of paint clinging to his nostrils was replaced by the scent of perfume.

Mary said softly, "Sitting still for once, Willy? I didn't think you knew how to sit still."

Now he should say something, Willy thought to himself. Now he should come up with a bright remark to draw a smile from her. Something he had never learned to do. He'd thought it would come easier when he got his feet under a desk.

Willy said, "I see you have the file on Durkee there. Let me see it. I want to check on a letter I wrote them last week."

(Continued on Page 270)



IT'S **MODERN,** but it's mellow. Modern decor, modern floor, blend with fine old books, to make a room that fits any period—colonial past or house of tomorrow. The floor is Koroseal Cryst-tone Tile, Nos. 4516 and 4517, arranged in a striking new Sloane-Blabon conception—an exclusive geometric design, featuring jewel-brilliant Balsam Koroseal strips and matching Koroseal Cove Base.



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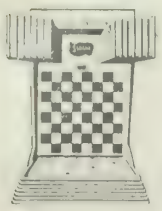
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NATIONAL PRESSURE COOKER COMPANY, General offices and factory, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

(*Continued from Page 268*)

Mary's sigh was almost imperceptible.

Willy grimly read his letter, then went off again, the heel-and-toe champion of the office, heading toward the testing labs where a quart sample was being held up.

That was on a Friday. Monday morning at nine o'clock Willy was out in the plant and hard at work tracking down some information. Nine-thirty he got back into the general offices and pulled up short. A magnificent young man in tan sports coat, dark flannel trousers and white shoes was sitting there at Carter's desk.

Mr. Clayton bobbed up, gave Willy a small and rueful wink, and said, "Willy Kepper, meet Jack Ogden. I've been instructing Ogden in his duties, Willy. I'd like you to give him a grand tour of the plant."

Ogden stood up and grinned, extending a hand. "How do you do?" he said cordially.

Willy grasped his fingers briefly, said, "Let's go," and turned on his heel. Ogden trailed after him into the shop.

Frankie Kovaleski came by, glanced at Ogden's clothes and murmured *sotto voce* at Willy, "Hey, kid, who's your friend?"

Willy, not answering, stabbed a finger at the tanks coming down from the ceiling, pitching his voice above the roar of the electric motors. "Paint's made in those," Willy said. "They're unloading there at number seven now."

Ogden said, "Kind of dirty work, isn't it?"

"We're not manufacturing lace panties," Willy said coldly. "Come on. This is the mill room we're going into now."

"Nine to five from now until I grow a beard," said Ogden. "What a life."

Willy, ignoring this, gave him a brisk tour, taking him upstairs where the batches were made, and through the laboratories. Finally he left him at his desk again. "I'm busy," Willy said, and went off down the corridor, his jaw tense.

But worse was yet to come. Later in the day he went through the offices and found Ogden standing by the files, looking appreciatively at Mary. He murmured something and Willy, snatching up the phone awaiting him, heard Mary's rippling laughter.

"Your order's been shipped," Willy snapped into the phone, "by Forest Vans. Left here yesterday morning. Right." Willy slammed down the receiver. He did not ordinarily talk so brusquely to a purchasing agent. He had developed the technique of the voice that soothes, but he was unable to practice it today.

At five that night Willy had a last-minute telegram to send. He lingered in the office, then went outside and there at the curb Ogden was helping Mary into a flashy convertible. "'Night, Willy," Mary called and Ogden grinned and waved. Willy watched the car purr down the street, uppercut violently at the air, then stalked across the street toward his battered sedan.

THE next morning as usual Willy started down the corridor. He came to the big steel-sheathed door that marked the division between the offices and the plant itself and kicked it open. The door slammed back on its hinges and Willy tramped on through, his eyes chilly and lips taut.

Near the door was Frankie Kovaleski, leaning on his desk, studying his day's batch cards, biting a generous cud from a plug of tobacco. He grinned amiably at Willy.

"That order of black wrinkle for Mergenthaler," Willy barked at him. "What you been doing with it, saving it for a Christmas present?"

This was no way to talk to Foreman Kovaleski and most unlike Willy. Kovaleski, gagging on his tobacco, straightened as though he had been stabbed and let out a bull-like roar of rage.

"You think I ain't making nothing else but wrinkle for Mergenthaler?" Kovaleski screamed. "Look at them batch cards they throw at me. I ain't Superman. I do my work and no lousy ——"

"Get the lead out," Willy said.

Kovaleski, a bosom friend of Willy Kepper until this moment, doubled a hamlike fist,

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but Willy wasn't there; Willy was marching out to the shipping room where Foreman Ed Jenkins, supervising a truck loading, was surreptitiously glancing over a racing tip sheet, hopefully looking for a sleeper.

"You bum," shouted Willy, "why don't you live at the track? You're about as slow as some of the horses you bet on. You never shipped that order for Carson Brothers last night."

Ed Jenkins' face turned an unhealthy purple. "The truck never showed up," he shouted, outraged. "What you want I should do, carry them five hundred gallons out to Pittsburgh on my back? Nobody talks to me ——"

"Get going, get going," Willy snarled and trotted on while Ed Jenkins stamped around the shipping room in a frenzy.

Willy's next port of call was small order, where one Fats Barto had been in charge these twenty years. A fierce and independent man, Fats was now reclining on a barrel, sipping coffee from a paper container and munching a doughnut which would sustain him until ten o'clock, when he would eat the first of three lunches.

"Listen," Willy yelped at him, "you were supposed to make up a quart sample for Jarvis. A rush order. What are you running down here, a free lunch? You sit there and feed your face all day ——"

Fats Barto put down his coffee cup with shaking hand, snatched a bung wrench and brandished it threateningly. "I will split your skull," Barto screamed, "and stuff you in a mixer. I ——"

"Come on, come on," said Willy and moved on through the door. His steps carried

A truth is best stated if the hearer is left with the feeling that he could have told it equally well.

—IVAN PANIN.

him through the furnace room, where Mike Bedeen, one of the really solid men around the factory, was taking three minutes off for a quick cigarette. Willy, in passing, snarled, "That pile of coal you're sitting on, you're sure it's comfortable? Maybe I should bring you down a davenport."

Mike Bedeen had his mouth open, but when he finally managed to get out some highly flavored expletives, Willy had shot out of hearing into the yard, where with a few well-chosen words he laid low the yard boss, and then darted onward to the varnish shack.

Ab Snyder, short of help, was racing around doing the work of two men.

"Well," said Willy, "for once you got off a dime. What's the matter, got a wasp up your pants?"

He ducked the sample can Ab threw at him, went back to the office and yanked open a file. Willy scowled into it, then slammed the drawer shut.

"Who louses up these files?" he said. "I'm sick and tired of playing hide-and-seek whenever I want some information."

There was a small gasp behind him. Mary's face was flaming. Willy gulped suddenly and Ogden looked up from his desk. "Don't let that little Napoleon scare you, Mary," he said.

Willy stamped up the stairs toward the labs.

Meanwhile, out in the shops, a dozen men or so were grimly and individually planning the murder of one Willy Kepper, thinking dreamily, as they worked, of the various ingenious ways in which they would rend him limb from limb.

But within the factory the grapevine had begun to function, starting with a stenographer in the office, relayed finally to the desk where Frankie Kovaleski brooded.

At noon, Kovaleski and his friends sat against the brick wall outside the plant, basking in the sun, devouring egg sandwiches, salami, milk and coffee.

"Willy ain't himself," said Kovaleski. "You know Mr. Ogden?" Kovaleski gesticulated. "Big fat guy with two chins and a

(Continued on Page 273)



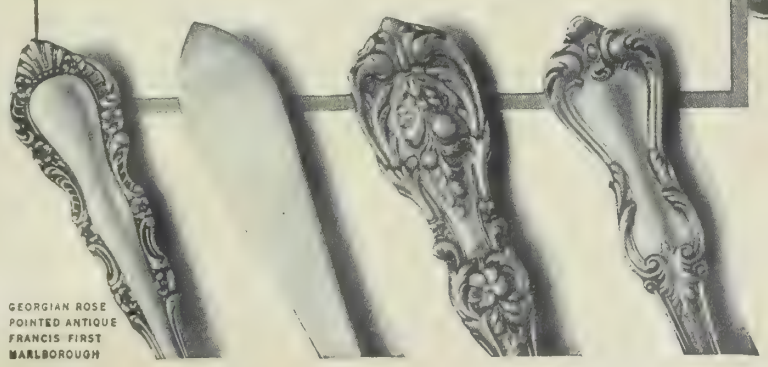
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(Continued from Page 271)

ruid im beak." Thus did Kovaleski characterize Jasper P. Ogden, local philanthropist and civic leader. "Well," pursued Kovalesi, "Willy is all set to move into Carter's jolt and this Ogden he puts his son into his plae and Willy is back of the eight ball while thi rah-rah boy comes in here and makes wit the Whiffenpoof Song or something."

Resentment against Willy Kepper died a suden death. The men considered this, and thn young Ogden came in view, white shoes an all, and from the brick wall a dozen pairs of yes scrutinized him with disfavor. Beside hi walked a girl, young, lovely in the sunshe. Wordlessly, the men watched her get inOgden's car, watched Ogden drive off dom the street.

A moment later Willy appeared, unhurrid for once. He glared after the car, then shfled down the sidewalk and halted in fro of the men.

I blew my top this morning," Willy said. "I sorry, boys."

"Forget it, Willy," they assured him, and Wlly went along.

Frankie Kovaleski, speaking around his thd egg sandwich, said, "That ties it. That rely wraps it up. Not only does this sk steal Willy's job, he also swipes his gi"

d Jenkins demured. "Willy ain't got a girl. He never died Mary, to my knowledge."

"All the same," insisted Frankie Kovaleski, "she's his girl. He told me so himself at the company banquet. He said to me, 'Kovaleski,' he said, 'I love that dame.'"

"He don't act like it," Ab Snyder said, "but if he said so, I guess he does. And that cheerleader walks off with her."

They brooded on this injustice to their fellsom friend and Fats Barto, speaking softly, said finally, "We should ought to do something for Willy. Willy is one guy in that office who knows something about the paint business. And he has gone to bat for us. It was Willy got them to give us the new washrooms. Maybe," said Fats, "we could get this Ogden to change his mind. Maybe we could convince him in a nice way that he don't like the paint business."

Thereafter they talked in whispers, punctuated now and then by hoarse laughter.

YOUNG Ogden emerged from the plant that night with Mary by his side. They walked over to the car, Ogden helped her in with a flourish, went around and got behind the wheel. The car started with a low purr of power, galumphed forward ten feet and stopped.

Ogden got out, examined a rear wheel and said, "I have a flat."

"Can I help?" Mary said, but Ogden was tiefully punching the spare.

"No air in that, either," he said. "You'd better take the bus." He started out on foot to find a gas station.

The next morning Ogden had occasion to go into the plant and check an order. He opened the big door, stepped briskly inside and approached Frankie Kovaleski, who was engaged in balancing a large drum on one knee, while a stream of liquid the consistency of molasses flowed from it into a gallon container.

"I say," Ogden declared in businesslike tones, "I'm looking for an order ——"

His speech ended in a sudden yawp. Frankie Kovaleski had momentarily lost control of the drum. It slipped off his knee and crashed to the floor. Kovaleski righted it almost instantly, but not before a stream of the heavy liquid had flowed across the virginal white shoes of Ogden.

Strong-man Kovaleski, who had won a reputation for spinning a three-hundred-pound drum across the floor as though it were a papier-mâché imitation, said, "It got loose from me. It was too much for me."

A passing workman said angrily, "You clumsy Polack. Here, Mr. Ogden, let me wipe your shoes off." Solicitously he pulled a rag from his hip pocket, bent and swabbed Ogden's shoes. Unfortunately, there were smears of red paint on the rag. The workman straightened up and said, "That is sure a shame, Mr. Ogden."

Kovaleski was also apologizing profusely, and then a hoarse voice yelled, "Make way."

AN apparition came into view, a staggering pair of legs surmounted by bundles of empty five-gallon containers that teetered eccentrically. Ogden jumped to one side, the staggering legs moved crazily that way, and suddenly the whole pile of cans crashed about their heads, bounded on the concrete floor.

Ed Jenkins stooped, brushed aside sundry cans and helped Ogden to his feet. "Never seen you standing there," Ed said, dusting him off. "Mighty sorry, Mr. Ogden."

"Look out!" a voice yelled and Ogden leaped four feet backward as Fats Barto came racing down the floor, pushing a loaded hand truck from side to side like a demented roller coaster. "Watch that caustic," someone shouted, and Ogden leaped again, and this time he kept on going, back into the safety of the office.

Out in the shop, Fats Barto and his colleagues exchanged brief, satisfied glances and went back to work.

There were giggles in the office when Ogden came in. He looked ruefully at his once-white shoes, sat down at his desk and the telephone rang. A feminine voice said, "Will you please get Mr. Clayton a quart of high viscosity from the plant? He wants it immediately."

Ogden looked at the pile of telegrams on his desk, one of which posed a query he had been trying vainly to answer since nine o'clock. He shuddered at thought of going back into the shop, then got to his feet, went down the corridor and apprehensively opened the door.

Frankie Kovaleski, at his desk, beamed at him. "Something I can do for you, Mr. Ogden?" he asked solicitously.

Ogden smiled at this co-operation between labor and management. "I want a quart of high viscosity, please."

Kovaleski's broad hand slapped his leg, his eyes were brimming over with sympathy. "Now that is tough," said Kovaleski. "I just this minute run out of the last high viscosity I had. Try Fats Barto, down in small order."

Barto, engaged in a midafternoon snack while he peered into the mixing tanks, was also the soul of courtesy. "Funny you should ask me about that," Fats said. "I'm going to be needing some high viscosity myself soon. Go see Ab Snyder, in the varnish shack. I think he had some."

Ab Snyder sent Ogden to the mill room; from there Ogden went out into the yard and found the yardman standing in the entrance to a warehouse filled with drums.

"High viscosity?" said the yardman. "I ain't had any call for high viscosity lately. You see that last barrel? That one way over in the far corner? Stand on tiptoe, Mr. Ogden, and you can make it out. That's the only

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Half of Me Dreams

By Elaine V. Emans

Half of me dreams of living on a hill
With windows opening on distant space
In greening spring, but half of me is still
Content with April in a sheltered place.

The half of me would watch October turning
Her entire countryside to flaming gold;
Yet sometimes seeing one near maple burning
Is all the glory that my heart can hold.

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...dow I go left. Here's a [illegible] wrench. Help yourself. I'd get it for you only I got to rustle this solvent."

Ogden looked helplessly at the wrench in his hand, then at the drums. He removed his coat, approached the first drum, grunted and shoved it to one side. Grabbing the next one, ignoring the tarry substance on his hands, he tugged at it and began to make a path to the drum in the far corner. From time to time across the yard workmen emerged briefly from the factory to look a moment at the perspiring young man.

An hour later Ogden came back into the plant, paint stains on his shirt and trousers and smeared across his forehead. Grimly he smiled down at the quart of black liquid in one hand. He went into Clayton's office, put it triumphantly down on the desk blotter.

Mr. Clayton's chair shot backward. "You're smearing up my desk. Get it out of here."

"You wanted it," Ogden said, baffled and angry. "Your secretary phoned for it. She said you wanted a quart of high viscosity immediately."

"What?" The grim lines around Mr. Clayton's mouth relaxed. He settled back in his chair, chuckled, and then smiled at the flushed young man confronting him. "Ever study physics, Ogden?" he said gently.

"Yes, sir," Ogden said. "Freshman year. I ——" Ogden seemed to shrink inside his coat, his face reddened. "There's no such thing as high viscosity. At least, it's not a substance. What a chump I've been."

He turned abruptly and went outside, back to his desk. Frowning, he stared down at a crumpled telegram and shook his head in bewilderment.

Willy Kepper was hustling down the corridor late that afternoon when he braked to a stop barely in time to avert a collision with Mr. Clayton, who came charging out of his office like a maddened bull.

"Where's that Ogden?" shouted Mr. Clayton. "He doesn't answer his phone. Boss's son or not, I am going to feed him to the birds."

Willy tried to repress the joy that flowed within him. "I'll try and locate him," he said. "What's the trouble?"

Mr. Clayton recognized Willy then and calmed down, but not much. "A telegram came in late last night from Cooper," he said. "I gave it to Ogden first thing this morning. I was rushed. 'Get the information,' I told him, 'and phone Cooper immediately.' I've been in conference and now my secretary tells me she just had a long-distance call from Croydon, Cooper's purchasing agent. He was hopping mad. He hadn't heard from us. Four o'clock and I gave that wire to Ogden at ten of nine this morning."

THE shop door opened suddenly and Ogden came in view, disreputable-appearing and stained with toil, his jaw set grimly. Willy was amazed to find that he suddenly felt sorry for him. He also perceived that being the boss's son was not entirely a gravy train. Willy thought of his own early days in the company, looked again at Ogden, then sighed to himself and made up his mind.

"Gosh, Mr. Clayton," Willy said, "I took that telegram from Ogden. I told him I'd handle it."

Mr. Clayton's face was purple. "Well?"

"I got a phone call when I was in the shipping room. I put down the wire and left it there. Never thought of it until this minute. I'll take care of it right now." He darted down the corridor before Clayton could speak. He lunged into Ogden, whispered hoarsely, "Come on," and went out into the plant. "That telegram from Cooper," Willy snapped at him when the door swung shut.

"I can't find the information," Ogden said. "I've been trying off and on all day. You don't have to take the rap for me. I'm not asking any favors ——"

When two people are under the influence of the most violent, most insane, most delusive and most transient of passions, they are required to swear that they will remain in that excited, abnormal and exhausting condition continuously until death do them part.

—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Willy had snatched the telegram. "Th[illegible] a cable lacquer. Did you see Kincaid?"

Ogden shook his head, and Willy was off on the run, out into the street. He dodged a truck, went on to Kincaid's presence, and a moment later grabbed up a phone.

"Get Croydon of Cooper for me," he said, jotted figures on a sheet of paper, and th[illegible] with Ogden at his heels, went back to the general offices.

THE switchboard operator nodded at h[illegible] and Willy perched on Ogden's desk and pick up the phone.

"Mr. Croydon," Willy said, "Kepper ta[illegible] ing." Willy took a deep breath. He held t[illegible] phone six inches from his ear and Ogden hea[illegible] a flow of words he could not distinguish, b[illegible] their meaning was nevertheless unmistakab[illegible] "It was inexcusable, Mr. Croydon," Wil[illegible] said finally, "but I'd like to tell you how [illegible] happened." Willy winked one eye at Ogde[illegible] "The telegram came in last night after o[illegible] offices were closed. That's the reason for th[illegible] delay. The wire was mislaid and didn't tur[illegible] up until a few minutes ago. As soon as I sa[illegible] the date line on it I knew what had happene[illegible] I have all the information for you." Will[illegible] talked on for a few moments, then hung u[illegible] and grinned at Ogden. "We wiggled out of it," he said. "A slight distortion of the truth. white lie, maybe you could call it."

Ogden, looking at him with admiration said, "I couldn't have done that."

Willy laughed mirthlessly to himself. In th[illegible] first place, he didn't believe it. If Ogden coul[illegible] talk easily and glibly t[illegible] a girl like Mary, the[illegible] he could talk the ear[illegible] off any purchasing agent who ever lived. He went out into the corridor and Ogden followed him.

Willy said, "The boys have been playing a little rough, haven't they?"

"I can take it," Ogden said.

Too bad, said Willy to himself, adding aloud, "How do you like the paint business?"

"You know, Willy," Ogden said, "so far I've hated it. I've been so dumb about everything. But I think I'm going to like it someday."

So that was that. Willy went out into the shop and found Frankie Kovaleski laughing to himself.

"Willy," he said, "this'll kill you. We got a drum of red oxide been sitting out in the sunshine. It'll practically explode. We got it all fixed up for Ogden to unscrew the bung tomorrow ——"

Willy considered for a moment the pleasant image of Ogden coated red from head to foot, then shook his head. "Forget it. He's a good guy. Why couldn't he have been a heel? Lay off him, Frankie. Pass the word around."

Willy came to work the next morning, glanced at his assignments, then started for the shop. Kovaleski was not at his desk, but a workman was filling off near by, a man obviously new to the game, nervously checking the valves, moving his feet like a cat on a hot stove.

"Hey, Mac," said Willy, and broke off short. The man was Ogden. He shut off a valve, and grinned at Willy.

"I'm slow," he said, "but I'll get better. I'll show that Kovaleski yet. In fact, I think I have him buffaloed already."

"What are you doing here?" said Willy.

"Learning the paint business," Ogden said. "I hope to graduate before too long." Ogden kicked a container into position and opened the valve cautiously. "Of course I have a break, my old man being who he is. But one of these days anyone who says I rode in here on my father's reputation will get his block knocked off." He grinned at Willy. "You straightened me out. Like to pay you back that favor sometime."

Willy turned away, had a sudden thought, and came back. "One thing," he said. "How'd you make time so fast with Mary?"

(Continued on Page 276)



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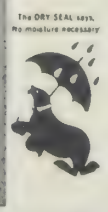
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(Continued from Page 274)

"Make time?" Ogden said. "All I did was ride her home, Willy. I pass her house on the way. Nothing else."

"But how'd you get so friendly?" Willy persisted.

Ogden said, "Darned if I know. I made some crack. I don't remember what. I think I said something about her eyes. Why?"

"I just wondered," Willy said, and tramped back to the office. He pulled out the chair that would be his from now on and sat down. "Something about her eyes," Willy muttered, looked up and there she was.

"Good morning, Willy," she said.

"Morning," said Willy, laconic as ever; then, as she turned away, he added, "Oh, Mary."

"Yes?" she said and looked pertly at him.

Something about her eyes, said Willy to himself with anguish. "Your eyes," said Willy, and halted. Business English had never prepared him for anything like this.

Mary looked interested. "Crossed or something?" she said.

"Oh, skip it," said Willy helplessly.

"Well, I like that," Mary began, and Willy put a restraining hand on her arm.

"Look," said Willy, "could I come over some night? Say Friday?"

Mary's eyes were larger than ever. She seemed a trifle stunned. "After six months," she said. "Willy, I have to get used to this." She peered at him. "You want to tell me something about my eyes on Friday night, Willy?" She looked suddenly darkly suspicious. "Or did you want to go over the files to make sure I haven't loused them up?"

"About your eyes," said Willy, very firm on this point.

"Then Friday is fine," Mary said. "About eight." She moved on past him, but turned to smile just before she went out the door.

Willy, his feet beneath the desk in executive formation, figured that by Friday night he could think of something.

GOING PLACES WITH BEN SCHULTZ

(Continued from Page 212)

vegetable and flower beds that are Mary's particular pleasure, adorned with a flowering-apricot tree and festooned with a crisscrossing clothesline. The house itself is a compact box, rather pleasant to look upon, but awkward in arrangement and heated by an oil-stove. The living room and dining room make up the downstairs front, the kitchen and a small bathroom make up the rear; upstairs one room is the children's bedroom, with double-decker former Army bunks for Freddie and Judith, and a crib for Suzanne; Mary and Ben share the other bedroom, and a nondescript half room, half closet at the end of the hall serves as the catchall space no family is without.

Today, life with the Schultzes begins on tiptoe when the children get up before seven, slide from their beds and go with small shushes down the stairs to get their own cereal. When they are half through, Ben comes in, has some coffee and a roll, and the children scatter to the bathroom, to their room, into their clothes, and Freddie and Judith set off for school just after Ben leaves for work. Suzie finds a doll, or crawls into her mother's bed for an extra snooze and snuggle. This early-morning pattern began when Mary was recuperating from a hysterectomy last winter, and, since the Schultzes are as flexible as a rubber band, will probably continue only so long as everyone likes it.

Mary is up by eight-thirty and, after clearing away the breakfast dishes, all of which are piled neatly on the sink, is ready for whatever the big job is. Monday it's washing; Tuesday, ironing; Wednesday and Thursday, sewing, darning, and gardening if the weather is good; Friday and Saturday, house cleaning. Saturday is the only day she works in the children's room: in addition to making their own beds, they hang up their clothes, put away their toys—but they have a busy little



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habit of folding grubby socks and mussed dresses in with clean ones that has to be checked on or they run out of clothes.

Monday and Friday are probably the hard-workingest days for Mary. The washing is a mighty one: 12 shirts; 5 small sheets, 2 large; 8 pairs of panties and as many shorts; 30 pairs of socks; 15 dish towels, 10 bathroom towels and 6 washcloths; 8 little-girl dresses, 2 house dresses for Mary; 4 or 5 pajamas, 2 nightgowns and the usual assortment of odd bits. Everyone has his or her idiosyncrasies which must be respected: Mary can't sleep on a wrinkled sheet, Suzie likes a dry towel after every washing, Judith wants her hair ribbons pressed each time she wears them. The washing machine, however, is a good one, and Mary rather enjoys ironing—especially on the difficult jobs like fussy little pleats—and in the summer she can always take a good look at the garden, which is her particular job, while she is hanging out the clothes.

By eleven-thirty it is time to start lunch—for everyone comes home for lunch, an easy meal of salad and a sandwich, stew on bread, or soup and grilled cheese on toast. The children eat heartily and swiftly; Ben enjoys anything and Mary loves having a sociable break in the day. In a flurry, at twelve-fifteen everyone has gone but Mary. Suzie goes to afternoon school by herself; she is the only child now attending public school: both Judith and Freddie are absorbed in the school-plus-church rituals of the Polish Catholic school near their home. After they receive what Ben believes is the religious training and knowledge necessary to them, they will return to public school, where they went until recently. Both are currently in a fanatical stage of collecting saints' pictures, keeping their own holy water, memorizing lengthy chants and hymns, and every day, every meal, opens and closes with a prayer. Neither Ben nor Mary is as ardent in worship; Ben frequently misses church, and so does Mary.

After lunch, Mary continues with her housework, or sews or crochets. She is an expert crocheter, with several prize afghans. In the spring, summer and fall she works continually in the garden; she grows both vegetables and flowers, and keeps the family in salads from July through September. Despite the fact that she has had two operations and one miscarriage in the past three years, she rarely takes a nap, and says she would have to be so sick she couldn't even crawl about on her hands and knees before she'd hire anyone to do "her job"—the care of her home and family.

About four, the children dodge in, announce they are home, and speed out again to play. All of them are unfailingly polite in the simplest, healthiest way. They rarely interrupt, take a glowing pleasure in doing

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BY GRETTA PALMER

HOW AMERICA LIVES

The November JOURNAL



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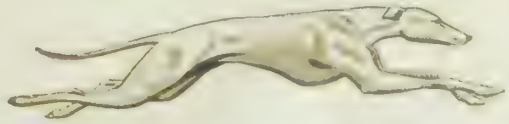


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things for their mother or their father, and are precociously social about guests, helping them off with their coats, making them comfortable, greeting them by name. Neither Mary nor Ben can decide just how this has occurred; it is obvious that they learned by example (still the best teaching method!) and by the fact that "badness" is not only not tolerated, it is considered impossible. The major form of discipline is isolation: if the children don't play well together, they are separated; if they break things, are rude or obstreperous, they are not permitted to play outdoors. None of them was ever a "problem" child; as babies, they all slept quietly through the night and played happily through the days. Freddie and Suzanne also have long histories as good eaters, but Judith, as an infant, couldn't accept the usual formulas and until she went on canned milk, when she was almost a year old, she was a frighteningly bony baby. Today this is hard to believe: she has the big, dulcet-brown eyes and turned-up nose of a beauty, a sturdy body and intrinsic charm.

Suzanne, a charmer herself, was an ideal baby. She was born at home before Mary could get to the hospital, with only a neighbor on hand, and Mary believes her happy-go-lucky temperament is due to the fact that she has never known even the regimentation indigenous to hospitals. Mary is not one to operate "by the book"; all the children have been generously cuddled, fed when they were hungry—within reason, of course—and their cries always answered. There are certain rules so thoroughly understood they are rarely broken: no eating between meals; get your glass of water before you go to bed; let me know where you're going; don't go near the street; come home when you say you're coming home; and the great big rule—do unto others as you would have them do unto you. "I hate bratty children," Mary says, "don't you?" Sometimes, Ben says, Mary is too firm with the youngsters, but, incapable of saying a cross word to anyone himself, he usually adds that it's probably a good thing that she is. There are times when her voice is quick and exasperated, and times when she is tired, and times when she is proprietary and demanding, but she never nags and she smiles as easily as she breathes.

After the children have gone happily to bed—at eight o'clock or so—the strange sound of Polish hymns (which the children sing meaninglessly but sweetly) floats downstairs, and Ben and Mary sit in the living room, reading, sewing or talking over a glass of beer. Both read the daily newspaper—the Toledo Blade—are cover-to-cover fans of news magazines and love to pit themselves against the "college graduate" scores in current-events tests and beat them; both read novels and classics, fiction and nonfi and value the local library highly, as the local bookstore. Ben used to walk miles to the downtown library to get b now he takes pride in buying his own.

Mary is also a collector: she has a larg fancy array of salt and pepper shakers match holders, most of which have given to her; because she is small she collects the dresses her friends buy that don't like—and which she makes ove herself so that they do. Ben likes to get special dress now and again, too, and, one of her vanities is pretty legs, she's collection of shoes too. Ben cares les clothes, gets along with one good suit, w sports jackets and slacks to work, to with a pea jacket. His entertainment to bowling twice a week during the wi and football and baseball games in seaso

Their evenings out are usually spent their great friends and, incidentally, relati Frank Domalski and his wife, Ben's sis Minnie. Frank and Minnie run a spotless spacious delicatessen, known particul for Frank's expert baking. On Fridays, way of relaxation, Ben helps Frank w the baking and is getting pretty expert h self. Saturday evenings are invariably sp dancing and talking, or eating out with Domalskis, and sometime during the even Ben picks out the week's groceries from M nie's carefully arranged shelves, and s them to himself—paying usually somewh in the neighborhood of $18, with another or $8 going for milk and an extra loaf of bre or spot of butter during the week.

A third of their weekly income goes in food, a large portion into insurance and vestments; they are building up a generc endowment policy for Freddie, and a smal one for each of the girls. The managing of t money is haphazard, but well understoo Ben handles the cash, with Mary asking what she needs. The children all have the own banks—Freddie is definitely saving a bike—but none of them have allowanc because, when entrusted with them, t money all went for candy.

"I think the main thing for them to lea now is to get along with other people," Be says. "The rest of learning comes fairl easily if you learn that young—and there no happiness without it. I believe hard wor and confidence in yourself make for success- but I don't think success is worth a thing you've nobody who cares about you, or yo don't care about anyone."

It's a long cry from Ben's childhood i terms of comfort—but the things he learne then are paying off now. And the family motto, echoing Mrs. Bock, in the words o young Suzanne, is: "We feel goodest whe we're good." THE END

How the Schultzes Spend Their Money

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RUTH WOLFF

"I had sworn not to do any writing during my visit in a charming old house in Concord, New Hampshire, but one evening the conversation turned to a girl of 'very loose morals.' The next morning I wrote *A Week End is Not Enough* (page 38). I think the house inspired me. It seemed to stand for character, for the New England of Thoreau, Emerson and the Alcotts. Even the elm trees, gold with the promise of a clean, white winter, were a reminder that spring always blooms again."



HARRY ANDERSON
(Illustration, page 50)

"He majored in mathematics at Illinois State, but switched to art and was graduated from Syracuse. He went to New York and entered upon the usual lean days of artists. His garret was in MacDougall's Alley in the Village. Not being my husband's severest critic or knowing a smidgen about art, I am most impressed by his infinite patience and TLC*. He will wash out a drawing a dozen times before he is finally satisfied. . . ." Ruth E. Anderson.
*Tender Loving Care.



ADELINE MARX

"*No Greener Grass* (page 66) is one of the few short stories I have written without the collaboration of my husband, Joseph. I suppose I decided to do it one day when I got home late and found I still had dinner to cook. With two small children I know what it is to work against a dead line. I did the last two chapters of my last book between the day one daughter got over chicken pox and the day the other came down with it. I finally made it, just ahead of the spots."

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 112

The greatest star of the screen!

Leo, your dependable M-G-M Lion, sensing the needs of the times, now comes along with an entertainment designed to make you forget everything but the popular stars and their hilarious adventures in "No Minor Vices".

★ ★



We want to be first to tell you how well they have succeeded: "No Minor Vices" is a major triumph, a merry, madcap, utterly delightful movie, a fine job by the Enterprise Studios.

★ ★ ★

Those enterprising and highly entertaining gentlemen have cooked up as saucy (and as neatly naughty) a dish as one could hope to find.

★ ★ ★ ★

Basically, "No Minor Vices" poses the question, "Can an artist's model be a model wife at the same time?"

★ ★ ★ ★

Although zephyr-light and zany, it packs more wisdom into its reels than a dozen weighty tomes on Marriage, Men and Morality.

★ ★ ★ ★

As for its stars, there's dashing Dana Andrews as The Husband (a very attractive husband, jealous and very much in love).

★ ★ ★ ★

There's the good-looking new star, Louis Jourdan as The Lover (tempestuous, uninhibited and very much in love—maybe).

★ ★ ★ ★

And then there's the alluring young wife turned model. She is Lilli Palmer (beautiful, bewitching and very much in love—but definitely).

★ ★ ★ ★

Lilli you may remember was the girl in "Body and Soul" who contributed so unstintingly of both. In "No Minor Vices" she turns in, if you'll pardon the expression, an equally well-rounded performance.

★ ★ ★ ★

Loud mention should also be made of the gifted supporting cast headed by lovely Jane Wyatt. She plays a nurse (very much in love, too).

★ ★ ★ ★

And there's a live lobster affectionately called Jabberwock. Even he (or she) has oodles of personality.

★ ★ ★ ★

Arnold Manoff's scenario brims over with freshness and originality. Lewis Milestone contributed super-skillful direction and production.

★ ★ ★ ★

Having said all this, we feel that you have a fairish idea of the way we feel about "No Minor Vices" which is simply: Please don't miss it.

—*Leo*

MONOGRAM MAGIC...

Like every Martex towels. Add the magic of magnificent monograms. Result: a gift to make any woman (including herself) gloriously grateful. But to make sure they're monogrammed in time for Christmas, you'd better see your favorite store right now!

P.S. Naturally, you wouldn't put monograms on anything but the best towels — and that means Martex.

"Southampton" in Emerald Green Towel monogram by Mosse

Martex

THEY DO WEAR LONGER

A PRODUCT OF WEST MANUFACTURING CO. ★ WELLINGTON SEARS CO. • SELLING AGENTS • 65 WORTH ST., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.



In June the JOURNAL published a color picture of Mount Rainier "disappearing in mist across a mountain lake." Not only did this picture offend the many lovers of America's greatest glacial peak, but it has now been discovered that the picture was actually not taken at Mount Rainier at all, but at Lake Quinault, in the state of Washington.

With apologies to Mount Rainier and its devoted admirers throughout the country, the JOURNAL and the authors of the article, John and Mary Adele Morris, are now happy to publish this true portrait of Mount Rainier, looking across Paradise Valley from the highway, with Paradise Inn at the foot of the mountain.

Our Readers Write Us

The Way to a Man's Heart

Tacoma, Washington.

Dear Editors: I love that Ann Batchelder! Her wonderful ideas won me a husband. He proposed after I started cooking with her as my guide.

Sincerely,
GLORIA R. CROFT.

Men in Mirrors

Burbank, California.

Dear Sirs: Thank you for publishing my letter, Men Never Grow Up. I am not perfect, but I did not break up one of my marriages. My first husband was killed in an accident. He was a good man, but weak. The second told me he was single, but he had a wife. The third left to keep from paying his debts. Very truly yours,
MRS. FRANKLYN PARKER YOUNG.

It's Fun to be Single

Manchester, New Hampshire.

Dear Editors: What's all this uproar about getting a man? Why the frantic calls for help, the advice given by the bucketful in the magazine articles? How to be "date bait" in the perfume, hand-lotion, soap ads and all the rest?

It's fun to be single. Ask me! I've been single ever since I was born—twenty-nine years ago.

I earn an adequate salary. I'm largely my own boss in my job. There is something new and interesting in my life almost every day. To some women marriage is enough, but there is a group that can take it or leave it. When you consider that there are 600,000 divorces each year, that there are more married women than single ones earning money outside the home, and that more housewives than any other group have mental breakdowns, it doesn't look as though marriage was the answer to *every* woman's prayer.

With all the work that needs to be done, in a world where the gentleness of a woman is invaluable, why mourn about not finding a man? Give the poor things a rest. They must be tired from all the running they have to do, anyway.

Sincerely yours,
LUETTA RAMSEY.

Why Do Men Leave Home?

New York City.

Dear Editor: This is something a little new to me—writing a letter to the editor. Listen, chum, since when are men the super race? I have nothing against them whatsoever. But I do get tired of hearing the various psychologists criticizing the women continually for everything wrong with marriage.

Especially Prof. Clifford Adams. Never once have I read an article by him in which he told the men where to head in. I can see the background of women dominating him until he finally got wise and decided to stand on his own two feet. Then he decided to let them have it ever since. Will someone please write an article explaining marriage to the men?

Sincerely,
T. DUXBURY.

Religion in Schools

Wrentham, Massachusetts.

Dear Editors: The article Should Religion be Taught in our Schools, by Christian Gauss, is most interesting and timely. It points up the problems involved in this case which was decided strangely and ambiguously by the Supreme Court. Yet I am greatly opposed to the released-time religious-educational program as it has been set up.

I am not an atheist. Far from it! I am not opposed to religion in the schools. My position is that public-school time and public-school facilities should not be used to propagate Episcopalianism, or Methodism, or Catholicism, or Judaism, or Universalism. Sectarianism has no place in tax-supported education. But religion has.

We cannot say with absolute certainty that religion and early man made their

(Continued on Page 6)



CAMAY

the soap of beautiful women

PLAYS "SANTA CLAUS" WITH THIS AMAZING OFFER!

12 EXQUISITE Christmas Cards

[A $1.20 VALUE]

FOR 25¢ AND 3 CAMAY WRAPPERS





NOW YOU CAN GET 12 of the most exquisite Christmas cards you've ever seen—complete with enveiopes—for only 25 cents and 3 Camay wrappers! These lovely cards are as "Christmasy" as holly wreaths! They're all different—in full color—printed on fine quality paper with the fashionable double fold. So beautiful—you'll want to order several sets!

SO DON'T WAIT!

Get Camay today! Your complexion can be softer and smoother with your very *first cake* of Camay—if you give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. The wrapper tells how. And to be lovelier from head to toes, take a daily Camay Beauty Bath. Use Bath-Size Camay—for more lather . . . more luxury!

HERE'S HOW TO GET YOUR CARDS.

For each set you order, mail 25¢ and 3 Camay wrappers—either regular Complexion-Size or Bath-Size, to:

Camay, Box 837,
Cincinnati 1, Ohio

Offer good in continental United States (except Montana). Offer expires Dec. 1, 1948. Order your cards today!

Your First Cake of Camay brings a softer, smoother skin!

MRS. RUSSELL FLAGG GREER, this beautiful Camay bride, says: "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a really lovelier skin! My very *first cake* helped make my skin clearer and smoother."

Collector's Items

Treasures? These bedtime luxuries are Munsingwear! Precious is the detail Munsingwear lavishes. Priceless is their fabric . . . unbelievably fine, lush-soft Celanese* rayon jersey. They were made for sleepy angels . . . to give, to get! Pajamas and gown in sentimental "Bouquet Colors." Reasonably priced at fine stores everywhere.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



MUNSINGWEAR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Sleeping-and-Lounging Wear • Underwear • Foundation Garments • Hosiery

(Continued from Page 4)

advent together. But the preponderance of the evidence would seem to indicate that all sins have been religious and that human terrible things have been done in the name of religion, even Christian religion, men have always aspired to be better than they were. Men have always sought or fought a self-identification with a Purpose which was Good, which was above them, which was ever-present, and from which they could not escape. And going no farther than natural religion, this Force is called God. And God is quite as evident in the protestations of fanatical atheists as in the words of the most enthusiastic evangelist.

It is my personal belief, which I will [illegible] on no one, that God is inescapable and that true freedom and happiness begin with the acceptance of that belief. Jesus is an inspiration to all men, whether studied in a historical sense or in accordance with orthodox theology. No one is educated who knows nothing of Jesus. One secures inspiration from the study of the writings of Buddha, though he is so far removed from our tradition that we understand him with difficulty. St. Francis is a saint of all peoples. He didn't reform the world, but now hundreds of years later he still succeeds in making us feel ashamed of ourselves. Such is the power of religious men whose influence increases as the years go by, while that of their purely secular contemporaries lessens to the vanishing point.

Separating religion from education, public or private, is as impossible as securing a pound of flesh without taking a drop of blood. To deny, to ignore or to belittle the religious aspects, importance and history, relative to most any subject taught in the public schools, is to teach a *lie* and to *actively* propagate atheism. This is no more to be desired than the teaching of sectarian religion. Deliberately despiritualized education makes it possible for a child to rationalize himself into a belief that morals are apart from life, the concern only of fanatics. It gives him a ready excuse for a lack of self-discipline. A church or a sect may be denied or left; it is very difficult to withdraw from the human race. Sincerely yours,

LORRAINE N. NICHOLSON.

P.S. A bit controversial, eh? But you started it, you know.

Omit "Ladies' Home"?

Omaha, Nebraska.

Dear Editors: Why don't you leave out the words "Ladies' Home" instead of tormenting us readers by making them smaller each year? We all mean THE JOURNAL when we think of it. It's a wonderful magazine.

Sincerely yours,

T. F. ARMSTRONG.

Rood Luck

Indianapolis, Indiana.

Dear Sirs: I wondered, as I read, if your many readers could or would see the element of "luck" in the Rood story (How America Lives, August).

First of all, Henry Rood was lucky enough to have a family which fitted in "between" wars. Too young for World War I, too old for World War II, and their children too young to serve in the last war. And I believe everyone will agree with me that the war was the main thing which pushed farm prices up. And since the war has been over, the fact that we are feeding hungry and war-torn nations has kept them up.

So, how about us parents who had to give up our sons, just as they were beginning to be a help to us? Now that they are once more at home, married, and starting families of their own, they are not able to find a place to live, and because of the exorbitant prices for food, rentals, and so on, they have to hole up in one room. The ones who stayed home and prospered during the war, the ones who were always safe in their beds at night, had no worries except to get ahead while the getting was good.

Don't you honestly think that families like the Roods owe a lot to these boys? They give all credit to Extension, but Extension couldn't have helped them much if farm prices hadn't skyrocketed.

Sincerely,

MRS. D. M. DAVIS.

(Continued on Page 8)





CALLS FOR A COMPLIMENT

Be ready for compliments galore when your friends step into your new Dodge.

Listen to them "oh" and "ah" when they see its wide, roomy interior . . . as they notice the head room, foot room and elbow room around them.

Watch them admire the wide full-view windows—the smart instrument panel—the beauty and luxury of Dodge interior upholstery.

And as you glide smoothly away without a jerk or jolt—as you ease through heavy city traffic or park without stalling—your friends will know the magic of Dodge All-Fluid Drive.

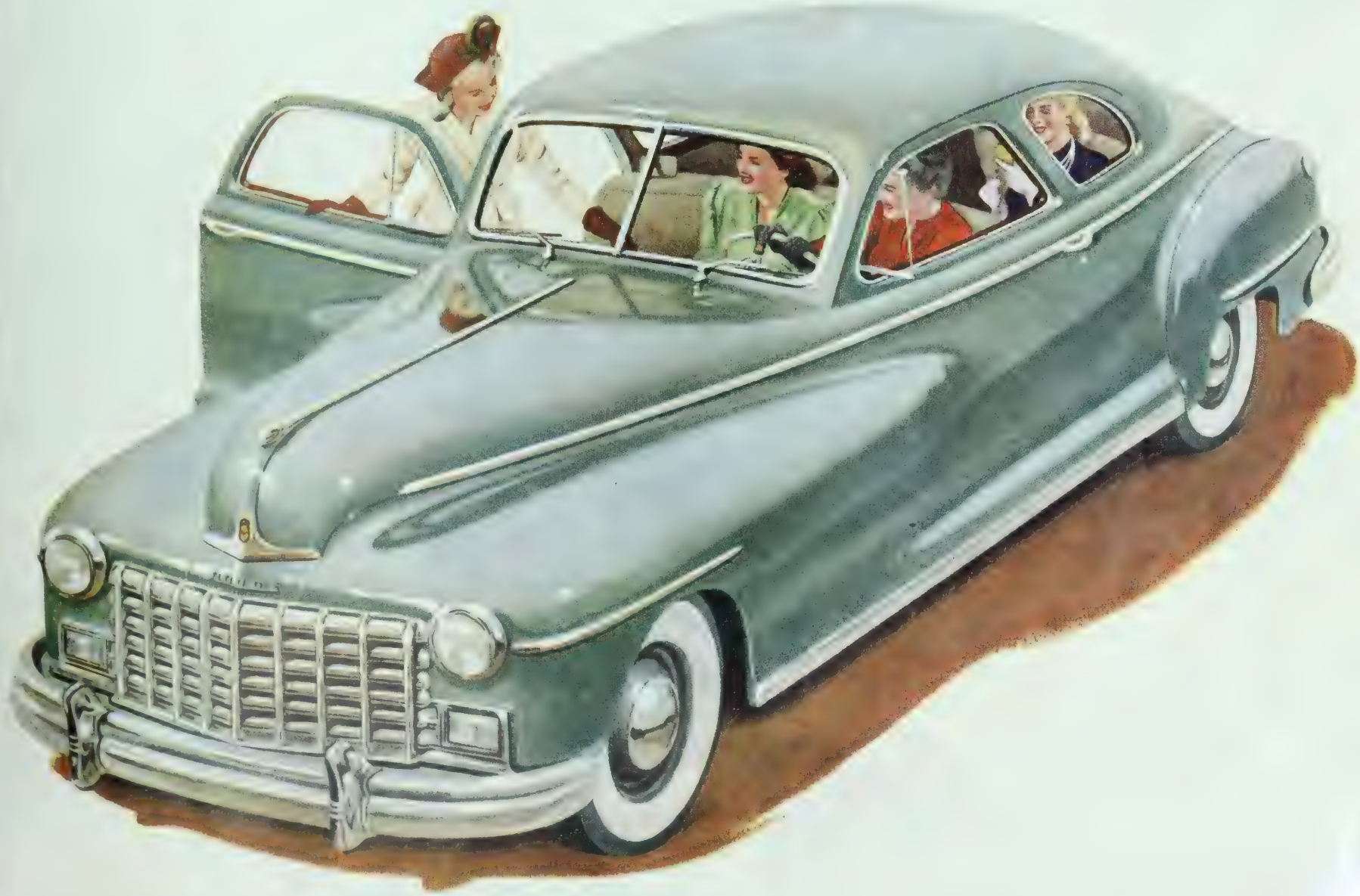
• • •

As a special favor, you might tell them that Dodge is the lowest-priced car with All-Fluid Drive, and the only car to offer All-Fluid Drive at no extra cost.

Dodge

SMOOTHEST CAR "AFLOAT"

Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes,
Wider Safety Rims, Super-Cushion Tires,
Floating Power, Full-Floating Ride.



Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



One Permanent Cost $15...the TONI only $2

ur hair will look naturally curly the
y first time you try Toni. For Toni
me Permanent gives you soft, smooth
ls. Curls that look lovely in any weath-
wherever you are, whatever you do. But
ore you try Toni, you'll want to know:

ll TONI work on my hair?
s, Toni waves any kind of hair that
l take a permanent, including gray,
d, bleached or baby-fine hair.

n I do it myself?
re. It's easy as rolling your hair up on
lers. That's why more than a million
men a month give themselves Toni
me Permanents. Women with no more
ll or training than you have.

here a "frizzy-stage" with TONI?
. Your Toni will be frizz-free right from
start. For Toni Creme Waving Lotion
ıtly coaxes your hair into deep waves
l luxurious curls . . . leaves it soft as
, with no kinkiness, no dried out brit-
ness, even on the very first day.

w long will my TONI wave last?
ur Toni wave is guaranteed to last just
long as a $15 beauty shop permanent—
you get back every cent you paid.

ll TONI give me a loose or tight wave?
th Toni you can have just the amount
curl that suits you best . . . from a
loose, casual wave to a halo of soft ring-
lets. All you do is follow the simple direc-
tions for timing.

Will TONI save me time?
Toni puts half-a-day back in your life.
For you give yourself a Toni wave right
at home—and you are free to do what-
ever you want while the wave is "taking."

How about having a TONI party?
Grand idea! Invite your friends next
Saturday afternoon—and have each bring
along a Toni kit. While your permanents
are "taking" have fun—listen to the
radio or enjoy your favorite records.

Which twin has the TONI?
Doris and Dorothy DuVall are TWA air
hostesses. Doris, the twin at the left,
says, "I gave myself a $2 Toni and
Dorothy had a $15 beauty shop wave but
no one on the plane could tell our
permanents apart."



(Continued from Page 6)

All Publications, That Is

Seattle, Washington.

Dear Editors: I have taken the JOURNAL since 1889, when I was sixteen. It is still the finest magazine printed. There would be no wars if all publications were its equal.

Yours truly,
A. D. RICHARDSON.

Faithful Follower

Texarkana, Texas.

Dear Editors: If my guess is correct, here is one of your most faithful JOURNAL readers of 1968. It is the No. 1 magazine in her household and will be as long as it remains the wholesome literature it is today. Even at nine months, Beverly Sue



Beverly Sue likes the Journal.

cannot resist the JOURNAL. She will sit in my lap for minutes (a long time for her) expressing "ahs" and "ohs" at the colorful pictures, especially those of fellow babes of the diaper world.

Sincerely,
MRS. JUDD ROGERS.

Army Needs Time

Northampton, Massachusetts.

Dear Editors: The article by Henry Pringle in the October JOURNAL is a much needed warning to the citizens of this country, that the success or failure of the draft lies in their hands. In this country nothing that touches so many people can be a success unless those in authority sell the idea to us in advance. It seems to me that the Department of the Army has rather oversold its experiment at Fort Knox. This article is a good antidote to too much optimism.

It seems to me, however, that Mr. Pringle is a little too pessimistic. Perhaps a medium ground between his pessimism and the optimism of the Army would be preferable. As General Bradley in a recent article remarked, they needed time, and so far the public had been willing to give him time in his major projects.

Cordially yours,
K. FRANCES SCOTT, M.D.
President, National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

Difficult to Understand

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: It is difficult for the average English person to understand the American political setup. All we know is that most of us certainly do envy Mr. Wallace. He has eggs and tomatoes THROWN at him, whereas the former we can't buy for any money here, and the latter we gladly pay half a crown a pound for.

This is the season of Forms. I have today got three rigmaroles each half a yard long, each containing over eighty questions about my crops, household employees, livestock, and what you will. This must be filled in in triplicate to account for my six hens, half a pig and one cow!

Later Princess Elizabeth will, no doubt, bring maternity once again right into fashion, so that even those ladies unable to enter for the stakes will wear the sort of clothes that make them look as if they might

(Continued on Page 205)

If you are over 25

Beware of Dry Skin

FROM ABOUT 25 ON—the natural oil that keeps skin soft and supple gradually decreases. Even before 40—a woman may lose as much as 20% of this oil skin needs.

Little signs warn when dry skin is creeping up on you. Watch for flaky spots—for tiny, dry lines. *They* say your skin needs more care—more oil.

Replacement help is at your fingertips with Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Three features make it *extra* softening. 1. Rich in *lanolin*—most like your own skin oil. 2. *Homogenized* to soak in better. 3. A softening *emulsifier*.

Arrests Dry Skin Two Ways:

Lanolin-Softens by Night—after your regular cleansing smooth rich-in-lanolin Pond's Dry Skin Cream generously over face. Leave a few minutes, then wipe off lightly so a soft film is left to help your skin all night. Your dry skin seems to "drink up" this rich cream. See how tiny dry lines are smoothed so they don't show.

Lanolin-Protects by Day—smooth on a *very light* touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make up. Protects your skin against dryness all day. Keeps your skin soft, smooth looking.



Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor says:

"I'm never without this rich, softening cream"

Get this truly remarkable dry skin corrector—today! You'll find lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream never leaves your skin sticky. Instead—it smooths on with a delicious *softening* feeling. Use this cream generously every day for a week. See if this isn't *the finest help for correcting dry skin you've ever used.* Get your jar of Pond's Dry Skin Cream *today*.

Dry Skin? This is the Answer

Your Hair is magic to a man...



Look out for *Infectious Dandruff*

LISTERINE Antiseptic and massage . . . it's a "must" with countless fastidious women who dread infectious dandruff with its ugly flakes and scales.

Wisely, they make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of regular hair-washing. It's a delightful way of guarding against this all-too-common condition.

You see, if the germs associated with infectious dandruff are present on hair and scalp, Listerine Antiseptic attacks them at once . . . kills them by millions. That includes the stubborn "Bottle Bacillus" (P. ovale) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every time you wash your hair. It's a habit that can pay off in health and good looks. Try it and you'll see what we mean.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *every time you wash your hair*

SAFE...IN SNOW



Now . . . lovely nylons can stay lovely longer with Ivory Snow!

Gossamer-sheer . . . glamour-dark . . . that's the way she likes her nylons. And yet they're so safe with Ivory Snow care every night. It helps guard shadowy colors, sleek fit, and reduce runs.

You see, Ivory Snow is the new fashion in soaps . . . made especially for lovely things. 99 44/100% pure—it's granulated for efficiency to give you instant suds, *even in cool water*. And it's so convenient—so economical to use. Truly, there's no finer, no safer soap made! Always ask for Snow—*Ivory Snow!*

Your hands will tell you why

lovely washables are safe in Ivory Snow. *Feel* how gentle it is! Just wash your dishes with Ivory Snow as millions do. When you see how kind it is to hands, you'll KNOW it's extra-kind, *extra* safe for your loveliest things!





Follow directions on the package. They're tested!

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LADIES' HOME
Journal

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AS RUSSIA SEES US

FOR the Russian reader, the magazine Ogonyok (Little Flame) published a summary and interpretation of The Sullivan Struggle in its June 27 issue. The story of Tom Sullivan, industrial worker, and his wife, Dorothy, and their four children was one of the How America Lives series which appeared last March in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Without pulling punches, the JOURNAL writer described the difficulties of maintaining a family of six on the $2849.12 Tom Sullivan earned in 1947. The Russian correspondent, Ia. Gushchin, felt this would be of special interest to Russian readers.

The article in Little Flame begins:

> The presses of the American monopolies in their writings often pervert and varnish the life of toilers in the U. S. A. Even under such circumstances one may often catch a glimpse of the life of the toiling American that strikes close to the truth in a plump reactionary magazine. This occurs either for reasons connected with an election campaign or for other propaganda motives.

Pleasingly plump, that is. The Russian writer goes on to tell about the money troubles of the Sullivan family (which he blames on the ruthless exploitation of the capitalist system), constantly emphasizing that this family is economically an above-average representative of American workers. His thesis becomes clear when he says:

> The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is a conservative reactionary magazine. It is by no means inclined to exaggerate the hardships of the life of American workers. The magazine attempts to portray the struggle of the Sullivans for existence as an eternal necessity, not the result of the capitalist system of exploitation. The magazine completely ignores the question: what will *(Continued on Page 136)*

The Affinity of War and Peace

By Dorothy Thompson

UNESCO was set up by the United Nations to fight war through influencing the human mind. "Since all war begins in the human mind, it is in the human mind that it must be abolished," says the statute founding the agency.

Behind that statement is the idea that war can be abolished by the conversion of sinful (warring) man to good (peaceful) man. It poses the opposites—War and Peace—and demands man take a stand on the side of the angels. In this concept war is wholly evil and peace wholly good.

Were this so, war, I am convinced, would have faded away long ago. But it is possible to accept this thesis only if every other value and virtue recognized by the instinct and morality of mankind were made subservient to the one virtue: peace. Courage, honesty, truth, charity, generosity, self-denial are virtues, as cravenness, deceit, greed and self-indulgence are vices. War is struggle, which the exercise of virtue by no means precludes, and struggle is inherent in life and growth. Thus, though peace is indivisible in our minds from virtue, virtue is not indivisible from struggle; and war, therefore, is not indivisible from peace.

Peace and war both represent man's paradoxical quest for the meaning of life, and for the creation and preservation of the societies fitting to his concept of that meaning and the aspirations arising from it.

There is a phrase in the Declaration of Independence which has always bothered me—as it bothered its author. It declares man's unalienable right to the "pursuit of happiness." It bothers me out of doubt whether happiness can ever be achieved by pursuing it. It would seem rather to be the earned though unanticipated and unsought-for by-product of pursuing other things, such as love, regarded more as giving than receiving; knowledge, as the route to wisdom; moderation, as a check on ambition and passion; truth, as the extension of perception; and work, as the more creative expression of one's nature. A man is happy when he is on relatively good terms with himself and his environment, and least happy when he feels called upon to ask himself concerning his happiness.

So, it seems to me, it is with peace. When people pursue peace and peace alone, they seem to end up only with appeasement—the giving away of their peace to others who are not pursuing it. When the world or a society is really at peace nobody even mentions the word "peace." Life seems to be unfolding more or less in harmony with natural law; struggle, though constant, is restrained by commonly held assumptions of proper behavior; even if brute force is invoked, combatants are restrained by common standards and restricted aims.

It is when peoples or classes no longer share any basic standards of virtue that the peace between them is threatened

M-m-m! Quickest-'n-Grandest of all

HOT BISCUITS!

in only 9 minutes

the BALLARD workless way



No Measuring . . . No Mixing . . . No Rolling

No Cutting . . . No Waste . . . NO FAILURES!

Grab yours quick! 'Cause in about a minute the only trace of these scrumptious biscuits will be a purr-ty smile on your family's faces! And no wonder . . . such melt-in-your-mouth tenderness . . . biscuits so light, so fluffy, so golden-brown perfect every time!

Ballard uses just the super-finest ingredients for OvenReadys. Then rushes them vacuum-packed to your grocer's refrigerator. They make any meal a special-occasion, and one package makes a whole plateful!

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Best you ever tasted . . . or your money back

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by destruction beyond hope of restoration. Then the struggle becomes fundamental. Under such conditions war may appear as virtue and peace as vice.

That is perhaps why the bitterest of wars have been religious wars, or quasi-religious wars in which secular ideas have taken on the compulsive force of a religion. The most dreadful European struggles have been of this sort: the great medieval crusades of the Christian passion against the Infidels; the terrible Thirty Years' War between Catholic and Protestant kings, which left Germany, its battleground, "with more wolves than men"; the Napoleonic Wars, which grew out of the French Revolution and were motivated by a passion to produce (or restrain) a new social order; the American Civil War, whose peculiar interest and passion were produced by the existence of slavery and horror at its extension; and World War II, whose passion was less against the Germans, as a people, than vehement aversion to the spreading of Nazism.

It is characteristic of such struggles that their lines are never wholly drawn along national frontiers, but are actually drawn in the minds of men. But the struggle that goes on in the human mind, in such great ideological crises, is not between war and peace, but between notions of good and evil, right and wrong.

Thomas Carlyle made the observation that "There is no passion of the mind of man but meets and masters the fear of death." War is not "murder," as some pacifists say it is. For murder is the removal of another person from life at no risk of one's own; it involves no concepts of virtue, and is usually the result of combinations of vices, while war is a struggle in which one's own life is as involved as the enemy's, and in which love and hate are equally engaged.

Men, therefore, paradoxically, fight their bitterest wars out of the deepest moral convictions or the most engrossing ideas. It is even true that in the human mind wars are often fought for "peace." Even Hitler had the idea that permanent peace could never be obtained until all the world was organized under one system and all force concentrated in a single hand, to police the world against further wars and rebellions. "The pacifist humane ideal would be excellent if first one man and one nation made itself master of the globe," he wrote.

The International Communists also believe that there can be no permanent peace until all the world is organized in one Marxian-Socialist system. In this mentality wars fought by "capitalist" powers are evil, but victorious wars fought by communist states further such a world system and therefore bring closer a permanently warless world.

On the other hand, those who believe with equal passion that it is neither possible nor desirable to restrain all mankind within one rigid set of ideas or one single system, holding that the immense differences of tradition, talent, challenge and opportunity among individuals and peoples point to diversity as a law of Nature and to totalitarianism of any kind as stagnation and decline, hope to achieve peace by legal and forceful restraints upon aggression. In their view only the certainty that aggression will be repulsed by overwhelming force is any guaranty of peace and liberty. But the forceful suppression of aggression is also war, though its object is the attainment of a warless world.

These and many other choices posed in the human mind are not choices between war and peace, but between good and evil. Millions of men who hate war have perennially decided that "it is better to die on one's feet than live on one's knees." Other millions, though deploring war, have exposed themselves and others to it out of conviction that the peace and prosperity of future generations depend upon the extermination by force of one social order and the creation of another, or the defense of one against another. Almost all men believe in the moral right and even duty of self-defense. The law exempts the individual from charges of violence when violence is employed in self-defense against an armed attack, and the United Nations seeks to outlaw "aggressive" war, not holding the defender equally guilty with the assaulter.

It therefore seems doubtful whether mere propaganda for "peace" accomplishes anything. War is one way by which men and nations defend what they consider good and resist what they consider evil, and it is not likely to be removed from the world—as long as men seek to distinguish right from wrong, which is their highest spiritual activity—unless an equivalent is found for it.

DEATH SPEAKS: There was a merchant in Bagdad who sent his servant to market to buy provisions and in a little while the servant came back, white and trembling, and said, "Master, just now when I was in the market place I was jostled by a woman in the crowd and when I turned I saw it was Death that jostled me. She looked at me and made a threatening gesture; now, lend me your horse, and I will ride away from this city and avoid my fate. I will go to Samarra and there Death will not find me." The merchant lent him his horse, and the servant mounted it, and he dug his spurs in its flanks and as fast as the horse could gallop he went. Then the merchant went down to the market place and he saw me standing in the crowd and he came to me and said, "Why did you make a threatening gesture to my servant when you saw him this morning?" "That was not a threatening gesture," I said, "it was only a start of surprise. I was astonished to see him in Bagdad, for I had an appointment with him tonight in Samarra."

—W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

In domestic civilized societies struggle, though constant, is restrained from naked force (war) by processes of law and effective instruments of peaceful change. He who feels himself wronged does not seize a pistol or a crowbar, but takes his case to court. But were there no court in whose judgment he had a degree, at least, of confidence, he could find no justice except by naked force. Those in rebellion against phases of the social order fight for the minds of their contemporaries through political instruments. Even this does not preclude all violence, but since force is on the side of the law, the victory or defeat of ideas is aimed, not at killing one's opponents but at changing the law and the lawmakers. As long as men have effective instruments, which their minds accept, for effecting or resisting change, they resort to such instruments. Conversely, they feel themselves justified in resort to force, in the absence of such instruments through which they can effectively struggle for what they conceive to be justice and the triumph of "right" ideas.

The problem of peace is not, therefore, the problem of eliminating the will to struggle. It is the problem of finding forms through which struggle can be canalized with the least destructive effects. All struggle is a *form* of war, bringing victories to some and defeats to others. None of it is painless.

But the unarmed struggles at least preserve that which man cannot restore once it is violently taken away—namely, the source of the struggle: life.

It is not, therefore, I think, the pursuit of "peace" which will lead us from war, but a deeper understanding of the nature of man, the recognition that struggle is a part of that nature, and that arenas that are not bloody battlefields must be provided for struggle. Perfect peace is total renunciation, and none except those rarest geniuses, spiritual saints, have ever found it this side of the grave. THE END



DELRICH
E-Z COLOR PAK
MARGARINE

ENDS MIXING BOWL MESS!

TRADEMARK

A New American Favorite for flavor, too!

"Honestly—you feel like telling the world about Delrich once you taste its creamy, golden goodness! And you can *see* why Delrich naturally tastes better and fresher . . . its delicate flavor is *sealed in!*"

So easy to color, too! 1. Pinch color berry. 2. Knead the bag. 3. Reshape bag by placing in carton. Chill. (No mold needed. No waste.) 4. Slice as needed. Makes neat servings in quarters or in patties.

So nutritious—yet economical! Every pound of Delrich is packed with natural food energy—AND enriched with 15,000 units of Vitamin A.

***After All . . .* "THE TASTE TELLS"**

Delrich and E-Z Color Pak are the trade-marks of The Cudahy Packing Co. for its margarine.

the DELicious RICH creamy flavor of DELRICH is SEALED IN

PINCH THE COLOR BERRY!

KNEAD THE BAG!

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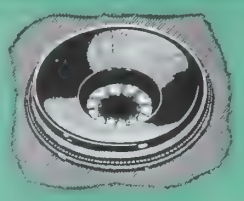
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Easiest to keep Clean—
Faster and Finer
for Cooking

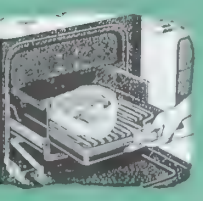


Caloric makes THE Gas Range for every family's needs

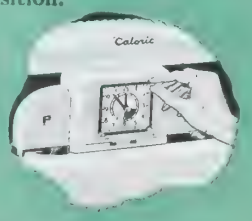
Miss Thelma Holmes, Home Service Department Head, finds the Ultramatic Caloric 2-oven, 2-broiler, 6-burner model ideal for baking and roasting at one time; or for extra capacity top-burner and broiler meals.



Cook with ⅓ less gas on *fast* Flavor-Saver Dual Burners that protect food values. *All* burners guaranteed for life.



Flame-broil for finest flavor in Veri-Clean Broiler, completely removable for easy cleaning. Choice of elevated or under-oven position.



High-speed Hold-Heat Oven with Time and Heat Controls. Heavy insulation and exclusive door seal keep kitchens cooler.

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ore porcelain enamel inside and out; ore exclusive features for finest, fast-cooking; easiest cleaning. Choose om 4 or 6 burner models—wide riety of ovens, broilers and storage arrangements to suit any kitchen.

Dealers listed under CALORIC in Classified Telephone Book. Or write Caloric Stove Corporation, 1202 Widener Building, Philadelphia 7, Penna.

Specially engineered models for LP-Gas users beyond city mains.

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Ultramatic Caloric Automatic Gas Ranges



"I'm not interested in politics. I want Mr. Philbrick for myself."

UNDER-COVER STUFF

By Bernardine Kielty

IF you want a little humor with your presidential campaign, read FRANCIS GOES TO WASHINGTON, by ***David Stern.*** Remember FRANCIS, the tale of the talking mule that met G. I. Peter Sterling in a hole in Burma and got him out of it? Well, Francis now turns up in Peter's home town in the U.S.A. in time for a congressional campaign, and he puts ideas into Peter's head. It's a very funny book in any season, but most appropriate this particular month, for many reasons.

• • •

Why should anyone want to undertake the job of running the White House? A quick glance at WHITE HOUSE DIARY, written by *Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt,* F.D.R.'s housekeeper, would put off any woman we know, and after all Mrs. Nesbitt was only second in command (or third). "Things will quiet down after Easter," Mrs. Roosevelt told her at the start of '37. And by April, in the post-Lenten season alone, Mrs. Nesbitt had listed 10,000 people entertained.

Then there were the diets (and these days you can't count on Republicans' not having nervous stomachs). Jimmy Roosevelt had an ulcer diet, Secretary Hull had to have lettuce, boiled chicken, tomato, green vegetables only, white bread, butter, milk and Swiss cheese. Secretary Morgenthau couldn't touch beef or white bread. There were 22 items "not to be taken" in Lord Tweedsmuir's diet, and

(Continued on Page 16)

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"Is it really true that he uses his coffee grounds over again?"

Make dessert time Surprise time!

(WITH ANY OF THESE 5 SURPRISE PACKAGES!)



1

SURPRISE 'EM TONIGHT WITH THIS FUDGE DELIGHT!

Fudge as fudge should be! And only *4 minutes* to make! *No beating* . . . "JUNKET" QUICK FUDGE MIX with butter and water added makes "*home-made*" fudge. Shape some (while warm) in balls and roll in chopped nuts or cocoanut. Chocolate or penuche flavors! Try it for icings and sauces, too!



2





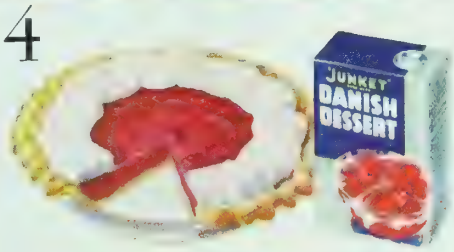
3



SURPRISE 'EM NEXT DAY THIS RENNET CUSTARD WAY!

Like magic! This dessert *wonder* makes in a minute with Vanilla rennet custard! Add nut topping before serving . . . superbly *simple*—simply *superb!* Good for children as milk itself! 6 "JUNKET" RENNET POWDER flavors—and unflavored "JUNKET" RENNET TABLETS.

4



SURPRISE 'EM AND TRY THIS NEW DANISH PIE!

Unlike *anything* you ever ate! "JUNKET" DANISH DESSERT is secret of the currant-raspberry flavored filling. Boil it just *one minute* with water and pour in pie shell. *Easy!* Try it as pudding, too!

5



SURPRISE 'EM AND MAKE THIS ICE CREAM CAKE!

Ice cream's *easier—smoother* than ever! "JUNKET" FREEZING MIX gives you old-fashioned flavor the modern way! *No stirring* while freezing! Sandwich a slice between pound cake, top with sauce! 4 flavors.

"JUNKET" is the trade-mark of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., Little Falls, N. Y., for its rennet and other food products and is registered in United States and Canada.

for dessert variety serve **"JUNKET" BRAND FOODS**

all different!
all easy, quick!
all delicious!



Creamy caramel frosting—on a cake as light and soft as a whispered sweet-nothing. Wonderful double-acting Calumet protects your cake all the way by raising your batter *twice*—once in the mixing bowl and again in the oven.

How to rate an after-dinner kiss!

One taste of this luscious cake is enough to make any husband want to hug a gal and say—"You're the greatest little cake-maker ever!"

And he won't be far wrong! It's so easy to make perfect cake—even for a brand-new recruit—if you depend on Calumet's double action.

With Calumet you get extra reliability, extra lightness because your batter is raised *twice*.

The first action takes place in the mixing bowl, but the second action is held in reserve until released by the heat of the oven. With Calumet to help you, you can be doubly sure of baking success.

So whenever recipes call for double-acting baking powder—like the new chiffon cake recipe—use Calumet. Perfect, too, for muffins, waffles, biscuits, *everything!*

CARAMEL PECAN LAYER CAKE

Preparations. Have the shortening at room temperature. Line bottoms of two round 8-inch layer pans with paper; grease. Start oven for moderate heat (375°F.). Sift flour once before measuring.

Measure into sifter:
2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sugar

Measure into mixing bowl:
⅓ cup butter or other shortening

Measure into cup:
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Have ready:
1 egg, unbeaten

Now—The "Mix-Easy" Part! Mix by hand or at a low speed of electric mixer.) Stir shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes*. Add egg and *beat 1 minute* longer. (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.)

Baking. Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Spread tops and sides of cake with Quick Caramel Frosting. Garnish with pecan halves.

Quick Caramel Frosting. Melt ½ cup butter in saucepan; add 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed, and cook until blended and slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Cool slightly. Add ¼ cup milk and beat until smooth. Then add 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar gradually until of right consistency to spread.



CALUMET BAKING POWDER

Double-acting... for Double-sure Success!

Calumet is a product of General Foods

(Continued from Page 14)

Harry Hopkins was on a low-fat, high-protein, high-caloric, bland diet. Even Fala had a diet—because of his spotting the President's rug. Every once in a while the President himself blew up about food. "You'll just have to be patient," Mrs. Roosevelt would tell Mrs. Nesbitt, "the President is in a tizzy." "He has his Dutch up," Doctor McIntyre would say, and then the three of them would get together on trying to please.

The White House dogs didn't make things any easier. Once a newspaper woman bent over Cricky, Mrs. Roosevelt's old deaf Scottie, and Cricky bit her on the lip. Smart dog. And Major, the President's police dog, on the occasion of a very special trip of Mackenzie King from Canada, bit the Prime Minister on the hand, which was not so smart.

Then there were the ants. "We always had ants in the fall along with the official functions." And cockroaches and rats and squirrels. But these were as nothing compared with the moths. "Apparently there is only one cure for moths, and that is to burn them."

Mrs. Nesbitt was pretty annoyed at what the newspapers had to say about food in the White House. "Liver and beans three days in a row," said the papers, "and the same salt fish for breakfast four days hand running." Every murmur of the President became news and was flashed around the world. But "You have to be patient," Mrs. Roosevelt told her again. What annoyed Mrs. Nesbitt most, however, was the news photographs of her beloved Mrs. Roosevelt—"they couldn't show her queenliness and kindliness, and the deep, warm, human friendliness"—but Mrs. Roosevelt told her that after all one had to be philosophical about pictures.

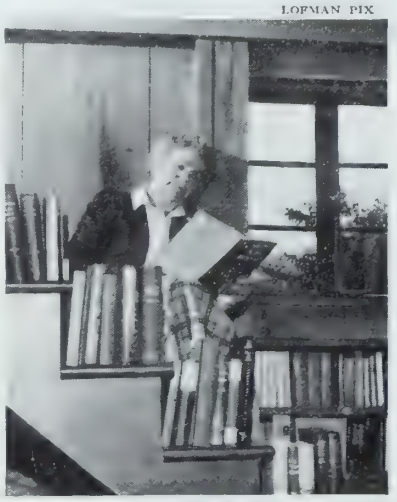
Silk spreads were on all the White House beds except the President's. He used seersucker because he liked his books and papers with his breakfast, and the children climbed up, and Fala.

Maybe Republican presidents will be more tidy, but how can any woman resist such a book?

• • •

Dorothy Canfield Fisher likes to tell about how her ancestors happened to settle in Vermont on the very spot

LOFMAN PIX



Dorothy Canfield Fisher

where she now lives. As they traveled the road north, her great-great-grandmother Canfield got out of the wagon at every spring and washed her handkerchief. She was going to make a home only when she found a spring

(Continued on Page 18)

Buried under scorchy pans?



Stop sloshing messy, scorchy pans with a limp, greasy dishrag! Let Brillo do your dirty work. Brillo cleans pots and pans shiny-bright in a flash!

Shine 'em quick with

BRILLO



A spunky Brillo *pad-with-soap* whisks off stubborn scorch. Fast! Neat! It's so *easy* to make your pots and pans really *sparkle* with a square, metal-fiber Brillo pad. Brillo shines 'em clean and bright as new! Use Brillo every day!

There's jeweler's polish in BRILLO!

There's a good reason why it's so easy to keep pans *gleaming* with Brillo! It's because Brillo's special-formula soap contains polishing ingredients that jewelers use to shine their precious metals! Get Brillo today!

★ GREEN box—pads and cake soap
★ RED box—soap-filled pads



Shines aluminum fast!



Five flavorful fruits in one easy lesson —

Just say "Del Monte Brand Fruit Cocktail" — that's all you need to know to get five luscious fruits, combined in perfect flavor balance—all ready to use. They're Del Monte fruits, every one of them — and you know what rich, ripe flavor *that* means!

And think how handy! This fruit cocktail is dressy enough for company — quick and easy enough for everyday, too. No peeling, dicing or mixing for you to do. Just open and serve.

Ready for starters, salads, desserts — it makes your simplest dishes bright, your brightest "made-ups" simple. That's why so many women get Del Monte Fruit Cocktail. Why don't *you?*

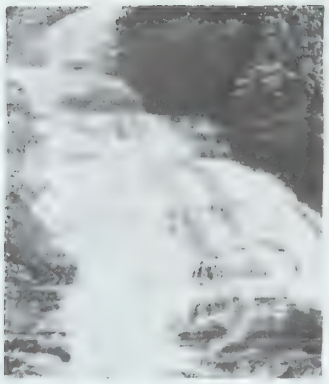
NEW CIRCLETTE PUDDING

Drain No. 2½ can Del Monte Fruit Cocktail, reserving syrup. Soften **1½ tbsps. gelatin** in ¾ cup syrup from fruit cocktail; dissolve over hot water. Stir in **1½ cups milk, 2 tsps. lemon juice, ½ tsp. almond extract, ¼ cup sugar.** Chill to consistency of honey. Meanwhile make meringue as follows: Beat **2 egg whites** till foamy, then add **¼ cup sugar,** a tbsp. at a time, beating after each addition. Now fold **2 lightly beaten egg yolks** into gelatin mixture; then fold in meringue. Whip and fold in **¾ cup whipping cream.** Cut cones out of tops of **8 small day-old unfrosted cup cakes;** press, cut side down, into 5-cup flat-bottomed ring mold. Pour mixture around cakes in ring mold; top with crumbled cake cones. Chill till firm. Unmold; fill cake centers and center of ring with chilled fruit cocktail. Serves 8.



One more good food from the brand that puts **FLAVOR FIRST**

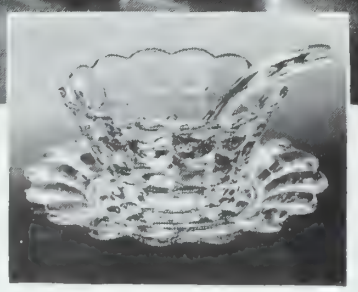
Del Monte FRUIT COCKTAIL



CASCADE

BY CAMBRIDGE





Like a stream of pure light tumbling rhythmically into sun-splashed pools, Cascade brings you one of the most fascinating, brilliant *new* crystal designs to be seen in years. It is a hand-made *modern* crystal in a variety of pieces . . . substantial, practical . . . ideal for formal or informal occasions, or ornamental use. Priced moderately at good stores. The Cambridge Glass Company, Cambridge, Ohio.





This utility room and kitchen features the finest in both heating and plumbing products. Shown above are the Wyandotte Gas-Fired Winter Air Conditioner, Budget Water Heater, Alden Laundry Tray, Aeropel Home Ventilator and Royal Hostess Sink.

for a healthful, cozy home

eat for family health and
his first floor utility room
Equipment and Plumbing
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ELDER-AGERS . . . Recreation in Philadelphia

Longer and Happier Lives

by MARGARET HICKEY

NEW medical and scientific knowledge has made possible for us longer and more useful lives. The average life expectancy today is from 20 to 25 years longer than it was a quarter of a century ago. Yet many of us as individuals are not getting ready for these added years, and very few communities are prepared to help elder-agers fight loneliness and to find new friends and interests.

Today there are more than 10,000,000 people over 65 years of age in the United States. Of these, 2,367,597 are receiving old-age assistance from the Government. Another 2,162,693 persons are benefiting from the insurance features of Social Security legislation. These plans, however, do not cover millions who have worked in agriculture, domestic service and small businesses. Even when personal savings and help from their children provide adequate food and shelter, our senior citizens often suffer from tragic loneliness.

Many older people need, and are capable of holding, jobs. The attitude of employers toward age, however, excludes the very individuals to whom science has granted extra years of usefulness. During the war years, they served in part-time and even in full-time employment. However, employers again are saying, "Old people are queer," or "They have irritating habits." But Dr. George Lawton, author of Women Go to Work at Any Age, writes, "It isn't the gray hair nor the birthdays that block the way, but the unwillingness to learn." The Altrusa Clubs, with a national membership of busy women executives, will use this guide in their efforts to lessen employer prejudice about age and to help older workers master new and more efficient work habits.

One of the pioneers in salvaging the talents of older people was Dr. Lillien J. Martin. She retired at the age of 65 as Professor of Psychology at Stanford University and opened a clinic in San Francisco. During the remaining 27 years of her life, she helped thousands overcome emotional poverty and economic insecurity. Today her clinics have branches in Los Angeles and New York City.

In Great Britain the Women's Voluntary Services, under Lady Reading, are helping to house, feed and care for elderly men and women. Hot nourishing meals are taken from central kitchens to invalids and elderly people in their own homes. By the end of March, 1948, 9000 meals were being delivered each week to old people in 119 different areas. Similar care could be provided in this country with the help of volunteers, visiting nurses and housekeepers.

Special community services for our elderly neighbors are greatly needed. The tasks of the volunteer can be simple, but highly important and rewarding ones. In Chicago the volunteer Friendly Visiting Corps of the Council of Social Agencies offers training courses for volunteers who choose to work with older people. They read to those with failing eyesight, drop in for a friendly chat, or just provide a sympathetic audience for the man or woman who wants a chance to talk.

The National Jewish Welfare Board has developed new program aids for its "golden age" centers in St. Louis, Indianapolis, and in the Chicago Jewish Community Centers. Cleveland's Benjamin Rose Institute pioneered in promoting a model program there. In Hartford, Connecticut, the Business and Professional Women's Club devotes a part of each Sunday to driving older people to the country, taking them out to Sunday dinners, or remembering birthdays and anniversaries. In St. Paul, Minnesota, the Council of Social Agencies has a special committee on older people working with the settlement houses. In many communities, the Red Cross chapter includes services to the aged as a part of its volunteer services. **THE END**

AN amazing thing happened to Mrs. Johnson after her husband died. She was 82, a white-haired little lady who had led a busy life bringing up two children, living in Philadelphia with the man she loved. She had never made many friends, never spent much time knitting or reading books. "Goodness," she said once, "there's no time with a man and children to look after." But now Mrs. Johnson had no one to look after but herself. Her son and daughter lived in Kansas City, and while she could have moved out there, she decided to stay on in the gray shingled row house which had sheltered so much of her family life.

Mrs. Johnson hadn't thought it would be easy to live alone, but she hadn't realized, either, just how incredibly lonely a person can get with no one to talk to, nothing to look forward to except an occasional visit to the grocer, or church on Sunday. Always reserved and shy anyway, Mrs. Johnson found herself withdrawing more and more from the world. "It's wrong," she thought, "but what can I do? I'm too old to make new friends. My life is over."

Then it happened. The postman, instead of walking right past as he usually did, was coming up the walk. In his hand, a post card from the neighborhood Settlement House inviting Mrs. Johnson to come over Monday afternoon and help form a club with friends her own age. Mrs. Johnson was excited for the first time in many months. Maybe this club would bring something new into her life.

The club has indeed meant something to Mrs. Johnson—that isn't her real name, but she's a very real person—and to 2049 others over 65 like her, who each week lock their loneliness in their rooms while they have fun together in Philadelphia's 43 clubs for oldsters. Club members come from all parts of the city, from all economic and cultural backgrounds. They speak many different languages—Polish, Russian, Yiddish. They are many colors and creeds. Some are intellectuals. Others have had little or no formal education. Some have private incomes. More are living on as little as $40 a month. Sometimes men and women attend the same meetings; others meet with members of their own sex only.

But for all these people the club has meant the same thing—new friends, new hobbies, new points of view. "When I met *(Continued on Page 241)*

MORRIS ENGEL



The Friendly Excelsior Club—one of Philadelphia's 43 old-age clubs—has weekly water-feeding contest. Mr. MacFadden (left) is ready with newspaper bib for first spoonful from partner. Clubs offer members new friends, new hobbies, new viewpoints.

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MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

Love grows up with marriage, but every marriage has its growing pains.

BY CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., The Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

WHAT HAPPENS TO ROMANCE?

AT the time they marry, most people expect to be happy ever after. In their minds, the wedding marks not the end of romance but the real beginning. They are confident that the routine demands of everyday existence will never dull their affection, nor crises mar their serenity; as for petty annoyances, they anticipate none at all.

Yet at the end of a year, the intense *awareness* of happiness which illumined the wedding day may have already begun to fade, and during the next few years it is likely to diminish still more. Does this mean that the average marriage, even if it lasts, is still a disappointment? What happens as the years pass?

Summarizing the experience of several hundred married couples participating in our continuing marriage-research project, we can describe the typical development of married happiness this way:

During the first year, and as it should, some of the glamour disappears. The couple are sobered by a new appreciation of the responsibilities of marriage as they face problems of housing, budgeting and the prospect of a baby. The marriage is still very happy, but husband and wife have less time to think about it as they become increasingly absorbed in the realities of earning a living and maintaining a home.

Another year goes by. The baby absorbs the attention of both parents, dislocates the budget and radically alters the household routine. Husband and wife have less time for each other, or to take part in joint social activities.

And the third year is harder. Little luxuries are a thing of the past, and even necessities require anxious planning. The wife's clothes are shabby, and she can't avoid some resentment of her confining routine.

But the fourth year promises to be better, and so it proves to be. The husband has a raise, they are out of debt, and can begin to buy some of the things they've done without. The household runs more smoothly, for the wife is a better cook and housekeeper, and the youngster is more self-sufficient. They are happily looking forward to the arrival of another baby.

The fifth year is another tough one, for it brings new budget trouble. To the expense of the new baby is added the cost of services the wife no longer has time to perform. The cost of living is rising, and the wife's wardrobe is now practically threadbare. She has less freedom than ever. Altogether, this is a year to be lived through.

During the sixth year, some of their friends get divorces. But things are slightly easier for our couple, and, in any case, the idea of divorce has never tempted them.

Then the seventh year begins. It is the toughest yet. In addition to everything else, their personal relationship is not so close as it was, for the husband has a more demanding job, and his wife is necessarily more and more absorbed in the children.

But as the eighth year begins, things are again much smoother. To be sure, little is left of the hopes and dreams, the romance and glamour of the honeymoon. But in their place, the couple have built a solid foundation for marriage. Through shared experience, co-operation and understanding, their romantic attachment has developed into enduring love.

What if Jim is growing gray and a little stout, if Mary looks definitely matronly in her last year's suit? These two have insight enough to be thankful for the present, instead of pining for the past. Yes, they miss the dancing and the parties, the gaiety of youth, but they have discovered new pleasures in their own home and family. Hard as these years have been, they would live them over again if need be. Their marriage has not turned out just as they expected, but it is far from being a failure.

Some marriages, of course, are happier than this. But our story is based on what happens to the average couple, not to the exceptional.

If your story sounds like the one we have told, your experience is not tragic but typical. Face the fact that, since people are not perfect, marriage cannot be either. You have been discouraged before, and you undoubtedly will be again.

But, if you two really love each other, if you have faith in yourselves and in the future, if you are convinced that your marriage will not fail and determined that it shall not—then you can look forward to increasing mature happiness.

WHEN YOUR HUSBAND'S AWAY

OCCASIONAL short "vacations from marriage" may be good for both husbands and wives. But most couples would agree that frequent or prolonged separations are undesirable. The desire for companionship is one of the most compelling reasons for marrying. Clearly, this desire cannot be fully satisfied if husband and wife must be separated very long or very often.

Yet many couples, even in peacetime, are forced by circumstances to spend much of their time apart. Separations occasioned by emergencies—the illness of a relative, the difficulty of finding a home, the husband's transfer to another city—while they may be prolonged, can usually be regarded as temporary interruptions in the normal routine. But in other households, usually because of the husband's work, separations for a large share of the time are a normal condition of the couple's married life.

How does such separation affect a couple's chances of married happiness? Though inevitably it diminishes the day-to-day enjoyment of life, it *need* not and sometimes does not affect the basic relationship at all.

This fact was brought out in a study of the married happiness of several hundred couples, about half of whom had been separated for various reasons (including military service) and for various periods of time, and about half of whom had never been separated. The study identified the attitudes and common-sense precautions which had helped those couples whose married happiness survived the test of separation. On the basis of their experience, a few suggestions can be offered for others confronted by the same situation:

- Instead of feeling sorry for yourself, recognize that separation creates a hardship for you both. Accept it as a practical problem and devise measures to meet it.

- Develop an interest of your own to occupy your leisure when your husband is away. Hours spent in melancholy idleness will not add to your happiness, nor will they enhance your personality.

- Keep in close touch by mail, daily if possible. Through letters, you and your husband can keep informed not only of happenings of interest to both but of each other's thoughts and feelings. But don't complain if your husband can't always write as often as you do.

- Take every opportunity to be together. Perhaps you can accompany your husband occasionally, even if it means some disruption at home. And when he is there, arrange your schedule to have the maximum time with him.

- You two must have faith in each other. Under any circumstances, it's hard to overcome suspicion and distrust on the part of either husband or wife; if the couple is separated, it's almost impossible.

A marriage that would have succeeded otherwise is not often disrupted by separation alone. A couple that cannot stand the strain of spending some of their days apart probably could not stand the strain of spending all their lives together. If your marriage is shaky, search for and try to eliminate other disrupting factors before deciding that separation is the sole and irremediable difficulty.

Are You Realistic?

Few people can be happy in either job or marriage unless they are willing to face reality. Read each question very carefully before answering "Yes" or "No."

1. **Do you believe men are more intelligent than women?**
2. **In triangles, are all three people partially responsible?**
3. **Are you sure that people are born with consciences?**
4. **Can love be destroyed by neglect or disregard?**
5. **When faced with a hard day, do you do the easiest chores first?**
6. **Is a wife more responsible for a happy marriage than a husband?**
7. **Would you be a different person if you could move time back?**
8. **Is enduring love more like friendship than romance?**
9. **Do facts, rather than feelings, influence most behavior?**
10. **In living a life, is experience more valuable than education?**
11. **Do you believe we will have war within three years?**
12. **If fire breaks out, do you know the exact number to call?**
13. **Would you rather charge purchases than pay cash?**
14. **Do you vote in *both* primary and general elections?**
15. **Are most persons' actions largely unselfish in nature?**
16. **Do you always shop around before finally buying?**
17. **Can a couple own a pleasure car on a $50-a-week income?**
18. **Do you feel most people are honest and trustworthy?**
19. **Is it important that a man be at least three years older than his wife?**
20. **Do you regularly save some part of your income?**

All odd-numbered questions should be answered *No*, all even-numbered questions *Yes*. If your total score is 17 or more, you are a down-to-earth person, quite practical and realistic in your thinking. A score of 14 is average. With a score of 11 or less, you are probably swayed entirely too much by your emotions and have considerable difficulty dealing with personal problems.

DO YOU AGREE?

Why do people write anonymous notes? A recent one to my husband has brought us much anguish.

Jealousy, anger, revenge, envy, deep inferiority and feelings of failure—especially the two last—are the basic causes. Poisonous and intellectually dishonest as such notes are, try to remember that the poor devil who is writing them is usually insecure and neurotic.



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"What's My Trouble?"

DOWN in the dumps with another case of the blues? If these sad-sack symptoms turn up too often it may mean that you're another victim of one of the most common of all teen-aged ailments, the kind of trouble that hits everyone at least once in a high-school lifetime along with a case of unrequited love, a crush on Richard Widmark and an occasional siege of bad complexion. It's an ailment commonly called "inferiority complex," and few girls get through high school without it! It can make life about as grim, hopeless and full of troubles as a morning radio serial. And that's when this feeling called "inferiority complex" can be serious!

Just What Does it Mean?... By definition, "an inferiority complex is the *feeling* that one is more inferior than one really is, and thus keeps thinking he is no good and will fail." You say that's an old and familiar feeling with you? It's that sinking sensation that hits you every time Johnnie passes you by to ask Marie to dance the fast numbers, whenever you get on the diving board at the school pool or even when you overhear someone else's being asked for a date for a big evening while you're still waiting and hoping? Or is it that panicky feeling that strikes you right in the middle of your cashmere sweater every time you are called on to recite in history class, when you try to do a scene from Dorothy Parker as tryout for the dramatic club, or when you bounce in the front door after school and find you're faced with mother *and* visiting bridge club? Well, let's not get things confused. A little nervousness, a little of that "I hope I do all right" concern is a natural and healthy thing, especially for high-school fellows and girls who are learning to act as individuals for almost the first time. But that feeling is *not* an inferiority complex. You're just a normal gal having a few normal shakes and shivers about the troubles of growing up.

Is it Catching? . . . Take the case of Janie S., for instance. People who didn't know her well thought her an out-and-out snob; her girl friends (or at least they pretended to be her friends) would have told you that she had a *superiority complex*, if anything. Janie's clothes were always just right, her schoolwork was always done on time, and if anyone was asked to volunteer for committee duty or extra library work, Janie was right there with her hand up, prim and proper. She dated occasionally; all the boys thought she was "a nice kid, but ——" and stood in awe of suggesting anything except a Saturday-night malted-and-movie or a date for a school dance six weeks away. Above all, Janie was a "lady," one of the snob mob. She never took part in school sports, class dramatics or crazy fun like football bonfires or dressing in hobo costume for the Halloween party. She was polite to everyone, but had only two close girl friends and never, never thought of spending time with anyone outside "her crowd." But in her heart, Janie wasn't really having fun. She had a type of inferiority complex—she was afraid to "try." She *wanted* to be a good sport, relax and do a little clowning around, but she didn't know how. Maybe as a child she had been the good-little-girl type who never scuffed her shoes, lost her hair bows or wrinkled her stiff, starched dress. Anyway, she never learned to play, to join others in fun until she got into high school and realized the good times she was missing. Then she got the bright idea that instead of being "better" than the other girls, maybe she was just being stuffy and dull. And since you can't get over an inferiority complex by pretending to be superior, Janie made up her mind to forget the snob stuff and mingle with *the* crowd, instead of just *her* crowd. And what happened? Chalk one up for Janie—because she *is* a swell kid now!

Any Sure Cure?... Or take the strange story of Julie B. She was a sixteen-year-old sophomore who was always singing the blues to the indigo tune of "I've got a feeling I'm failing." But hers was an aggressive inferiority complex. She wanted so much to be popular and a favorite with everyone that she tried *too* hard to please. Julie could make friends quickly and then lose them just as fast by demanding too much of their time, passing on a bit of gossip or saying unkind things behind their backs. If she heard about a hay ride or a party at Mary Smith's without an invitation for Julie, she was in for a spell of the blues. Yet Julie never made plans for fun herself, but just "hung around" insisting she be included in everyone else's good times. Dates were few and far between, because one Coke-and-chatter evening and Julie promptly marked that boy as her permanent and steady fella—and was heartbroken if he didn't call at least four times the next day. Low grades in history came, not because she just didn't work hard, but because "the teacher had it in for me." Little-sister troubles started at home, not because Julie was selfish or self-centered, but because "that little brat is always trying to bother me." Her spirits were always way up in the clouds or way down in the dumps, until one day she made up her own mind that it was time to *grow up*. She convinced herself that she *disliked* this habit of an inferiority complex and that she *wanted* to behave differently. She realized that while she was criticizing other people, she was subconsciously finding excuses for not criticizing herself. So what happened? She began to train herself to think each day *not* "Am I the most popular, did I come out best?" but "Did I try and did I have fun?" And what happened? You guessed it—Julie had fun!

How About Me?... And the last case is the saddest because, in high school, it's the most common and the solution is the hardest to find. Barbara B. had the type of deep inferiority complex that was with her all the time, left her just waiting to be hurt. She was the kind of shy gal of whom others shrugged and said, "Just a schmoe, you know," and never even tried to find out any more about her. For at fifteen, Barbara was convinced she was a complete and permanent flop and behaved accordingly. She had no close friends, never joined the crowd, never even tried to "belong" to any clubs or school groups and spent most of her time day-dreaming or brooding about herself. Often she pretended to be all wrapped up in her schoolwork, too busy to make friends. Usually she was withdrawn, resentful —and secretly longing to have fun like the other girls. *And she was just too sensitive to listen to anyone, even her mother, about how she might improve herself.* With Barbara, as with most cases, the cure wasn't quick and easy. It just happened that one day a boy said hello to her in math class, and she was so surprised that from that day on she resolved to be different. In the back of her mind she pinned up a clear picture of the type of girl she'd *like* to be—friendly, well groomed and easy to talk to—and then, little by little, worked toward that ideal. For instance, it took her six months and buckets of eggnogs, but she gained eight pounds—and in all the right places! Her hair never did look like something out of Hollywood, but she had it cut short and was amazed to find it curled by itself. She wasn't elected class president, but she did get to be head of the bulletin-board committee in civics class. She didn't (even for the sake of a good story!) collect three class rings, a Hi-Y pin and a letter sweater, but she *did* get to be good friends with a girl who had a brother coming home from college for Christmas! And most important, she realized that any personality changes had to begin right in her own little head. . . . For more information, ask Barbara B. She's a whiz at conversation now!

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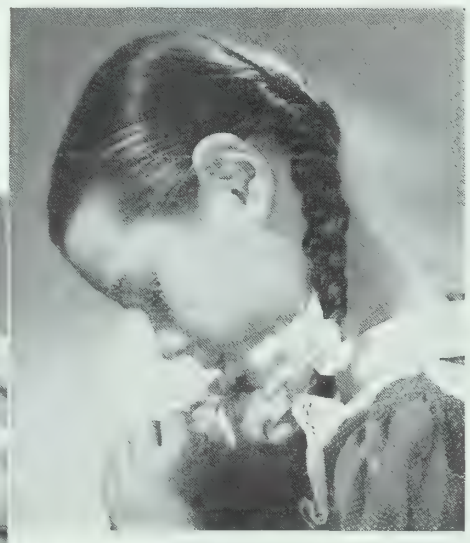
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OXYDOL

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal



IN November, 1898, a gas explosion wrecked the Supreme Court room, race riots broke out in Wilmington, and the longest telephone line in the world (2600 miles) was completed between Austin, Texas, and Bar Harbor, Maine. Teddy Roosevelt was elected Governor of New York and the song Let Me Shake the Hand that Shook the Hand of Sullivan was born.

And in November, 1898, the JOURNAL celebrated its fifteenth birthday. "Its 48 pages are bought by 850,000 people, and it crosses every sea and ocean," proudly remarks Editor Bok. He adds, "Some people are complaining about its unwieldy size."

"Do not drink ice water," warns Ruth Ashmore in Sidetalks with Girls. "It shocks your stomach, breaks the enamel on your teeth, and where a girl happens to have a weak heart, causes her to faint by its coldness."

Prize Dollar Dinners reveal that eggs cost 12 cents a dozen fifty years ago; leg of lamb, 9 cents a pound; milk, 5 cents a quart; and a whole frying chicken, 8 cents.

"The largest salary paid to any man in the United States is not known," Editor Bok advises a reader. "Men do not discuss their salaries for the benefit of the public."

Fashion note: "Instead of the all-black hats, so long in vogue for bridesmaids, yellow is now selected."

Visiting cards: "When a card is folded through the center it means the visitor wishes to see all the ladies of the house. If one corner of the card is bent over it signifies that the visitor is leaving town."

"Seamen in U. S. Navy are paid according to grade: ordinary seamen, $19 per month; seamen of the first class, $24 per month."

Beauty care: "For the hands that have become tanned or sunburnt, dabble them with lemon juice. After the third night's care, they will be as fair and soft as any of Shakespeare's heroines'."

"A nursery governess," according to the JOURNAL, "must be a person of high culture, not too young. At the table she must watch the children continually and quietly, and after leaving the table remind the children of any fault committed, and deprive them of some pleasure because of their bad manners."

"Matinee bags are only large enough to hold opera glasses, a handkerchief and a smelling bottle."



Journal About Town



CRONER-HELBURN

At the National Horse Show, which opens Manhattan's fall social season, even the judges are full-dressed for the occasion.

IN a couple of days five hundred of the finest horses in the country will be stabled in the basement of Madison Square Garden, ready for the National Horse Show to open the local social season, as it has been doing now since 1883, the first full-dress function of the fall. The horses are supposed to be the main attraction, and as a matter of fact they are, but don't underestimate the power of women's finery to capture the headlines and claim all kinds of attention; though nothing could possibly surpass the formal perfection of the men's attire—even those who judge the horses in the ring, with tanbark flying in all directions. We remember the judge who, unable to make up his mind which of two hunters was the better horse, decided to ride each one himself—white tie, top hat, tails and all. A great rider in any garb, he gave the first horse a good workout; the second, however, spilled him; but with a split tailcoat, dented topper and dirty face, he went right on judging. It didn't seem funny, either; it seemed rather fine, in the best tradition, like the whole Horse Show—dressy or not.

Ruth Mary Packard has been looking behind the scenes of the display-window-mannequin setup here, and of course ran right away into ***Florence Ferman,*** who makes most of the mannequins you see from Fifth Avenue to Hollywood Boulevard, and who looks like a mannequin herself. Tells Miss P. the old wax figures were pretty much just something to hold clothes, whereas she thinks of *her* figures as real people; even gives them names, along with all kinds of poses, such as ballet, skating, fixing their hair, lying down, leaning over and reaching up. You get the basic figure, which weighs twenty pounds, for anywhere from $125 to $165, and can buy as many extra arms and wigs as you like. She says the average life is about three years, after which they need a good going-over—plenty of sandpapering, repainting, restyling. "And you can't imagine," she said, "how glad I always am to see them again."

*In order that **Wilhela Cushman** might create this month's cover before leaving for the Paris collections, **Hattie Carnegie** made the four-cornered velvet beret overnight, in the particular shade of cherry red which Wilhela wanted; while in a busy factory was duplicated **Adele Simpson's** idea for a silver-fox scarf with red velvet chou. A week later, in France, Wilhela found velvet hats and velvet trimmings one of the important fashions of the Paris openings.*

Sometime in August the hundred millionth motor vehicle came off somebody's assembly line (they can't tell whose), and this month in Detroit the Automobile Manufacturers' Association will celebrate the event with the biggest dinner in the history of the motorcar. If ***Mr. R. E. Olds*** can come, he'll be the oldest famous figure at the party, but he's 84, and isn't sure he can make it. However, another oldster will be there to make a speech; the man who has probably invented more improvements to automobiles than anyone else alive: ***C. F. Kettering,*** of course, who is frequently referred to as the man whose invention of the self-starter "liberated the women." At least, it is claimed that in 1911, when this boon was perfected, women in droves began to drive, and women's age-long ankle-length skirts finally began to be shortened. Otherwise they couldn't have operated the pedals.

WIDE WORLD



"Self-starter" Kettering.



Miss Ferman's mannequins compete with the clothes they display.

Dining cars were introduced on American railroads in 1868. . . . More women are sewing today than ever—more than 23 000,000, one fourth of them teenagers. More than 300,000 women signed up for lessons in 1947, and 20,000,000 households now have sewing machines. . . . ***Queen Juliana,*** of Holland, is keeping from her children as long as possible the knowledge that they are royalty. Asked if she had ever seen a queen, Pietie, 5, said vehemently, "Oh, no!" . . . There will be 9,000,000 college graduates in the U. S. by 1975, according to one estimate—about one in thirteen of the adult population at that time. . . . According to a recent survey, 80.7 per cent of all American adults—four fifths of the nation—have played cards at one time or another. Of the women interviewed, 80.8 per cent were card players; of the men, 80.6 per cent. . . . In 400,000 families in the U. S. which are supported by women, the family income is $5000 or over. In 50,000 of these families, the income is $10,000 a year or over. And in 700,000 other families headed by women, the income ranges between $3000 and $5000 yearly.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.



The Springs

Can a woman be happy who has given her heart to one man and her life to another? The Journal's complete-in-one-issue condensed novel

By Anne Goodwin Winslow

"COUNT ANDREA reminds me so much of Colonel Bodley, at home," Mrs. Howard said, sitting down on the stone bench beside her nephew Roderick. It was on a little terrace halfway up from the garden and was seldom passed by those ascending without this sort of pause, this restful turning to admire the view. The garden at this hour was in shadow, but the Mediterranean was still bright.

Roderick, who had been sitting with a book, closed it and gave her his attention. He wanted to hear about Colonel Bodley; the people and things "at home," of which something here was continually reminding his aunt, were always interesting to him, though the region in which they were located was an unfamiliar one. Roderick had not been "at home" since his early childhood, and Mrs. Howard was really his great-aunt.

"You mean he looks like him?" he asked her.

"That, too, a little," Mrs. Howard said. "But I was really thinking of how he liked to go into things—and to pull everybody else in after him. I hate to think of how many things I might never have known if it hadn't been for Colonel Bodley."

"What sort of things?" Roderick inquired.

"Well, of course he was not as—we used to call it 'cultured'—as Count Andrea; but I believe he could have translated the inscription on that boy down there into English better than we have—the two of us working together. If it really is Latin and not just Italian. *Gelida atque ardenta poma*. It sounds funny, somehow."

"It isn't very good Latin," Roderick said. "Most inscriptions aren't."

"Well, 'cold and hot apples' isn't good either—not in any language, it seems to me. But Count Andrea won't mind its being bad English. We are trying to turn it into a poem," she said, dropping her eyes again to that more distant profile of rocks and sea—the perpetual enchantment. These children never seemed to notice it; all that beauty was what they saw from any window, any day. It was home, the deep well of their remembrance. And what did she see?

A garden, at any rate. And nobody could say the garden at home was not beautiful too, though it was certainly different from this one. There were no fountains, *(Continued on Page 149)*

Copyright, 1948, by Anne Goodwin Winslow. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

At this moment Kitty's words came back to her: "I'd like to be around when he's really making love to a girl. He's had plenty of practice; don't let anybody fool you about that."

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

GOD and the AMERICAN



, PENNSYLVANIA, PAINTED BY JOHN SHARP

The majority of people view hell as a repository for others only.

"Without love of God all human love between person and person is frustrated by man's love of himself."

"I suppose there is something after death—won't be gold streets though."

Most of the American people put national or political allegiance above religious conviction.

PEOPLE

What do Americans believe? How fervent are their beliefs? Do they live according to their faith? • BY LINCOLN BARNETT

"FOR it is not to be doubted that the duration of this life is but a moment," observed the French philosopher Blaise Pascal, "that the state of death is eternal, whatever may be its nature, and that thus it is impossible to take one step with sense and judgment unless we regulate our course by that point which ought to be our ultimate end."

In these words Pascal indicated the moral force underlying western civilization. Anyone who believes, as Pascal did, that his life touches a reality higher than the world of nature he perceives about him cannot be governed by instinct or material need alone. He will weigh his acts and motives against a standard of behavior imposed on him not by society, but from beyond.

The significance of this principle is accented right now by the great conflict between east and west. For the issues that separate the Communist states from this nation and its allies go deeper than politics or economics.

Most Americans doubtless see the cold war in terms used recently by Charles E. Wilson, president of the General Electric Company and co-chairman of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, who described the present struggle as a contest between "the God-fearing power of democracy and the God-hating power of Communism."

Not all Americans, however, understand the full implications of this phrase. Man's political forms and economic behavior are shaped by what he believes. Thus democracy, with its reverence for the individual conscience, is a product of religious ethics; it presupposes that religion will anticipate the state in restraining man's natural aggression and self-will. On the other hand any government that rejects the moral sanctions of religion has to employ other means of maintaining social order. Inevitably, history shows, the irreligious state is a police state.

Although Plato held that no nation can be really strong without belief in God, the accuracy of this idea may seem arguable today. Superficially the non-God-fearing U.S.S.R. appears to be very strong indeed—how strong no outside observer can say. What may be more valuable, however, than to conjecture about Russia, is to investigate the interior fiber of our own society.

In the conviction that a factual picture of the spiritual substructure of our democracy is vital to any understanding of current problems, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has sponsored a nationwide survey designed to assess the intensity of religious faith in the United States and the degree to which it governs the ethics and behavior of the American people today.

The survey falls into three levels of inquiry: What do Americans believe? How fervent are their beliefs? Do they live according to their faith?

To obtain this information a complex series of questions was evolved, and submitted, in personal interviews, by Gallup-poll methods, to a cross section of Americans from coast to coast. Then in order to ensure a broad and nondenominational interpretation of the returns, they were presented for analysis to three noted theologians: the Rev. Reinhold Niebuhr, professor of applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary; the Rev. Simon Greenberg, professor of homiletics and acting provost of the Jewish Theological Seminary; and the Rev. George B. Ford, formerly Catholic adviser at Columbia, now rector of Corpus Christi Church in New York City.

I

Before trying to untangle the subtler relationships of religion and ethics, it is necessary first to find out what people *think* they believe. American public opinion is singularly united on the fundamental matter of belief in God. To the question **"Do you believe in God?"** 95 per cent of the American people answered "*Yes.*" Of the rest, only 2 per cent classified themselves as atheists by replying with an unequivocal "*No*"; another 2 per cent chose the agnostic's "*I don't know*"; and 1 per cent declined to answer.

It is notable that no appreciable differences appeared in the ratio of men to women in these responses, or in breakdowns by geographical area or educational level. The only sizable variation is one that poets knew about long before national-opinion polls were invented: God's presence is sensed more acutely in the country than in crowded cities.

With respect to religious activity, 76 per cent of the people described themselves as church members, and 41 per cent said that they attend church "*regularly.*" To the question **"Do you ever pray?"** 90 per cent of the people answered "*Yes,*" 56 per cent specifying "*Frequently.*"

A more definitive question asked people **if they had thought about God or religion *during the preceding 24 hours.*** Unexpectedly 74 per cent replied that *they had.* And to a question of degree of feeling, **"How much comfort and support do you, yourself, get from religion?"** 53 per cent replied "*a lot,*" and another 28 per cent said "*a fair amount.*"

How many critics of our materialistic culture would have suspected that ninety-five adult Americans in every hundred believe in God, or that in an average day three quarters of the American people think about Him? All three of the churchmen to whom the returns were shown expressed surprise at these high ratios.

From this primary stage of the survey, a basic conclusion can be drawn—the religious *potential* in the United States is very great at this time. Its quality and active influence on American life are, however, not so obvious. *(Continued on Page 230)*

The average American's religious thinking has not advanced beyond the Sunday-school level.

There is a profound gulf between America's avowed ethical standards and observable realities.

A Week end .. is not Enough



Lucy knew that this was the moment when any woman should say NO.

THEY sat at a table for two tucked beneath a window. They were as handsome a young couple as could be found in the dining room of the Golden Horn Inn: the girl particularly young and honey-blond; the man dark, serious, somewhat older. They were obviously very fond of each other. Honeymooners, the other diners speculated.

They appreciated the table the waiter had chosen for them; off to one side by a window, it set them apart as if they were special people, not to be disturbed. They were, they had decided once and for all on the drive down. Even the weather was on their side, and it promised to hold out for the week end. They had driven down in the clear, blue October afternoon, the trees a bit faded from the long Indian summer that would surely end after Sunday. It had lasted too long, been too perfect, not to end soon now. Earlier in the week Lucy had wondered what they would do if it should rain Friday; it would be no fun in the country in the rain. But she knew it wouldn't rain really, the weather would have to hold out for them. And kindly enough, the weather had.

"Pretty nice," Vic said. It was hard to tell whether he meant her or the room. Both, Lucy supposed, meeting his look. How warmly blue his eyes were just now. "We've had luck all the way," he said.

She sat smiling, feeling no need to answer.

"We should have arrived at Alice's by now," he surmised.

She glanced at her watch. "We couldn't have made it yet. It was seventy-five more miles."

He was amused at her reply. He leaned across the table, lowering his voice. "Aren't you glad we're not at Alice's?"

"Of course I'm glad," she responded.

But she wished he had not said that, as if they had put over a clever trick. It was true, they had put over a clever trick. No one knew they were here. It had given her a small feeling of displeasure to tell her mother they were going to Vic's sister Alice's for the week end when all the time she knew they were coming to some place like this. But she had deliberately put the feeling of displeasure aside as she packed her bag, refusing to give it lodging. *Don't make an issue of it*, she told Vic silently with her thoughts, *don't make it important. It was I who had to lie, not you.*

The waiter came and took their order for dinner. Vic chose with particular attention to what she liked, asking her approval, ordering the same for both of them. It was a habit of theirs, when they had dinner together, to eat the same things. It was just one other way in which they seemed very much suited to each other, although he had nine more years than her twenty-one.

When the waiter left, Lucy glanced out the window. The sun was slipping behind the faded trees. The last vestige of color was ebbing from the October day; the trees were all of a dull brown now, and the leaves hung listless as if a breath would blow them away. There was a sadness over the landscape as if summer were really gone and winter waited just behind the hill. Something of the dying autumn day, a transient, fleeting quality she could not name, touched Lucy. She turned quickly from the window to shut it away.

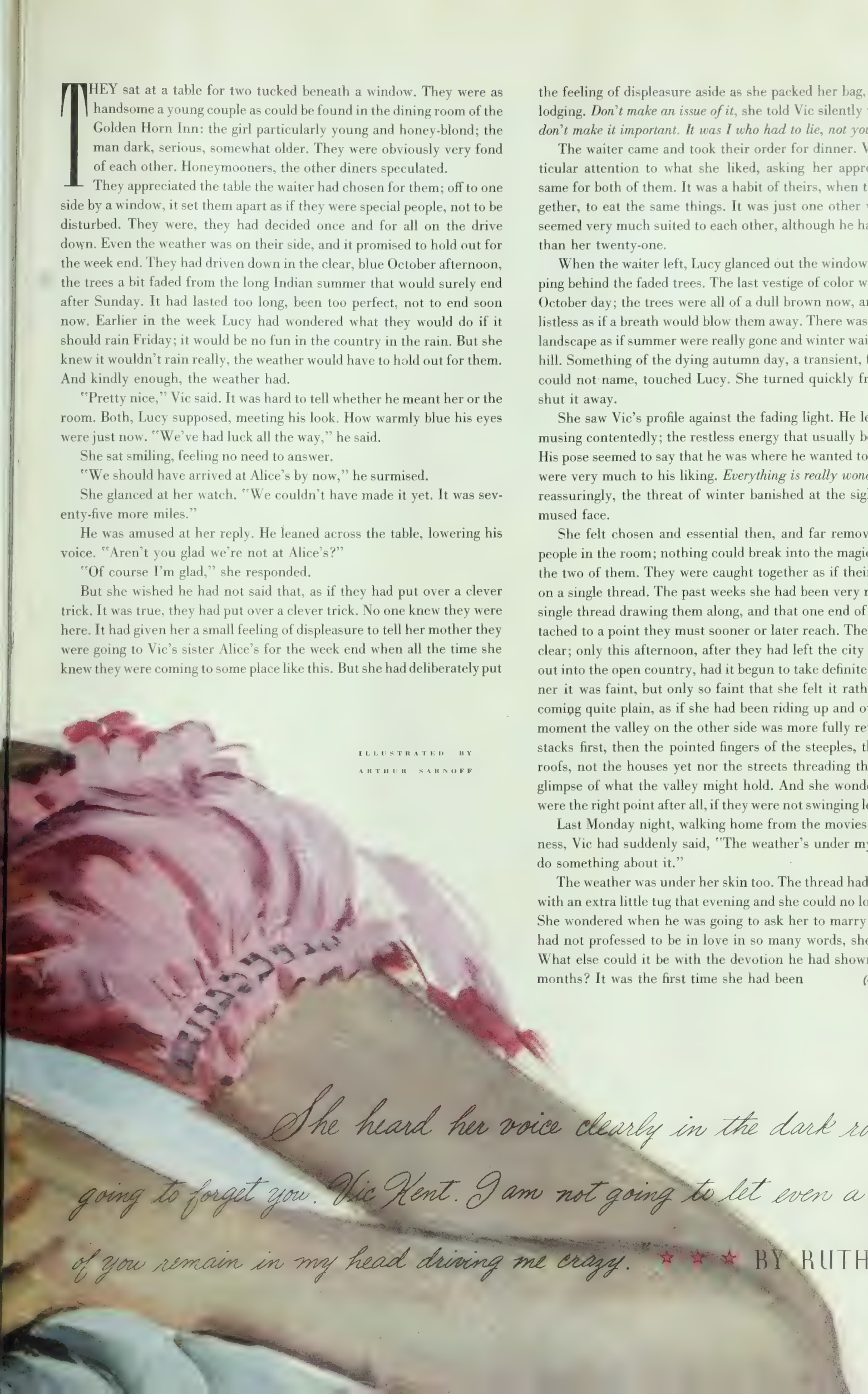
She saw Vic's profile against the fading light. He leaned on his hand, musing contentedly; the restless energy that usually beset him was gone. His pose seemed to say that he was where he wanted to be and that things were very much to his liking. *Everything is really wonderful*, she thought reassuringly, the threat of winter banished at the sight of his calm, bemused face.

She felt chosen and essential then, and far removed from the other people in the room; nothing could break into the magic circle flung about the two of them. They were caught together as if their lives were strung on a single thread. The past weeks she had been very much aware of this single thread drawing them along, and that one end of it seemed to be attached to a point they must sooner or later reach. The point was still not clear; only this afternoon, after they had left the city behind and driven out into the open country, had it begun to take definite shape; now at dinner it was faint, but only so faint that she felt it rather than saw it becoming quite plain, as if she had been riding up and over a hill and each moment the valley on the other side was more fully revealed: the smokestacks first, then the pointed fingers of the steeples, the rows of shining roofs, not the houses yet nor the streets threading the town, but a first glimpse of what the valley might hold. And she wondered suddenly if it were the right point after all, if they were not swinging left instead of right.

Last Monday night, walking home from the movies in the warm darkness, Vic had suddenly said, "The weather's under my skin, Lucy. Let's do something about it."

The weather was under her skin too. The thread had pulled them along with an extra little tug that evening and she could no longer deny its lead. She wondered when he was going to ask her to marry him. Although he had not professed to be in love in so many words, she was sure he was. What else could it be with the devotion he had shown in the past eight months? It was the first time she had been *(Continued on Page 105)*

ILLUSTRATED BY
ARTHUR SARNOFF



She heard her voice clearly in the dark room: "I'm going to forget you. Vic Kent. I am not going to let even a thought of you remain in my head driving me crazy." ★ ★ ★ BY RUTH WOLFF

What Men notice about Women

Do they notice important things, or are things important because they notice?

BY JUDITH CHASE CHURCHILL

FIRST impressions are a whole lot more important than most of us realize, particularly as to what the male sex first notices about a woman. For it seems that men not only take note of surprising details, but have devised some very special ways of their own for uncovering clues to feminine character.

Until we popped the question to these 20 celebrities, we were under the delusion that the ways in which men were first impressed by women were pretty well standardized. But we had another guess coming. Men are far more alert than we ever suspected.

Here's what they answered. And don't say we didn't warn you that the male keeps a sharp eye open when it comes to the initial encounter.

"There are two reasons I look at a woman's feet. First, a woman probably thinks less of her feet than anything else—because she figures few people look at them. Hence, that's where real character comes out: good or bad taste in shoes; firmness or vacillation from the way she stands; a planner or a guesser from the way she takes care of her shoes." ***—Tex McCrary***

"I have sometimes wondered whether or not I am peculiar among men in judging women by what they do *not* have. If they have the courage to wear the nails they were born with, be cautious with the lipstick and the cocktails—these negative signs indicate someone who may be worth knowing better. In earlier days I applied this standard of judgment to coeds—and experience proved the tests to be good ones. When I heard a pretty and attractive coed say, 'Yes, I'm Victorian and like it,' I realized she was a 'distinguished' person—in the simplest and dictionary sense of that term. She stood out; even if the Victorian standards were a bit stuffy."

—Norman Angell

"I notice her walk. I hate to see a little mincing walk on teetery heels just as much as I hate to see a girl striding along like a distance walker. You can tell a lot about a woman from a half block away just from her walk, before you ever see her face." ***—Robert Taylor***

"The thing I am first careful to notice about any strange woman is whether my wife is looking at her or at me. If she is looking at the strange woman, it means that she finds the strange woman interesting, for one reason or another, but not ravishingly attractive. If she is looking at me, it means that the strange woman is the type she expects me to gawp at."

—David Dodge

"The first thing I notice is the color scheme of a girl's costume. I think this is true of most men. Ask a man what a girl wore, and he'll usually remember the color. Ask him to describe the dress, and he'll be stumped."

—William Kapell

"At the very beginning, I should say, I am curious to observe whether she knows how to be a woman: what she regards as her best qualities and how she goes about to bring them out. She will know what it is about herself she has confidence in, and she will convey her assurance at once even to the casual observer. What a man first notices about a woman who is a success at it is that she is a woman."

—Louis M. Hacker

"The first thing I observe about a woman are her eyes: If they twinkle she has a sense of humor and can take a rib—and I dearly love to rib a dame." ***—Bing Crosby***

"I find so often that a woman will think that beauty shops and stylists can give her all she needs—and she ends up as a rather attractively packaged commodity, but not much more. It takes more than that to be noticed as a woman. It takes a certain inside thing, an awareness of her own basic function in society. A woman who has this walks with a real poise: she has her center, and everything about her radiates around this balance . . . the way she speaks, looks, dresses, moves; so that one is not aware of anything specific, like a handsome hat or a well-cut dress or a warm voice, but of everything at once and especially of the fact that she is a woman and knows it fully."

—Edward Fenton

"Believe it or not, I think a man looks first at a woman's clothes, although he will not thereafter have the faintest idea of what she is wearing." ***—George Abbott***

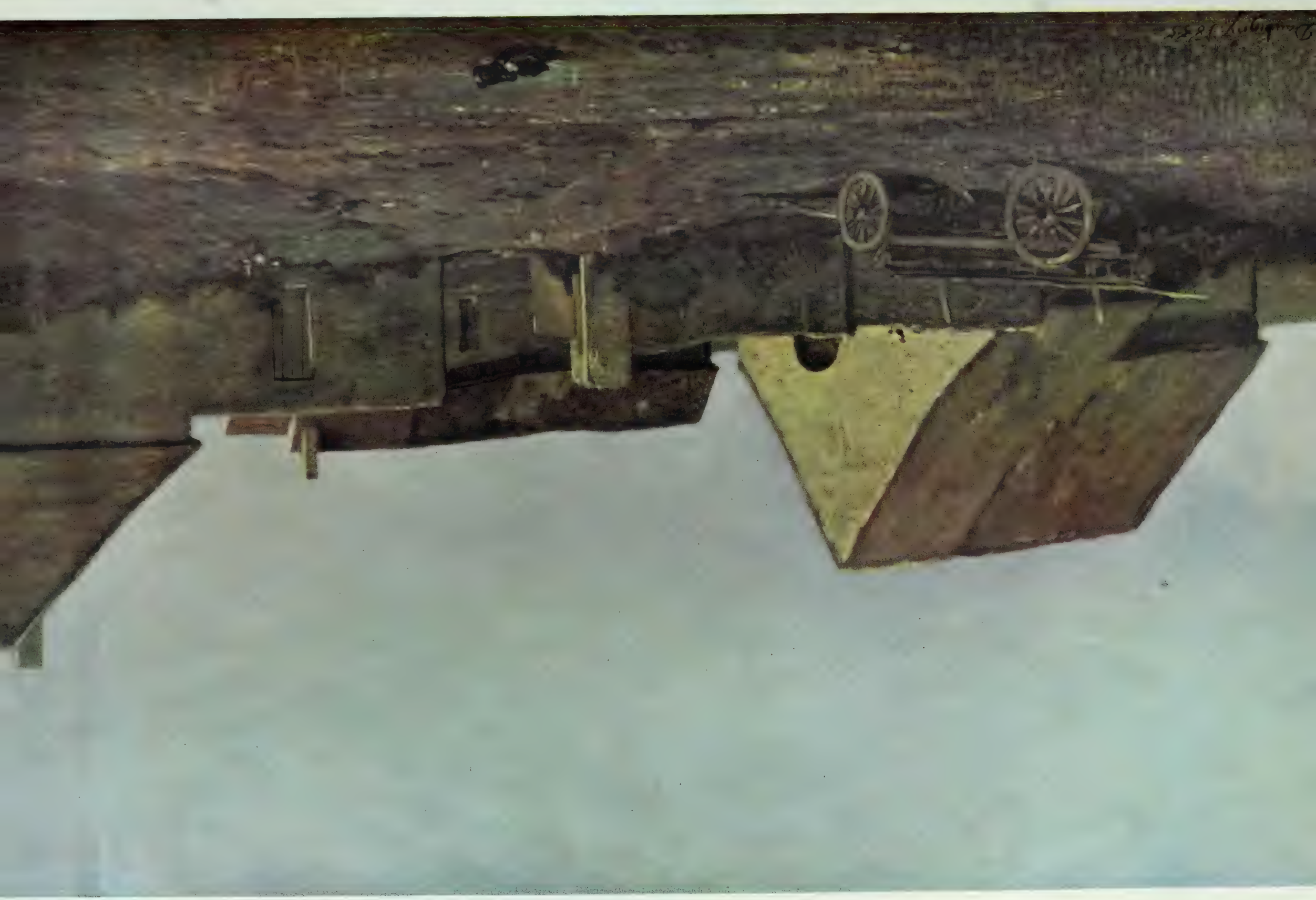
"The first thing I notice about a woman is whether she is attractive *(Continued on Page 143)*

The Farm, Painted by Charles François Daubigny 1817–78

There is something exceptionally attractive about Daubigny, both as a man and as an artist. A painter with a style that concealed all innovations in apparent conventionality, he easily achieved popularity with the public and was elected to the jury of the Salon. There he waged a loyal and lonely fight to admit to the annual exhibitions the work of the younger and more radical painters. During the Franco-Prussian War he fled to England, where he persuaded his dealer, Durand-Ruel, who had opened a gallery in London, to try to sell the landscapes of an unknown and poverty-stricken artist, Claude Monet, offering to exchange his own marketable canvases for any work by Monet that remained unsold.

Sketching the river life and countryside of Central France, as he drifted down the Oise in the curious floating studio he had built himself, Daubigny appeared to the Impressionists an accepted master come to justify their methods of painting, their out-of-doors studies made directly from Nature. And yet *The Farm*, dated 1855, with its sensitive feeling for sequence and interval, with its skillfully balanced masses and its elimination of all unessential detail, with its simplification of the pictorial problem to a few significant elements—three houses silhouetted against the sky and a wall and a cart—goes beyond Impressionism to become a forerunner of the art of our time. But the solidity of structure and pure, almost stark design so conspicuous in *The Farm* appear in only one or two early landscapes by Daubigny. Most of his work shows a more poetic and intimate, though less organized, interpretation of Nature. Thus, he remained essentially the prophet of Impressionism and left to a later genius, Cézanne, the role of precursor of modern painting.

—JOHN WALKER,
Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art.



REPRODUCED COURTESY CHESTER DALE COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.



"In my opinion you are a desiccated carp with fallen arches," he told his wife.

The Portrait

To make money, a man must have something someone wants—

a clever wife is also a help. ★ BY BURNHAM CARTER

WHILE William Lacey was in the Army of Occupation in Germany after the war, he had his portrait painted by a German painter who did quite a business with the G. I.'s. It helped to pass the time, and it cost only half a carton of cigarettes; and when Lacey returned to the States, the portrait greatly pleased his young wife, Betty. People said it was a good likeness; it made him look trim and soldierly; and no one expected it to be great art. There was also an undeniable satisfaction in having one's portrait hanging on the wall; it bestowed a kind of immortality, as if one were already a famous ancestor.

The portrait had an additional distinction in that it was painted on wood, and William Lacey clearly remembered the German's conversation on that point. His name was Bonner, and Lacey had not liked him; he had one of those closed faces, so common among the Germans after the defeat. He showed no interest in the American soldiers, who enabled him to live rather well; and at first he said he was too busy to do Lacey's portrait.

"Where do you live in the United States?" he inquired.

"Albany," Lacey replied.

"Will you take a letter for me to an art dealer there who owes me a little money?" Lacey said he would, and after a few minutes' conversation, the German said: "I am going to paint you on wood. It will look better. You are the Italian primitive type."

Lacey understood just enough about art to know what an Italian primitive was—although he did not know why he was the "type"; but he did not mention the phrase to his friends in the Army, realizing what they would do with it.

After his return, Lacey was too busy getting ready for college to call on the art dealer for several weeks. He had been drafted at the end of his junior year, and now, since the Government was paying the college bills, he and Betty, a pretty girl with dark hair and lustrous brown eyes, thought they could get along with the help of their savings account. The college was about a hundred miles from Albany and they were given a unit in the emergency-housing project there—kitchen, bedroom and living room—at the end of a long row of units, exactly the same, but comfortable, in a setting of raw earth which "would be greatly improved by the spring planting." Their first interior decoration was the panel; it had the main wall of the living room to itself, just over the reading-and-breakfast table.

Then, on a week-end visit to his family in Albany, Lacey called on the art dealer. His name was Sigmund, and he had a typical junk shop of art in one of the city's gloomy side streets—Chinese porcelain lamps, glass and china vases, swords, candlesticks, bric-a-brac and paintings. Mr. Sigmund was small, sharp-faced and suspicious; but he became definitely more friendly when he read the note from Bonner.

"Bonner says he did a painting of you which is pretty good," Mr. Sigmund said.

"Yes. He was doing quite a business there."

"Do you like the painting?"

"Yes. My wife and I both like it."

"Because if you don't, I might be able to sell it for you. There is a small market for Bonner's paintings. Before the war I sold several for him."

"What does he get for his paintings here?"

Mr. Sigmund pushed out his under lip. "Oh, maybe a hundred dollars. It all depends. Of course, I haven't seen it, but since it's a panel, I'd say a hundred."

Lacey was pleased. He had no intention of selling the portrait, but it was comforting to know that it had a market value.

"I'm sorry you didn't bring it," Mr. Sigmund added.

"I don't have it in town," Lacey explained. "I took it to college with me. I don't want to sell it."

"I'd like to see what kind of work he's doing now."

"Well, if you come by that way, stop in."

"I might do that," Mr. Sigmund said.

Lacey gave him the address. He thought Mr. Sigmund's interest was merely polite, and he never expected to see him again. To his surprise, however, the little man showed up one afternoon in the following week. Lacey had just returned to the housing unit, feeling obstreperous after long confinement in the physics laboratory, and he had pinned Betty to the floor with a half nelson, although she was by no means subdued. Mr. Sigmund's sharp knock caused some panicky unscrambling, resulting in a rather breathless reception.

"I was driving to Syracuse," he explained, "so I thought I'd call." His pale eyes flickered briefly over Betty's flushed face, and then turned to the portrait. "So that's it," he said.

"Yes."

Mr. Sigmund stared at it for a minute or two, making little sucking noises with his tongue. "It's not bad," he declared finally. "That's the first panel of his I've seen." He went up to it and ran his finger along the edges of the wood. "I prefer a wood surface myself."

"We like it very much," Betty said.

"Well, that's good. A portrait's a nice thing to have. I was going to ask you whether you *did* like it because I have a customer who wants something by this man, Bonner. As a matter of fact, this customer came in the day after you were in my shop, Mr. Lacey—a coincidence, I'd say."

"Yes, it is," said Lacey. He didn't know what gave him the impression—perhaps the man's manner was a little too casual and glib—but he thought that Mr. Sigmund was lying. *(Continued on Page 260)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS



Around Charlottesville

Where one of our greatest Presidents showed himself to be as well a man of outstanding artistic taste and an architect of extraordinary talent. ★ BY RICHARD PRATT

Architectural Editor of the Journal

NO architect ever built himself a better home or put more of his own personality into his house than Jefferson did at Monticello. As far as that goes, I can think of no citizen who ever bestowed upon his town a more beautiful range of buildings than those which Jefferson designed for the University of Virginia at Charlottesville near by. Nor to my knowledge has any neighbor done more for the mansions of his countryside friends than Jefferson did at Bremo for John Cocke, at Farmington for George Divers, at Estouteville for John Coles III, or at Redlands for Robert Carter, to mention merely the four great houses that are shown a few pages farther on—four out of many more great Virginia houses which in one way or another have Jefferson to thank for their greatness.

But all this was just around Charlottesville. Monticello, the university, a dozen great houses. It was almost the whole young republic, however, which came under the influence of this man's passionate devotion to architecture. He was determined that his country's countenance should glow with classic grandeur; and glow it did. Yet nowhere more wonderfully than around Charlottesville, and nowhere more to his own delight, I am sure, than at Monticello.



Houdon's bust of Franklin and Cerrachi's of Napoleon look down upon what Jefferson called the Tea Room, in the western wing, next to the dining room.



This bedroom was called "Madison's room," after one of its most frequent occupants. The alcove bed was one of Thomas Jefferson's space-saving ideas.



Through one of the doorways of the entrance hall you see Jefferson's dressing room and, beyond his ingeniously situated bed, his private study.

For all its pure Palladian splendor, Monticello attracts you as much for its livable, homelike scale as for its classic patrician beauty.



Painted by Rembrandt Peale in the winter of 1805, when Jefferson was 62 and President.

Architecture is my delight..

and putting up and pulling down, one of my favorite amusements." Jefferson must have had Monticello in mind when he said this about himself, for as a matter of fact, not very long after he had completed his home, with its original two-story portico, he did pull a great deal of it down, and then put it up in its present form, more pleasing this way to him in both plan and appearance. And one of his delights within the house was to design the various devices and furnishings shown here, most revealing of his many-sided genius.



The Declaration of Independence's author, from all accounts, played the violin commendably. For quartets with his musical friends, it was only natural that he should design a special music stand, about which they could play, each with his music before him, and with a cabinet below for a collection of scores.



Jefferson liked to do much of his writing and drawing standing up—he contended that he could think better while pacing the floor—and the tall table he designed, which stands in his Monticello study, was planned with characteristic ingenuity and originality—expandable, adjustable and flexible to a degree.

PHOTOS BY EZRA STOLLER



Against the lofty white ceiling of the entrance portico, Jefferson set the bronze compass plate he designed to indicate for his convenience the direction of the wind. The indicator on the compass is connected by a slender rod to a handsome weather vane standing up from the roof directly over the portico.

Jefferson could give great style to any object to which he put his creative hand, but that he could make it extremely useful, too, is shown by his octagonal table, with its cleverly designed drawers, which make it in a sense the precursor of the modern filing cabinet—on casters for mobility. It was a space saver too.



Visitors to Monticello are greeted in the entrance hall by one of Jefferson's most elaborate and fascinating contraptions: a clock operating by a two-way system of cannon-ball weights; the left-hand balls (by Jefferson's ladder) taking care of the hourly strokes, the right-hand ones indicating the days of the week.



Seldom idle because of his many interests and activities, Jefferson designed this two-part chaise longue with table for working while reclining. The chair has a revolving seat, the table a revolving top, making for maximum maneuverability combined with comfort, and probably originating the swivel-chair idea.



The Wedgwood mantelpiece in the Monticello dining room embodies Jefferson's beauty-use principles in a manner which captivates the visitor today almost as much as it must have entertained the great man's guests a century and a half ago. Wine bottles rise from the cellar on one side, descend empty on the other.



The beautiful shaded side of Bremo is approached by a footbridge over a dry moat, designed to keep cattle from the lawn without a fence to break the view.

PHOTOS BY JAMES R. JOHNSON



The portico of Estouteville has the classic grandeur that Jefferson admired.

Bremo

It probably would have been difficult around Charlottesville during Jefferson's active life to build an important house without getting advice or plans from the sage of Monticello; and in the case of Bremo, in many ways the finest example of the Jeffersonian school, there are records to show that while the master may not have done the actual designing, he was certainly often consulted, for the owner, General John H. Cocke, exchanged frequent letters with Jefferson during construction.

Estouteville

As you can see from all four houses here, Jefferson's fondness for the Doric order, which he used at Monticello, influenced every house that came under his spell. And wherever his lead was faithfully followed, as in the case of Estouteville, the spacing, proportions and detailing were made with great accuracy and style. Like Monticello, Estouteville is a hilltop house, here on a gentle summit of Green Mountain. These splendid houses influenced builders all over the U. S. A.

Farmington

Of this fine house it can be said for certain that it was actually designed by Jefferson, for his friend George Divers. It has the octagonal wing, the circular windows characteristic of Monticello, and the rooftop balustrade is of the Chinese fretwork of which Jefferson was so fond. It now makes just about as handsome a country club as you're ever likely to find in any region.

Redlands

More Georgian and less classic in feeling than the other houses, Redlands is more in the Federal spirit of Jefferson's taste than in the Colonial, about which Jefferson was quite disdainful, having a distinct dislike for many of the great mansions down the James, in Williamsburg and elsewhere, as far too fancy, in his opinion – houses which today receive almost universal admiration.



No match for Monticello, Farmington is more like that famous mansion than any other of the Jeffersonian houses.

Striking beauties of Redlands are the brickwork, the elegant rhythm of the window placement, and the exquisite porch, designed recently with great sensitivity.





She stopped, suddenly frightened by the look on Mike's face. He was listening to her at last.

A Way With Boys

BY DAN SENSENEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

MISS RUMSEY and Mrs. Cracker were having an altercation. It did not sound like one, being conducted in the tones of sweet reasonableness proper between day floor supervisor and cleaning woman, but neither was in the slightest doubt as to its real nature.

"It is not necessary, Mrs. Cracker, to clean Three-C oftener than once every morning," Miss Rumsey said, the white armor of her uniform creaking slightly. "You never do the other rooms oftener than that."

"Sometimes I do," Mrs. Cracker countered quickly. "Sometimes I do indeed, Miss Rumsey. For seventeen years I've worked for this hospital and for twelve years before that for the Polyclinic, and never until this day did I hear a word of complaint. I do my best, Miss Rumsey. I keep them rooms like they was my own house, so to speak, and you know yourself how the dirt gathers. If I have a minute to spare, I go back into a room I maybe wasn't able to do just right the first time, on account of the doctor or somebody coming in, or the patient, poor creature, catching a bit of rest, and I just give that room another going over, like. I'm sorry if I'm not giving satisfaction, Miss Rumsey, dear knows I try, but I've only got the one pair of hands, and ——"

Miss Rumsey raised her voice to stem the flow of words. "Please, Mrs. Cracker. No one is criticizing your work. It is excellent, and we're all very happy to have you on this floor. My point is that you mustn't disturb the patient in Three-C more than necessary. He's a very sick little boy, and Doctor Kinnear has given strict orders to keep him perfectly quiet. But you were in there three times yesterday that I know of, and ——"

"Ah, he's a fine doctor, that Doctor Kinnear!" said Mrs. Cracker with enthusiasm. "Any patient of his is lucky to have him, and that's what I always say." She took a new grip on the handle of her mop, leaning on it comfortably, settling herself for a nice long talk. "And what does he say about little Mike, Miss Rumsey? Is he getting better now?"

"Doctor Kinnear doesn't discuss his patients with me," the supervisor said with a coldness which was intended to disguise her sense of defeat.

Miss Rumsey ruled everyone else on the third floor—patients, orderlies, interns—with a firm hand, but that hand lost its authority whenever it attempted to deal with Mrs. Cracker, who was old, unhurrying and, Miss Rumsey was convinced, abysmally stupid. You couldn't be firm with someone who simply didn't recognize firmness when she met it. Yet Miss Rumsey intended to keep on trying.

"Please do not go into Three-C unless it is absolutely necessary," she commanded, and went quickly down the corridor.

Mrs. Cracker picked up her pail and mop and proceeded in the opposite direction. On her lips, now that Miss Rumsey couldn't see it there, was a faint smile, exasperated but tolerant. *These nurses*, Mrs. Cracker was thinking, *these nurses with their "absolute quiet" and their "doctor's orders"!* Poor creatures, they didn't know any better, but it was Mrs. Cracker's experience that when you were lying sick and helpless in bed there was nothing like a bit of company to cheer you up. Especially if you were a boy seven years old with a body that had been cruelly burned in an automobile accident.

There was nothing you could tell Mrs. Cracker about boys. She had raised five of her own, pretty much all by herself, and had done a good job of it too. Yes, and nursed them through assorted illnesses, as skillfully as Miss Rumsey could have done with all her starch.

It was eleven-fifteen in the morning, and Miss Rumsey always went down for her lunch at half past. Mrs. Cracker did Three-J, taking her time about it, pausing to glance over Three-J's shoulder at the tabloid he was reading and deliver some pithy comments concerning a blond housewife who had been found dead under mysterious circumstances and her own suburban front porch. Three-J thought Mrs. Cracker was a character; most patients did. She knew this and didn't mind.

Three-J also depended upon Mrs. Cracker to keep him up-to-date on current hospital gossip, which she collected from nurses, orderlies and other patients like a spry old squirrel collecting nuts.

"How's the boy down the hall doing?" he asked her.

Mrs. Cracker gave her mop a pensive swish and pursed her lips. "About the same," she said. "Lies there with his eyes wide open looking at the ceiling. Good as gold—too good. Makes your heart break to see him."

"Have they told him yet about his father and mother?"

"Not a word," Mrs. Cracker said, "but if you ask me, he's guessed it, and that's why he acts like he does. He ain't coming along the way he should, he ain't acting right, and there's got to be some reason. They took the bandages off yesterday—burns just about healed up. But he's still sick."

"Poor little kid."

"You may well say that," Mrs. Cracker agreed. "What's to become of him, the darling? With his dad *(Continued on Page 272)*

What is your prescription for a little boy who no longer wants to live?

KINFOLK



What wrong had their daughter done in her eagerness to make herself beloved?

BY PEARL S. BUCK

FOR twenty years, the family of Dr. Liang Wen Hua, distinguished Chinese scholar and writer, had been living the life of aliens—in a Riverside Drive apartment overlooking the George Washington Bridge in New York City.

On the surface, it was a serene life, yet underneath were forces that would soon divide the family. Doctor Liang was happy enough in New York, and so were his two youngest children, Louise, secretly in love with an American, and Peter, studying to be an engineer. But his wife and his elder son and daughter, James and Mary, wanted to return to the land of their ancestors.

It was James who made the first break. He had to choose between love and his conscience—between Lili Li, fragile and beautiful daughter of a wealthy expatriated merchant, and his belief that it was his duty to use his skill as an American-trained doctor in China. When Lili refused to go to Peking with him, James went alone—only half realizing the chain of events that would follow on his departure.

II

ALONE on the bench, Mary read again the letter from beginning to end, trying to imagine scene by scene what it contained. But she had nothing to feed her imagination, and at last she rose and walked home again. The house was quiet and in the living room her father still slept, his face handsome and full of peace. She tiptoed into his study and took the receiver from the telephone and dialed.

"Oh, please, is Lili there?" she asked, when she heard Mollie's voice.

"I'll call her, miss."

She heard Mollie's heavy footsteps, Lili's high heels tripping over bare floors, and then Lili's sweet voice that sounded falsetto over the wires.

"Yes, ye-es?"

"Lili, this is Mary. I've had a letter from Jim. Shall I bring it over?"

There was a pause, and Lili laughed. "Oh, lovelee! But Mary, just now I am so busy. Shall I call you?"

Mary's ready temper flew from her heart. "Don't trouble—you don't want to hear it, Lili!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you say so?"

"But I do, very much!" Lili Li told her.

"You do not."

"Ye-es, Mary, please come over now—with the letter." The pretty voice was pleading. Mary longed to refuse, but she dared not.

"All right. I'm on my way now."

She put up the telephone and went at once, letting herself out of the house silently. She did not want anyone to know where she was, for she did not want anyone to know what happened—whatever it was to be.

Lili was lying on a couch in her bedroom, and there Mollie led Mary. "She says to tell you she's got only a little while, being as she's promised to go to a tea."

"I shan't need but a little while," Mary said.

There was no hint of haste in Lili's calm manner. She put out her soft hand to Mary. "You know I am glad you told me about Jim's letter. I feel so bad here—about Jim." She laid her hand on her left breast. "Every day I wish to write a letter."

"It would make him very happy." Mary sat down in a pink satin chair and felt hot and plain.

"But what can I tell him?" Lili asked. "Everything is not sure. Maybe many years before he is ready for me."

"He is ready for you now," Mary said. She unfolded the letter and began to read it slowly and clearly.

Lili listened, her great eyes earnest and a tender smile about her mouth. When Mary had finished she felt under the satin pillow and found a lace handkerchief with which she slowly wiped her eyes. "I long to go to Peking."

"Then why don't you?" Mary asked.

"I cannot just go." Her beautiful lips trembled. "I have to think about many things."

"If you love James you would think only of him."

Lili shook her head. "I am Chinese," she told Mary. "And I cannot just think about one man."

(Continued on Page 82)

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ILLUSTRATED BY J. Pender

He looked with contempt upon Louise where she still lay weeping, her face buried in her arms.

The UNPOSSESSED

The hardest choice a man must make is between the woman he loves and the other he desires. • *By Nancy Barnes*

MICHAEL THORNE finished the last Chopin nocturne, playing with that almost contemptuous mastery that had been the envy of Roget's other pupils, and rose to make the quick Continental bow that was so exotic in Midland. The faculty wives of Methodist College and their husbands spattered applause, followed only slightly later by the rest of the audience, and his annual concert in the town was over.

Michael's dark eyes found and settled for a breath upon the bright face uplifted to him from the second row, and his interest leaped. *She's like a little candle*, he thought, amused, as he gave her a special smile.

He made his way through the audience, stopping now and then to greet his father's old friends, his progress surely, if unobtrusively, in her direction. The hunting instinct, never long dormant in him, stirred as he paused beside her, turning inquiring eyes upon Mrs. Hubbard, who pursued him, panting.

"This is Sophie Campbell," Mrs. Hubbard said, her inflection as nicely calculated as if she said, "This is only Sophie Campbell," and Michael instantly realized the girl's total unimportance in the Midland social scheme, but he smiled warmly. After all, a man couldn't be perpetually thinking of his future. He revised his candle simile as the girl held out a thin hand. Her narrow face with its high cheekbones had the translucence of fine china, her teeth sparkled, her hair shone.

She isn't a candle, he thought, not listening while she said, "Simply marvelous," and other inanities. *You can't trim and shine a candle. She's like a little lamp, all polished and glowing.*

As she walked ahead of him up the aisle, he saw that she was no taller than a child. *But how alive she is!* he thought. The heaviness with which the Midland matrons always afflicted him began to lift and float away.

"You made my spine shiver," Sophie Campbell said.

"I'm sorry." He wondered if his crooked smile would engage her as it had older and wiser ladies.

"Oh, it was nice," she assured him. "I get that way when people are good. I nearly froze once watching Tilden play tennis in a newsreel. It means you're a genius. My spine isn't ever wrong."

He could, she admitted, walk home with her, and she waited while he said good night to the ladies most responsible for his concert.

"Because I can walk, now that I found my shoe," Sophie remarked, as they started off in the clear moonlight.

Leaves made a shifting pattern on the old brick walk, there was an elusive scent of new-cut grass and . . . was it petunias? He tried to identify the nostalgic fragrance while Sophie chattered on, every second word italicized.

". . . and I'm not used to shoes, only Maudie lent me these because she's sick of me wearing barefoot sandals. Homer's mad—Homer's her brother—because he says nobody just kicks her shoe over her head simply because it's spring. And we found the shoe in the back of his car after we'd looked everywhere in the road, me hopping on one foot. They hurt anyway, those shoes. And now he'll be madder because I came home with you. But I don't care because I'm happy, happy, happy."

Michael laughed and, as she said, "Here's where I live," he stooped and kissed her lightly, out of a perverse desire to hear her shocked protest. But she said, "Oh!" and that was all. They stopped at the porch of the shabby house.

"Why barefoot sandals?" Michael asked idly. It was, he realized, the first words he had uttered since they left the hall.

"Oh, because my uncle had a whole case of them when his store went broke. There's not much fit to barefoot sandals. I couldn't afford shoes and stockings, so I pretended I was a girl who liked her comfort. But I'm saving up for shoes now that my library course is paid for. Soon I can maybe buy a hat too."

After that Sophie was his girl and he stopped for her most afternoons at the library. She was enchanted with the long roadster Ted Dawson had lent him for the summer, and informed him that all the girls in town were jealous of her.

"That's why they don't invite us to their parties. Because they're jealous," she said. "But I don't care. I did the awfulest thing today." She giggled and gave a bounce on the seat beside him. "I told Mrs. Skinner last week that the red book in the corner of the third fiction shelf was a sweet little story that she'd love, and today I gave her the red book that was there now and she came back in an hour, simply livid. The girl in *this* red book had a baby and went crazy in the first chapter and Mrs. Skinner said that was what came of my running round with a boy who'd been studying music in Paris. So maybe I'll be fired. Aren't my new shoes slick? Only when you wear shoes like this you ought to have stockings, and the upkeep ——"

Michael said, "Quiet! Quiet!" stifling unease. Perhaps he ought not to be wasting time with anyone so irrelevant as Sophie. Mrs. Skinner's trouble was that she had two plain daughters. *(Continued on Page 125)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HADDON SUNDBLOM



As he sat with his fingers on the keys, a warmth spread in him as Sophie walked into his heart and made herself at home there.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILDELLA CUSHMAN



The timeless dress worn with a black h
color in the mauve gloves and silk sca

The TIMELESS DRES *in black crepe*

The lovely necessity of every wardrobe, the keenest spur for your inventiveness. This year it will have softly rounded shoulders, a skirt that is slim but easy, a neckline that pins high or opens in a V—and very probably a row of small rhinestone or gold buttons.

Its accessories: the small hat in velvet, fur, ribbon or felt; the scarf in colorful silk or a broadtail stole; the gloves, long, soft, hand-sewn doeskins; the jewelry, gold, pearls or rhinestones.

DRESS AROUND $49.75, BY ADELE SIMPSON; HATS BY HATTIE CARNEGIE; AMERICAN BROADTAIL STOLE BY AARON REISS

THE DOMINEERING DOLLAR

and six ways to stretch it

There is no dollar-answer to the question, "How much does it cost to be well dressed?" It is constantly astonishing to see how well some women do it on very little, how far afield others can go with a great deal more to spend. We are convinced that the ones who do it best do not depend on money alone.

Stretching the dollar is something women have done superbly since time began, out of necessity and with native inventiveness. And when dollars shrink in the hand, as they seem to do today, there is a special premium on your own habits and capacities.

Taste. Nebulous, you say, and hard to acquire if you're not born with it. We say that it can be cultivated. Too much of anything is bad taste, whether it is covering yourself with jewelry or monopolizing the conversation. Taste is personal discernment. It is the same beige dress, worn with a black scarf, a green one, or with russet leather accessories. It is the knowledge that simplicity is always in fashion.

Self-Appraisal. We believe in the law of compensation. If your figure isn't a dream, you may have beautiful feet and ankles, unusual eyes or hair. Clothes that play up your fine points and play down your flaws are priceless. When you try them on, try to see yourself as the world sees you—profile and back view, as well as face-on. Remember your compliments—how easy—especially from your husband and your best friends. When they say, "I wish you'd always wear blue," or "I love you in that dress," they're usually right.

Appraisal of Fashion. There are certain women who follow fashion on a leash, looking continually for something new—but it's a costly and a trivial pursuit. The "latest thing" is not always the best thing. The less extreme (and less expensive) follows invariably, and lives longer. When there is as much profusion in fashion as there is today, it needs more than usual sifting. Which new coat goes with the clothes you have? Which dress do you need—the wool jersey or the slipper satin?

Ingenuity may mean converting a sewing basket into a handbag, turning a hat back to front because it looks better that way, making a fur collar out of the one good spot in an old fur coat. One woman we know pins old jewelry on a piece of ribbon and wears it as a bracelet. Another slips two shades of ribbon through a circlet pin or buckle for her lapel. Another ties a scarf a different way every time she wears it. The best "props" for your imagination are scarfs, antique or unusual jewelry, pearls of all lengths, belts, ribbons, flowers. Your prized garnet or topaz pin, gold bracelets, fine leather accessories are things of beauty that never go out of fashion. Collect them year to year.

Brush and Polish. Taking care of your clothes—continually, not in spurts—repays you with every wearing. A dress or skirt hung badly on a hanger will hang badly on you. A hat tossed on a shelf will never look as well as the one kept in a hatbox. Well pressed is half of well dressed. The polished shoe, the straight seam, the brushed shoulder, the immaculate glove has more to do with your appearance than the newness or costliness of anything you wear.

Spending Time. We know that time is hard to find, that you shop on a lunch hour, that you can't leave the children. We also know that almost always you'll spend less money and get more for it if you spend more time. Only by sheerest luck will you find just what you want in the first ten minutes, or the first hour . . . or in the last ten minutes before the party. Clothes are not a matter of luck. Cinderella had luck, more than she deserved. Being realistic in the surer way.—R. M. P.

We Quote:

Personal opinions on Taste

Emily Post:

A person of good taste could not possibly offend anyone.

Robert A. Wilmott:

Taste is not stationary. It grows every day and is improved by cultivation.

Henry Fielding:

A truly elegant taste is generally accompanied with excellency of heart.

Joan Fontaine:

So many people make the mistake of putting too much on. My mother once gave me an infallible rule: "When in doubt, don't." Then one never makes the mistake of overdressing.

We Find:



MUSHROOM VELVETEEN BERETS with chinties; Americancopy, Jacques Heim.



LITTLE FUR WESKITS: baranduki with beige sweater sleeves, Aaron Reiss.



VELVETEEN CAPELETS, Victorian ball fringe. Wear with a velveteen skirt.



SMALL SATIN BAGS and satin gloves, for winter afternoons and evenings.

PHOTOS BY CRONER-HEI BURN



NEW FASHION IN FLATS, leather and wool by Evins; matching bag by Van S.



Boxy finger-length coat in mauve wool, upturned cloche, by Jacques Fath.



Dior's American Girl gray flannel suit.



Double chiffon blouse.



Cheviot tweed suit with narrow 14-inch skirt, Dior origin

PARIS...THIS YEAR

Disarmingly and with enormous appeal to American women, Paris has created fashions that are America-inspired. Tweeds, flannels and jerseys that are right for our city and country life, suits with young boxy jackets and lean narrow skirts, casual button-down-the-front dresses, warm voluminous coats . . . clothes that are wearable and that forecast a future of simpler unextreme fashions. Many skirts are several inches shorter, waistlines sometimes higher. The best silhouettes are slim or flat-pleated or with belted-in fullness. Pin-slim umbrellas, pointed shawls, rows of buttons, velvet collars and trimmings are everywhere. ★ *By Wilhela Cushman*

Fashion Editor of the Journal

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Forecaster—voluminous, wing-shoulder coat in rough brick-red tweed, patch pockets, by Dior.



Norfolk jacket, side-pleated skirt, Glen plaid wool; Dior.





Green wool jersey, back fullness, simplest dress in Paris, by Gres. *Above:* Side-draped silhouette, triangular wool shawl, by Jacques Fath.

PARIS . . . THIS YEAR



Two-piece city and country tweed dress; shirtwaist neckline, tapering skirt, side-swept hat, by Jacques Fath.



High-waisted, slim silhouette; skirt in black wool, blouse in striped jersey. By Jacques Fath.



Balenciaga's double-breasted suit in br pin-wale corduroy; somewhat shorter s



Narrow silhouette in greige wool, with smo pearl buttons, by Jacques Fath; nutria ha



Appealing ripple-brim hat that Paris loves, and the wrap-around tweed coat. Both by Jacques Heim.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUS



Trendmaker by Balenciaga—double-cape greatcoat in checked tweed, with belted-in fullness.

Slim skirt, pinched waist, flared peplum jacket, by Dior, in black wool. Worn with a brown taffeta bow-blouse and a brimmed beaver-felt sailor.

SEWING IS A MIRACLE



© VOGUE

Gray flannel double-breasted coat dress. Trim black velvet collar and cuffs, pockets. Vogue Design No. 6581, 12 to 42.

Soft gold-color jersey; tucked yoke with wing collar worn up or down, long or ¾ sleeves. Vogue Design No. 6551, 12 to 20.

hen an ordinary piece of fabric turns quickly into vely dress, we think it is a miracle. Pretty de- s and expert patterns contribute to your sewing ess, but it is you who perform the wonderwork. have selected nine dresses that are worthy of your aculous touch. Tailored dresses to make in gray flannel, soft jersey or lovely mauve tweed. rnoon dresses to make in colorful jacquards, iri- ent taffetas or stiff failles. Make one or more to in your winter wardrobe. ★ BY NORA O'LEARY

Beautifully cut red wool. Unpressed pleats in skirt, nicely fitted bodice, cuffed sleeves. Vogue Design No. S-4912, 12 to 20.

A "go everywhere" dress in mauve tweed: ten shaped gores, detachable collar and cuffs. Vogue Design No. 6540, 12 to 20.

Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, enclosing in "address order", from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., or 1 Dundas Square, Toronto, Canada.

Feminine draped neckline on one-piece black crepe. Skirt has flared godet at center back. Vogue Design No. S-4896, 12 to 20.

Two-piece suit dress in brown faille. Jacket buttons or may be closed with frogs; gored skirt. Vogue Design No. 6599, 12 to 20.

Softly tailored pastel wool, pretty skirt detail. The bands may be made of contrasting color. Vogue Design No. 6469, 12 to 20.

A perfect basic dress for your favorite necklace or pin. Also has long-sleeved version. Vogue Design No. 6548, 12 to 20.

Blouse-and-skirt to wear as a dress. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 6415, 12 to 40. Skirt No. 6609, 24 to 32 waist. Add extra stole.

WARDROBE . . .
BLACK AND BROWN

This year it's the fashion to combine the two most fundamental colors of a wardrobe. A black coat will go with a brown dress, brown furs or hats with your black clothes. A brown crepe or jersey dress may have a black velvet collar, an evening dress may combine golden brown satin with black jersey. Bronze kid pumps and pearls are the fashion with black or brown afternoon or evening clothes. ★

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



OGRAPH BY OTTO FUNN



PHOTOGRAPH BY LILLIAN BASS

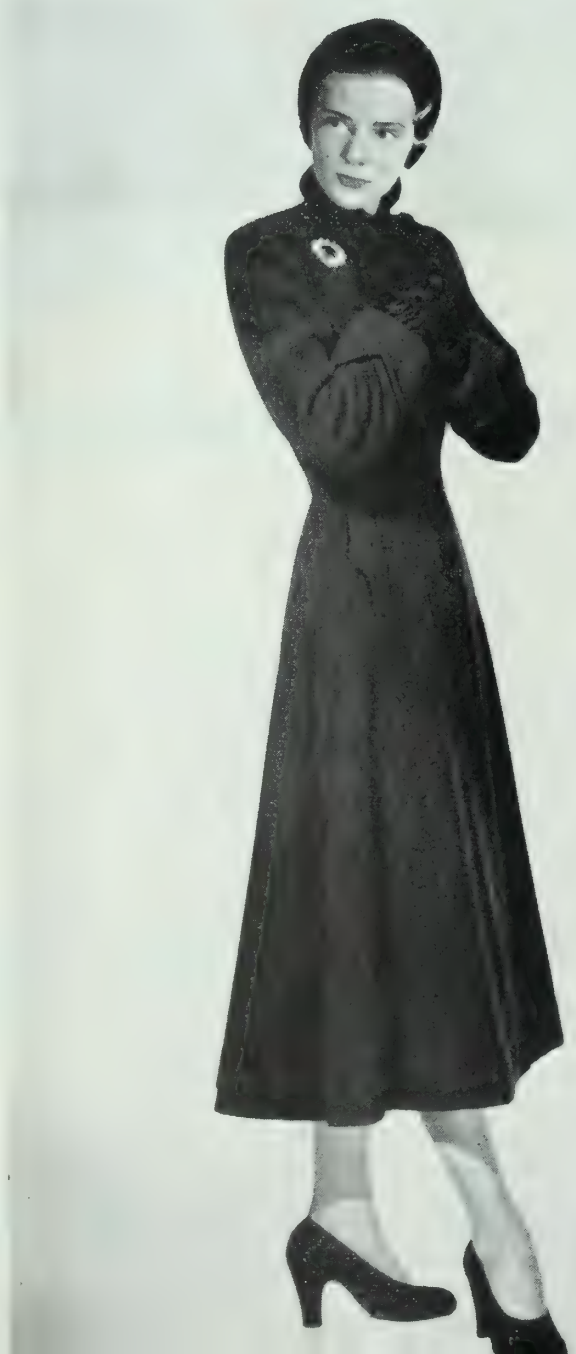
bove: High-waistline dress in golden brown satin, black jersey top, Ceil Chapman. Amber necklace.

Black crepe with the deep v, dropped waistline, cartridge-pleated hipline, William B



Brown wool jersey, slim sheath for changes of accessories. By Joset Walker, hat by Pauline Trigere.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY OTTO FENN

Black suit, brown fur—a nutria stole, worn with coffee-beige hat and gloves.

Wardrobe coat, black chinchilla, lined with jersey. By Clare Potter.



Frances looked away a moment and thought,

No Greener Grass

Would your love taste sweeter

if you knew SHE envied it?

• By Adeline Marx

"BROILED lamb chops," Frances told the waiter, "and a plain salad, no dressing." She glanced up at Margaret, raising her eyebrows in a question. "You, my pet?"

She had ordered automatically, without even picking up the menu; Margaret, her head still down, still studying the menu, wished that she could make up her mind more quickly. But she could not; she simply could not. There were so many good things on the menu, things she seldom had, and she was determined to find the one she really wanted.



with bitter envy, of the security, the blessed security, of Margaret's world.

"I was thinking about the lobster Newburg," she said at last.

Frances laughed. "You, you skinny witch, can both think about it and have it. All I can do is think about it. Honestly, Margie, you just don't get fat, do you?"

"I just don't," Margaret admitted. She did not add the thought that ran through her mind; she did not say, *If you lived up three flights of stairs and had three small children and did your own work, you wouldn't get fat either.* She did not say it, and she was sorry she had even thought it; she did not want anything to spoil the pleasure of this afternoon. But sometimes when she was with Frances she found herself thinking things like that far too often. She looked across the table now and said, with frank admiration, "But you don't get fat either, Fran. You look wonderful, you really do."

"No," Frances said, a little grimly. "I don't get fat. I just starve to death quietly, that's all. I just spend three hours a day in that gym, with a bully of a woman standing over me with a whip—she keeps it hidden, of course; she wears it stuck up the back of that ridiculous little suit she wears, and that's how she manages to stand so straight." They were both laughing now. "Of course, I've never actually seen the whip," Frances went on. "But you can't fool me. The tone of voice she uses, you just know she's got a whip. . . . I'm so doggone tired."

"You don't even look tired," Margaret said loyally.

Frances smiled at her. "You are a most satisfactory cousin," she said.

They were first cousins, and that in itself was a bond, but there was much more than that between them. They were both orphans, too; when they were young girls Frances had been a full orphan and Margaret had been a half orphan, living quietly with her father in the little university town where he taught. Frances had spent most of her youth in a dreary boarding school, *(Continued on Page 196)*

ILLUSTRATED BY

Children Without Neuroses

BY DR. ROLAND P. MACKAY

Our society has a body of ethics—qualities which in an older day we called spiritual—carved laboriously out of the ages of human experience. These qualities are fundamental, and must be passed on to our successors or our culture dies. They include honesty, courage, love of truth, loyalty, devotion to duty, unselfishness, respect for just authority and concern for the rights of others. They are the soul of a democracy. They are also examples of the character traits which are available for the rearing of our children.

Dr. Roland P. Mackay, neurologist and psychiatrist, is professor of neurology at the University of Illinois College of Medicine, senior attending neuropsychiatrist at St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago, a fellow of the American Medical Association and a director of the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology. His training was obtained at the University of Toronto, the Mayo Clinic, and abroad. He is the father of three children: two girls, eighteen and fourteen; and a boy aged eleven.

IT has been said that ours is a uniquely neurotic period in history. And whether this is true or not, it is certainly an age of unreason, marked by bitterness, conflict and hatred.

Men and women are restless, dissatisfied with themselves and with one another. It is being borne in upon us inescapably that we must learn how to live with our neighbors on a crowded, shrinking planet, or the democratic way we prize will vanish from the earth.

How may we approach this great problem, the most urgent with which we have to deal? I believe the answer lies in our own homes. Will you look at it with me through the eyes of a neurologist?

You will grant, I believe, that the main trouble with the world today is the perversity and contrariety of human behavior. That much is readily apparent. But the significant thing, and one not generally understood, is that such behavior does not arise from intellectual differences among people, but from emotional forces in the individual.

For human beings act according to original impulses of self-preservation and race preservation—not a new thought, but as true and potent as if it were the latest discovery of science. If man is unhappy and perverse, if his natural capacity for love is turned to hate, if he is unable to sacrifice a false, immediate advantage for a great ideal, if he seeks his own destruction, it is because in childhood he has been molded to futility by his parents and by the society in which he lives.

If the behavior of society itself is neurotic, that can only mean that the training of its youth has been a failure. And if we would prevent a further drift toward neuroticism (for to "cure" it after it has appeared is both difficult and uncertain) we must study childhood, and the kind of discipline we give our young.

Do not think, however, that I am one of those who would heap all the evils of our civilization upon the head of poor "mom." We must recognize that the earnest, conscientious parent of late years has been the victim of many conflicting voices, all "authoritative"—and all disagreeing among themselves. Witness the "to spank or not to spank" controversies, the doctrines of self-expression versus frustration, the ponderous debates over sex education, even over the feeding and weaning of babies.

There are still those, indeed, who hold to the doctrine of "maturation"—the idea that children should be left alone to "just grow," like Topsy. This theory (perhaps attributable in part to John Dewey) may hold true for ants and bees, but not for animals with a higher organization, and certainly not for human beings.

If one must train a good hunting dog not to devour the birds he retrieves, how can one escape training a child to be honest, charitable and dependable? If our intellectual heritage must be carefully and diligently offered to the young in formal schooling, surely the more subtle and fundamental traits of character must be as patiently instilled. To allow a child to "just grow" is to leave the formation of his character to chance—the worst form of neglect. It is youngsters of this type whom the neurologist and psychiatrist see most often.

Now I know that no one wants to rear a neurotic. And I am going to take as my major premise that to avoid doing so, it makes a great difference whether and how we discipline or train our children.

Fortunately, we are no longer dependent upon theories for our understanding of the processes of learning and the way neuroses come into being. From the work done on animals by Pavlov and many others we have learned some of the laws by which original or instinctive impulses expand into the "acquired" behavior of the individual. What is even more important, we have learned some of the circumstances under which neuroses can be produced in an animal during this process, exhibiting in simple form many of the characteristics of the human neuroses. Though the data are limited as yet, they do represent our first objective approach to the molding of character and to its distortions, the neuroses.

Let us examine a few of the laws and principles that have been worked out with animals, and see how we may apply them to the discipline and training of children.

First of all we find that, for the establishment of conditioned reflexes in an animal—or for the training of a child—there must be a definite objective. One must, in short, have something to teach. Yet in my experience, this is a point on which modern parents fail most often. Lacking any major principles for governing their own prejudices and emotions, many deal with their offspring as the whim of the moment dictates. At times too lenient, at other times too harsh, the only philosophy they can transmit is to pursue personal pleasure and convenience.

What, then, should we teach? I should like to point out that our society has a body of ethics—qualities which in an older day we called spiritual—carved laboriously out of the ages of human experience. These qualities are fundamental, and must be passed on to our successors or our culture dies. They include honesty, courage, love of truth, loyalty, devotion to duty, unselfishness, respect for just authority and concern for the rights of others, to name just a few.

Such virtues may sound old-fashioned in these acquisitive, amoral times. Nevertheless, they are the soul of a democracy. They are also examples of the character traits, the "conditioned reflexes," which are available for the rearing of our children. They are some of the virtues underlying emotional maturity, and also underlying a gracious, tolerant civilization. To fail to impart them is to abandon our offspring to a poverty *(Continued on Page 278)*

If You Ask Me

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

What would you say to the increasing amount of testimony piling up, including that of former Ambassador to Russia William Bullitt, that President Roosevelt knowingly let communists into the Government? Was this because they made yes-men to his policy of appeasing Russia, giving them everything they asked for?

I do not think that my husband knowingly allowed communists to enter Government service. I do not think, though I read Mr. Bullitt's articles carefully, that he says that. Mr. Bullitt has written articles giving his point of view. Other people may hold different points of view. He was *not* at the meetings of which he writes. The amount of credence that you give to Mr. Bullitt's statements, of course, will be conditioned by the amount you know about Mr. Bullitt's character.

The second part of your question naturally has been answered when I said that knowingly my husband never permitted anyone in Government service who was a communist; but since you seem to imply that he was bent on appeasing Russia and giving her everything that she asked for, I would remind you that the U.S.S.R., once she became an Ally, was killing more Germans than anyone else, and therefore it was in our interest to give her the weapons to accomplish this end and to keep her fighting. It saved our men and it was not appeasement.

During the war I served as a white officer commanding colored troops for a year and a half. What careers are available in the field of race relationships if I should decide to devote my life to this type of work?

I do not know that there are any careers open. If you want to work with an organization like the NAACP, and you are a lawyer, you could possibly be retained by them, or you could work in the office in some executive capacity, or be an organizer in the field. There is work in race relations to be done in the labor unions, but there is the greater work to be done in our own communities in the effort to wipe out bigotry and discrimination where they are most apt to crop up. There are, of course, opportunities in government service, on both the state and the national level, and many personnel jobs in many industries today give opportunity for doing good work in race relations, since both the unions and employers, in many instances, are working to eliminate discrimination.

I am asking you for help in settling an argument. Does the tomb of the unknown soldier contain a body?

The tomb contains an unidentified soldier's body.

I am a seventeen-year-old boy in love with a girl of seventeen, who is also in love with me. Her sister is always criticizing me for something and telling her mother. Now the girl wants me to join the Navy until it blows over. Do you think I should join the Navy?

I am afraid I am not in a position, without knowing you or the girl or your respective families, to give you advice, but at seventeen it would be foolish for you and for the girl to decide on your future. You may, of course, soon be in the draft, and if you prefer to go into the Navy it might be wise for you to try that. It would give you a change of interests and it might be a good thing, since you ought to be very sure before you marry that you are not yielding to the fact that you and the girl live near each other and that it is easy to go together.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

My best friend, who is an attractive blonde, is losing all interest in life because of a certain fellow. It has been a year since they broke up. He made varsity football and doesn't seem to want to bother with her any more. How can I help her overcome her feeling for him, or advise her how to get him back again?

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"I wouldn't care so much about this train taking me far away from Arnold if I were sure it was bringing me closer to somebody else!"

I think you had better be a little careful about interfering, even with your best friend. She would probably resent it, and in all probability time is what is needed to solve her problem.

I am a sophomore at the University of Oregon and wish to spend my junior and senior years studying in France. I understand that UNESCO has an exchange-students plan and that you work in UNESCO. Where can I get complete information about the plan for exchange students between countries?

I do not work in UNESCO. I am chairman of the Human Rights Commission. UNESCO is a different body, a specialized agency that works in co-operation with the Economic and Social Council of the U.N. They do take a great interest in exchange students and therefore I think if you write to the representative of UNESCO, Lake Success, New York, you will be sent the necessary information.

What is your opinion of the Kasenkina affair?

I am very sorry for Mme. Kasenkina. She has been through a very trying experience. Russian nationals are not allowed to leave Russia without permission.

Her husband and son were evidently suspect and disappeared. Her sorrow and her fear must have been very great, and I think she showed how desperate she was when she determined to jump from the consulate window rather than return to the U.S.S.R. Incidents of this kind point up for us the kind of terror existing in any country which is controlled by secret police.

We know nothing about this in our country, and we had better be extremely careful never to allow such a condition to come about in our country.

Have any of your sons been killed overseas in battle or lost for years, to be presumed dead and later found in an isolated grave in the jungle? If not, are you qualified to state how "members of your family" feel about being brought home to lie in the family plot where they belong?

I am surprised at the tone of your question. I have no criticism of those who wish to bring home their dead. I think it is harder on the family sometimes when it is done, but they are the ones to decide and the Government has taken that position, as I understand it.

When I said how members of my family felt I did not state what my feeling was, but my boys did fight all over the world and they faced the fact that they might die in far-distant places or on the ocean and they told us what they felt. My own feelings would not enter into such a matter. I would do what I thought the person I cared about would wish to have done.

In your candid opinion, are the women's clubs of this country accomplishing any good purpose? Do you think women's clubs are too militant or too apologetic in expressing their opinions?

Women's clubs in this country vary in their activities. Nearly all of them serve some really good purpose to which they apply their energies. I do not think they are uniformly valuable, but I think there is every opportunity to make them more valuable. The woman power of the nation can make itself felt more than it does at present if the women's clubs function more cooperatively on certain great questions which affect most women in the domestic and international fields.

She asked, very softly, "You loved her,
did you, darling? Loved her a lot?"

Like all men who love women,



Tea with a Lady

BY LYN ARNOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

SHE was a maddening girl—really maddening. Rodney jerked back the curtain and twitched his tie into place. There she walked in the street below, bareheaded although it was raining, ambling along although she was already late, turning now, as he watched, to stare in that junk-shop window; stopping and staring, leaning against the pane.

The narrow street of narrow, tall, graystone houses had an underwater radiance, ghostly and pale. Only the gold of her hair and the red of her mackintosh swam bright in the shiny pavements spattered with rain.

Still she didn't move.

He would catch her eye, urge her on, make her hurry. He flung up the window. She saw him and smiled and waved, and an odd little bump of feeling—laughter, indulgence, what was it?—stopped him short.

But maddening she certainly was, all the same.

He went to the flat door, opened it and waited. Six chromium coat hooks decorated the wall, and his scale drawing of a crane, signed in the corner "Ballard and Ballard, Civil Engineers." Perhaps it lacked something, that hall. Lisa would change it.

After what seemed a long time he heard an odd sound—a rhythmic sort of rattle; he couldn't quite place it. And looking down, he saw Lisa mounting the stairs, her soft, straight hair hanging lank against her wet mackintosh, one hand in her pocket, the other—he might have guessed—trailing after her, finger nails flicking the baluster slats.

Not hurrying, even now!

"Hello, darling," he said. "You're late."

She looked up and smiled. "Hello, darling," she murmured. "Am I?"

Her cheek was all wet and cold, and her hair dewed over; even her eyelashes, Rodney saw, were wet. It was like drinking sweetness out of a flower to kiss her, to turn his lips in against that tender young neck.

"Hel*lo*, darling!" she said.

"Come in," he said. "Take your things off." Already her mackintosh was slithering down off her arms to the floor—doubtless to make a pool there. *(Continued on Page 144)*

he wanted to change her.

Seventh of a JOURNAL Series

PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER



FRANCE: A typical summer dinner for the Redouins consists of potato soup, salt pork, potatoes and cabbage, tomato salad with hard-boiled egg, fruit and *vin rosé*. However, since they had invited the JOURNAL photographer, Madame also cooked braised duck.



CHINA: The family of Ho Fu-yuan live in one of the best rice districts of China, so they are more prosperous than average. Even so, affluence simply means having more side dishes, here eggplant, bean curd, fish and pork, with which to vary the rice diet.



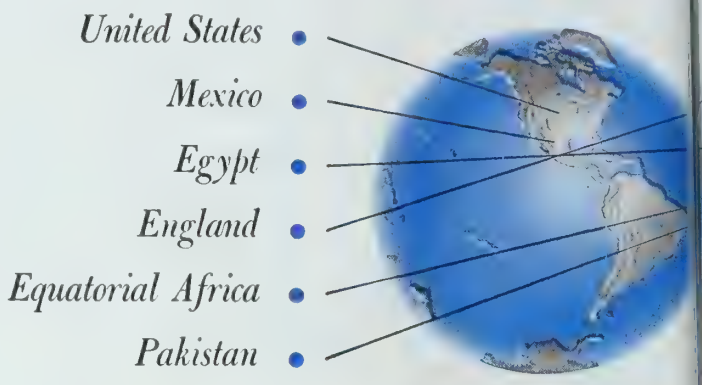
CZECHOSLOVAKIA: It doesn't take the hungry little Baloghs long to empty their bowls of soup. The family is fond of chicken and there are a dozen different Slovakian ways to make dumplings. The wines and plum brandy *(slivovice)* of this region are famous.



EQUATORIAL AFRICA: Etiquette in Equatoria consists of washing hands carefully before eating and pausing for a signal from father, Zamba Aluma *(center)*, before digging into the porridge. Zamba's two wives and daughters dine separately *(background)*, eating from a bowl on the ground.



GERMANY: The Stieglitz fam including grandfather, the hi girl and young apprentice, lently eat their noonday m



THIS IS HOW

HOUR by hour the world grows hungry, and finally halts its work to eat. In their weather-beaten German farmhouse the Stieglitzes dine on vegetable soup, salt pork and boiled potatoes, dark bread and cider. In summer, the Redouins, of France, set the table under the big tree in the barnyard, and while they eat, their chickens peck for crumbs. In distant China the meals are meager, and the Ho Fu-yuans eke out their rice bowl with such side dishes as are available—dried fish, sweet pork, pickled vegetables, soybeans. In Italy, Grandmother Guercini starts her hungry harvest hands on *minestrone* and then *fraggioli*, homemade salami, dark bread, sheep's cheese, and Chianti made from home-grown grapes. This is the day's big meal, and there is a prayer before the plates are filled.

Customs of the dinner table vary as the menu. In Japan, instead of grace the Okamotos say "*Ita-da-ki-masu*" ("I shall now partake of the meal") before digging in. Mrs. Okamoto considers it a compliment if a guest belches during the meal. Rice is never served by a male; that is a woman's job. In Equatorial Africa, men and women eat separately, and the males of the Zamba Aluma family have the added privilege of eating off a table. The Pratts, of Iowa, hold the fork in the right hand;

EGYPT: The el Gamel boys are trained to sit straight at the table and keep quiet before their parents. They have meat-and-vegetable soup, stewed meat and rice, white cheese, watermelon and *battaw*, a crisp home-baked bread. On special occasions there are sweet cakes and soft drinks.



ENGLAND: Like many farm fam ilies, the Hiatts eat most meal in the kitchen. This dinner con sisted of roast chicken (a rar

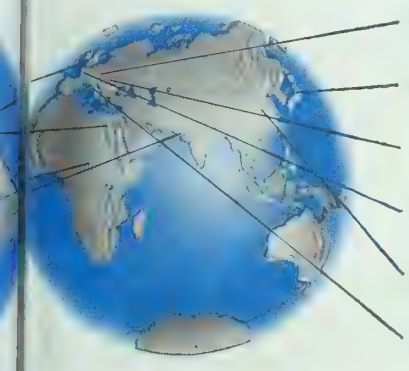




ere is more bread now than
ring the war, but generally
yare not as well off. Herr Stieg-
can buy 16 cigars a month.



PAKISTAN: The men eat first in Mohamed Usman's household and the boys, Sumar *(left)* and Idan, have begun eating their dried dates and *chapattis* while mother cooks up more over the open fire. *Chapattis*, a kind of flapjack made from rice or wheat flour, are the basis of the Indian diet.



- *Germany*
- *Japan*
- *Czechoslovakia*
- *France*
- *China*
- *Italy*

by JOHN GODFREY MORRIS

THE WORLD EATS

the Hiatts, of England, hold it in the left. In the Mexican and Pakistan households, fingers take the place of forks and chopsticks.

Men live by rice in the Orient, by wheat in the Western world. Fruits and vegetables are seldom bought if not home-grown. The basic beverage, judging by our families, is *pulque* in Mexico, tea in England, China and Japan, wine in France and Italy, coffee in Egypt and the U. S., ersatz coffee (rather than postwar beer) in Germany. Milk is of course the children's drink, but in four countries there is milk from mother only. On farms the world over meals are simple and filling. Yet Mrs. el Gamel, of Egypt, serves goose couscous, and M. Redouin, of France, brags about Madame's chicken casserole, seasoned with onions, mushrooms, garlic and parsley.

At any rate, few of our farm wives have to worry about leftovers. They may eat better than their city cousins, but farmers know firsthand what a sudden flood, a drought or plague of locusts means. They know that appetite can turn to hunger, hunger to famine. In Pakistan, the family of Mohamed Usman live no better than their ancestors of a thousand years ago—and can count on dying forty years before the Iowa Pratts. The belt of Asia is eternally tight and each notch means a million lives.

PHOTOGRAPHS for the Journal by Horace Bristol (Japan and China), Larry Burrows (England), Robert Capa (United States and Czechoslovakia), Marie Hansen (Italy), George Rodger (Egypt, Pakistan and Equatorial Africa), Phil Schultz (Mexico), David Seymour (France and Germany).



ITALY: Signora Guercini pours another glass of Chianti for Raffaello, the head of the family. *Minestrone*, rich with noodles, is ladled from the pot on the table. At dinner the men are apt to be serious with hunger, but the women frequently laugh and gossip.



MEXICO: Tortillas and beans constitute the starchy supper of the Gonzalez family, who eat on the floor of their adobe house, seated on wooden blocks. There is little milk for the children, but there are eggs in the basket over the hearth. Twice a week there is meat.



JAPAN: Mrs. Okamoto serves rice from the big wooden bucket and soup from a kettle behind it. As the mistress of the house, she is last to eat. There are seconds on rice but not on side dishes, as food is still scarce and severely rationed. There is meat twice a month.

reat nowadays), new potatoes
nd gravy, cabbage, stewed
lums and custard, orange
squash," which comes bottled.



UNITED STATES: The Pratts and their hired hand *(left)* enjoy a noonday dinner of pork chops, potatoes and gravy, string beans, bread and butter, rhubarb, cookies, milk and coffee. The children belong to 4-H clubs, and maintain a vegetable garden. Food is stored in a locker in town.





Menu

(Planned for six)

Hot Vegetable Bouillon
Roast Turkey
Apple-and-Almond Stuffing
Gravy
Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Sweet Potatoes with Dates
Scalloped Onions and Green Peppers
Corn-Meal Yeast Rolls
Orange and Cabbage Slaw
Apricot-Pineapple Sponge
Golden Fruit Sauce
Coffee Nut Bowl



For That Certain Thursday

BY ANN BATCHELDER

WELL, the year is running out. When November comes we've had the first frosts and the late corn, the sky is dull gray and the promise of winter is upon us. The dead leaves drifting down are the signs and symbols of what is to come. Of these things is the passing of time made. The year is on the wing. There's just one consoling thought—Thanksgiving Day comes in November.

Now you know and I know you know that I look forward to November for one reason. And one only. Way at the end of the list of days there's a certain Thursday I and most everyone else, I guess, look forward to. It is Thanksgiving. It comes only once in all the long calendar of days, the day of days that to my New England mind is best of all—the day that *is* New England where it began and has survived and always will. If the spirit that made it survives, and I guess it will. *(Continued on Page 227)*

PHOTOS BY STUART POWLER

I HAVE ACCEPTED CHARITY

IF I had known, ten years ago, where the path I was following would lead me, I might have lacked the courage to keep on. Ten years ago I was active, healthy, successful and, I believed, secure. I had just published a novel. The magazines were buying my short stories as fast as I could write them. Several pictures based on stories of mine were on the screen, and I was in demand on the radio and as a public speaker. My life was being lived at top speed. And the sources of my inspiration—and of my physical endurance—seemed inexhaustible.

Today I am living on charity. I am accepting, gratefully, a weekly check for thirty dollars, given me by a fund to which, in the past, I sometimes contributed.

Ten years ago I regarded money as my birthright; gracious living was part of the family tradition. I couldn't conceive of doing without certain luxuries. This was partly inheritance, but mostly habit. My expenses had increased over the years until it took all I could earn to keep pace with them. I was what storekeepers call a "wrap-up"—meaning I fell for sales talk, and purchased things I didn't really want because I felt superior to "haggling."

I was, too, unable to resist giving money to people who needed it. I wasn't a millionaire, but I behaved like one. Self-indulgence? Probably. I was always on the paying end of the check. I enjoyed being a Lady Bountiful. I loved it.

Yet in the back of my mind, there was a nagging fear; a presentiment of disaster. I postponed bringing it into the open, or looking it straight in the face. Instead, I convinced myself—almost—that there was no end to my capacity for work. Also, that I would never grow any older. For years I looked younger than I was; the mirror was my worst enemy. People said, "It's impossible to believe you're forty." Or fifty. All the way to fifty-five—when the compliments faded out, and I realized that it was a whole lot later than I thought!

In order to have the things I wanted, and to do the things that made me happy, I worked very hard indeed. Writing for a living is an arduous business. It calls for a certain abnegation; the deliberate putting aside of human companionship for hours, months, years at a time. I was forever locked in a room, struggling with an obdurate intelligence, conniving with my wits to see me through.

It takes courage to free-lance—unless, that is, you have some other source of income. A hog farm. A motel. A service station. Or a husband! When a story failed to sell, I always suffered a sort of shocked bewilderment, as if an unreasonable wrong had been done me. To conceal my deadly fear, I blamed the editors for lack of taste, or my agents for having let me down. Unfortunately, I had very few failures. It was easy, between shocks, to ignore the danger I was in. If someone I knew had to go to the hospital, or owed a year's rent, I simply wrote another short story.

"How *easily* you do it!" they cried.

Whenever I tired of my year-old car, I turned it in on a new one. I lived in a house that sapped my bank account like a vacuum cleaner. I gave away wearable clothes. There were flowers in my garden, yet I had a standing order at a florist's for out-of-season freesias, lilies, bouvardias, white carnations and yellow roses.

I never had much of a bank balance, and there were times when I had to borrow in order to pay my grocer. While the interest mounted, I went about in a creative frenzy, trying to grab plots out of the air. The sensation was, I imagine, like being on a tightrope over Niagara! Each time I made it safely, I'm afraid I forgot to thank God.

In this hazardous way, for twenty-five years I managed to keep intact the pattern of my days. Each morning I found myself in my lovely room. My breakfast tray was brought to my bed. There were expensive creams and lotions in the bathroom. Negligees and slippers. A closetful of clothes. The big, shining car at my disposal. A way, always, of meeting the needs of those who seemed to need *me*.

"How much?"

"Could you make it five hundred?"

"Certainly. And this isn't a loan, remember. I'm giving it to you."

The hazards of the path I followed were compensated for—or so I told myself—by beauty, tranquillity, freedom. It was my belief that home was a fortress, a place of refuge, a place for dreams and selfhood as well as for work.

A mere collection of articles, objects, the clutter of "possessions" had no interest for me. But, very often, the inanimate chair or table or piece of china—because of its place in the home—assumed a dearness, an almost symbolic value. Books. Records. Pictures. The familiar clockfaces and radio dials. The electric toaster. The silver spoons that belonged to great-grandmother. Bits of linen, embroidered and initialed, brought from Italy. Everything in my home had its special dearness. Home itself was so important to me that I was willing to spend my deepest reserves of physical and mental strength to keep it together.

I had what is known as a "career," yet the constant repetition of my name in print, the bulging press books, the fan mail, the flattery, added up to just one thing: I could go on living as I felt I had to live in order to be happy.

I am trying, in this article, to tell the truth. It would make a better story if I were to say, just here, that I *wasn't* happy. But I was. Save

"When you are attuned to success,

failure catches you defenseless.

In dreadful sequence you first invent alibis;

then redouble your efforts; then hide."

By Mildred Cram



Having known the peaks of material success and the depths of despair, Mildred Cram faces the future with a wealth entirely spiritual.

for the presence of fear at the back of my mind, I had a wonderful time. We were a large family; we enjoyed one another; we admired one another; we were superior, we felt, to time and to change.

And I always had one more story in reserve when the going was tough! I could always slam the door shut in the leering face of my personal demon and pretend that he wasn't there. I have paid cruelly, and late, for that illusion. I never retreated from responsibility, but I did fly from the truth. My intentions were always honest—toward others. I cheated myself. I was growing careless as I made my precarious journeys across the rapids.

Then war separated the family. Long illness and death came next. The cable across Niagara began to sag. And, suddenly, there *weren't* any new stories! I began to lose faith in *myself.*

And so, simultaneously, did the editors. I sold less and less. Two years. Three.

What, exactly, had happened? I was an unbeatable technician. The work I did during those years was as "professional" as ever. But fear sat at my elbow as collaborator and there vanished from my work the lighthearted certainty which had made it popular. I floundered. And lost my balance.

When you are attuned to success, failure catches you defenseless. In dreadful sequence you first invent alibis; then redouble your efforts; then hide; finally enter the last refuge: "*I can't!*" And there, blocked by panic, bewildered and hunted, you sense *defeat is possible.*

This, for a profligate and arrogant soul like mine, is a devastating realization.

The processes of material failure are too familiar to set down in detail. As my earnings dwindled, I clung stubbornly to the outward semblances of solvency. The old Peter-to-pay-Paul routine! A member of my family required long hospitalization, and so I mortgaged the car. And the day came, inevitably, when the bank drove the car away. As from my window I watched the shining beauty vanish for the last time around the corner, I knew that the keystone of my precious arch of illusion had cracked.

I had often accused others of "mooching." Now, here was "me" hitching rides. Being artful and ingratiating because I *had* to get to town. There were moments of bitter rebellion, when I remembered the countless lifts I had given others. I heard myself saying, "Thank you," and waiting on the whims and obligations of my friends in order to get home again. Apology began to slip into my conversation; the dreadful, shameful need to explain my predicament.

I then mortgaged my furniture to my landlord, in order to gain six months, during which I planned to write a serial novel.

Now I was doing my own cooking, nursing a bedridden mother, keeping up the usual high polish on the house (which no longer belonged to me), looking out for my pets, a garden, and fending off an army of surprised local creditors.

I worked long and late, but what I put down on those five hundred pages of clean white paper I now hate to remember! It was a novel, but a bad one. Into it, hocked for peanuts, went my square-cut diamond, my moonstone, my sable furs, my pearl earrings and a topaz bracelet. My publisher wired "Impossible," and back it came from all those magazines which had published my stuff for twenty-five years.

I am not a physical coward. I don't think I'm really afraid of death, or of Nature, or of blood. But I admit that when the cupboard and the refrigerator stood empty, I almost lost my nerve. What could I do to earn a living? At fifty-eight, with an epic blood pressure and broken arches, congenitally incapable of adding or subtracting? All I knew *how* to do was what I'd *been* doing!

And so, gritting my teeth, I wrote three novelettes. Also, I hung on the long-distance phone to Hollywood, begging for a job. But Hollywood was having its own English-tax troubles.

Once, the day before Christmas, a great light broke and I thought we wouldn't starve, after all. Tyrone Power appeared at my door, bringing a great wicker basket full of delicacies—jams, candies, *pâtés,* exotic soups and wines and biscuits—rejoicing that his studio was about to buy a little book of mine and that he, Tyrone, was to make it! We were to go to Italy and to Chamonix to shoot it. Yes, *I* was to go! It was all settled. And he was glad because the little book had meant much to him during the war.

I sat shivering with relief and trying to get a prayer of gratitude through to God—trying to formulate a new sort of "thank you." My hands were like ice. Happiness should have overwhelmed me; instead, I wanted to cry.

The next day, exultantly, I phoned all my creditors and told them it would be only a few days now, and how kind and forbearing and patient they had been, and I hoped they'd forgive me.

However, Tyrone's studio changed its mind. And, one by one, the novelettes bounced, like bad checks.

Then the landlord sold the house. And there I was, adding a new word to my personal vocabulary: *destitute.* *(Continued on Page 119)*

PHOTOS BY STUART-STEPHENSON

kitchen plan provides continuous work counters with minimum cabinets. Traffic lane through the kitchen does not interfere with any of the cooking operations.

Kitchen With a Future . . . .



GUIDE FOR PLANNING KITCHENS NEW OR OLD

- *Counters for working and cabinets for storage should be placed next refrigerator, range and sink, so food, supplies and utensils are kept where used.*
- *Arrange kitchen so food preparation starts at counter near refrigerator where supplies are stored and moves, production-line fashion, toward range.*
- *Locate sink between refrigerator and range—water then available for use at both. Mid-position convenient for collecting utensils to be washed.*
- *Counter space between sink bowl and refrigerator for best working conditions should be 5 feet minimum—5½ feet maximum.*
- *Counter space between sink bowl and range—3 feet minimum, 4 feet maximum.*
- *Storage space should be adjusted to the maximum number who will live in the house.*

IT was a nice day. The little red-brick Cape Cod cottage looked rosy and fresh, and the raw earth around it had dried out from last night's thunderstorm. The contractor's signs were still up, packing cases stood by the low back door. The neighbor's children dawdled past: a new house is always exciting!

Inside, furniture was piled around and lamps tripped the unwary. For the G.'s had just gotten back from their honeymoon and moving in was decidedly under way.

We went through the house, which is a four-room one with two unfinished bedrooms and bath upstairs. There is also a downstairs bathroom, which will be a convenience forever, although one of the present first-floor bedrooms will be the future dining room. I liked this plan exceedingly, for this room may in the future serve a triple purpose—dining room, extra space for the children's homework and parties, or a general family room with a built-in bed unit for an extra guest. In a small house every inch counts.

But of course I mainly wanted to hang around the kitchen, which was completely finished, and so did the new lady of the house. For as the kitchen goes, so goes the life of the house.

It is a gay young kitchen for a gay young couple, but the most important thing is that by planning, they have every convenience they will ever need, and they will have the use of them through the years and really save money by having them now. Instead of paying rent, the G.'s are investing in a house of their own. This is the time when it pays to use credit, when you are young and your earning capacity is on the way up.

But what interested me most was that they had figured the costs and knew what they were about. The house alone, without the lot it stands on, with complete wiring, lighting, electric water heater and forced warm air heating system, cost $15,900. This even included special lamps to kill air-borne bacteria. (This last seemed a little unnecessary to me, because my life with unkilled air-borne bacteria has been terribly healthy for some time! However, such things weren't available when I was a bride, and I admit to having occasional colds and more than a touch of sinus.)

At retail prices in June their complete laundry and kitchen equipment and cabinets, even including the ventilating fan, cost about $1500.

When I figured the cost of the remodeling I have done and seen done, and the hopeless years of waiting, I thought that these young people were very smart. The extra cost of having everything the heart desires while the heart is young was a relatively small part of the whole cost. Besides, there was a real financial advantage in including all "improvements" in the original planning and including them in the mortgage with 10 years to pay. There was no extravagance in their *(Continued on Page 195)*

The kitchen, first room in the house to be completed, will measure up in the years to come as the needs of the family increase.

BY GLADYS TABER

- *Counters connecting appliances save cabinet, add convenience. (Door between sink and range in similar kitchen increased cabinet costs by 9% to avoid isolating appliances.)*

- *Continuous counters save time and steps. Identical meals of meat, mashed potatoes, vegetable, salad, bread and butter, pie and coffee were prepared in this kitchen and similar one with doorway between range and sink. In kitchen without continuous counters, it took 8% longer—24% more steps. On a thousand meals a year good planning pays daily dividends.*

Although the eating corner is in the kitchen, it has a gay atmosphere of its very own.



Nine a Day

BY ANN BATCHELDER

1 Now the leaves have left the trees, but not the garden walks. But the last leaf on the tree is still there, hanging on for dear life. *That's* the leaf I love. Hangs high too.

2 A thought for the day. Hot clam-and-tomato bouillon served in cups, with a very thin slice of tomato and one of lemon floated on the top. What the milliners call "a pretty conceit."

3 When asparagus goes you start pining for it. But no more. Frozen or canned, both are all set. Instead of hollandaise sauce try a thin cream sauce, well fortified with riced hard-cooked egg, seasoned, and garnished with paprika.

4 If someone should give you one of those small hams that are cured to a fare-you-well, carve it paper thin and, for one thing, spread the slices with soft cheese. Sprinkle with chopped chives. This is a delicious appetizer.

5 Up and down the country roads you see the sign "Bar-B-Cue." Unless you've got a flat tire or a complete emptiness inside, better drive on. But this is November, and a fine time for barbecued spareribs by your own fireside.

6 Far be it from me to cheer for a beet. But take some tiny little canned beets, chill them to the bone, drain them well, toss them in salted sour cream and serve in lettuce cups, chilled to just this side of freezing, and serve with fish, and even I—yes, even I!

7 Want something special to serve with ice cream or homestead pudding? (Remember that?) Take large glass dishes of shredded candied ginger set in lemon jelly, and don't say I never told you.

8 The chafing dish lighted on the silver tray on a Sunday supper table or buffet, with hard-cooked eggs and big pink shrimps or lobster meat in a piping-hot Newburg sauce—on buttered toast or red-hot muffins. Well, I would be glad to drop in any Sunday night.

9 For a little this or that, a bit on the surprise side (*not*, my dears, as a main course), put big, beautiful walnut halves stuffed and put together with anchovy paste. Try *those* on male or female.

10 Now the Welsh-rarebit season is four-square upon us. In sandwiches this is marvelous done this way: Spread the mixture between slices of white bread, dip them in egg and milk as for French toast and fry them to an autumn-leaf brown. Keep them small. Serve hot.

11 *Omelet lore—short and snappy.* Keep an omelet pan for omelets only. Don't yank it out and fry potatoes in it. Use unsalted butter, if you can get it, and be sparing of it. Any filling goes in just before folding the omelet. Serve hot. Two eggs to a person.

12 A little marjoram mixed with the salt and pepper rubbed on a steak before broiling saves many a grouch and *may* mean sables come Christmas.

13 Some may sneer, but I'm here to testify that tender, perfectly cooked macaroni, lush with a sauce so adroitly seasoned that only one who knows can do it, with browned little meat balls swimming in its depths, is a dish that men yearn for and seldom get. Women too. There's not much difference in tastes, or so I find.

14 Spareribs, beautifully crusted, big baked potatoes, tomatoes stuffed and baked, fried apples in brown sugar and cinnamon, and mince pie and cheese. There's a man's meal.

15 Tournedos of Beef Epicurean. Take little fillets of beef. Grill rare, cover with a Bernaise sauce, decorate with a grilled mushroom, garnish with slivered and buttered green beans and julienne potatoes. Ask anything better?

16 Nothing devised by man or cook can compare with a sweetbread soufflé. When something as delicate, perfect and priceless is set before a king, may I be queen—or whatsoever in waiting.

17 Lobster *bouchées* (I didn't invent spelling, or gunpowder either) go with the soup or salad meal. Fill little puff-paste shells with creamed lobster. Garnish with lemon and water cress.

18 Braised endive is braised as ever and—here's the gimmick—add sliced sweet onions fried with care; *and* anoint with a little hot sour cream and minced chives, and eat endive as never was.

19 You've heard of, read of and eaten wild rice, I hope. Do you know about wild-cranberry jelly? Any cranberry jelly, wild or tame, is wonderful with pheasant, duck and other wild birds.

20 *Gentle hints for any Gertie:* Don't overcook oysters. . . . Deep-fat frying is tops of all top-of-the-stove cooking. Don't hurry it. Take it easy. . . . The cook who washes vegetables in warm or hot water ought to be made to eat them. . . . *And* the candidate for oblivion is the guy who poured mayonnaise on an alligator pear. Well, that's all for now.

21 Green grapes frosted in beaten egg white and fine sugar to decorate a fruit cup is a sophisticated touch and pretty as a starlet on a front cover.

22 Calf's liver, done well by, is a divine dish. Never fail to soak it at least half an hour in milk before frying or broiling. You'll see how right I am.

23 Ever essay ("try" is what I mean) popovers? Or do yours pop under? Always use general-purpose flour, and try salad oil for shortening. Best cook in the world let me in on that last item.

24 Speaking of popovers, by the way, take out any fringes and remnants from within and fill the shells with creamed chicken or chipped beef.

25 Here is an Italian variation on the well-known theme of biscuits. When mixing them, add to the flour-and-baking-powder mixture (for twelve biscuits) one teaspoon of onion salt and two tablespoons of grated Parmesan cheese. Then go ahead as usual. These are elegant, hot and well buttered.

26 You might make up some delicious chicken or turkey hash, and put it in individual casseroles or small au gratin dishes. Decorate each au gratin with a slice of broiled tomato, then flatter the whole thing by adding a poached egg.

27 Crushed almonds add a lot to cream of chicken soup, and you can say that again.

28 A baked apple served in a meringue shell, topped with whipped or ice cream puts this dessert in the upper brackets.

29 Add half a cup washed seedless raisins to your regular receipt for cranberry sauce. Especially good with pork.

30 These are no melancholy days. These are the great days of the year, and that greatest of all is coming—the mince-pie-and-turkey day. I guess we'll wangle through, no matter *who* builds the next porch on the White House.

DRAWING BY R. C. ATHERTON

THE NEW PACK'S IN!

STOCK UP NOW

Campbell's

CONDENSED

TOMATO SOUP

PHOTOGRAPHED IN NATURAL COLOR—ACTUAL TOMATOES THAT GO INTO CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP

from the heart of sun-ripened tomatoes ... comes America's Favorite Soup



Tomato Soup—
Mmm-Good—and how!
The New Pack's in,
So stock up now!

In from the fields they come—basket on heaping basket of the world's finest and most luscious tomatoes. Each has been carefully grown from special seed, vine-ripened, picked and rushed to Campbell's Kitchens. Here, according to a matchless recipe, they are made into a smooth purée—enriched with creamery butter and lightly seasoned . . . There you have it—Campbell's Tomato Soup—"the soup most folks like best". Sometimes add milk, instead of water, for an extra-delicious cream of tomato. Your grocer has the new pack. So stock up now!

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



P.S. Test FRESH yourself at our expense. See if FRESH isn't more effective, creamier, smoother than any deodorant you've ever tried. Only FRESH can use the patented combination of amazing ingredients which gives you this safe, smooth cream that doesn't dry out . . . that really stops perspiration

KINFOLK

(Continued from Page 53)

At this Mary lost her temper. "I can see that. You think of a lot of men."

Tears rolled down Lili's cheeks.

"What shall I tell him?" Mary asked. "I've got to tell him something, Lili."

Lili was silent for a moment. Then she looked askance at Mary. "Tell him—tell him—I write very soon." She clapped her hands and laughed. Then she got up from the couch. "I have to go with baba and ma to tea at the consulate. I much rather sit here with you and listen to the letter all over again. But I must go—they tell me to." She smiled lovingly at Mary, and as firmly as though Lili had laid her hands upon her, Mary felt herself pushed from the room.

In his room, at the end of a hot day, James read Mary's letter. She confessed that she ought to have waited for a few days until her anger was cooled. "But you know how hard it is for me to wait," she said, "and especially when it has to do with you. Jim, Lili did not say she would not marry you or that she was going to marry anyone else. She just said she had many things to consider."

James folded the letter. It was a long letter, covering many pages, and Mary had put into it family news and scraps of gossip about their friends. By now the family would be in the cool green hills of Vermont. He thought with homesickness of the winds fragrant with pines. Yet he knew now that here was where he must stay. He was a doctor first, and he was already entangled in the needs of the people who came to the hospital in terror and desperation. No one came unless death was the alternative, and a dozen operations in a day was routine. The hospital was understaffed. American doctors had not yet returned and the Chinese doctors trained abroad were constantly being tempted to easier jobs. It took courage to operate when the death of an already dying person might mean a lawsuit, if he were a rich general or a millionaire.

> I have never been hurt by anything I didn't say.
> —CALVIN COOLIDGE

In his growing anger against the rich he found himself turning to the poor who came to the clinics and crowded the charity wards. At first their urgency had confused him and even made him angry. But now he knew they could not help crying out to him. They had endured so much and there were so many of them. "I am here," he said quietly. "I will not go away until I have seen each one of you." Only when they found that they could trust his word did they become quiet.

What angered and discouraged him most profoundly was the callousness of his own colleagues to the ills of people who came to them for healing. Not all of them, he granted grudgingly. Dr. Liu Chen would be an honor to any hospital, and he learned always to call upon one or another of three nurses, Rose Mei, Kitty Sen and Marie Yang. All nurses had foreign names and used them carefully, just as they spent half a week's salary on permanent waves at the hands of a White Russian hairdresser.

MUCH of his private thought went into the angry pondering over this callousness of his fellows. "I may as well tell you that there is too much here that is rotten," he wrote to Mary. "I suppose this is partly because we are an old people and much dead wood has not been cut away. There is decay here—I cannot find out just where, but I see it in doctors like Su and Kang and Peng and others. It is even in the nurses. Money sticks to every hand. Well, it sticks to many hands in America too. I somehow feel I have no home in the world."

In this letter he said nothing about Lili, and reading it in the solitude of her own room, Mary rejoiced. It had come to her at a moment when she herself was restless. The summer in the Vermont mountains had filled her with health and energy which as yet had no purpose. She had no lover. She had rejected with some disgust a young Chinese journalist who had pursued her. To any an American would have been as romance provincial love of her own country.

She had quarreled all summer with Lou when she found that this younger sis moped when the mail was delayed. It mot taken too long to discover that Lou read a letter from Estelle almost as eage as she read the less frequent ones from Phil Mary had taken Louise for a walk when discovered thus, and upon a path fragra with pine trees in the sun faced her sis

"Louise, don't be a fool."

Louise had blushed.

"Your face is red." Mary said. "You silly, Louise. Do you think Philip will mar a Chinese girl? His father and mother w not allow it."

"Who talked about marriage?" Louise began to walk on quickly.

"I hope you are not thinking of anyth else, Louise." She seized her sister's ha "Louise, do not forget—we are not Am ican. We cannot behave like American girl

LOUISE pulled her hand away. "Let alone," she cried, and suddenly she began run down the path and Mary had not pu sued her. She had sat down on a log and ting long alone, she had tried to think wh she should do.

In the end, after the family had come ba to the city, she had talked to Peter, but had been scornful.

"It doesn't matter what Louise does he told her. "Louise is already spoiled."

"Peter, what do y mean?"

Peter had laughed at h look. "Perhaps they ha not slept together, if th is what scares you. No if Philip wanted Louise would go to him."

"You mean that you have talked w him about Louise?" Mary asked.

Peter looked unwilling. Mary and breakfasted early and usually alone, a they were talking in the dining room bef their parents had come down. "I saw h kiss her one day."

"No!" Mary whispered. "Did Louise him?"

Peter grinned. "She helped."

"I shall tell pa," she said.

Peter shrugged his shoulders. "You ha always had too much courage." He had ris from the table at that, and had gone aw to his own affairs.

When Doctor Liang came down ten mi utes later he found his elder daughter loo ing preoccupied. He wondered if she w thinking about some young man. Her ma riage was the subject of frequent conversa tion between him and Mrs. Liang. He in tended as soon as he saw a suitable you man to make the proper preliminary ap proaches. Now, observing his daughter pretty face and figure, it occurred to h that he ought not to delay too long.

"Good morning, pa," Mary said.

"Good morning," he replied. He sat dow and sipped the glass of orange juice at h plate.

"Pa, I don't want to tell you this at brea fast because I know you like quiet, but must tell you before ma comes down. Lou is in love with Philip."

Doctor Liang looked surprised. "Who Philip."

"You know, pa; he is Estelle's brother Estelle Morgan."

"An American!"

"Yes, pa. She has let him kiss her."

Doctor Liang suddenly pushed the dish oatmeal away. "Mary, do you know of wh you accuse your sister?"

"I thought you ought to know. Shall tell ma?"

"Tell me what?" Mrs. Liang came in the room, her full eyelids still a little swoll with sleep. "Eh, Liang—is the oatme burned again?"

(Continued on Page 84)

The Duchess of Sutherland

Her *Inner Self* glows through her *Lovely Face*

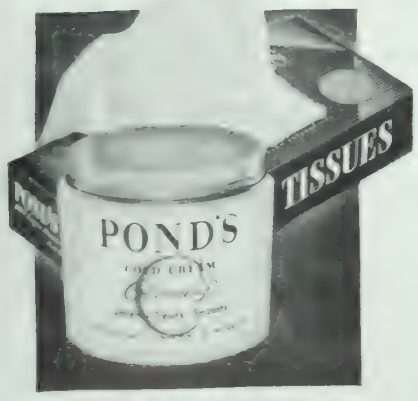
Wherever she goes—she brings loveliness with her—fun and joyousness and friendliness. You can *see* in her face what a delightful-to-be-with person she is.

***Your* face is speaking for *you* to everyone who sees you. It is the *You* that others see first—the outgoing expression of *your* inner self. Nothing about you has more lovely possibilities. And nothing responds more gratefully to your loving attention.**



There is an exquisite quality about the Duchess' complexion. Her skin is glowing, clear, and soft with perfect grooming

She uses Ponds'! "I don't know a better face cream in the world," the beautiful Duchess says



Pond's is used and beloved by more women than any other face cream. Get a *big* jar of snowy Pond's—*today!*

YOU are responsible for what your face gives out to the world—its beauty, its friendliness, the way it reveals the Inner You to others. *Be exacting* in how you care for it. *Always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) do this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—splash your face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream—*lots* of it—all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This rinses off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, *immaculate*. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—give your face a tonic cold water splash.

Look at your new face now! It feels transformed! So clean! So soft! So alive!

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's literally works on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream wraps around surface dirt and make-up as you massage—sweeps them cleanly away as you tissue off. *From the Inside*—every step quickens beauty-giving circulation.

It's *not just vanity* to develop the beauty of your own face. When your face looks lovely and beckoning and bright—it does *something special* and happy to you, and to everyone who sees you. It brings the real Inner You closer to others.





ONE NIGHT I asked our office "glamour gal," what to do. "Why, use Lustre-Creme Shampoo!" she confided. "My hairdresser recommended it . . . Not a soap, not a liquid, but a rich lathering *cream* shampoo." I tried it . . . and *a miracle happened!*

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NEXT MORNING . . . my secretly adored boss, our unmarried General Manager, stared at my soft, glossy tresses. "Say!" he blurted. "You're lovely!" That night, he held my coat and tenderly touched my hair. "How about dinner tonight?" he whispered. "I've got a new job to offer you . . . *for life!*" (P. S. *I accepted!*)



For Soft Gleaming Glamorous Hair

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1. Fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
3. Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme is a blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers richly in hard or soft water. *No special rinse needed.* Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Girl. 4-oz. jar, $1; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 10¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters. Try it *today!*

...ofer the TUBE or the JAR,

(Continued from Page 82)

"No—it is something even worse."

"Who has done something?" Mrs. Liang demanded.

"Your youngest daughter," he said severely. "She has allowed an American man to become . . . familiar."

"Oh, pa, I didn't say that," Mary cried.

"It is the same thing." He looked at his wife. "I always said that you allowed this girl too much of her own way. She comes and goes as if she were not Chinese. She is not respectful. Now she insults even our ancestors."

"Oh, pa," Mary said softly.

"Do not interrupt me," he replied. "And leave the room, if you please. This is for your mother and me to discuss alone." He waited until Mary had closed the door and then he began to speak in Chinese. "You," he said, "you! I told you to watch the girls."

Mrs. Liang began to cry. "How can I watch them?"

"They do not obey you. You should tell them what they must do and what they must not do. What will people say when they hear that our daughters behave like wantons? They will say that our Confucian ways cannot withstand the ways of barbarians."

Mrs. Liang wiped her eyes and puckered her lips. "Why then did you come here, Liang? At home it would be easy to watch the girls. I could hire amahs to go with them everywhere."

Doctor Liang pushed back his chair. "When Louise comes downstairs, send her to my study," he commanded.

He refused to finish his meal and he walked with dignity out of the room and across the hall to his study and closed the door. Once alone, he allowed himself to be as disturbed as he felt. He sat down in his easy chair, closed his eyes, and let his anger against Louise swell to a point where it would be properly explosive. There he maintained it by force of will while he read again his morning portion of the Analects.

MEANWHILE Louise had tripped downstairs barefoot, still wearing her nightgown, over which she had thrown a pink satin bed jacket. "Oh, ma," she said, "I am so hungry, but I don't want to get up. I thought maybe Nellie would bring me up a tray."

"Your pa wants to see you," her mother said coldly.

"Why, what have I done?"

Mrs. Liang frowned. "*Péi!*" she said. "Think what it is that you do not want him to know!"

Louise looked alarmed. "Who told him?"

"Never mind."

Doctor Liang opened the door suddenly. Both women looked at him, but he stared only at his daughter. "Go upstairs and put on your clothes. Then come to my study."

"Isn't she to eat something first?" Mrs. Liang demanded.

"No," Doctor Liang said and shut the door.

Mother and daughter looked at each other. Then Mrs. Liang spoke. "Go upstairs. I will fetch you a tray."

"Scrambled eggs, please," Louise whispered.

Doctor Liang, listening, heard only the hurrying footsteps of his daughter on the stairs. He leaned back, mollified. He was still obeyed.

Upstairs, Louise did not go to her own room. Instead she opened the door of Mary's. Mary was at her desk, writing to James, and she saw her younger sister, the wide satin skirt of her nightgown whirled around her, and her pretty face pink with anger.

"Mary, what did you say to pa?"

"Peter told me you let Philip kiss you," Mary said gravely.

Louise stared at her sister. Something adamant in that soft little face confounded her and she suddenly began to cry. "I hate you!" she sobbed and she opened the door and flew out.

Mary sat for a long moment, then took up her pen again. "I think the only thing that can keep Louise from being a fool is for me to bring her to China. If the ocean is between her and Philip perhaps we can guard her."





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Another "Hickory" Success

When she had finished her letter she sat quite thoughtfully for a long time. Then she got up and began to tidy the small drawers at the top of her bureau. In something over half an hour, she heard the unmistakable sounds of a stick beating upon something soft. Then she heard screams—Louise's voice—and almost at once her mother's loud shouts. She ran downstairs swiftly and opened the door of her father's study. He had his Malacca cane in one hand, and with the other he held Louise by the hair. Mrs. Liang was vainly trying to put herself between the cane and the girl.

"My father!" Mary said distinctly.

Doctor Liang's face was twisted and purple. But at the sight of his elder daughter he threw down the cane and pushed Louise away from him.

"Take her out of my sight," he gasped. "I never want to see her again."

Louise lay on the floor where she fell, sobbing aloud, and Mrs. Liang sat down in a chair. Sweat was pouring down her cheeks and she lifted the edge of her coat to wipe it away.

"Father," Mary said again. The intense quiet of her voice seemed to bring silence and order into the room. "What you have done is not right."

Doctor Liang had thrown himself into his leather armchair. "She is no longer my daughter," he said. He looked with contempt upon Louise where she still lay weeping, her face buried in her arms.

"The American girls kiss boys and think nothing of it," Mary pleaded. "Remember that she has been here all her life."

"It is not only the kiss," Mrs. Liang said heavily. "There is more than the kiss."

A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts. —GEORGE ELIOT.

"What has she done?"

Doctor Liang's face began to work in strange grimaces. "Everything for which I have striven is now destroyed," he said. "I am about to be disgraced by my own daughter. My enemies will laugh at me. My students will deride the teachings of Confucius because my own daughter has derided them."

Mary was sorry for them all. She stood with pity warm in her dark eyes. She understood her father's pride and her mother's bewilderment. And she understood very well Louise, who in eagerness to make herself beloved had confounded herself more than any.

"Pa," Mary said gently, "I have thought of something. Let me take her back to China."

"Two girls!" Mrs. Liang exclaimed.

"Pa, James is your oldest son. Let him help you. I was about to ask you anyway if you would let me keep his house for him until he marries. Let me take Louise with me."

Louise turned her face. "I won't go—I won't go!" she wailed.

Doctor Liang's jaw tightened and two small muscles stood out on his cheeks. "If you do not want to go, then I say you shall go! We will have no peace until you are gone!"

"Liang!" his wife cried. "You cannot send two girls alone across the ocean!"

"Peter shall go with them," Doctor Liang cried. "Let them all go!" He slapped his outspread hands upon the desk, and then to the horror of his family he began to weep silently.

Mary stooped to her sister. "Come—get up," she said. "We must leave pa alone."

When the door closed behind them Mrs. Liang rose and went to her husband. She stood behind him where she could not see his face and she put out her two hands and with the tips of her fingers she began to rub his temples rhythmically. He sighed and leaned his head back against her breast.

"You must not blame them too much," she said. "They are like plants growing in a foreign soil. If they bear strange flowers, it is the soil that is evil."

"You know that I cannot . . . go back," he said listlessly.

Stockholm was Heaven
the day Bill kissed my Hand



We were basking in the sun, as the Swedish people do, when Bill kissed my hand. *"I can't help it,"* he said. *"Your hands look so soft. Feel soft, too."* Then—



Bill joined us on the Göta Canal trip. And I—I had hopes. I used Jergens Lotion regularly so my hands would always be soft—just in case. And . . .



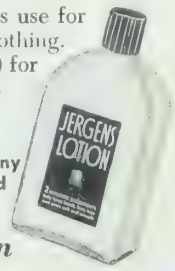
One moonlit night—*"Know where my heart is?"* Bill whispered. *"You have it - in your soft hands. Keep it—for always?"*

NOW my hands have to be soft, always. So I'll always use Jergens Lotion.

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You know about the Hollywood Stars. The Stars use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 over any other hand care in the world. Ask your doctor about Jergens Lotion. It contains 2 ingredients many doctors use for skin-softening and smoothing. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for today's Jergens Lotion. No oiliness; no sticky feeling.

Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World



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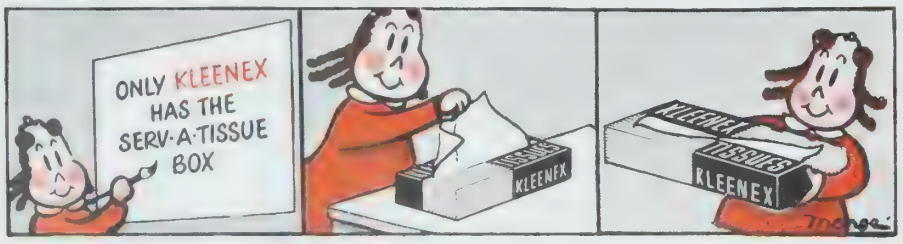
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"I know that."

"I cannot do my work there," he went on. "What place is there for a scholar in the midst of chaos and war?"

"None."

He pulled away from her suddenly. "I suppose you wish you could go with the children," he said. "You will be lonely here with only me."

She stood motionless. "Liang—would you not go too?"

"How can I? I have classes about to begin. Besides, how can I earn my living in China—unless I become an official?"

"You could become an official."

"No, I cannot," he said loudly. "I can do a great many things for the sake of peace and our ancient civilization—but I cannot do that."

She waited another long moment. She turned her head and looked out the window at all the things she hated. She hated high buildings and tall chimneys and bustling streets. But her love for him was still greater than her hatred of these things, although she did not understand him even in the least part of his being.

"If you cannot go, I will stay with you," she said, "and I will not be lonely."

Upstairs in her room, Mary faced Louise. Her father's Confucian teaching of calm under all circumstances had become her conscience. Now, feeling her cheeks hot and her eyes burning, she nevertheless tried to keep her voice gentle.

"Louise, what have you done?" she demanded. "You had better tell me so that I can help you."

"I don't want your help," Louise pouted.

"Nevertheless, I must help you," Mary said in the same steadfast voice. "What did you tell pa that made him so angry?"

Tears came into Louise's eyes. What had seemed only a sweet exciting secret when she was with Estelle now became a frightful thing when she was besieged by her family. "I told him—I told him ——"

"Go on," Mary commanded.

"When he said—when he said—he would never consent to—to an American son-in-law ——" She began now to cry in good earnest.

"You said ——"

"I said it was too late!" The words came out of Louise in one burst.

"You haven't married Philip secretly!"

Louise shook her head. "No. But I can never marry anybody else—because—because ——"

Mary sat quite still, gazing at Louise, who flung herself face down on the bed and sobbed aloud. Always, as the elder sister, Mary had gone to her to soothe and comfort her. But now she did not move. She felt sick and she did not want to touch Louise. She rose, not able to endure her own sickness, and she went to the closet and took out a dress for the street.

Louise looked sidewise at her in the midst of her weeping. "Where are you going?"

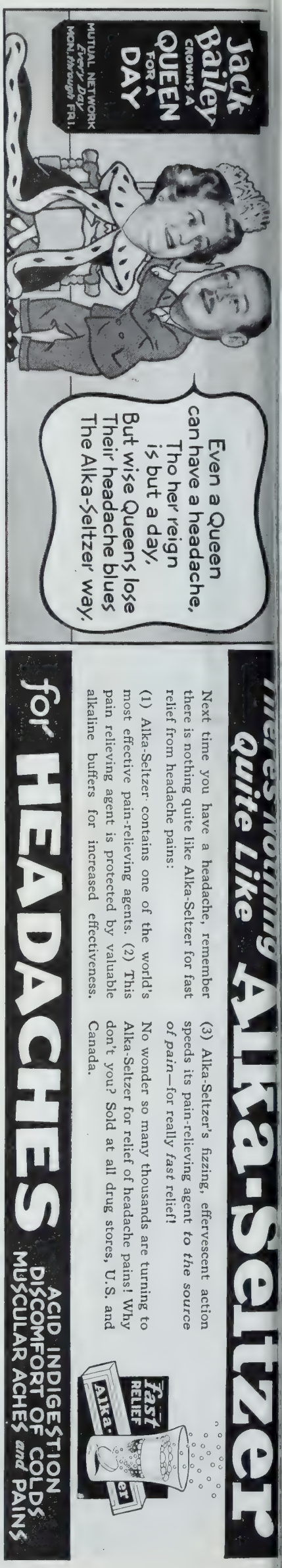
"Outdoors," Mary said. "I want to be alone."

Louise broke into a fresh wail. "Aren't you going to help me?"

Mary's hand was on the door, but she paused. "Yes, I will help you, but just now I don't know how. I shall have to think."

She walked slowly toward the river, biting her lips and trembling as she went. What could she do, indeed? Her parents, she knew, were worse than useless. They would be utterly bewildered. She felt profoundly lonely without her elder brother, the only person in the family with whom she could communicate. Since he had gone, she had scarcely spoken to anyone beyond the casual talk of small necessities.

Now her pent-up heart demanded frankness, and she began to think of Philip. He, too, was a part of this, and he ought to know what he had done to their family. A Chinese girl was part of her family, and what happened to her brought its weight upon them all. She ought to go and talk to Philip. James was not here, and Peter was too young, and so she must do it, for obviously her father



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would not so lower himself. He would say, and perhaps rightly, that Louise was to blame because the woman is always to blame.

She sighed and crossed the street to a drugstore. A moment later Philip's fresh tenor voice came over the wires.

"Philip Morgan?"

"Yes."

"This is Mary Liang. Could you—may I talk with you for a few minutes? Not over the telephone, I mean. It's—it's quite important."

A second passed, then two and three before he answered. "Yes, of course, Mary. Only it just happens that I have to meet my father. He's waiting at the office for me."

"If I got into a taxi, could we drive down together?"

There was the second's pause again. "All right, Mary."

In ten minutes she drew up before the quiet house in Sutton Place, and then she saw Philip come out the door.

"Hello, Mary."

"Hello."

"Stays hot, doesn't it?" he asked, trying to be hearty.

"Yes," she replied. Then she took her heart in her hands. "Philip," she began impetuously, "I have to hurry because I know you haven't much time. But I must tell you that my father has found out about you and Louise. He is very angry. He has told her that she must go to China right away. But I want to know how you feel. I mean—if you are in love with Louise ——" Her face burned scarlet and she forced herself to look at Philip.

The wise know too well their weakness to assume infallibility; and he who knows most, knows best how little he knows.

—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"I'm not in love—with anybody."

"Then why did you ——" she began, and could not go on. His profile was gentle and his lips were trembling. She felt rather sorry for him.

"I don't know how it happened," he stammered. "I like Louise awfully. We were all having too good a time, I guess."

"I suppose your family wouldn't want you to marry a Chinese girl, even if you did want to?"

"My mother wouldn't like it," Philip said huskily. "My dad is more . . . broad-minded. Of course we all like Louise awfully. She's pretty and smart and all that." There was no sign whatever of love in his voice or his eyes, and she grew angry enough to want to defend her sister.

"I suppose you don't know what you have done to our family," she said bitterly. "It is easy for you Americans, but for us—it just spoils her chances of a good marriage. I mean, it would have to be told."

"Gosh," he said miserably. "I'm sorry."

She wanted to wound him and she did not know how. "If it had been in the old times in China you'd both be killed," she went on.

"Gosh," he said again. "I guess we ought to be glad it's not old times."

To her surprise, when he said this she wanted to cry. He did not know what he had done and nothing could make him know because he had nothing with which to understand what he had done.

She leaned forward and tapped on the glass. "Let me out," she called to the driver. "I want to get out right here." She saw Philip's face, startled and concerned, looking at her through the glass as he whirled away.

On a warm September afternoon James was washing up after a leg amputation when the door opened and a hand thrust itself in, holding an envelope. It was that of young Wang, who was always afraid of seeing cutting and bleeding, and would on no account put his head into an operating room.

"An electric letter—from your father."

(Continued on Page 89)

HOW TO LEAD A HAPPY, USEFUL LIFE WITH

DIABETES

Diabetes results from the body's failure to make proper use of sugars and starches. This occurs when something goes wrong with the system's natural supply of insulin.

Since the development of prepared insulin, many advances have been made in treating and controlling diabetes. There is now hope that radioactive "tracers" and other research will contribute to a greater understanding of this disease.





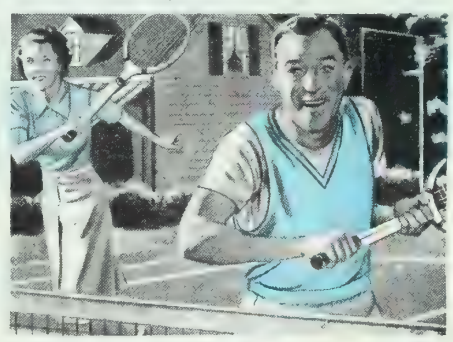
1. Today by utilizing current medical knowledge through close co-operation with the doctor, the average diabetic may look forward to living a happy, useful life.



2. Prepared insulin is sometimes used when the diabetic does not produce enough for his needs. New, slower-acting insulins make possible more accurate control of diabetes.



3. Diet determines the amount of sugar and starch taken into the body. In some cases, by balancing diet and exercise, diabetes can be controlled without added insulin.



4. Exercise helps keep blood sugar at a safe level by using up sugars and starches. Many diabetics, by following their doctor's advice, are able to continue their favorite sports.

Early discovery helps control diabetes

Since early diabetes has no obvious symptoms, discovery may come only when a doctor makes a urinalysis, and then, if necessary, a blood sugar test.

These tests are important for people most likely to get diabetes—those with a family history of the disease, and those who are overweight and past 40, particularly women. Everyone, however, should try to keep weight down, and to have a regular medical examination which includes a check-up for diabetes.

If diabetes *is* discovered, it is reassuring to note that with good medical supervision, the average diabetic is living much longer. At age 40, for example, his life expectancy is now more than twice what it was before insulin was discovered in 1921.

To learn more helpful facts about this disease, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet 118-J, "Diabetes."

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Santa is a smarty!

Just what I wanted . . . a Wear-Ever Pressure Cooker! And Santa proved he's smart because here's a gift that keeps on giving . . . free time away from cooking chores . . . tastier, more tempting meals . . . and welcome relief to my hard-pressed food budget. It makes economy cuts of meat deliciously tender and saves fuel too. And that patented Snap-Tite cover makes pressure cooking safe and simple. From now on . . . thanks to Santa cooking will be fun!

Your favorite store has Wear-Ever Aluminum Pressure Cookers in two sizes: a 4-Quart size and the big 7-Quart cooker (illustrated) that's fine for big families and serves double-duty as a home canner during canning season. Be a smart Santa too and make a hit with the "boss" of your kitchen!

WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK

WEAR•EVER pressure cookers

THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL COMPANY, NEW KENSINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 87)

James opened the message. Even in a cablegram his father could not quite resist the careful phrase. "The other children joining you in our homeland. Sailing today. Explanations to follow by airmail." He looked at the date. They had sailed yesterday.

The other children. Mary he would have welcomed—but all three of them, so young, so unprepared! What would he do with them? It was too late to cable back in protest. That was like his father too.

"Bad news?" Dr. Liu Chen asked. He had come in to wash up also, having today taken the place of the anesthetist who had died a week ago of cholera.

"Not exactly," James said. Had it been one of the other doctors he would not have gone on, but Chen was comfortable and kind. He had been educated at a small college in the United States and afterward he had taken his internship at a settlement hospital which no one knew of when he mentioned it. "My father tells me he is sending my two sisters and my brother to me, and I cannot imagine why, since they are all in school."

Chen, very clean and smelling of soap, was now carefully sharpening a small scalpel on a fine oiled stone. "Perhaps he wishes them to have something of their own civilization."

"Perhaps," James said. He went on again, troubled, "The question is where I shall put them. I shall have to find a house somewhere."

"That is not too difficult, provided you do not want what is called a modern house." Doctor Liu put the scalpel carefully into the sterilizer and turned on the electricity. "I have invented a sterilizer to be used with charcoal," he said. His square ugly face lit with enthusiasm as he spoke.

Long ago Liu Chen had given up improving his looks. He came of peasant stock, and would still have been a peasant had it not been for a missionary who taught him to read and then helped him to go to school. He had a good mind which held tenaciously everything he poured into it, but nothing was learned easily. Somewhat too slow to be a first-rate surgeon, he made up for this by taking a deep personal interest in his patients. This was especially true with children. James knew that this strange, uncouth man was different from all the other doctors. He had a living spirit in him which he was able to impart to the sick and which was better than cold skill.

"I should like to see your sterilizer," James said now.

CHEN turned away and pretended to adjust something on the handle of the door of the instrument case. "Someday," he said. "Meanwhile, can I help you to find a house? I know one in the hutung two streets to the north of here. It is perhaps somewhat large, but it is cheap because it is haunted."

"Haunted?"

"Yes—by weasels," Chen replied.

James laughed. "I will go with you to see the house this evening."

So it was arranged, and he could only spend the rest of the day at his usual work, wondering and waiting for the letter which his father had promised, and which, since it came by air, would reach him before he had to meet his sisters and brother.

After his hours were over he met Chen at the hospital gate and the two men walked briskly along the street, unheeding of the cries of ricksha pullers beseeching them to ride. One such fellow fell into cursing when neither James nor Liu Chen turned to hire him.

"You!" he shouted after them. "You ought not to use your legs and rob us of our wages! Such as you make communists of us!"

The two men did not turn, but they heard this. "Do you know anything about the communists?" James asked.

"No," Chen said shortly. "Nobody knows anything about them."

He quickened his pace and turned a corner and they walked down a quiet lane between high brick walls.

"This is the hutung," he said. "The gate is yonder."

THEY stepped over a high lintel and into a deserted court where the weeds grew high between the stones. Once inside, Chen closed the door safely. Then he pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his face and his bare head.

"Eh!" he said in a low voice. "You must not ask a man in broad daylight what he knows about the communists. It made my sweat pour out."

"You mean ——"

"I do mean that indeed," Chen said quickly. "Come, let us see the house. It is too big for you, but you can shut away some of the courts. Or I might rent a little one for myself."

"That would be pleasant," James said.

Chen laughed. "If your sisters are pretty!"

James did not laugh and neither did he answer.

Almost at once Chen saw that he had offended. "No—no," he said quickly. "I was only joking. I could not afford it. I have old parents to support."

"Have you wife and children?" James asked.

Chen shook his head somewhat moodily. "No, I have no wife. I cannot take a peasant woman because I am too good for her. But I am too much peasant for any of these new women, do you see? I am caught between old and new—I have no home and perhaps I am to have none."

"I cannot believe that," James said. "It seems to me rather that you are the best of both kinds of people."

This simple praise moved Chen, and he coughed as though he were choking. "Come," he said. "We must see the house."

This house had been a very handsome one when it was built and the strong walls and the stout beams held. But the paint was peeling from the wood and the lime had blistered on the walls. The stone floors were covered with a coat of sand blown there by many windstorms. There were none of the things to which Mary and Louise and Peter were accustomed. There was no bathroom, no heating of any kind, no electricity, no running water. There was a well; there were four large courts which held some good trees, and a terrace with ancient peonies still living; there were twelve large rooms, three to each court and connected with outdoor passageways whose balustrades were finely carved. James stared about him and Chen watched him.

"It looks too bad, does it not?" Chen said. "Still, a few women hired to clean, and you will see a different house. You can buy a foreign stove at the Thieves' Market and a carpenter will make some beds and tables and the tailor some bedding. You will see how easily it can all be done, and how cheaply. But perhaps you have plenty of money."

"I have not," James said quickly. His father must send him money, of course, and yet how well he knew that his father would often forget! Peter must go to college and so must Louise. Mary could teach somewhere. Between them they could pay the daily bills. "I will take the house," he told Chen; "and

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Night

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Over the hills and down the road
The night comes slowly now,
A vagabond with an old black hat
Pulled low across his brow.

In a coat of ragged shadows,
Gnawing the moon's stale crust,
He passes by our tight-shut doors,
A stranger few dare trust.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



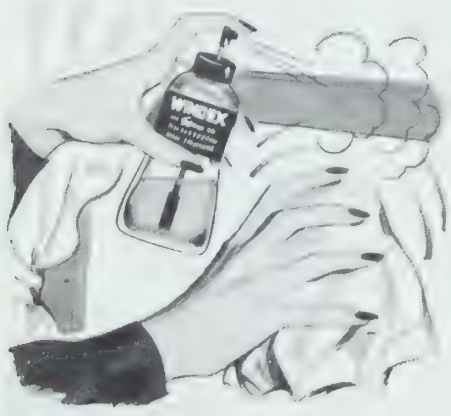
The S.O.S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. • S.O.S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



Tonight's Thanksgiving dinner
And the windows are not clean.



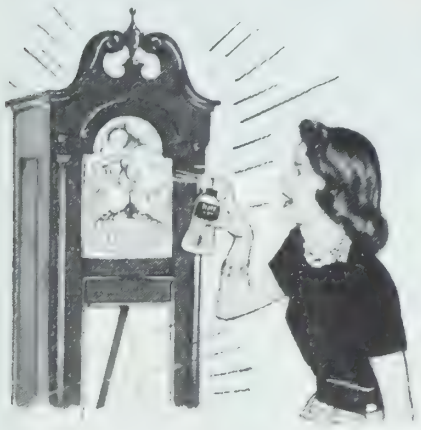
But Penny isn't fretting 'cause
There's Windex on the scene!



She sprays it on—she wipes it off!
Her windows gleam like new!



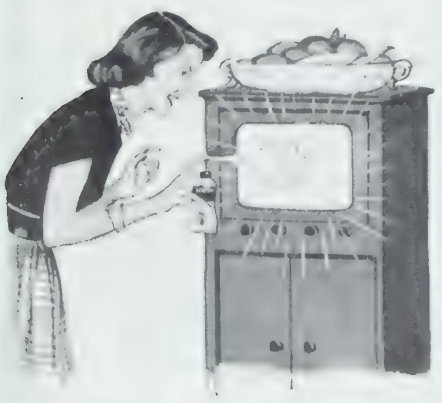
And Windex takes no time to dry
As many cleaners do.



Windex never sticks to corners
Makes no after-dust.



It never cakes, or runs, or streaks—
For cleaning, it's a *must!*



There's nothing glass that can't be cleaned
The speedy Windex way.



And that's why Penny's giving thanks
For Windex on this day!

Why pay high prices for window cleaners? Windex is only 15¢! And nothing beats it for cleaning glass because it's made *especially* for glass. Windex leaves no oily, waxy film, no streaks, no dust. Insist on Windex every time!

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Get Brighter Windows Quicker With—

WINDEX ® SPRAY

Costs only 15¢—even thriftier in the big 20-ounce size.

TUNE IN: DOROTHY KILGALLEN, Thursdays. See local paper for time and station.

mind you, if you want a room, you shall have it."

By now they had reached the inner court. It was quiet here and strangely peaceful. A great twisted pine stood against the house, and the walls held its fragrance, for no wind could reach here. Chen threw himself on the wild grass under the tree and James sat down beside him.

"You asked me about the communists," Chen said abruptly. "They have taken my own village, which is three hundred miles to the northwest. Therefore I do know something about them."

"Is your house safe?"

"Yes, for we are poor enough to be safe. My parents were tenants before the communists came. Their landlord was the usual sort, short-tempered, greedy, but not more than any others. When the communists came they strung him up by the thumbs and gave him a good beating and then allowed him as much land as he could work himself—no more. To my parents they gave a small farm. So now we are landowners!" Chen laughed dryly.

James smiled. "I suppose you like the communists."

Chen sat up and wrapped his arms about his knees. "No," he said, "no. Had I been only a peasant still, I dare say I would have been happy enough, but I am a doctor."

"Do they not want doctors?"

"THEY want them very much. They want them too much. They have offered me a great deal. But they cannot offer me enough." These words Chen spoke in short bitter sentences. He tugged at a clump of grass between two stones and it came up, root and all. "They wanted me to dip my hand in blood and swear something. Swear what? Nothing much: loyalty, brotherhood, eternal faith—all the usual oaths of a gang. But I have sworn my loyalties to all humanity. I told them so and they wanted to shoot me. So I left by night. Now you see why I have no home." Chen laughed a little wildly. He got up. "Come, let us settle the matter of this house! Its owner lives next door—a good old man who smokes opium, and he will give you a quick bargain for cash."

The days drew on and the expected letter from his father did not arrive. James was not surprised. He could imagine, as well as though he were in that New York apartment, how his father rose each morning, contemplating the writing of the letter, how after contemplation he postponed. From his mother, however, James did receive a letter, so rich with piety and good purpose that he was not able to discern from it what had happened—that it concerned Louise, that she had been foolish and led away by the Americans, that it was the elder brother's business to take the father's place and if James knew any nice young men and could arrange a marriage for Louise, undoubtedly that would be the solution, although he must not misunderstand and think that Louise had to get married —— James read it over thoughtfully three times and gathered that Louise was somehow a problem, as she had always been.

Without much enlightenment, therefore, he asked for a week's vacation and, with young Wang at his heels, he waited one day on the familiar pier in Shanghai for the steamship lighter. The day was windy and gray and the waterside was bleak. Small boats were pushing about, scavenging in the filthy river. Each had its family of man and woman and children and these looked cold and unhappy. He was sorry that the three who were coming to him must see the Bund on such a day. Even the tall modern buildings looked forbidding and alien, as though they did not belong here.

There was a shout from the wharf coolies; they threw out the great knots of woven rope and the lighter ground itself against the pier. The gangplank was lowered and he waited and the next minute he felt Mary's warm arms.

"You're looking well, Jim," Mary said breathlessly. "A little thin, maybe."

"Say, Shanghai is some place," Peter said.

No need to bear down!

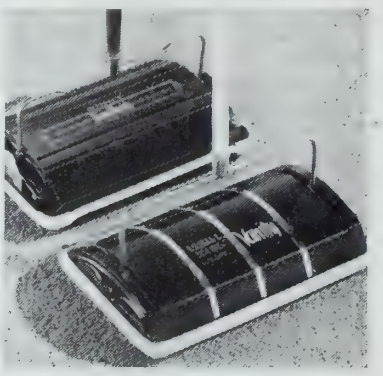
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Only Louise said nothing, and James saw that she was very much thinner indeed and that she looked as though she had been crying.

He had hired a carriage whose cushions had been newly covered with khaki and whose horse was something less starved than others. It seemed even a little cozy inside, especially when the big oilcloth apron smelling of tung oil had been fastened to hooks in the umbrella top and the horse trotted away from the pier.

"Well," James said, smiling on them all, "this is nice."

They smiled at him a little wanly, he thought.

"Louise was seasick," Mary said.

"So were you," Peter said.

"Not much, really," Mary retorted. "You are too proud of yourself, Peter."

The long sea voyage had worn down their tempers a little. "I wish I could have ordered a good day for you," James said, trying to be cheerful. Still, he told himself, it was as well to go through the streets behind this oilcloth curtain. Chinese people seemed always unprotected against rain and snow, and the bund lasted for so short a distance. Too soon the streets became crowded and disheveled.

The hotel entrance was pleasant and a smart doorman received them. The lobby was warm and lined with palms, and sheltered at least from the weather. It was not too different from what they were used to, James thought. Upstairs the rooms were clean. He had taken two, one for himself and Peter and one for the girls, with a connecting bath.

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man. —GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

"What measly towels!" Louise said when she looked in.

"I believe they are made in the factories here," James said.

"Why is it we can't do anything as well as other people?"

"Now, Louise," Mary said, "don't begin by being disgusted with everything."

"We'd better get some food," James said. "Then we can go to a movie this afternoon. That sounds like New York, doesn't it? Let's get ready."

He wanted very much an hour alone with Mary, but he knew that there would be no chance for this. In his room with Peter he did not know whether to ask questions or not.

"It's a great surprise, all this," he said. "Ma's letter didn't make anything very plain, either."

"It's a big fuss about nothing, if you ask me," Peter grunted. "Louise made pa angry. I never thought he really meant to ship us off, though. He threatens so many things he never does. But he went himself and bought the tickets and he wouldn't pay for any tuition for us. I want to turn right around and go back, of course. I'm still going to be an engineer."

James smiled. "Better stay a few months anyway, now you're here," he said. "I've fixed up rather a nice house in Peking for us all. It's a fine old city—makes you proud."

"Is it better than Shanghai?"

"I think so, anyway." James returned to the effort. "So you don't know really what Louise did?"

"Oh, I know," Peter said. "She's in love with Philip Morgan, and Phil doesn't want to marry anybody now. When he does he will probably marry some debutante."

James could not speak, watching this brother of his. Peter was utterly and completely foreign. He had nothing to help him here, no shred of knowledge to help him endure being Chinese. For it would be a matter of endurance. Peter had never absorbed either atmosphere or ideas from their



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father, and now James realized that the atmosphere of ancient Chinese philosophy which his father had so persistently built around them had helped him and Mary. Even after they understood its artificiality, and then perhaps its uselessness in these swift modern times, it had become a part of them. But Peter and Louise had come to despise it, and they were never deceived for an instant by its unreality.

"So Louise was sent here to get over a love affair."

"Something like that," Peter said briskly. He got up, bored by Louise. "Jim, if I stay for this autumn will you promise to make pa let me go home in time for midyears?"

"If you won't call it home," James replied. "This is home, you know."

"Oh, well—you know what I mean."

Long ago Mrs. Liang had learned not to open envelopes addressed to her husband. Therefore she did not open the yellow envelope which she hoped brought news of the children's safe arrival. It came after luncheon when he was taking a nap in his study, and she tiptoed to the door and listened. She could hear him breathing heavily, and she sighed and went back to the living room and sat down by the window

OUTSIDE in the park the leaves were beginning to fall, and this meant that winter would soon come. In Peking, the days were always sunny. Even when there came down a snowstorm from the north, it passed quickly. And how the bright red berries of Indian bamboo used to shine through the whiteness. She wiped her eyes quietly. When the winds blew here the tall building trembled and she was always afraid, although Liang grew so angry with her. Liang was often angry with her, and for many things she did not blame him.

He is not very happy here, too, she thought. *No one is happy away from the earth and waters of his own home.*

Suddenly she heard him cough. She ran to the door again and opened it softly. He was awake, but he looked unwell and pale. "Liang, here is an electric letter from the children."

"Give it to me," he said.

She stood waiting while he tore open the envelope with his thumbnail and took out the inner sheet.

"They have arrived safely and they are well."

A misty happiness filled her body. "So they are safe."

"Of course," he said. He stooped and pulled on his slippers. "You are always so fearful."

She understood that his nap had left him feeling heavy and uncomfortable, and so she said, "I will fetch you some hot tea and then it will be good for you to take a short walk in the park. You have to make a talk tonight before American ladies."

"I don't see why I am always compelled to make these talks."

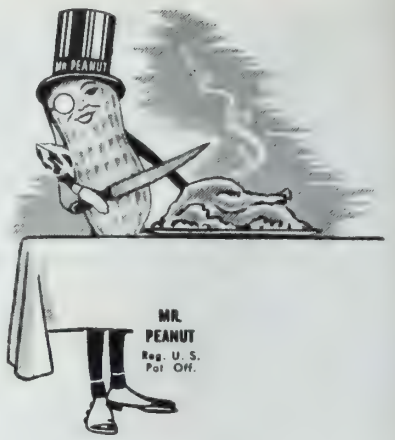
She hastened to agree with him. "Nor do I, Liang. How can women understand the things you talk about?"

She hoped to comfort him, but instead she made him very angry. "Not all women are like you," he said coldly. "There are even some women who appreciate the subject to which I have devoted my life."

"I am always wrong." She turned and went away to the kitchen. Had the children been here she would have answered him with some temper of her own, but a woman without children had no courage before a man.

In his own way Doctor Liang was suffering. He could not understand why his usual buoyancy had left him and why he felt dry and sad. He had done a great deal of work since the children went and made entirely new notes for his course in contemporary Chinese literature. The children's mother was of course somewhat depressed. That was inevitable. She was the mother type rather than the wife type. He had come to this conclusion long ago.

In his own way Doctor Liang thought a great deal about women. No woman could



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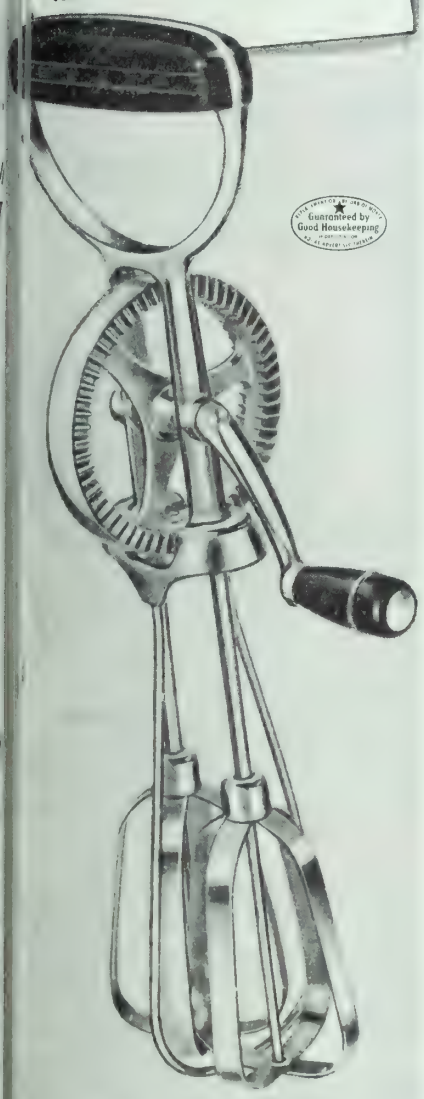


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have persuaded him from the path of rectitude, and he was a man genuinely chaste. Nevertheless, he analyzed many women in his mind. There was, for example, Violet Sung. Beautiful in the most truly exotic fashion, cultivated, even learned, Violet had come from Paris a few months ago to take New York by storm. She was besieged by suitors of every nationality, and she would marry none of them. The rumor now, however, was that she had accepted the love of a handsome middle-aged Englishman whose business interests kept him half the year in New York.

Doctor Liang was inclined to believe the rumor if only because of the bitter gossip raging among the Chinese. Chinese men were especially bitter, as if they felt that Violet had rejected each of them individually when she accepted an Englishman. Doctor Liang had philosophy enough to enjoy this jealousy and to acknowledge half humorously that he had some of it himself. He would have been thoroughly alarmed had Violet pursued him, but he enjoyed the deference which she had always shown him in public, and before others he indulged in a little domineering flirtation.

Violet Sung made a very interesting type for a philosopher to study. Someday he might work up a lecture on the difference between the mother type and the Violet type, and whether a man should have both in his life. In old-fashioned China, of course, all had been well arranged. The first wife was the mother. Thereafter a man took as concubine the other type. But this apparently

Unhappiness comes from thinking about oneself, rather than of something outside of oneself.

—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS: Autobiography With Letters (Oxford University Press).

offended the newer civilization of the Americans, who were not so naturalistic. A formula here had yet to be found.

At this moment Doctor Liang felt the need of an audience. He rose and went rather impetuously into the living room. "Eh," he said to Mrs. Liang. "I want to talk to you." He sat down on the chair opposite her, and linked together loosely his large, exquisitely shaped hands. "I want to ask you a question as a good mother," he said. "Do you prefer the western way of having concubines outside the family in secret or our old-fashioned way of bringing them into the family and allowing all children to be born under one roof?"

Mrs. Liang was smitten with fear. Was he thinking of taking a concubine? Her lips went dry and she stared at him. "What thoughts have you?"

But he did not see her fear. "I want to know what you think."

She collected her terrified thoughts. "Of course our way is better," she faltered. "Why should children suffer for what their father does?"

Her heart yearned over her own. . . . Of course if Liang wanted another woman he must bring her into this house. It would be shameful for him to descend to the sort of thing that foreigners did. Yet could she endure another woman here? No! She would go to her children. She was about to rise with dignity from her chair and tell Liang this.

He gave her no time either to rise or to speak. Instead he himself rose briskly. "Thank you," he said with unusual courtesy. "I wanted to know what you would think—the mother type ——"

He hastened back to his study and closed the door firmly and at once sat down and began to write fluently at his desk. He wrote for two hours, and when he came out Mrs. Liang had his supper on the table. He ate it with enjoyment, although he missed the tinge of garlic with which she would have seasoned the food had he not been going out that night. American ladies disliked the odor, and he could not sufficiently protect

(Continued on Page 95)



THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED...





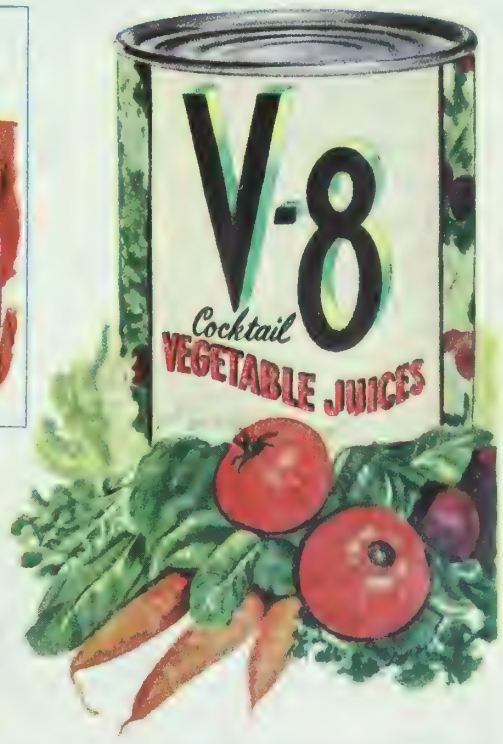


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NEW LA FRANCE IMPRESSES SCIENTISTS, DELIGHTS HOUSEWIVES

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When you wash with new La France with Luminess, deep greens and reds and browns become richer. Yellows and blues achieve more brightness. Wash dresses that have grown drab in many washings suddenly become crisper in color, new-looking. It's the Luminess that does it...that amazing Luminess!

What a wonderful discovery for women who have become resigned to bluings that dull colors or to bleaches that tend to bleed all brightness out of garments. Try new La France yourself... but be prepared to be amazed!

With new La France, you don't need to worry about washing fast-color and white things separately. New La France will whiten the white things and brighten the colored things in the same washer-load or tubful simultaneously.



New La France provided by Bendix in new washers!

Enthusiastic Comments from Users of the New La France

"Thanks to La France I now wash and blue in one operation—and my clothes have never looked better or brighter. Thanks a million for time-saving, back-saving La France." *Mrs. J. Spellerberg, Ferndale, Mich.*

"I have been using La France for years and I didn't think you could beat it till I tried the new La France with Luminess. All I can say is that La France is even better now and that means it's simply wonderful. It gets clothes so much whiter that you can definitely see the difference!" *Mrs. R. J. Tufts, Chicago, Ill.*

"La France plays the leading role in my colorful clothesline show! Gay-colored prints, white shirts, and bordered towels all have a sparkle that's brighter than new! It's a 'must see'! La France—I love it!" *Mrs. J. Darrow, Plymouth, Mich.*

Amazing New Whitening Compound Actually Adds Whiteness to Clothes

Also increases brightness of every color in the rainbow

By FRANCES BARTON

Hoboken, New Jersey, Nov. 1948—Out of the laboratory has finally come a new answer to an old question! "How can I wash white clothes so that they will look whiter?"

For many years it has been the custom to bleach or to blue clothes to make them appear whiter. Now, a new compound has been developed by a group of chemists which outmodes all regular bluings as surely as the electric iron outmodes the iron your grandmother heated on the stove.

So new is this compound that its remarkable action is as impressive to many chemists and physicists as to housewives.

This compound is called Luminess, and it is now being used in the new La France bluing flakes.

All white clothes are white because they reflect light . . . colored clothes are bright because they reflect light. The more light they reflect, the whiter and brighter they are.

This wonderful new substance, Luminess, makes them reflect more light than they do naturally, thereby making them whiter and brighter than ever before.

Gets Clothes Whiter!

If you wash your white and colored things (clothes, tablecloths, anything) with your regular soap or detergent *and* with new La France containing Luminess, you find they don't grow dingier and grayer as time goes on. They actually grow whiter... keep right on getting more so each time you wash!

After half a dozen washings, clothes are just as white, or whiter than they were when you bought them at the store. This is true no matter what brand of soap or detergent you use.

La France is simple to use. It comes in the form of a bluing flake. You simply add it to the wash water along with your soap or detergent. No bother. It works automatically while you wash. It works so well that the makers of the Bendix Automatic Washing Machine *include a package of new La France in every washer they sell!*



SAFER THAN ANY BLEACH!

Until new La France was developed no other product could begin to do anywhere near the whitening job that bleaches do. Now La France with Luminess will do a miraculous whitening job, and do it *safely.*

Besides being such a good whitener La France has a great advantage over bleaches. Any bit of washes, be it silk, cotton, rayon, linen or nylon, will never be weakened by La France. But, remember, La France is a whitener and brightener, not a stain remover. If you have a stubborn spot or stain, you'll need a bleach.

In fact, when you put new La France in with your soap or detergent, shirts, sheets, towels and other white washables come out whiter than they do when you put a bleach in with the suds.

La France works wonders because it actually adds whiteness to the material, whiteness that *stays* in it.

Why don't you try one-quarter package of new La France next time you wash?

BETTER THAN ANY BLUING

We had La France tested by many housewives who were users of old-fashioned liquid ball or cube bluing. These women were used to taking great precaution against streaking, spotting and over-bluing.

They found there was no need for such precautions with new La France. La France goes right in with the soap; the simple motion of the clothes through the water dissolves La France completely. It can't possibly spot or streak.

Because La France with Luminess *actually adds whiteness* to your white clothes, there's never a trace of blue on anything washed with La France. And don't forget, it *brightens* colors, too!

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LA FRANCE BLUING FLAKES—

with whitening, brightening Luminess!

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

(Continued from Page 95)

saw. Peter and his sisters were sitting in the large central court under the light of three paper lanterns which young Wang had strung to the great pine tree. Little Dog had brought out a teapot and some chairs, and Wang was squatting on his heels playing a flute. It was just as he would have liked Chen to see them. He introduced them quickly.

Little Dog ran to fetch more chairs and his mother fetched bowls and some small cakes and a dish of watermelon seeds, and young Wang, retiring behind the pine tree, continued to play softly his gently winding airs. It was very pleasant. In a little while they were all gay, for Chen revealed that he knew sleight of hand.

"I had an uncle who was a traveling juggler," he confessed. "My uncle would not work, and since he had long thin hands without any bones, my grandfather feared he might become a pickpocket and disgrace an honest family. So he apprenticed him to a juggler."

They all watched Liu Chen and laughed continually at what he could do. He took bowls of water out of the air and he swallowed lighted cigarettes and made Louise's earrings disappear.

"I have tried to persuade Chen to come and live with us," James said.

"Oh, yes," Louise cried eagerly. "That would be fun."

"There is plenty of room," Mary said, "and we'll all live more cheaply, several together."

Chen looked about on them, a half-smile still upon his lips. "Well, well, I will think about it," he said. "Perhaps it is too soon. I have bad table manners and when I sleep I snore loudly."

The end of it was that in less than a week Chen moved into the house, taking the far-end room beyond Peter's. To Little Dog young Wang said, "Now there is somebody in the house who knows what must be done. He is no foreigner like the others."

Genius is a perception of the obvious which nobody else sees.

—LOUIS TUCKER: Clerical Errors. (Harper & Brothers).

Mrs. Liang's letter reached her children only after a month. She had not understood that extra stamps were needed for air mail and so it had been carried across the ocean by an ordinary steamship, had awaited the pleasure of a clerk in the Shanghai post office who had just got himself married, and had reached the hospital in mid-autumn.

The autumn was unusually fine. There had been no high winds and therefore little dust, and the camel caravans had not yet come in for the winter to stir up the streets with their huge flopping feet. Since it was the first really peaceful year since the Japanese had withdrawn, the chrysanthemums were large and fine. Mary had gone drunk with pleasure in them. Chrysanthemum venders had learned that if they came to the gate early in the morning before she went to the hospital or late after she came back, they were sure of a sale. She had bought dozens of pots. The court was lined with them, and they stood against the walls of the house inside the rooms.

SHE was very happy. She loved the house, and she missed nothing of what she had had in New York. The privacy of the court, the shade under the great leaning pine, all was as she liked it. Especially she liked the simplicity of life. There was no machinery to vex by breaking down just when it was needed most. Little Dog's mother and Little Dog himself were excellent servants, provided one made certain of a few rules of cleanliness. Little Dog must not wash his clothes in the dishpan, and Little Dog's mother must not wash the rice bowls by running her finger around them in a pail of cold water. She explained to them earnestly about germs, and argued with Chen when he simply said everything must be eaten hot.

In the hospital, as at home, Mary was almost completely happy. That she was not altogether so was because of her sincere anger whenever one of the doctors failed to be as careful of the children under her care as she thought he should be. Upon a Saturday morning, as she was preparing to go home for the midday meal, she stopped at the hospital post office and there found her mother's letter. It was thick, and it would be full of news, and they would read it aloud at the table together.

Saturday was always a pleasant day, for they did not hurry back to the hospital and Peter had a holiday from the college. This afternoon they had planned a walk to the chrysanthemum market.

She waited for James to finish his first bowl of rice. Then she said, "Here is a letter from ma."

"Good!" James exclaimed. "I was secretly beginning to worry, for pa has not written at all, although he promised he would."

Chen rose. "I will go away," he said politely.

James pressed him down, "Sit down, sit down," he said. "Now you are our brother."

"THERE is no telling what is in ma's letters," Peter said with some mischief.

So Mary began to read. Every now and then she paused and turned the letter this way and that, for their mother's writing was entirely individual and she went by sound rather than by the correct way of shaping a character.

Upon this Peter gave some advice. "You make a mistake to examine ma's writing," he said. "Take a deep breath as though you were about to run a race, and then go as fast as you can, by sense only."

They laughed and Mary, in fun, did what Peter had told her to do. Thus she rushed straight into the part of Mrs. Liang's letter where she told of the possibility of a concubine and her determination to leave the house in such case. There Mary stopped. They looked at one another aghast. Even Louise was startled and put down her chopsticks.

"I told you I should not be here," Chen said.

"Why not?" Mary demanded. "If pa has been so foolish ——"

"I do not believe it," James said severely.

Peter turned to Louise. "You know pa better than any of us," he said. "Can you think of anyone who seemed . . . special to him?"

Louise looked thoughtful. It was painful to remember all the gaiety of those days in New York in comparison with the dullness of her present life, but she forced herself to do so. "I do think that pa used to talk more to Violet Sung than to any of the rest."

Peter groaned loudly. "Oh—that . . . female!"

"Hush!" James said. "Who is Violet Sung?"

Louise cast a sidelong look at her brother. "She is a friend of Lili's."

James compelled his face not to change. He put on his most elderly-brother look and said quietly, "I feel sure that pa will not do such a thing. Give me the letter, Mary. I will finish it in private, and then I will write to him for us all. Of course if we are wrong about pa, it is quite true that ma must come to live with us."

"Then I will go and take care of pa," Louise said eagerly. "I am sure Violet will not be a good housekeeper. She is very beautiful, in that French sort of way. And you know how pa is—he's very intellectual, but at the same time he's used to the way ma looks after him, and Violet would never put a hot-water bottle in his bed or see that his ties are cleaned and his shoes brushed." Her face lit with joy, and they all pitied her, for they knew that it was not to their father that she wished to return.

James rose and went into the other room, and Louise silently followed him. The others left behind ate what they wished of the remainder of the meal. Mary's appetite was gone, and Chen, feeling sorry for her, had not the heart to seem hungry. When she put

(Continued on Page 99)




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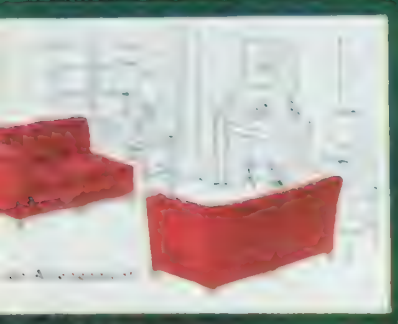
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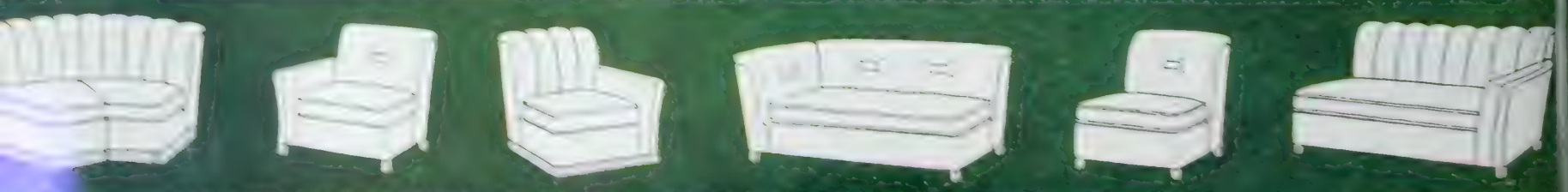
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(Continued from Page 97)

dom her chopsticks he put down his, and taking the tea bowl, he went out into the cor..

"If I thought pa really were so wicked, I would declare myself not his daughter," Mary said. Every day in the newspapers in Peking daughters and sons declared themselves free of their parents, because, they said, these parents were too old-fashioned and did not have the interest of the nation at heart.

"Pa is very deep," Peter said. "He is full of Confucianism and all that rotten old stuff. You should hear the fellows here at college talk about Confucius. Why, Confucius was only a reactionary. Hygiene and science are equally backward here, because Confucius has kept back our people."

"I don't see what this has to do with pa!" Mary cried.

"It has everything to do with him," Peter said. "Pa is a reactionary too. That's why he doesn't dare to come back to China. He is afraid some progressive will stab him in the back in a dark alley." Seeing the impression he had made, he went on. "I have learned a lot at the college. I never knew before how much the fellows here hate pa. I have to say only that I don't agree with him."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Mary said warmly. "Your own father!"

"Yours too. It was only a minute ago that you were talking about being independent of him."

Thus caught, Mary lost her temper. "Oh, shut up!" she said in English, and feeling the tears come to her eyes, she rose and went to the court, wanting to be alone.

Chen, however, was still there. He had sat down on the bench under the great tree to pick his teeth and consider how he could be useful.

When he saw Mary he laid the toothpick in his hand and rose politely.

"Please," Chen said, "sit down for a moment. I have been thinking about the letter. My conclusion is that your mother has made some mistake. If your father were really considering such a step he could not take it in America, where a concubine is not a recognized person. Moreover, I have discovered that intellectuals seldom carry on a genuine love affair. Take the doctors in our hospital. They talk a great deal about love and women when we are alone together. Actually, for them love is theoretical. Your father is no longer young. He is the less likely then to undertake a love affair in practical terms. Please write to your mother and tell her that she is probably mistaken."

Seventy-one is a burden to himself and others—a brittle elm tree to have near you. —GEORGE MEREDITH.

MARY had listened to this somewhat long speech without removing her eyes from Chen's face. As he stood there under the pine tree with the sunlight falling through the branches, she saw as if for the first time that the look in his eyes was good, friendly and true.

"Come and sit under the pine tree," Chen said to Mary. "The air is cool and fragrant. You need not talk. Let us just sit in quietness."

Doctor Liang received his son's letter on a cool night in October. He had just come home, with Mrs. Liang, from a very enjoyable occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Li had announced the formal engagement of their daughter Lili to Charles Ting, the son of Timothy Ting, who, it was expected, would be China's next ambassador to the Court of St. James's. It had been a distinguished party. The great wealth of the Li family was joined to the high position of the Ting family, and the Waldorf-Astoria had done its best. The food was superb, the best of Chinese and American, and champagne and the finest teas were served.

Doctor Liang had reached the party with carefully timed lateness and immediately he was surrounded by people. Mrs. Liang drifted away with her usual quiet and found herself a comfortable chair and sat down. She gazed at the crowd of people around him and her eyes were caught by the figure of a beautiful Chinese woman who had something foreign about her. She wore a tight, perfectly fitting robe of deep violet velvet, with pearls at her throat and in her ears. Her high-heeled slippers and handbag were gold. She sauntered near Doctor Liang and in a moment or two they had clasped hands. Mrs. Liang instantly felt that this was the woman who had made him think of concubines. She leaned toward another stout, middle-aged Chinese lady who sat silent a few feet away.

"Who is the woman in the velvet robe?"

The Chinese lady looked toward Doctor Liang. "That is Miss Violet Sung."

"I never saw her before," Mrs. Liang said.

"She is from Paris," the lady replied. "She is said to be very clever. It is also said that she is the mistress of that Englishman."

WITH her little finger the lady pointed toward a tall, grave-looking foreigner who was smoking his pipe and smiling at a small, earnest-looking American woman whose gown was slipping from her shoulders.

Mrs. Liang looked at them vaguely. "How do these western women keep their dresses from falling off?"

"I have often wondered, but I do not know one of them well enough to ask such a question."

"Standing above her like that," Mrs. Liang went on, "that Englishman must be able to observe her bosom."

"Doubtless," the lady agreed.

They fell into silence and Mrs. Liang's eyes returned to her husband and Miss Violet Sung. She felt better now that she knew Miss Sung was already attached to a man, but still she disliked her. Also she knew her own old man. He would play about a woman with renewed zeal when he knew she was attached to another man.

She decided that the time had come for her to be active, and so she rose and walked rather stiffly to where Doctor Liang stood talking to Miss Violet Sung. "Eh, Liang!" Mrs. Liang said in Chinese. "I begin to grow hungry."

His face, so lighted with happiness a moment before, grew suddenly cold. "Ah, yes, yes," he said.

Mrs. Liang stared at Violet Sung, then she put out her plump hand. "How do you do, Miss Violet Sung," she said in English. "I have heard your name. I am Mrs. Liang, and this is my husband."

Violet Sung's slim hand touched hers. "Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Liang—we were just going to get something to eat."

"Come with us," Mrs. Liang said. "There is food enough for everybody."

"Thank you." Violet Sung had a sweet, deep voice. "But please excuse me." She smiled and slipped away, and they saw her join the Englishman and go toward the dining room.

Mrs. Liang stood stolidly beside Doctor Liang. "She is mistress to that Englishman."

"Please don't speak so loudly," Doctor Liang replied, with too much politeness.

As the evening proceeded, Mrs. Liang found two old friends whom she had known in China, and the three ladies sat in a quiet corner and told one another of their difficulties with white servants and the thieveries of American grocery clerks with short-weight scales. All the ladies had children and Mrs. Liang confided that her eldest son James, the most brilliant student ever to have graduated from his medical college here in New York, and now in Peking, where he was to be the head of the hospital next year, had once thought himself in love with Lili Li. However, he soon saw that while Lili was very pretty, she was also spoiled and selfish, and not at all the wife for a man who would one day be famous.

"It is difficult indeed, to be the wife of a famous man," Mrs. Liang sighed. "For example, my husband—what he will eat and what he won't eat, the sort of undershirts he will wear and he won't wear, the hours when

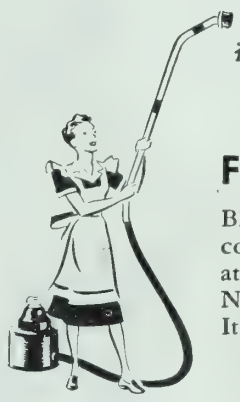
(Continued on Page 102)



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America's BAGLESS Vacuum Cleaner

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You can *make over* your Living Room with a new rug and a plan ...thanks to Alexander Smith

Mrs. Bernard Daxon, of Kearney, Nebraska, tells how the Daxons made an old room new—with an Alexander Smith Rug, and a decorating plan from Clara Dudley, your color-scheme consultant at Alexander Smith.



I'd taken our living room for granted, with its aged rug and artless color scheme, until Kathryn grew up to her first formal dress. But a fifteen-year-old girl looks at things with fresh, seeing eyes. And when Dax, my husband, and I took a really good look at the room we live in most, we decided Kathryn's fifteen-year-old eyes saw *right*. The room was more homely than homelike.

The old rug in the living room deserved a pension. Kathryn offered to help buy a new one with money she earned detasseling corn last Summer. Naturally, Dax and I wouldn't let her. But we figured out what we could afford to pay for a nice, new rug, and then went to see Harold Swan, our furniture dealer here in Kearney.



We chose a Floor-Plan Rug from Alexander Smith—one of those wonderful broadloom rugs, ready-made in room sizes. Ours is 9′ x 13′6″—$119.50, or $23.90 down and the balance monthly, if we wanted terms. Mr. Swan told me that Clara Dudley, Alexander Smith's color-scheme consultant, would work out a decorating plan just for us. He gave me her Workshop Questionnaire. I filled it out that very day and mailed it to her.



COPYRIGHT 1948, ALEXANDER SMITH & SONS CARPET COMPANY



Clara Dudley worked out our color-scheme starting from the rose-and-pink rug we'd bought to go with our pink walls. She sent me fabric and paint samples... even a room-plan for our furniture. Then we all rolled up our sleeves and got down to work.



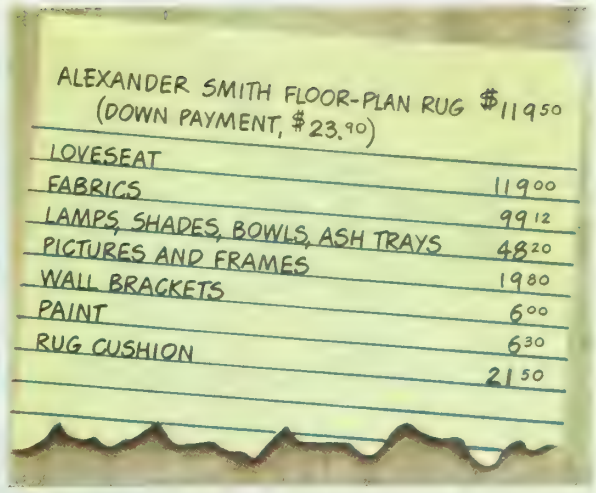
Grandma Daxon, Jimmie's best friend and sincerest admirer, looked on while Jimmie unpacked the loveseat—our only new piece of furniture. Grandma homesteaded in the Nebraska sandhills back in 1906. Pretty things mean a lot to her.



The most fun was the window. Dax is an engi-
:er, and Gerry, my 12-year-old, can do anything.
Between them they managed this chintz-covered
ame. Clara Dudley suggested we paint this one
all blue-grey, to make the room seem larger.



Gerry and Jimmie helped Kathryn roll out the rug. Isn't it amazing—the difference a good rug makes in a room, from the moment it's down! You can *feel* the improvement. As Kathryn solemnly assures us, "A rug is the base of a room's decoration."



We could have frittered away, so easily, the money we've invested in our home. But we're so glad we have something *substantial* to show for our money —something we can all enjoy. We can't imagine, now how we could have lived in that old room so long.



Our beautiful new room means more to Kathryn, I think, than her first real date did—corsage and all. How she loves to bring her friends home, now. Our Alexander Smith Rug, of course, is a beauty. And Clara Dudley's plan for us is exactly what we'd have dreamed up ourselves, if we'd just known how. Jimmie says, and we all agree, "We're the *luckiest* family in Nebraska."

Let Clara Dudley help you, too. Go to your favorite store. Buy *your* Alexander Smith Rug. Ask for Clara Dudley's Workshop Questionnaire. Fill it out and send it in for a decorating plan worked out *just for you.* Or, for Clara Dudley's new, FREE color-idea book, "Colorama," write Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Company, 285 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York.

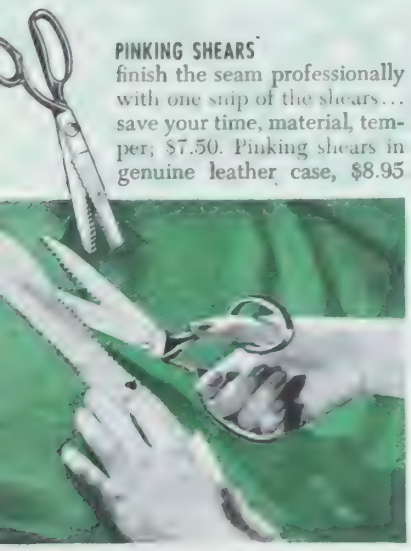
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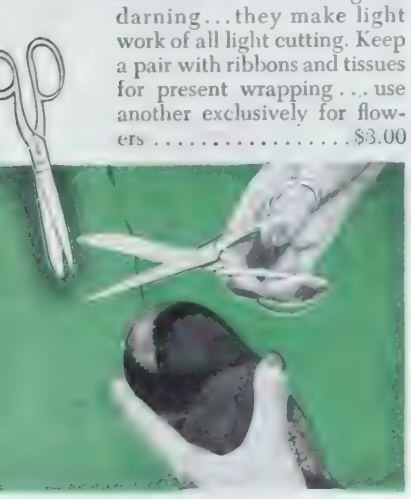


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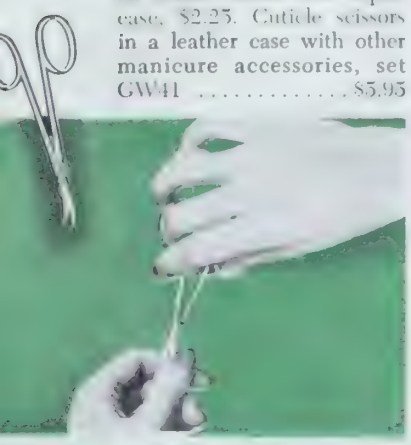
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CUTICLE SCISSORS with delicate, razor-sharp blades let you remove cuticle on either hand with equal ease, $2.25. Cuticle scissors in a leather case with other manicure accessories, set GW41 .....$5.95





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(Continued from Page 99)

he cannot be disturbed and the hours when he must be amused."

The two listening ladies looked at Doctor Liang, who was now talking with the Englishman. Violet Sung was not near either of them. She was dancing with a young Frenchman, and so beautifully that people were standing about to watch.

"I don't think you could expect the return of Hong Kong," the Englishman was saying to Doctor Liang. "We're rather more responsible than before for the peace of the East, especially with Russia kicking about there in Manchuria. And there are your own communists, my dear sir. What are you going to do about them?"

Doctor Liang smiled gracefully. "I'm a mere man of letters," he said softly. "I don't occupy my mind with such things."

"Ah yes, well," Ranald Grahame said. "Somebody has to, you know."

His eyes wandered about the room and fell on Violet, dancing with that chap Pierre du Bois. He watched them in silence, so suddenly grave that Doctor Liang, with his delicate intuition, felt alarmed. He would not like that look directed against him! Thus thinking, he said that he must be going home, and then he drifted across the room, and found Mrs. Liang.

Doctor and Mrs. Liang rode home in total silence and Mrs. Liang leaned her head in a corner of the taxi and dozed. When they got home they found the letter from James.

"It is from the children," Mrs. Liang cried with pleasure. "Come, let us read it at once."

"I would like a cup of hot tea," Doctor Liang said. "While you make it I will just cast my eyes over the letter."

She looked wistful, but being anxious to keep him in good humor, she went obediently to the kitchen and set the kettle on to boil. She waited until the kettle boiled and she had infused the tea. Then with teapot and two bowls she went to the study.

What she saw caused her to set the teapot down hastily on the table. "Liang, what is wrong?"

He was tearing the letter into small pieces. "So," he said, between set teeth, "you think I am about to take a concubine!"

She turned pale and sat down. "I did think so," she faltered, "and I told the children I could not stay here if you did."

"And whom would I take as a concubine?"

"I didn't know," she said, still faltering. "But one day you came and asked me what I thought about concubines ——"

"Fool!" he said bitterly. "I was only writing an essay about women."

She looked at him confounded. "Was that all?"

"That was all."

She turned and tried to pour a bowl of tea, but her hand shook and she gave it up. "You will have to pour your own tea," she said, beginning to sob.

She made for the door blindly, her handkerchief to her eyes, but he stopped her. "Have I ever been unfaithful to you?"

She shook her head, her eyes still hidden behind her handkerchief. "Not altogether."

"What do you mean not altogether?" he demanded. "Either one is or is not unfaithful."

She was very tired. She was so tired that she felt reckless and inclined to tell the truth, even though the children were not here to protect her.

"What is this faithful and unfaithful? It is all in the eyes and the mind. Do you think I do not know the look in your eyes and on your mouth when you are being faithful with me? And when I see the same look when you look at that Violet Sung and—and any other such woman, do I not know what you are being? You are not a man with a single kind of mind in you. You are like this"—Mrs. Liang's fingers described in the air contradictory and secret convolutions—"winding this way and that way and this way. I know you!"

Upon this she burst into loud sobs and rushed out the door. Tomorrow morning, she told herself, she would empty the wastebasket herself in the kitchen and collect the scraps and piece together the children's letter.

Doctor Liang got up and poured himself tea and drank it slowly. When this was done he took out his Confucian classics and began to read them. The book fell open of itself at the pages upon which Confucius, more than two thousand years ago, had recited his hatreds. Smug people Confucius hated, rumormongers he hated, spies he hated, and wily persons who pretended to be honest gentlemen. He hated the color purple because it put to confusion the good color of red, and he hated prigs because they confused themselves with virtuous people. Then Confucius ended the list of his hatreds with these words: "Women and uneducated people are the most difficult to deal with. When I am familiar with them they become impudent, and when I ignore them, they resent it."

Doctor Liang read these words thoughtfully, drank a little more tea and prepared himself to sleep all night upon the couch here in his study. He felt lonely. That was the worst of going to an evening party. One was deceived by the noise, the glitter, the appearance of friends. Then home seemed cold and empty.

Perhaps he had been hasty about sending the children away. Or perhaps, indeed, he and their mother should now think about returning to China. A pleasant house in Peking with a garden, his children there, he and the mother growing old, honored and respected as only in China are the old honored and respected! Perhaps he might even be the president of a university, since he did not want to go into politics. He was on the brink of going upstairs to find his wife and to tell her impulsively that at last he was about to yield to her wishes. He hesitated, however. It was his habit never to allow himself to appear reconciled in less than twenty-four hours. He put out his hand to turn on the radio, since he could not sleep, and at the same moment the last news commentator was finishing his summary of the world's news for the day:

"In Peking the day was marked by stormy protest from the students. Five thousand university students went on strike against the arrest of twenty-five of their fellows who have been in jail since yesterday for ——"

He winced and turned off the radio. A scholar must have peace. Resolutely he closed his eyes and in a slow murmuring voice he began to recite the Book of Songs, written hundreds of centuries ago. It was better than a bromide, and in less than a quarter of an hour he was fast asleep.

Still later did Ranald Grahame sit up talking to Violet. They did not so much share one apartment as live in connecting ones. He was not the sort of man who wanted domesticity, and certainly she was not the woman to provide it. He had explained that to Violet so there would be no misunderstanding. He believed in being as honest with women as he was with men.

This honesty compelled him now to demand an explanation of her behavior. He had left the party early because he would not allow himself to make a spectacle be-

(Continued on Page 105)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Good-Will Tour

By Berniece Bunn Christman

No kitchen is a kitchen,
** However white the walls,**
Without the small inspectors
** In dress or overalls**
Who file discreetly in
** With tender glances drowning,**
To ask you how you've been,
** And check on what is browning.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

HE: "*Beautiful!*" SHE: "*I made it for a song—thanks to the* SINGER SEWING CENTER!"

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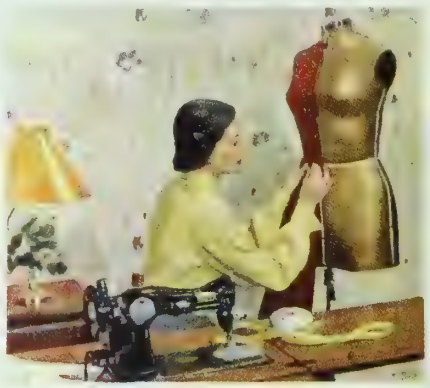
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• **Covered buttons, matching belt**—your SINGER SEWING CENTER will make them for you, at pin-money prices. Dress shown is Simplicity Pattern No. 2611.



• **The idea that home sewing** is bound to look homemade is as old-fashioned as the old short hemline! In a few simple lessons, SINGER experts can teach you to get such smooth-looking results your friends will hardly believe you made the dress yourself. Every step from pattern-adjusting to placket fitting is made so clear, so easy, you simply can't go wrong.



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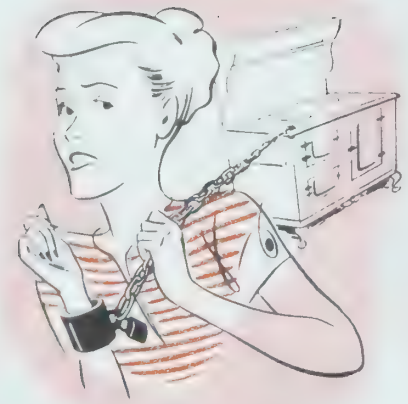
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(Continued from Page 102)

others, and had waited two hours for
let in a state of cold rage mounting to
solute frigidity by the time she came in,
utiful in her pallor. He was waiting in her
ing room, and she lifted her eyes in sur-
e at him.

"You still here, Ranald!" She threw off
short sable coat. "Shall I make you a
ink?"

He had risen meticulously when she came
nd now he sat down again. "No, thanks—
han't stay but a moment. You must be
ed."

She sat down gracefully weary and pushed
k her hair. "I am, rather. Pierre wanted
show me a new night club—a French one.
lot of his friends were
re. That was a stupid
party, wasn't it? Frightly Chinese, I thought.
looked as though everydy were there, but when
e examined the crowd,
ere was really not one
rson who was wrong, you
ow." She had the trick
speaking English in varus ways—to an American as an American,
an Englishman as an Englishwoman. She
oke five other languages as easily, one of
em Russian.

But she was not a spy, nor anything indeed
cept what she seemed to be, a rootless,
autiful woman, floating on any surface,
d without depths of her own into which to
tire. Her father had been an old-fashioned
hinese, whose origins even she did not
now, and she had never known her French
other. When her father died, leaving no
her family, she had traveled with her servnts, a married French couple who made her
home wherever she was. Until she met the
nglishman she had had only one lover, a
otheaded, jealous Brazilian who had made
er wretched and yet who had made it imossible for her to live alone. She had fled
om him, and then really fallen in love with
anald, in her quiet, peculiar way. He was
stful and he gave her a sense of security.

The happiest time of life is between seventy and eighty, and I advise everyone to hurry up and get there as soon as possible.

—JOSEPH CHOATE.

"I quite realize that you and I have no claim on each other," Ranald was saying, "and I make no claim now." He was very straight and tall and his pale, firm face was distinguished-looking. "Nevertheless, I cannot have it said that you allow yourself to be exhibited by a Frenchman or any other man. I demand of my mistress the same good taste which I might demand of my wife, if I had one."

"You needn't say that to me, Ranald. All my Chinese common sense tells me that I shall never find as good a man as you. There are times when you seem a little dull to me, you know, and then Pierre or somebody like him is fun—just for an hour or so. But if you don't like it, I can easily do without fun. I'd much rather be able to count on you and have you count on me."

He acknowledged to himself that her honesty was equal to his. "Thank you, my dear," he said with some heartiness and entire sincerity. "So long as we understand each other! All the same, I'd advise not dancing too long with one man or sitting too long, for that matter. You went to that extreme with Doctor Liang the last time. I didn't say anything, for I felt you couldn't be interested in him—a wishy-washy sort of man, I thought."

"Distinguished," she murmured in her Chinese way. "With us a man does not have to be brutal or strong. Delicacy is also appreciated. Subtlety is admired."

He was not without his own subtleties. "You are more French than Chinese under that smooth golden skin of yours," he remarked.

She laughed. "That is exactly what is the matter with me."

He allowed himself a smile. He was really very fond of her. She knew how to be comfortable as well as passionate. The combination was irresistible.

(To be Continued)

A WEEK END IS NOT ENOUGH

(Continued from Page 39)

erious and she knew it was the real thing, but
ometimes she was baffled by the knowledge
Vic had that she did not possess, the experince that lay in his years, and the easy assurnce with which he took things in stride; but
t the same time she was flattered that a man
ke him should be charmed by her.

"What shall we do?" she said eagerly.

"Let's drive somewhere this week end," he said impulsively. "Get out in the country where we can breathe."

She felt as if he were handing her the challenge of his experience, asking her to partake of it, yet she was not sure of what it consisted.

"Wouldn't you like to?" he asked when she did not answer at once. "Get away from everything, get off somewhere where we don't know anyone. It would be fun."

She looked up at him; he was watching her closely, she tried to see what he meant, but such a warmth of feeling spread through her at his nearness that she pushed the disturbing implication aside. She murmured quickly, "It would be fun," and after that she wanted to go if only to be with him.

There had been only one moment that had unsettled her since they started, and it had belonged entirely to her. They had been driving for some two hours when Vic spied the sign of the Golden Horn Inn on the edge of a quiet town. He slowed the car, brought it to a stop beside the rambling white frame building trimmed in red. There was a small front yard and a garden to one side spreading toward the back, clumps of purple aster were drying on their stalks in the yard and a last wisp of goldenrod glowed in the sun. Two enormous lacy elms, turned yellow, protected the inn from the street.

"Like it?" Vic asked as if he had chosen the place beforehand.

Lucy had glanced at him questioningly. The very finding of the place was to be part of the adventure.

"I remember coming through here once and seeing it," he said, as if realizing her unspoken question. "I always thought I'd like to come back and try it. I hoped it would still be here, that I wasn't mistaken, that it wasn't some other town."

It was all right then. She liked the inn. It was just the sort of place she had hoped they would find. Vic left her in the car and went in to see about rooms. When he came back she saw at once that he had not been successful.

"Only one room."

He hesitated on the curb, and something inside of her began to rush madly so that she felt the color of it flushing into her face. It was this moment she had wondered about from the very time he had suggested the trip. Would it be? And here it was. Vic was standing there on the curb as if he hoped she would say one room would do. She folded her hands together tightly in her lap.

"Too bad," she managed. "It's such a lovely place too."

She saw by his face that she had disappointed him in some way, as though he felt she did not trust him. It was not so. It was something else, something she could not explain either to him or to herself. She could not have given a reason for turning him down.

He started round to get into the car when he saw the desk clerk on the porch motioning to him. He went over and up the steps. Lucy, watching them, wondered if she hadn't taken a role she was not cut out for, if she had accepted a part she didn't really want to play. Or was it that she didn't know how to play it? Vic came running back to the car, happy

(Continued on Page 107)



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Danish Princess Lovely Lady Youth

(Continued from Page 105)

in, smiling broadly. The clerk had recon-ered; if they could wait around until eight clock there would be another checkout on same floor. Vic patted her shoulder as if to ssure her timidity. She felt grateful to him having settled the thing so easily.

They left the bags in the car and went in dinner. The fire burning at the far end of dining room spiced the air with the sharp, eet scent of pine. The paneled walls wed with the rays of the western sun com-through the curtained windows, the old od shone, and the wide, bare boards of the or were polished like glass. There were not many people. The coziness of the room gan at once to envelop them and every-ing else was shut away.

The waiter brought the steaming onion up in blue bowls. Vic took up his spoon.

"That clerk certainly fell for my story," said over the steaming soup.

She glanced up. "What story?"

"I told him we were driving to New York, at we were too tired to go on tonight."

"Oh." Slowly she took up a spoonful of up. It was delicious. There was nothing ong with it, it was her favorite soup. Yet a oment after she swallowed the spoonful ere was a faint turning of the flavor in her outh, as if there were not enough of some gredient. "What will you tell him tomor-w when we stay?"

He laughed. "That we like the place. We ave a right to change our minds, haven't e?"

"Yes," she said, and let it pass. But it did ot pass; it began to linger and the really ex-llent onion soup could not drown it be-ause of the lack of one ngredient.

Vic pushed aside the mpty blue bowl. "That as a good starter. Do you now, I'm hungry, honey."

How very good-looking e was when he was leased, Lucy thought. His rm mouth became tender, the sharp edges of is face softened, his eyes darkened, became arm. She sat completely taken in by him, onscious at the same time of his confidence, s if life were on his side and he had nothing o worry about. It was a trait in him that ad readily appealed to her. So many little hings bothered her, as though she had et arrived on the highway. With Vic she valked with more reliable steps; his confi-lence was contagious and she caught it each ime she was with him as though she had ever known it before.

She looked back out the window. The sun vas gone, only a dull red light fanned up be-hind the trees, the day was slowly being blotted out. The trees were dark clumps against the sky now, the grass was a leaden sheet, night was coming on with no pleasant lingering of summer twilight.

"You know, Lucy ——" Vic began, paused.

SHE moved her head and saw that he was watching her. She met his eyes and was swept up into his look. She could not look at him any more without being completely drawn out of herself. It was not fair, that he could take her so easily away from herself. And yet she saw that she was affecting him in very much the same way.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I'd like to wager," he said, the intense feeling ebbing away from them, "that this is the first time you've gone away like this."

He was teasing her, she knew, yet his words cut through her so cruelly that she realized fully how tender the moment before had been. Unable to speak, she nodded. A smile parted her lips briefly, then it was gone. She was thankful for the waiter who came clearing off the soup bowls, bringing the steaks on the red-hot grills.

What is it? she asked herself, as the waiter bent in front of her, shutting Vic out. *What is happening?* In such a short space of time, between the moment she had first looked out the window at the fading afternoon and the arrival of the steaks, something was beginning to go wrong. A slow, almost imperceptible change was working through her, like the trees outside losing their shapes in the draining day. The Indian summer was false. It was only a herald of winter.

Vic talked as he cut into his steak. He talked about something that had happened years ago, as if he would put her at her ease again. The dining room reminded him of his fraternity house, the library especially with its paneled walls and open fireplace. He remembered a stag party when he almost fell into the fire. Lucy listened and began not to hear distinctly; only the sound of his voice came to her, not the words, and she tried to bring herself back to catch them, but they kept slipping away. She couldn't have put in a sensible remark if he had paused for one.

IT came to her so simply that she was not shocked. In the relaxed, easy sound of his voice she began to know what it was that was troubling her. She had thought it would be wonderful to be away with Vic, but it was not what she wanted at all. It was not enough for her. But, his voice said, it was enough for him. That which had baffled her about him grew clear. His very ease gave him away. This was a part of that experience that had been beyond her. This was not something new for him as it had been for her. It had happened to him before; and now, she thought frantically, it might happen to him again and without her. The room suddenly became too warm. She switched her eyes to the fire as if it were at fault.

"What's the matter?" Vic interrupted his story.

She veered back to him, not realizing that she had looked away. There was a slight impatience in his voice, as if he were annoyed to discover her thoughts had strayed. She shook her head. "Nothing." She cut into her steak again. "I just felt too warm."

He glanced at the fireplace. "It's too early for a fire. We're lucky not to be any closer to it. Do you want to take your jacket off?"

She began opening the top button of her blue suit jacket. Almost at once she was cold, chilled. "No," she said. "The soup must have made me hot. I'll be all right." And she began to ignore the matter, to busy herself with eating.

Vic took up his story again and she saw how far apart they were becoming. She was hot and cold, and he sat there with a steady, even temperature, telling his story she had to pretend to listen to.

They had finished their dessert and were sitting over their coffee when she told him. It was time to go out and check on the rooms, and she knew she could not put it off any longer.

She mustered what courage she could. "Vic ——"

"Yes?" He sat stirring his coffee. She watched his spoon circling the cup.

"Would you mind very much going up to Alice's for the week end?"

He was so unprepared for her question that he did not realize its content. He glanced at her sharply. "To Alice's?"

It was going to be difficult. But there had been no way to prepare him. She had drifted away until he had no idea where her thoughts were.

"I wish ——" she stumbled. "I thought you could go on up to Alice's and your week end wouldn't be spoiled altogether."

"And what in heaven's name are you going to do?"

She said it as quickly as she could. "I'm going home, Vic."

She knew what it sounded like: sixteen, frightened, silly, schoolgirlish; as if she were a foolhardy young thing on her first date running out on a situation she couldn't handle. But she was none of the things she sounded like. For the first time she saw everything in her past and in her future as clearly as if it were revealed to her in a crystal ball.

"Going home!" he exploded.

She nodded.

"Have you lost your mind, Lucy?"

A man is getting old when he walks around a puddle instead of through it.

—R. C. FERGUSON.

Wishing - - -

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"No." She turned to the window. It was night. "I know what you must be thinking," she said slowly. "That I'm acting like a schoolgirl." She faced him, her wide-apart gray eyes serious beneath the honey-colored hair. "But I've just now grown up, Vic."

He had no idea what she was talking about and he began floundering around hunting for a clue. "Lucy, have I said something, have I done anything ——"

She shook her head. "It's just me."

His mouth became firm. He wet his lips. "Do you mean that all this time I was sitting here talking to you, you weren't listening, that all the while something was working in your head?"

She nodded.

He pushed his coffee cup roughly away from him. "It's about as clear as mud."

"I don't know how to explain," she said helplessly.

He faced her accusingly. "You mean you want to run out on me—go home?"

She saw the anger come into his face, the surprise swallowed by the anger, and she became frightened at what she was doing because she knew she was going to lose him. But she knew, also, that she would lose him if she stayed. It would only take longer. That knowledge had frightened her more.

"I should never have come," she confessed.

He slapped his napkin on the table. "I thought you wanted to come," he said. "I'd no idea what was going on in your head. If you keep your thoughts shut up like that, how can I?"

"I'm sorry," she said, because that was all she knew to say. "I don't expect you to forgive me either." She looked at him a long moment as if she didn't expect to see him again. "Do you mind if we go now?" Outside on the pavement she stopped. "Why don't you go on up to Alice's? I can take a bus," she told him.

"Get in the car," he said curtly. "I'm driving you home."

They drove homeward without a word between them. In the silence she felt his anger against her growing into a steady dull resentment. She did not trust herself to intrude upon it.

She had an intense moment of regret when they stopped for a train and she looked at Vic for the first time since they left the inn. His face was turned away from her, but in the light of the approaching engine she saw the sharp line of his nose and the grim corner of his mouth, his chin rigidly set. She wanted to reach out to him and be taken back and be overlooked for having remained true to a point within herself that she could not deny, but she was held in a tight grip of futility.

JUST before they reached their town, he said, "I've certainly been a fool."

"What were you to think?" she said. "I agreed to go." He did not reply.

They drew up in front of her house. "Well, here you are," he announced, but she saw the anger had gone out of his voice.

She turned to him in a last attempt to clear the air. "I wish I could tell you ——"

He tapped his fingers on the steering wheel. "I thought you were in love with me."

"I was. I am. That's the trouble."

"You don't act like it."

"It's you who aren't in love with me, Vic." Now she could tell him. "The way I feel about you and the way you feel about me aren't the same thing."

He turned to look at her then. And he saw at last what it was that was wrong. He had not intended to lead her astray, he had no plans in his head to coax her into anything she didn't want, he was going to let the week end take care of itself. They had had a r good time together the past eight mo He knew she was serious, but women to be serious. There was no fun in game for them if they were not serious saw now that she was too young, tha should never have asked her to go away him. As he became angry with himsel having done such a foolish thing, he l out at her:

"I didn't lead you to expect anyt Lucy."

"No," she said sadly, honestly. "I bu all up myself."

SHE got out of the car and began wal quickly up to the house. He came up walk behind her, carrying her bag. He s down on the step, hung there as if he wa to say something more, then, as if he tho better of it, said good night and wa away. Lucy stood on the steps in the d hearing him drive off, not wanting t into the lighted house, but knowing she to go in. In the frost-tinged fall night began to cry.

A tedious mill ground out the days followed. The hours trod upon one ano with a slowness that drained Lucy dry. A Monday morni Saturday and Sun were impossible; took up her old again—the routin it, at least—w home, sleep, with interest, as if it w something she hac do and get over. felt that the wo had been broken i pieces and she co not pick the pie up. She could ne put them togeth The days contin to repeat themselv

She was certa that she would ne see Vic again, and she missed him w increasing intensi she tormented hers with the idea that she had been wrong. Wou she really have lost him if she had staye The possibility that she might not have d rupted her more than anything else. Oth women succeeded on the left. Why had s been such a little fool to listen to her head?

After several weeks passed she accept an invitation from a boy in the office. S went with him merely to pass the time. The took in a movie and afterward they stopp for something to eat, but it was no goo Lucy kept watching for Vic in the crowd restaurant, and once in a wild moment confusion she thought she saw him across th room. She kept her eyes on the tall dark ma in the gray suit until she was certain it wa not Vic, then she found she did not want th rest of her sandwich. She refused a secon invitation. It was easier to stay at hom Her family had taken her explanation tha Friday night she had come in so unexpec edly, that she and Vic had quarreled, an they had asked no further questions. Sh was safe and shut away at home.

At the end of three months Lucy reache a place where she knew she had to do some thing. She was throwing away her youth an it was senseless, and if she wanted to save i she must save it now. She decided to put Vi out of her life. He was already gone physi cally, but she had yet to put away the men tal ghost of him that haunted her. With car and patience she gathered up the threads that had connected him to her, the remnants of the single cord that had strung their lives together. She pulled them out of the corners and rolled them into a ball she could toss away.

How do you throw away the memory of a beloved face, a pair of eyes, a special look, the firmness of lips that yield to tenderness? Lucy thrust them away at the end of a final struggle one night as she lay in bed unable to

(Continued on Page 110)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Constant

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

You call my love inconstant,
A honey-bibbing bee
Reeling from bud to blossom
With careless perfidy.

Alas, you misinterpret
The heart's insatiate range.
My love is always constant.
Only its objects change.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



IT'S A SUNSHINE KITCHEN! And something new under the sun is the stove placed to make a step-saving work area—and to set off the breakfast alcove. The whole room takes its cue from that sunny Marbletone linoleum floor, pattern No. 0108. Terrace-type iron table and chairs, cheery yellow curtains, cool green Marbletone counter tops and "splash backing" make this kitchen fresh and gay as a June morning. There's a bright idea in that counter, too. No water can get back of it because it is sealed with Black Koroseal Cove Molding.

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LET'S GO PROVINCIAL! Old-World charm is reflected in natural wood, in the gleam of burnished copper. Note how beautifully the Inlaid Linoleum, pattern No. 1645, ties together the colors in the room. Yellow Marbletone tops counters, protects walls. Cove Base is Wedgwood Koroseal.

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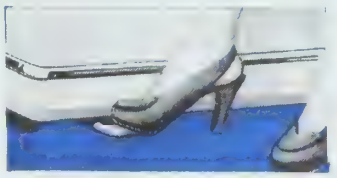
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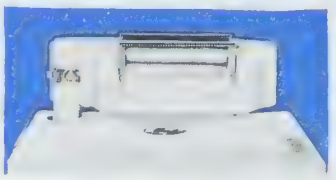
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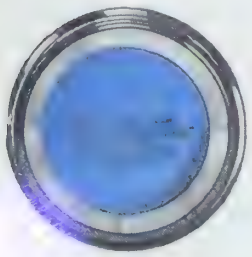
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Press-Toe

BY AUTOMATIC WASHER CO.

(Continued from Page 108)

sleep. Quietly she tossed the ball into the dark. It made no sound; she had no idea where it fell, she hoped it went out the window. Then she said aloud, and she heard her voice clearly in the dark room: "I'm going to forget you, Vic Kent. I am not going to let even a thought of you remain in my head, driving me crazy." She received a certain strength from the very saying of the words and she fell asleep shortly afterward, the first real rest she had known in three months.

The next morning she awoke with the knowledge that she was free to meet someone else. It simplified the whole day and she rejoiced in the new possession of herself. She plunged into her work as if to make up for the days she had given it only passive attention. She lunched with the girls again after so many lonely lunches at a drugstore counter, and she came home to spend the evening in the midst of the family instead of in her room. It was only when she turned out the light before getting into bed that first night, that she knew a moment of panic. Vic's face rose before her in the sudden dark. She shut her eyes as if with darkness against darkness she could close him out. The fortitude of the day came to sustain her and the face vanished. She got into bed and fell asleep immediately.

The second day went even better than the first and, cheered by it, Lucy bought an album of records after work. It was the first time she had bought anything for herself in months. She had just put the records on the phonograph and had sat down with the family to listen to them when the doorbell rang. No one got up. Her mother continued to knit, her father and sisters looked up from their reading as if waiting for someone else to answer the ring.

"Who could it be on a night like this?" her mother said, knitting needles clicking. "It's begun to snow."

Whenever a rat teases a cat, he is leaning against a hole.

Lucy got up at the second ring and went out into the hall to answer it. She opened the door cautiously as if she might encounter an intruder. Vic stood on the step bundled into an overcoat, his hat pulled down on his forehead, the snow falling behind him.

"Hello, Lucy," Vic said.

She stood staring at him, unable to speak.

"I should have called," he said. "But I wanted to be sure of seeing you."

She remained holding onto the doorknob. Then she opened the door wider and stood back to let him pass. He stepped inside and she closed the door behind him. Vic glanced about the hall, his back to her, then he turned around, his hands still hunched in his pockets.

"Look, Lucy, can I talk to you somewhere?"

The urgency of his voice compelled her against any stand she would take. Her eyes moved up to his face, stopped at the look in his eyes. "Wait a minute," she said quickly. "I'll get my coat."

SHE skirted around him and up the stairs. When she came back down she was wrapped in her black coat with the fur-edged hood. Her face was white and composed inside the fur-edged hood, as if the simple act of going upstairs and finding her coat had given her time to catch hold of herself. She put her head into the living room, said briefly that she was going out with Vic, and withdrew before she heard the surprise her announcement had created. She came toward Vic. He stood quietly waiting for her and she saw the change in his face since she had seen him last. There was something different about him, not too discernible, but yet it was there, as if his assurance had been disturbed. Before she had time to decide what it was, he opened the door and she followed him out and they began walking down the quiet winter street in the stillness of a world slowly being decked with snow.

They walked without speaking, as if held in the spell of the black-and-white night. The snow fell in great soft flakes, drifting down as gently as feathers, lightly brushing their faces, sticking to their coats. A tr fringe of snow began to gather on th fur edge of Lucy's hood.

"It took a long time for me to unders nd Lucy," Vic said finally. He spoke tho ght-fully, as if what he was saying meant a reat deal to him. "And a while to get over ing angry, at both you and myself."

She said nothing, walking along b side him as if she had said everything ther was for her to say and now it was his turn.

"I felt pretty flat after you walked o on me." He took time to light a cigarette. She watched the match go down into the sn , a tiny flare quickly smothered out. "B I suppose I had only myself to blame."

SO THAT was what she had seen in his fa there in the hall. Then all this time he ha not put her completely away from him, f gotten her; he had been remembering. A little smile touched her lips and was gi

"I don't think I figured on getting mar d at all—and you did," he went on. She fo t was difficult for him to admit this, tha was matching her honesty of that last ni now. "I wasn't ripe for marriage, I supp I didn't think much about it; it was so where in the future when I expected to m the right girl, the one I couldn't live wi out." He looked straight ahead through falling snow. "I don't know why I never s pected that it was you until after you w gone."

They crossed a street and went halfw down another block past a row of wh houses throwing their cozy lights out up the snow. She heard him breathe deeply, si but it was still his turn, she still had nothi to say. As they walk along she became co scious of a beginning wait again, of an expe ancy she had given up ho of ever knowing again; warm, slow waiting beg to take hold of her a she felt completely u hurried about its fulfillment, as if the tangle days behind would unravel themselves.

"I've been a complete and utter fool," h said, and rushed on without allowing her t comment: "I don't know why I had th colossal nerve to ask you to go away wit me when I should have asked you t marry me."

She had put him so completely away fron her, and now he was rushing back into he life as if he had never been absent. She mus have put only the image of him away fro her, the mold of his face and body, not the feeling at all. She was so overwhelmingly aware of her feeling for him in this moment that she had to stop walking and stand there and let it take complete possession of her He had been walking slowly, so that he stopped almost in the same instant she did. He stood over her and in the light reflected from the snow she saw his face broken into the pieces of his words, and everything he had just said was doubly written on his face.

"Do you have any idea how very much I love you, Lucy?" he said.

She stood very still, listening, the waiting almost through.

"I should have come weeks ago and told you," he said. His eyes were intent upon her and she thought she saw the blue color of them. "But I was stubborn, and then I thought—well, I thought maybe I'd get over it, the feeling I had about you." He threw away his cigarette. "I don't think I ever will," he told her.

The end of the waiting spilled out of her. "Vic," she cried, and it was an explosive little sound that came out with her frosty breath and hung a bit of frozen air between them before it vanished. Then she took her hands out of her pockets and he reached for them; and in the knowledge that he had been forgiven and accepted as he had forgiven and accepted, he shook her with his hands holding hers. The fringe of snow on the fur edge of Lucy's hood trembled and fell against her face. The cool snow melted on her warm skin, but it could not quench the warmth within her.

THE END



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HOW MUCH SENTIMENT AT YOUR HOUSE?

By Marjorie Holmes

"OH, but he's just a baby," a friend blithely dismissed our little guy's birthday, in urging me to attend a party the other day. "He won't know the difference if you're not there."

"No, but I will," I said. "And so will the other children—and so will he a few years from now. He's got to have a candle and a cake, and pictures to prove it, even if he is only a year. In fact, we'll probably sing Happy Birthday to him."

"Sing!" she hooted. "Darling, such *sentiment*!"

"Sure," I admitted cheerfully, hanging up, "such sentiment."

For I am—I do not blush to admit—a sentimental parent. I save stub-toed first shoes, and battered toys, and dog-eared books. My husband and I take snapshots by the carload. We bore our friends with home movies of our ducklings.

We love our little family traditions and foolishness. Pet names. "I-gotta-beat-it" kisses (snatched, whatever the hurry of the departing one). Sunday-night supper served in the living room before a leaping fire. The visit of the Good Tooth Fairy that magics a just-pulled tooth into silver. Notes from the Easter rabbit. All the exciting rites of Christmas. Our five-year-old's Friday-night pilgrimage with his dad to the grocery store. Things silly to outsiders, but important to our particular pattern of cozy, closely knit—yes, if you'd call it that—sentimental living.

Because we believe in sentiment for growing children. We consider it as important to them as spinach or Sunday school. It seems to us that in the years when children are most dependent, and most impressionable, they should be given love—and memories of love's activities to carry on through life. That a child raised in such a home won't wander too far afield from its principles. And that his capacity for enjoyment will be enriched both now and for all his days.

A SUNSET, a garden, a concert, good books, movies, poetry, art—all are more wonderful to the person who has enough sentiment in his make-up to be moved by them. He needn't be maudlin about it. He needn't pant and weep. But if his breath comes a little faster, and his pulses tap dance, and he feels an emotional response that does perhaps bring a tear—why not? Certainly he's getting far more out of life than the phlegmatic, the cynic or the coldly detached. That's why we don't stifle our own laughter, or our children's when something strikes us funny. Why we're not even ashamed to cry at a movie that—as our teen-age daughter giggles—is "good and sad."

That sentiment can also make a child easier prey to hurt, we freely admit. Only the other day our little girl's eyes filmed as she described some pictures she had seen of Europe's starving children.

"Well, you needn't bawl about it," a neighbor youngster jeered, "c'mon, let's eat."

"Thanks, I'd rather not for a while," Mickie replied. And when she did get around to her lunch, she refused the usual bread.

Impractical? Silly? I'm not so sure. For sentiment had bred sympathy. And sympathy, an urge to personal sacrifice. Personally, I'd rather raise a child with enough sensitivity to suffer, than a hard-boiled little meanie, however blasé.

I am thinking of the son of a friend of mine. This friend's philosophy and aim have always been to condition him to the inevitable blows of life by stripping is g to its facts from cradle days. No fai es e hid under his pillow. There was n San Claus and no man in the moon. His uild wounds were laughed off or ef ient treated, but never kissed. He was aug not to cry. And a more obnoxiou lit beast never cursed a neighborhood. e t mented dogs and cats. He bullied ung children.

But no coating of realism is ever su ici armor against love. When love stru hi realism only made him cumberso a doomed him from the start. He was b to the girl he really adored, because h never learned to be kind. He refused her the flowers and gifts he could well fo partly because such things seemed ent mental and silly, partly because "she ig go for what I could give her, instead o ne He was sardonic and ungentle. A th girl, who was very sensitive, quite na ral could not put up with him for lon St married someone else, and however f el he tried to hide it, it nearly broke his art

Now a little realism is fine in a hom W are sold on telling our children the s pl truth, as we see it, about sex and p tic and God. We believe in first aid for ild hood's accidents—and in laughing f good share. We do not hold to parent be coming so enrapt with their offsp g teething or arithmetic marks or da in prowess as to be able to talk and thi of nothing else. We go on parties and ke trips and often utterly forget our yo g

But it has long been our observation a a good many people who smile upon s ti ment as slightly absurd are motivated r marily by their own convenience. We e simply can't be bothered canning c d hood's treasures in scrapbooks; after ll they *have* to can pickles and preserves, c they? And then of course with all the w ing—and fancywork—and bridge Children who don't believe in the Ea bunny save a lot of trouble when it co s to coloring eggs. If Christmas Eve ha got itself all tied up with family traditio carols, secrets, a sandwich set out for Sa Claus, a family trip to church—you're e as a breeze to go eggnogging. And Christmas morning means nothing m ceremonial and festive to your clan t seeing what they got—to sleep off y headache the next day!

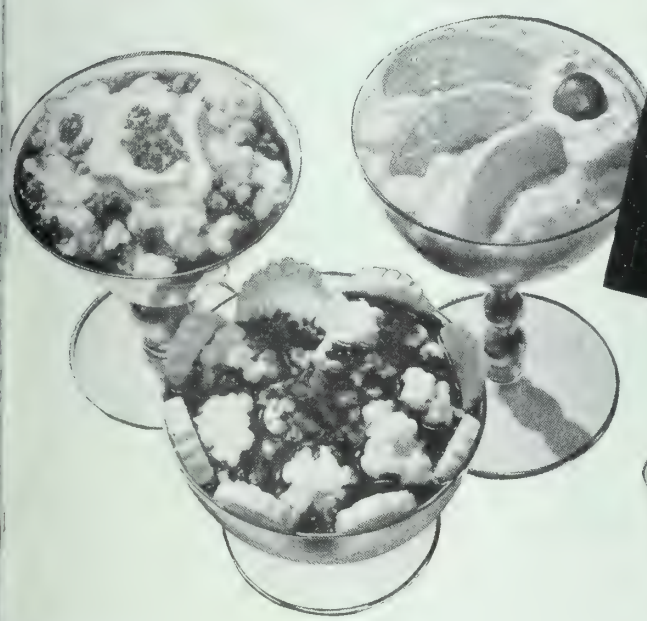
If you don't tuck little shoes away and tie up letters and little cards—well course your attic doesn't get cluttered, a you'll never be bothered shipping off bo of such mementos to grown children w may not appreciate them anyway. P sonally, I do appreciate them, and a thankful to have a mother-in-law who d Our babies have all been photographed their daddy's first bonnet, and clump about in his quaint little rubber boots. R cently his mother sent us a big box of h Sunday-school cards and homemade va entines. And none of us has ever spent gayer, more *sentimental* afternoon than th one when we squatted on the floor su rounded by those souvenirs. It gave th children glimpses of their father as h learned to print and spell and do all th things they do. It gave me a vision of th kind of little boy he was that I wouldn miss for a million dollars.

I know this isn't modern. It's as old fashioned and nuisancy as corsets or butto shoes. But it's also fun. It draws us close together. To us, sentiment is worth while

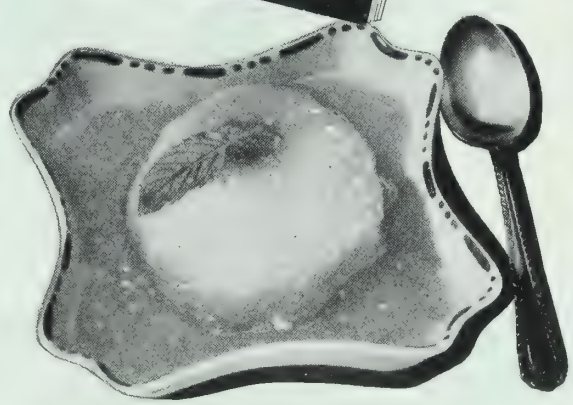
THE END

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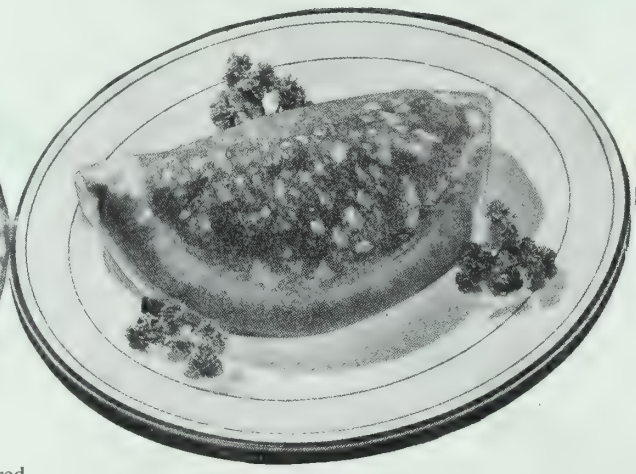
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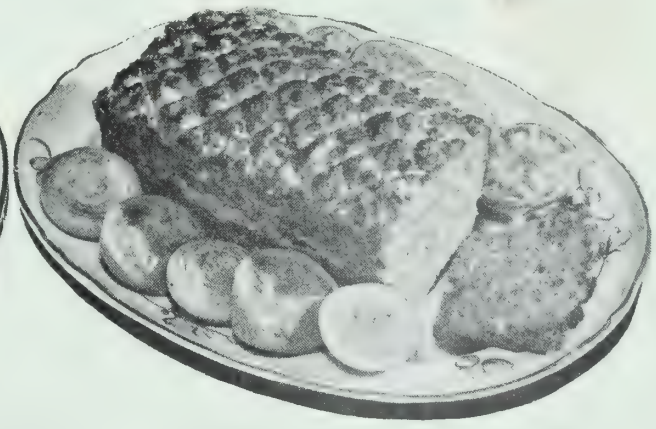


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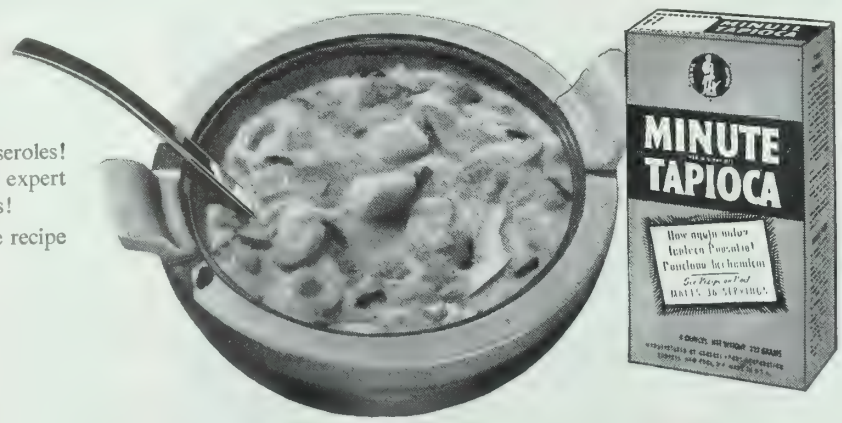


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Conversation Piece

FROM here on through the Christmas holidays we're in the season of accelerated entertaining: family get-togethers, young people home from school and often with friends, house guests—yours and other people's—to be feted. In addition to the necessary parties there are irresistible excuses for plenty more. Banquet-size meals are apt to be a dime a dozen, and we all develop a tendency to groan at a groaning board. Not that I have anything against a big turkey dinner, the old-fashioned kind—I'd hate to give that up for the sake of my figure, digestion or any other consideration. But I always have a few extra-simple menus up my sleeve for this time of year; meals that are epicurean in quality, restricted in *(Continued on Page 116)*



ambrosia department: spice your after-dinner coffee with cinnamon, cloves and a bit of orange peel.



As an appetite-whetter, try sea food, crisp raw vegetables and a highly seasoned sauce.

angy as autumn itself is this veal scallopini—eeping company with an imaginative green salad.



PHOTOS BY STUART

To top off the evening—plums with candied ginger, plus your favorite cheeses.

By Ruth Mills Teague


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(Continued from Page 114)

variety of dishes, a relief from overfeeding, and easy as pie to do.

Here's a special pet of mine—it has perfect balance, each of the dishes complementing what goes before and comes after, so that when you have finished you feel that your meal has had admirable form and not too much substance.

We'll start proceedings with crisp raw vegetables, some sea food and a sharply seasoned sauce for dipping. A more popular and refreshing appetizer I don't know, and it looks so pretty. A hollowed-out head of cabbage with a custard cup of sauce sunk in the top will occupy the center of the platter, with the many-colored vegetables and the sea food heaped around it.

The main hot dish will be scallopini of veal en casserole. This is a rich concoction, which is as it should be, because it shares that distinction with no other dish on our menu and it's not heavy. It's a blend of veal, chestnuts and a lot of other ingredients, including a surprising touch of dried apricot.

To accompany the veal we'll have noodles cooked with saffron and topped with fried croutons rolled in paprika. I like to make my own noodles, and always do—they're very little trouble and they taste so good—but if you don't want to bother you can buy them ready-made. A good salad of greens, tomatoes and thin slices of pickled Jerusalem artichokes will complete the main course except for bread.

I'm going to give you my recipe for icebox poppy-seed rolls, but here again, if you don't want to make the rolls yourself you can buy very good ones at the bakery. I don't say it's no trouble at all to make rolls—you wouldn't believe me if I did—but I do think that some kind of homemade bread is one of the most pleasant and impressive additions to a meal that you possibly can have. The rewards far exceed the effort involved.

The dessert will be a mélange of greengage plums, purple plums and slivers of candied ginger, and if you haven't tried this combination before, you're in for a delightful surprise. Why anything so ultrasimple should taste so ultraspecial I can't explain, but it's so. To complement the fruit and make your dessert perfect, we'll have a cheese tray. There is such a variety of delectable cheeses available now that I'd suggest having several kinds, with stacks of crisp toasted crackers to eat with them. Here's a dessert straight out of the store—all you need do is assemble it—and yet it will rank as a real production.

These recipes will serve eight people generously.

APPETIZER

For the vegetables around the cabbage head use strips of green pepper and cucumber, flowerets of cauliflower and broccoli, carrot strips, radish roses, scallions, French endive—any or all of these. Clean and cut the vegetables the day before, cover with ice cubes and store in the refrigerator so that they will be cold and crisp. Sometimes I use a rolling cooky cutter on the carrot strips to give them notched edges—a fancy touch that isn't necessary but quite pretty.

Select a perfect head of cabbage and a custard cup that will fit down neatly into it. Invert the cup on the center top of the cabbage head, mark around it with a sharp knife and then, using the marked ring and the shape of the custard cup as a guide, gouge out enough cabbage to make a well into which the cup can be sunk. The effect will be much as if the sauce had been poured right into the cabbage head, but the container is important to keep the sauce from seeping down into the leaves.

For sea food use shrimp or squares of limed fish. The limed fish are quite inexpensive and very popular at our house. Get a package of frozen fillets of haddock or halibut, cut into neat pieces about an inch square, cover with lime or lemon juice and let stand in refrigerator or equally cold place for an hour or two. The fish will become firm and white as if it had been cooked with heat. Rinse well in cold water, drain and store in refrigerator. These can be prepared the day before. Fresh, frozen or canned shrimp may be used. If shrimp are raw, drop them into rapidly boiling acidulated water and cook eight minutes. Cool and remove shells and veins.

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SAUCE

This sauce should be fairly thick—dribbling becomes a problem if a dip sauce is too thin. Homemade mayonnaise makes a perfect base, or you can buy mayonnaise and thicken it with a little whipped cream. To 1 cup mayonnaise add ½ cup chili sauce from which some of the liquid has been drained off through a sieve, 1 clove garlic, grated, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper, a few drops lime juice and 1 teaspoon dehydrated horseradish moistened to a paste with a little water, or 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish. Make this the day before.

To serve, put the cabbage head containing the sauce in the center of a platter and heap the vegetables and sea food around it, separating them for the best color effect. Stick colored toothpicks into the pieces of fish.

SCALLOPINI OF VEAL EN CASSEROLE

Have 2½ pounds veal steak cut ¼ inch thick. Remove fat, put pieces of steak between two thicknesses of heavy paper and flatten with a wooden mallet or the flat side of a meat cleaver. Cut into strips about 2 inches long and 1 inch wide. Mix together ½ cup flour, 2 teaspoons paprika, 2 teaspoons salt and 1 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper and dip each piece of veal into this mixture on both sides.

In a skillet put 5 tablespoons butter or margarine and 1 large clove garlic, minced, and when sizzling hot add the meat. Brown gently, stirring frequently, and be careful not to burn. Don't expect the pieces to be browned evenly on both sides. To do that we'd have to fry a few at a time and use a terrific amount of fat. I have a truly Gargantuan skillet I use for this sort of job, and even with that monster I get some darkish and some pale pieces. It's the browned *taste* we're after. Add ½ cup water, scrape bottom of skillet with a pancake turner, pour in 1 pint sour cream, lower heat to simmer.

Have ready 2 cups boiled chestnuts. To remove shells and skins of chestnuts, I have best luck with the following method. Make a gash in the flat side of each shell, place in a flat pan with 2 teaspoons salad oil and put under broiler for 5 or 6 minutes. Crack off shells and remove skins with the point of a sharp knife. Boil 15 minutes, cool and cut into halves or fourths, depending on size of nuts. We want fairly big pieces so that their texture will give a nice contrast to the softer ingredients.

Mix nuts with the meat, add 1 teaspoon dried sweet basil, ⅛ teaspoon rosemary, 1 teaspoon gourmet powder, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 5 halves of dried apricot cut into tiny pieces. If you like, ¼ cup Marsala may be added for more flavor. Let the mixture come to a boil, taste for seasoning and thicken with 2 tablespoons cornstarch mixed with ¼ cup water. Pour into a casserole, sprinkle top with a few more pieces of apricot and cover. Before serving, bake from 30 to 45 minutes in a 350° F. oven with the cover on. The dish can be prepared a day in advance or any time up to the moment it is popped into the oven. If you do it in advance, add a little water before baking because the sauce will thicken overnight. The apricot pieces will swell up during cooking and their taste will permeate but not dominate the other flavors.

SAFFRON NOODLES

If you make your own noodles, mix together 3 slightly beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons water and enough flour to make a very stiff dough—about 2½ cups. I stir with a fork until the mixture makes a firm ball, then I knead in the rest of the flour with my hands. If the dough is too stiff it's hard to roll, so don't overdo the flour. Separate into 3 balls and roll each into a thin sheet on a floured board. Let them dry for a while on towels, but don't let them get dry enough to crumble. Fold each sheet into a long roll and cut, crosswise, into thin pin wheels. As you progress, shake out the pin wheels into long, slender noodles. They can be thoroughly or partly dry when they're put on to boil, so make them whenever it suits your timing. Usually I make a double batch at one time, use half, dry the rest thoroughly and keep them for weeks. Very handy to have around.

To cook, put 2 or 3 teaspoons saffron in a pot of boiling salted water, add noodles and cook, uncovered, for from 8 to 10 minutes. Don't overcook. Noodles should be slightly chewy — *al dente*, as in spaghetti. The saffron will give them a bright yellow color as well as an added flavor. Drain in a colander and transfer to a casserole. Boil noodles as nearly the last minute as you can manage conveniently and keep them hot in a barely turned-on oven, or on an electric hot plate, or set the casserole in a pan containing a small amount of gently boiling water. Just before serving sprinkle top of noodles with fried, crisp croutons that have been dredged with paprika. The croutons can be made far in advance.

SALAD

Make a tossed salad of a variety of crisp greens, sections of tomato, a few pickled Jerusalem artichokes cut into thin slices, and French dressing. The Jerusalem artichokes are highly spiced, sweet-sour, with the accent on sour, and will give a pleasantly sharp tang to the salad. Most fancy groceries have them, but if you can't get them, substitute sliced pickled onions.

ICEBOX POPPY-SEED ROLLS

Scald 1¼ cups milk, add 2 tablespoons shortening, 6 tablespoons butter or margarine, 5 tablespoons sugar and 2 teaspoons salt. Cool to lukewarm. Stir in 1 package quick dry yeast dissolved in ½ cup lukewarm water. Now stir in 2 slightly beaten eggs. Add 4½ cups flour, a little at a time, stirring and beating constantly. Beat for about 5 minutes in all, put dough in a greased bowl, spread top with grease, cover tightly and store in refrigerator. The dough should remain there at least 24 hours, and it doesn't hurt it to stand 2 or 3 days. When it has risen to double its bulk, remove cover and cut through dough in all directions to release gases. Cover again and return to refrigerator.

Two hours before baking time, transfer dough to a floured board, dip your hands into flour and shape the rolls. They can be molded into balls and put in greased muffin pans. The pans should be a little less than half full. This is very easy, but if you're willing to spend more time at the job you can make twists without too much trouble and the result will be gratifying. Here's how. With your hands roll and pull hunks of dough into 3 long round strands about ½ inch in diameter, fasten the three strands together at one end and braid them neatly. To keep the ends together until the braid is started, I either ask someone to hold them or anchor them under the edge of a heavy dish. Cut the braid at intervals of about 3½ inches, pinch the cut ends together and transfer rolls to a greased cooky sheet.

Don't make the strands so long that they are unmanageable, and don't worry that you will have to use quite a bit of flour in shaping them. This dough is wet enough to stand some flour. Spread tops of rolls—whatever their shape—with some softened butter or margarine and let them rise in a warm place for 2 hours. Just before baking, brush the tops with beaten egg and sprinkle generously with poppy seeds. Bake in a hot oven, 400° to 425° F., for about 20 minutes.

The rolls can be baked ahead of time, and whether they are your own production or the baker's, reheat by tying them in a paper bag or package and putting them in a 350° F. oven for 10 minutes.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Storm

By Elizabeth McFarland

Rain on the lashes
And rain at the door,
And which of us
Shall cry the more?

O sky, that knows so much
of tears,
So much of sorrow,
Tonight is years and years
Before tomorrow!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hey Mom! The Best Ever!



You bet it is! And that goes for Welch's wonderful juices, jams and preserves, too—all made from the choicest pure fruit.

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE COMPANY WESTFIELD NEW YORK

Simple-simply delicious-
THRIFTY
Heinz Sausage Pie
FOR SUPPER

Recipe
Fry ½ lb sausage until brown. Drain. Add to contents of a tin of Heinz Condensed Vegetable Soup (undiluted). Place in casserole. Top with mashed potatoes. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes.

● Rich, delicious Heinz Soups—hit luncheon dishes and perfect dinner starters—are being used to make penny-saving casseroles that taste expensive! Heinz Soups have that kind of appealing, homespun flavor! For Heinz cooks them in small batches—brews in every wisp of flavor. How about Heinz Chicken Noodle or Cream of Tomato tonight?

HEINZ
Condensed
VEGETABLE
SOUP
WITH BEEF STOCK
57 VARIETIES
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

Taste the
WONDERFUL
DIFFERENCE
in
HEINZ
SOUPS
57

MÉLANGE OF PLUMS AND GINGER

Get a No. 2½ can each of purple and green-gage plums of the best quality you can find, and let them stand in the refrigerator for several days. Cut candied ginger into slender strips to make ½ cup. A couple of hours before serving, empty the green-gage plums, with their juice, into your serving dish. Add the purple plums, *without* their juice, and sprinkle the candied ginger over the top. *Très difficile, n'est-ce pas?* A friend of ours who had that dessert here recently called me to say I'd simply have to write out the recipe for her—it was too divine, I said, "Well, it's pretty tricky, but maybe I can explain over the telephone. You just go to the grocery, get some—etc., etc., etc."

CHEESE TRAY

Gruyere is my favorite cheese, if it's to be eaten with fruit, and Camembert runs it a close second. But everyone has his own favorites, and if you want your cheese tray to look opulent, that's easy these days. There are Edam, Bel Paese, Port Salut and Swiss, to name a few, and I like to add some rounds of smoked cheese that comes in cellophane packages the size and shape of an overgrown knockwurst. Whatever varieties you choose, your tray will look attractive, and be sure that the wafers you serve with it have had a coating of butter or margarine and a good crisping in the oven.

COFFEE

There are many interesting tricks one can do with after-dinner coffee which will transform it from mere coffee into a very special drink. But the fundamental trick is to know how to make the coffee itself super before you

> It is not marriage that fails; it is people that fail. All that marriage does is to show people up.
> —HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

start any fancy business with it. Keep your coffeepot spotlessly clean and let it stand open to ventilate when not in use. Measure both coffee and water carefully each time, never guess, and make after-dinner coffee at least half again as strong as breakfast coffee.

Really superb coffee is good enough for me and plenty of others, but sometimes it's fun to vary the routine. *Café diable, café brûlot* and various kinds of spiked coffee demand special equipment and a rather long-drawn-out ceremony, but here's a way to fancy up the coffee which doesn't require an alcohol burner, a lighted match or the breathless attention of your guests.

Ten minutes before the coffee is poured into the pot in which it will be served—you'll need about a quart of after-dinner-strength coffee—add 1 cinnamon stick, 5 cloves and a small piece of orange peel—just the orange-colored part, no white. Rub small lumps of sugar on orange rind until they are well colored and have them on the coffee tray, at least two for each person to be served. Strain the spiced coffee into the pot and, if you like, add ½ cup heated rum or brandy. The orange sugar may be added to the pot just before you pour, or it can be put in the cups according to individual tastes.

Service. Here again is a meal that adapts itself to any form of service, from formal to the most casual come-and-get-it plan. But I do think it deserves a special party atmosphere—your best linen, silver, dishes, and your best thoughts in planning every step of the service. You're not going to be tired from a strenuous workout in the kitchen and you'll have plenty of time and energy for the important details that have nothing to do with cooking, and with or without help I can't see where you need mine on this deal—I don't want to be redundant.

Is this the easiest menu I've ever suggested—unless you choose to make the noodles and rolls? It seems so to me, and I hope you'll keep it in your files to whip out when the So-and-so's have week-end guests, you really should entertain them and you really want to, but you're head-over-ears busy. THE END

Baker's Coconut
Quickie #4



Plain cup cakes Jelly
Baker's Coconut

Spread tops of cup cakes with jelly—ar sprinkle thickly with beautiful, tender-mo Baker's Coconut. So wonderful—and glamorous! Keep Baker's Coconut handy use it often. Roll stuffed dates in its lusciou whiteness, or dip walnut halves in melt marshmallow and roll in coconut! Your gr cer has both Baker's Premium Shred ar specially moist Baker's Southern Style.

BAKER'S COCONUT
—SECRET OF 100 GLAMOUR TRICKS



Products of General Foods

SEND! New Recipe Book, "Coconut Glamou Desserts"—only 10¢. Address Baker's Coconut Box 27, Battle Creek, Mich.

QUICK...and EASY!
RECIPE FOR
POACHED EGGS with UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

Here are eggs *with a difference*—and so simple to make! Just spread UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM on hot buttered toast. Then place a poached egg on each slice and serve immediately.
You'll want "repeats"!



★ Fine, selected *whole* hams, minced and seasoned to perfection, produce that superb flavor and zest that you find only in UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM. *Always* look for the Red Devil!



NOW I KNOW WHY CHILD SPECIALISTS PRESCRIBE **CREAM OF RICE!**

1. QUICKER NUTRITION

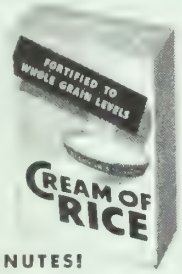
2. MORE ENERGY

3. EASIER TO DIGEST



advantages over any wheat, oat, or baby cereal*

ves more nutrition faster. New life be- is to pour into the system *in a few nutes! Gives more energy!* And ...Vitamins B_2 and Niacin are ded—*plus iron*—for ch, red blood and tter growth! *Is easier digest!* Many doctors commend Cream of ice as one of baby's st cereals.



Test data available upon professional request.

EADY IN ONLY 5 MINUTES!

FOR **EXTRA** RICH BROWN DELICIOUS

GRAVY



Use **KITCHEN Bouquet**

Here's the gravy secret good cooks have known for over 70 years—Kitchen Bouquet offers the easy, never-fail way to get *extra* rich, brown, delicious gravy! Kitchen Bouquet adds no artificial flavor — simply steps up true, rich meat taste. Helpful recipe folder with every bottle.

I HAVE ACCEPTED CHARITY

(Continued from Page 77)

Strange, how a word, taken to oneself, can bring about a character metamorphosis! There is, I believe, a science of words. The good words. Such as *faith* and *hope* and *love*. The bad ones, like *war*, *hate*, *atom bomb*. *Destitute* is akin to the last, the misplaced, the ruined of the world. I don't need a dictionary to define it. It means: Without money. Without shelter. Without what is known in the Orient as Face. It means exposure to criticism and patronage. It means stripping the personality of its protective skin, leaving the ego raw!

Suddenly I understood the letters I had received from England and Germany: "Your wonderful gift box gave us such happiness. We sat in the dark, striking matches just to see them burn! Then we smoked your cigarettes, laughing like crazy fools. Then we debated: What should we eat *first?* The bacon? The chocolate? The soup? We finally decided to postpone eating to another day. And so we kept happiness in reserve a little longer. Happiness! You will never know, dear friend ——"

Now I knew! Not with my intellect, nor my imagination, but with my heart. I was kin to those myriad destitute people. Not so hopeless, not so hungry as they; but I belonged to their lodge.

Thirty days . . . hours, minutes that passed with the unreal speed of a nightmare. A strange woman came to measure for curtains and carpets. The front door was no longer a drawbridge across my private moat. It was a passageway into my public embarrassment. I stood revealed as a citizen in distress.

Thirty days became twenty days. Friends in New York, hearing of the crisis, sent enough money to act as a shock absorber. My neighbors helped in numberless ways. The tradespeople expressed sympathy and trust. There were countless last-minute miracles of generosity.

I AM trying to tell the truth. Was I grateful? I'm not sure. I think I was, simply, untrained to receive. The shoe, so long on one foot, didn't fit the other. I accepted—I had to—but in a sort of rebellious rage. I felt trapped. I crouched in a corner of my cage and snatched at the kindness thrust toward me through the bars.

Ten days. . . . The house must be dismantled, and myself, my mother and the pets installed elsewhere. *Elsewhere!* Today, this is one of the ominous words. Often there *is* no *elsewhere*. In my case, there wasn't.

"You can stay with us until you get on your feet," was said by many of my friends, and with sincerity.

I listened, without really registering their unselfishness, desperately unwilling to accept, and yet fearful of refusing. My mind swept like a searchlight, seeking possible shelter. An empty guesthouse. A barn. A tent. A *cave*.

I wanted my *own* home, my *own* things! Sanctuary? No! No! A thousand times, no! To tiptoe in another's house, to be afraid to sneeze, to cultivate a certain cringing deprecation. . . . "Might I use the telephone? Do you mind —— Is it all right if I ——" Oh, *no!*

The hunters were at my heels now. Bank. Credit bureau. Lawyers. Envelopes registered and demanding my signature. "You can't escape us! Just you *try!*" And along with the creditors, the amateur psychologists, who entered to offer sympathy and remained to turn me slowly on their griddles. It seemed that I had failed because I was not a "realist." This was the root of the evil: my insistence upon candles on the dinner table and wax on the drawing-room floor. I had been too clean, too orderly, too concerned with "shining plates, blue-rimmed." Deeply hidden in the jungle of my mistakes was another moral "blind spot"—an affection for animals not becoming to my checkbook. I cried hunger and yet spent borrowed money to feed a raft of critters! "You aren't consistent," the psychologists cried. "You aren't even honest!





Turkey, cooked for Thanksgiving...

delicious in June!

YES, your Philco Freezer makes it possible months later, to enjoy many a tasty dish prepared from the left-over holiday turkey. It keeps foods freezer-fresh for days, weeks, months. It enables you to avoid waste, add variety to your menu, shop less often. Your Philco saves time and money—gives you leisure as well as pleasure.





Says Mrs. Florence Muhleisen of New Orleans

"I seem to discover some new use for our Philco Freezer almost every day. Just how I'd manage without it, I'm not sure. It really does keep foods freezer-fresh."

Keep Foods FREEZER-FRESH*

*FRESH AS THE DAY THEY WERE PICKED, CAUGHT, OR BOUGHT.

PHILCO MODEL AV-75. Deluxe Upright; large 7½ cu. ft. capacity holds up to 300 lbs. of frozen foods. 3 compartments. Patented sloping shelves and 2 position drop doors conserve cold. Temperatures as low as 15° below zero. Built-in thermometer, door lock, temperature control and guardian bell. Hermetically sealed power system. Philco quality throughout.

PHILCO FREEZER

Famous for Quality the World Over

Magnanimous? Humane? Consider your debts!"

"*Now,*" cried my friends, "let's *fix these things!* Let's face up to facts! First, your mother must go to the county hospital. Then you must find yourself a nice little room somewhere. Finally, you must get rid of your pets!"

It was as easy as that!

Five days. . . . I called my dear animals to me for the last time. They obeyed, and I gave them to a veterinarian to be "put to sleep." All except five. Before he took them, I blacked out and, for an hour, forgot my name and who or where I was.

The last morning. . . . The furniture disappeared quickly and efficiently into vans. Quite a few people dropped by to watch me keep my chin up. They said it was undoubtedly a healthy experience. The day would come when I'd be glad. I was "deserving," in spite of my mistakes. . . . It is always darkest just before dawn. . . etc., etc., etc.

Mother went out on a stretcher, but not to the county hospital. Her doctor staked her to a fortnight in a small sanitarium. And the five pets went to a kennel. I, myself, sweating cold fear, stayed with a friend three days, after which, bracing myself, I turned to charity.

Charity proved to be a gentle and deeply intuitive welfare worker in Hollywood. She listened to what I have just told you—only in greater detail and between bursts of uncontrollable weeping. She didn't once remind me that there are millions of homeless people in the world. She didn't mention extravagance. Or lack of judgment. The word *profligacy* never once passed her lips. I wasn't wrong; I was in trouble! There is a universe of difference between the two attitudes.

"First, you will go to the hospital."

"But I'm not sick. I must work! I must do something! I can't stop now! I wouldn't dare!"

I went to the hospital. Carrying my expensive rawhide luggage and wearing the last of my tweed suits. *A charity patient.* . . . From my bed I telephoned Hedda Hopper, and she boomed at me loyally, "They can't keep a writer like you down! Stay where you are! You're tired, that's all. You've taken some awful socks. Sleep. Pray your head off. We all believe in you!"

Four days later, I checked out of that hospital and took a train home. I had decided that I couldn't accept charity. I'd starve first.

The little city where I've lived for so many years looked unfamiliar when I arrived. I didn't "belong" any more. Out there, in the dark hills beneath the stars, was my dear house. Someone else was living in it. The freesia was in bloom. The roses I'd planted. The vines I'd trained. The trees I'd loved. They were all there—with strangers.

THAT night I walked up and down the main street, glancing blankly into the windows of shops where, in my time, I'd spent thousands of dollars.

"I don't know what to do!"

For a long time I sat in the post office, from which I had mailed so many manuscripts. Then I hid in a telephone booth. I was dirty and tear-stained. A tramp. I couldn't turn to the kids of my family—home from war, just starting out. Nor to friends who had already suffered too much anxiety and expense for my sake.

"I don't know what to do!"

My demon, Fear, was now joined by his twin, Pride. They trotted beside me in the dark. This was indeed extremity. I was profoundly ashamed because I owed money—lots of it—and couldn't repay it. I had failed in my duty to those who had believed in me. Suicide was, perhaps, the only solution. As the thought entered my mind, Fear nudged me with his sharp elbow. "You're afraid," he said. And Pride added, "You're too proud." I thought, "Afraid to die, and too proud to accept charity. What, then?" And the answer came: "Look outside of *you*! Let go of this problem. Let God hand it. He will—if you'll just step aside for a minute."

I walked back to the sanitarium where my mother was staying, and the night nurse let me sit beside the bed, holding my mother's hand. I explained in whispers—since the other patients were asleep—why I had come back. She understood that I was at the end of the familiar path; that I had come to a crossroads; and that the way to go would be pointed out to me. Finally, we both fell asleep. But before I dropped off, I had decided to call the welfare worker and to accept the aid offered me.

IT was not altogether self-seeking, although the need for safety is strong in all of us; nor was it, in the absolute sense, a spiritual rebirth. The truth lies somewhere between these two urges. I had come finally to a conclusion: that, for some reason, I had to be shaken out of my citadel; and that somehow, somewhere, I must find another—not necessarily the four walls of my home. The next refuge, or fortress, must be an indestructible intangibility . . . and to find it, to make it my own—was the challenge I must accept.

The welfare worker's gentle voice again offered the charity I had run away from. Six months' grace . . . mother cared for. . . . And I?

The good doctor has given me the use of a cabin in the mountains. And here I am, not alone. . . . No, not alone. The surviving past are with me. And the characters in the next story are advancing toward me out of the shadows of self-doubt. I am like one who has come safely through a bombing. All the familiar landmarks have been obliterated. Yet there is something salutary, heartening, about a whole new set of things to look at and deal with. A different window through which, in place of my garden, I see a dry river bed, and, beyond, a meadow where the rangers' horses graze. At night, owls and coyotes and frogs speak their lines, and occasionally a deer crashes through the brush. Otherwise, the silence is ponderable. I have in wood for the fireplace, and sit alone in the ruddy light, and slowly, slowly, the tense nerves relax, and the terror of failure recedes. At six in the morning, the sun—indifferent to the fact that I've always slept behind drawn silk curtains—strikes directly into my eyes. I have breakfast. And then I sit down to work . . . *to try.*

> **Never be afraid that somebody will find out how to do something as well as you do it. If you can do only one thing, you're out of luck.**
>
> —MAURICE SWITZER: Meditations of Marcus O'Ralius (Kelly-Springfield).

I have written my creditors and those who loaned me money, asking them to have faith in me. Some of them will accept this as a promissory note. Others will doubt my intention and will consider themselves bilked. Time will prove it, either way.

Every week the "relief" check comes. Thirty dollars for whatever I need. I need very little—mostly understanding of my experience. It would be easy to fall into bitter despair and lassitude and hopelessness. I believe I'm beyond that danger point. I realize that when I go down from this mountain I must have regained my "home." This is the challenge. It is both urgent and significant as it is, in fact, universal. Fear of the loss of material security is shared by all mankind today. We must rise from the rubble of our homes and "make do" with the bricks and mortar of the spirit. There is no other safety for any of us.

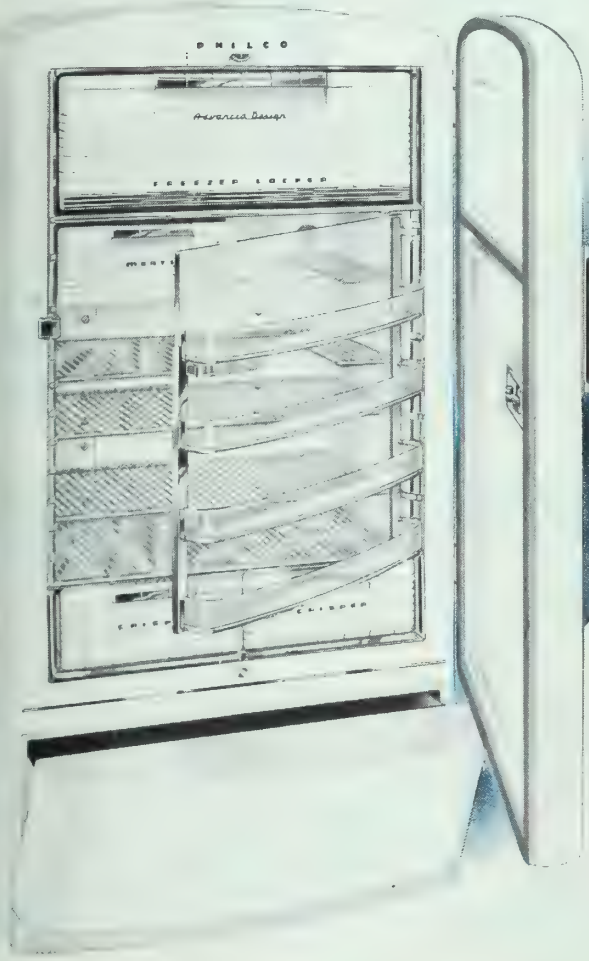
Yes, I have accepted charity. I am, indeed, changed by it. But, I believe, changed for the better. Do you remember the old adage: "There, but for the grace of God, go I"? I have rewritten it to read: "There, by the grace of God, go I."

Today I learned that the welfare worker who returned hope to me has serious troubles of her own. She has not once mentioned this to me. . . . I can conceive of no greater testimony of man's capacity for unselfish giving.

THE END

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN PHILCOLAND

"What a HUGE Freezer Locker!" cried Alice...

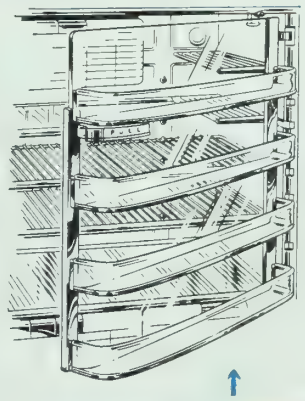




"HERE's a feature," Alice said, "That adds to Philco's fame,
At last, a freezer locker *really* worthy of the name".
Huge space reserved exclusively for frozen foods galore,
Full width, full depth and all enclosed with insulated door.
Refrigerator, Freezer... both, in compact space combine.
Be sure to ask your dealer for PHILCO ADVANCED DESIGN.

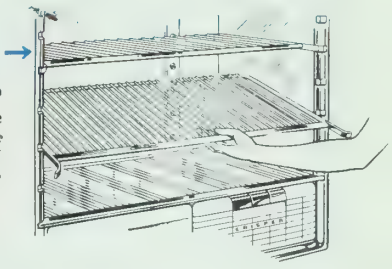


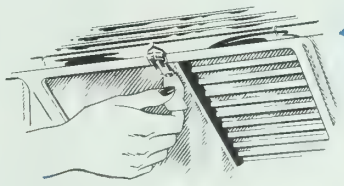
It's a WONDERful Refrigerator!



Transparent Conservador
Exclusive Philco shelf-lined inner door doubles the front shelf space; keeps foods used most often at your fingertips.

Shelf-Control →
Shift the shelves to suit yourself; make space for foods of any size or shape.





← *Summer-Winter Control*
At last, you maintain balanced humidity that's *just right* in any climate or season.



It's a WONDERful Freezer!

PHILCO AV-75—Spacious 7½ cu. ft. upright home freezer. Holds up to 300 pounds of frozen foods. Fits small floor areas. 3 compartments. Temperatures as low as 15° below zero. Deluxe equipment; exclusive features. See it now at your Philco Dealer.



PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over



1948, Philco Corporation

WHEREVER THERE'S FUN!

"Fresh up" with Seven-Up!



AT HOME OR AWAY—
BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

When the band strikes up at a football victory dance, you can be sure that 7-Up will be in attendance. For cheerful 7-Up adds to the fun of the younger set as well as the parents in the chaperone line . . . *just as it does when they're at home.*

So, whether you're at home or away, let sparkling 7-Up play its part in *your* activities. With the first lively sip you "fresh up" —see why 7-Up is the *all-family* drink. Buy a case for *your* family where you see those bright 7-Up signs.





YOU LIKE IT IT LIKES YOU!

JOURNAL CUTOUTS

to make for Christmas

BY NORA O'LEARY





Metal wastebaskets from the dime store decorated with favorite Journal covers and exciting reproductions fit into any room.



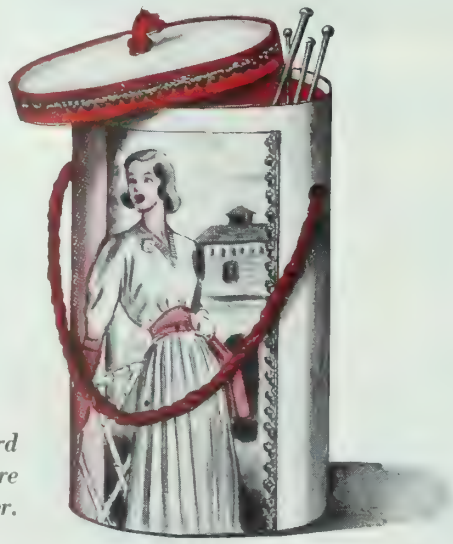
Kitchen trays and individual sandwich trays lend themselves to the food pictures and favorite products in advertisements.



Journal reproductions of famous paintings covered with plain glass, edged with passe partout. Frame several, hang in groups.



The youngsters will love a lamp shade with Munro Leaf cartoons! Shades MUST be covered with heat-resistant coating!



Fashion touch for a dime-store pasteboard knitting box. Glue your favorite picture smoothly, and shellac. Add gold border.

Smooth all surfaces. Spread rubber cement on picture and surface it is

Fostoria

Lovely TO LIVE WITH



Stemware is for more than utility. It's the costume jewelry to sparkle your dining room, to glamorize china, silver and damask. *Navarre*, for instance, is a handlaid Fostoria "Master-Etching", a gem to set your tables aglow with charm and drama. For this prestige of perfect harmony, you'll find many jewel-like Fostoria goblets and a myriad of accessory pieces . . . all exquisite, at the better stores everywhere.

FOSTORIA

FOSTORIA GLASS COMPANY • • • MOUNDSVILLE • WEST VIRGINIA

"Golden Glory!"

. . . this grand, nutritious Velveeta casserole

Here's how to make this Kraft Classic main dish

Cut 4 hard-cooked eggs in half lengthwise. Remove yolks, mash and combine with 4 tablespoons Kraft Mayonnaise. Season with salt and pepper and fill the whites. Cook one 8-ounce package of elbow macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and place in a shallow casserole.

Now for the Velveeta magic! In the top of a double boiler, melt one pound of this famous cheese food (two ½-lb. packages or half of the 2-lb. loaf). Into the melted golden Velveeta gradually stir ½ cup of milk. Combine about half of that gloriously rich, smooth Velveeta sauce with the macaroni. Arrange the stuffed eggs on top and pour the remaining Velveeta sauce on the eggs. Bake 20 minutes in a moderate (350°) oven. Place the casserole on a chop plate, surround with broiled tomato halves, and treat your folks to "golden glory."

Remember that *besides* the grand cheese flavor, Velveeta adds high quality complete protein plus other important milk nutrients. That's why Velveeta is such a good idea for main dishes as well as for cold sandwiches and snacks. Keep plenty on hand—to spread or slice or melt any time!

SAVE MONEY—Remember, ounce for ounce there is no other basic food that matches cheese for high-quality complete protein . . . for calcium, phosphorus and other nutrients from milk.

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MacLaren's Imperial is the aristocrat of aged cheddars, famous in this country and Canada for 58 years! A *natural* cheese—rich, sharp, "crumbly"—perfect!

It's mellow as old wine! . . . this natural golden Chantelle in the gay red coat. You will like it on crackers, in sandwiches, with fruit . . . and put it proudly on your cheese tray.

For salads, sandwiches and desserts always get the cream cheese that's guaranteed fresh. It's *marked* Philadelphia Brand. The genuine is made only by Kraft.

Kay Brand is mellow *natural* cheddar cheese made from *pasteurized* milk! A real triumph of Kraft skill. Buy slices or a block—or wedges—from the 10-lb. bar.











THE UNPOSSESSED

(Continued from Page 54)

had not yet convinced his father's old ends of the necessity for his New York con- t. And since his father's death it seemed him that some of them were not quite eager to finance him. However, Mabel oughton was still enthusiastic. The old girl oked like a sheep, but she was kind. Michael d long ago learned the exploitation value kindness.

He stepped hard on the gas and Sophie's op of shining hair streamed out behind em. He *needed* Sophie. He found relaxation der the flow of her inconsequence. Her ry unimportance rested him.

"Don't you mind when people disapprove you?" he asked curiously, apropos of Mrs. inner. For himself, approval was as neces- ry as food.

Sophie gave a crow of laughter. "Go faster, ike. Mind? Why on earth should I? It esn't matter."

Curled on the end of the old sofa in the ting room at his boardinghouse, she went ck to the subject.

"My father and mother died when I was tle and I had to work for my board at nt Ella's and wear gingham aprons to hool and the kids laughed at me. So you e, it's always been sort of me-against-the- wn. When Aunt Ella died, the Ladies' thena Club lent me money to take a library urse. So now"—she grinned at him—now I'm that poor little Campbell girl who so deserving. Unless you ruin my reputa- on. And that might be interesting. I'd a woman-with-a-past ——"

"You're a fool," he told her, kissing the p of her nose and returning to his practice. Sophie had, oddly enough, the gift of re- se. She could sit for hours, on her day off, erely listening, her gaze distant. His inter- inable scales or the monotonous repetition a phrase never seemed to bother her. *It's cause she has neither sense nor temperament,* Michael decided, grinning across at her.

"I made myself a song about the town ars ago," Sophie said, yelling above the iano. "Whenever they're snooty, I sing it myself. Look." She came to lean above im, smelling like clean hay and soap and arch. "Listen." With one finger she picked ut: *Tum*-ti-ti-tum-tum-*tum*-ti-tum. Tum-*ti*- -ti-tum-ti-*tum*. Bam! "The words are: *This* is the way you *think* it is. But *this* is he way it *is*. Bam!"

The tune had such an impertinent finality hat Michael shouted with laughter. "Why, aby, you're a composer," he said, and be- an fitting chords to the melody.

Sophie nodded complacently. "Aren't I? ell, I just sing it when they get pompous. t makes me feel they don't know every- ing and then I don't mind them."

She wasn't like anyone else at all, Michael ought. She was plain, she hadn't any ind, but she was, at the least, a refreshing change from the sultry females who seemed always to be falling in love with him. And she was the first person he'd ever found who could leave him alone and yet not lonely.

She accepted his light kisses happily. She seemed enchanted to be with him. But she did not cling. She made no demands. It was restful. It was free. It was exasperating.

"Don't you ever wonder if I'll come back tomorrow?" he demanded one night when she'd said, "'By, darling," and run up the porch steps of her rooming house.

"Oh, but you will, won't you?" she said, startled.

"You're too sure of me."

She stopped on the top step and, for the first time, he saw her look solemn. "Oh, I'm not, Michael," she protested. "Only"—she put out a hand and rumpled his hair—"you're too lazy to hunt you up another girl when none of us really count anyway. You see, you're a genius, dear. So you don't honestly care about anybody but yourself. And if—when—you don't come back, what can I do about it? Things happen and when you can't help it you just have to take it."

For a moment he wondered if she could possibly have more sense than he had thought. She'd had to take a good deal already. Then he remembered her constant chatter that never by any chance added up, and he dismissed the idea. *She's just dizzy,* he decided. *She doesn't think, any more than a crazy puppy thinks while he's worrying at your shoelaces.*

It was several nights after this that Sophie insisted upon stopping at a grocery store for a quart of milk. "Heat that and drink it tonight, Mike," she said mildly. "It will make you sleep just as well as whisky."

He was startled. This was the nearest Sophie had ever come to criticism. He had not thought she minded his occasional drinking. She would not mention it to anyone, of course, and, now that the contributions for his New York concert were in the bank, he was safe.

Still, he'd use control, he determined, as he left her and walked home through the scented darkness. Until recently he had almost quit drinking this summer. They had been so gay he had never needed it. But as the time for him to leave grew nearer, he began to be engulfed in moods of depression. He wondered, increasingly, if he might be just another mediocre pianist. When he remembered that soon he'd have to expose himself to the criticism of the world, doubt sickened him.

At these times, liquor was imperative. It made everything less immediate and made him feel adequate. Of course he should not have driven night before last when his head was spinning. But he had never driven better. The car swooped in long graceful flights,



"All right, dear, I'll pay you the regular caddy fee—now stop grumbling!"

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1. MAIN DISH for 6 hungry people

1 lb. Washburn's Fancy Pinto Beans (or Red, Kidney, or Great Northern Beans)	2½ tsps. salt ½ cup bacon drippings ¼ lb. cheddar cheese 2 or 3 tomatoes

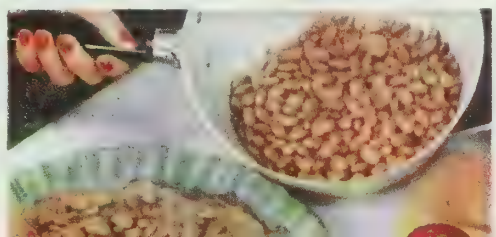
Add Washburn's Beans to 7 cups warm water in kettle and let soak several hours or overnight. Then add salt, cover the kettle, and simmer 2 hours or until tender. Drain, saving bean liquid.



2. Melt bacon drippings in skillet ove low heat, add half of the drained beans Cook for ten minutes, stirring fre quently; then take spoon or masher an mash beans gently in the skillet as the cook. Next, stir in the bean liquid slowly and continue to cook several minute more until mixture is quite thick.



3. Turn out the mashed bean mixture onto a heat-proof platter, chop plate, or oven-proof glass pie plate, and then spoon the unmashed beans on top. Cut cheese and tomatoes into thick slices.



4. Place cheese slices on top of the beans and tomato slices around edges. The put the whole dish under low broile heat until cheese is melted. Serve bub bling hot. Makes 6 to 8 big servings.





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FOR Thanksgiving



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himself scarcely conscious that he controlled it. He had not, actually, touched that passing sedan. It was bad luck that the fool driver had swerved into a field.

Sophie had been wonderful. She'd held tight to the door handle on the curves and been silent, uncritical. However, she had insisted on his taking the car straight to the garage and she had walked home with him.

Tonight, gazing up at the clear stars, he felt that nothing of what he dreamed was impossible. A life of work was all he wanted. To find in music the greatness that was there, and to give it to his listeners, was all.

In his room he heated the milk in his electric percolator, staring into the mirror with approval. Sunburn became him. He looked healthy after his summer with Sophie. *She's a sweet kid*, he thought, drinking the warm milk. Then he was in bed and almost instantly asleep, soothed by the promise of virtue.

But starlight and exaltation were not constant. The black moods recurred. He had long been superstitious as to his bad luck with music. When he was sixteen and about to be sent to Paris for study, the war which prevented it had seemed aimed directly at himself. He'd studied in New York instead, and the threat of being drafted seemed only a personal ruin. That forgotten spot on his lungs had saved him and he was glad enough to earn approval by playing at camps and hospitals. When he got his year in Paris after all, it seemed to him the Fates had relented. In Paris, living in a world of his own, it was easy enough to look ahead to a brilliant career in the far future. But now he had to prove it.

When he thought of that future, now almost upon him, it was with an elevator-dropping sensation in the pit of his stomach. At those times he drank quickly, waited with impatience for the effect. Driving helped. He could almost escape in speed.

It was after one of these nights that he woke with a body throbbing like a dynamo. Trying to lift his head, he fell back with a groan and fixed one eye upon the ceiling, which waved and swooped like the canvas of a tent.

Sophie said "Hi," and he sat up suddenly. The resultant crash of whirling pain infuriated him.

"What are you doing here?"

Sophie, wound up in his white-crash dressing gown, came to sit beside him on the bed. She giggled. "You better be glad I *am* here. You were perfectly fine last night. Oh, my, yes. You only wanted to jump out the window. And when I locked it you kept complaining because you didn't have a private bath so you could slash your wrists and lie in warm water. Michael, you were perfectly crazy. You kept saying you were no good. The idea! I didn't dare leave you alone. Besides, I wanted to stay."

Michael said "Why?" eying her warily. For a moment he wondered. Sophie couldn't be putting him in a position?

"Oh, I just wanted to," she said. "Get up, lamb. We've got to hurry or I'll be late to work."

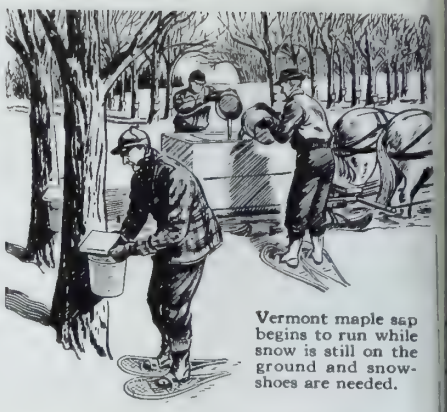
Wincing under the shower, toweling gingerly and shrugging himself into shirt and flannels, Michael gave way to increasing annoyance. Ma Tucker wasn't fussy about what went on in her house. But if the better women of the town got wind of it, they'd have a fit. Sophie had no sense at all.

When he returned she was dressed in the short white linen that made her look so childish. And if there were smudges under the gray eyes, Michael was in no mood to notice. He was only conscious that he must have been completely maudlin last night. Being seen at a disadvantage had always angered him. It was lucky that it had been only Sophie who had seen him.

"Hurry up, Mike, or I'll be late," she said.

He sat down on the edge of the rumpled sofa where Sophie had slept. "Look, Soph, you go ahead," he said. "I—I don't feel up to it. Besides, it would look bad for us to be seen coming out together."

"Oh, Mike, what do we care what anyone thinks so long as we know it's all right?



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Mix 1½ lbs. ground lamb shoulder with ½ cups of bread crumbs that have een soaked in 1 cup of Herb-Ox Bouil- on. Add 1 cup cooked peas, ¼ cup inced onion, 2 tablespoons chopped arsley, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon epper. Pack in well-greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1½ ours.

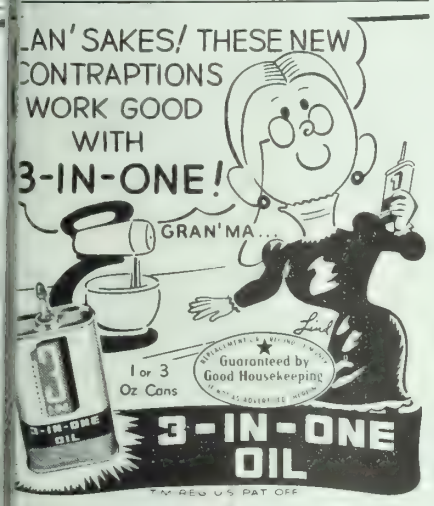
Herb-Ox adds rich, savory goodness to w, gravies, meat pies, casseroles—makes -cost meat taste like a million! Send for menu book. Write The Pure Food Com- y, Inc., Mamaroneck, N.Y. Dept. (LHJ-11)

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You're sweet to mind for me, but I don't care. Honestly. I—I'd be sort of proud."

Michael's skin crawled with irritation. *She'd* be proud! "You go ahead," he said again. "I don't feel hungry."

She stared at him for a long moment and Michael saw surprise and then, as she still stood silent, an acceptance in her face. It was the look of one who recognizes a fact. It was the way she'd looked when she said, "I couldn't afford shoes."

"Oh, the Methodist ladies," she said simply. "Well, 'by, darling. Lie down till you feel better." And she was gone.

He stood at the window and watched her march down the street, her thin shoulders straight, her feet seeming to walk to music. He fitted her steps to the rhythm that seemed to be running through his head: "*This* is the way you *think* it is. But *this* is the way it *is!* Bam!"

She'd said, "I didn't dare leave you alone." And she had not the imagination to worry. "I wanted to stay," she'd said. Well, then! If she wanted to waste herself upon a heel like him, what could he do about it?

The trouble with him, he thought moodily, was that he had no slightest illusion about himself. He was selfish and calculating and not dependable. He made use of his charm. But he *was* a musician. There and there only he was of some account. And the sooner Sophie admitted it to herself, the better.

Forgetting his head, he went down to the piano and was soon lost in Bach. It was some time before he could control the trembling of his fingers, but, once launched, his absorption became almost trancelike. When, much later, it occurred to him that Sophie had had not a cent with her to buy breakfast, he shrugged away the reminder as he would have brushed away a fly. He had a splendid day.

> Love is a beggar who still begs when one has given him everything. —ROCHEPEDRE.

He and Sophie had one final celebration before he went away. It was the night before he left.

"Tonight we buy you a hat," he told her. "We'll be very chic and go clear to Clay Center and you shall choose the very best. Nothing's too good for my girl."

"But I won't *need* a hat when you're gone," she demurred. "Oh, Mike! You haven't *minded* my not having one? I've tried and tried to save, but stockings cost so much. I haven't had a hat in years. Winters I just wear my fuzzy tam. And in summer nobody needs a hat."

Her shining hair hung almost to her shoulders and Michael took one hand from the wheel to stroke it gently. He was feeling surprisingly sentimental about leaving her. "It's a shame to cover up such hair," he said. "But you have to have something to remember me by. Besides, it's a disgrace, not owning a hat. Whoever saw such a girl?"

Sophie, it seemed, had definite ideas about hats. She shook her head while the fat saleswoman urged turbans and flat pillboxes upon her. "I've thought so much about it," she told Michael. "When you dream about a thing long enough I don't guess you ever do find it." Then: "Oh, Mike!" she breathed suddenly. "*Do* you think I could have that one?" Her awe, as she pointed, amused and touched him. "All my life I've dreamed of a hat with a plume."

When she tried it on, turning her head this way and that, Michael drew a quick breath of astonishment. The hat was a tiny poke bonnet, with a very small, deep gray-blue plume. Against it, Sophie's skin was luminous, her eyes the smoky tint of the feather.

"Oh, do you suppose it is expensive?" she said.

"You look like a baby Gainsborough," he told her casually, but in his mind astonishment grew. The girl had elegance. Tonight he saw that, with the proper dressing, that





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☐ *She's shy*
☐ *She's a glow worm*
☐ *She's a vacuum cleaner*

Shyness is only one reason why a cutie's out of the fun. She may be a glow worm (self-centered). Or a vacuum cleaner (picks up all the dirt). Any answer above can be right. The cure? Learn to get along with others. Good way's to join a dramatic club.

Be a good trouper, *whatever* the day—for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Yes, *new* Kotex has wonder-softness that *holds its shape*. And the new Kotex Sanitary Belt is adjustable, all-elastic . . . so *comfortable!*



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Why ught "bobbies" tooth and nail? Either approach wrecks enamel. Instead, hold curl with left fingers, bringing up pin with right hand. Open pin with ball of left thumb; keep apart with flesh of right finger . . . the rest is easy. And by the way, why don't *you* rest easy, concerning certain stubborn worries? Let Kotex rout those poise-wreckers!—with the *extra* protection you get with Kotex's exclusive safety center. It's accident insurance! You can skylark through "those" days—*confidently!*



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☐ *Spike heels*
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What with longer skirts, all eyes are riveted to your ankles! Got "steinway" stems? Try this. First, cream hands and ankles. Grasp instep firmly; rub up above ankle, lifting hand between strokes. Faithful massage helps relieve congestion—improve circulation (and ankles, in time). However, it takes no time at all to have the *napkin* size you want. Quickly as you can say "Kotex"—you can choose from *3 Kotex sizes.* Remember, each has *flat pressed ends* that prevent revealing outlines.



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outmoded word might describe her perfectly. "We'll take it," he told the clerk.

"And I'll wear it," Sophie announced. The hat looked absurd with her short dress and childish legs. But for once she wore stockings instead of socks. And for once, Michael discovered, he did not care what people thought.

"You look very grand, baby," he said, as they went out of the shop.

She smoothed the plume tenderly. "I do hope it isn't windy," she worried. "But I can take it off in the car. And I've got this box to keep it in." She skipped to keep in step with him. "Oh, Michael, you are so good to me. I don't know what I ever did to deserve you."

There was a street carnival in Clay Center that night and they rode the merry-go-round, Sophie's precious hat in its box, her hair flying up and down; they mounted high in the Ferris wheel while she screamed with laughter and excitement and clung tightly to him. With his arms around her, Michael felt his pulses beat faster. Tonight, for the first time, she had got into his blood. And, though she seemed not to notice, he saw color mount in her thin cheeks.

There is no man so poor as he who has only money.
—EDWIN PUGH.

But, after all, he was to hold himself in check. Going home late at night, he drove into the shadow of the elms along the river and stopped the car. When he snapped off the ignition and turned, she was in his arms and her lips parted under his and clung in long kisses that left him breathless. They had not kissed this way before. She met his need so simply that they seemed to move together in the same dream.

"My little love," he murmured, and for once the phrase tarnished by his use seemed right.

It was he who drew away, to laugh shakily, to light a cigarette with fingers that trembled.

"You are so sweet," he said. Then, because her abandonment to him had frightened him, he made his voice light. "I could eat you with a spoon," he said, and let smoke out in a deep breath. Better not—oh, much better not, he admonished himself. The kid was so innocent. And a man had to keep himself free.

Sophie sat up and rubbed her eyes. But she said nothing. After a while she reached behind her to open her hatbox, to set the new hat carefully upon her head.

Risking a side glance, Michael noticed that her face looked pinched now, almost haggard. He hoped she was not going to cry. Overwrought women who cried always angered him.

She did not cry. When they reached her house she said, "Good-by, Michael. Good luck, dear," and put up her face, as usual exactly as if they were to see each other tomorrow.

It was Michael himself, never able to resist dramatization, who said, "It's good-by for quite a while, sweet. It's been fun, hasn't it?"

He was to remember for some time how her voice sounded when she answered, "It's been heaven." She took hold of one of the buttons of his coat and twisted it in her pointed fingers, looking at it and not at him. "You're the only thing I ever had all to myself. The only thing that wasn't just something somebody else didn't want. All the other girls wanted you, Mike. You've no idea." She giggled a little then, sounding more like the Sophie he knew. "Or yes, I expect *you* would have, wouldn't you? But anyway, you're the first wonderful thing that ever happened to me." She stood on tiptoe and kissed his cheek. "Thanks for everything," she said.

That autumn in New York was always to remain in Michael's memory as a time of enchantment. Gol Bradford lent him an apartment off lower Fifth Avenue and he was, since he knew no one, able to concentrate himself wholly upon music. He rose early, had coffee and rolls and remained working, with pause only for an occasional cigarette, till mid-afternoon.

After a bath and shave he went forth to walk. Sometimes he tramped across Brooklyn Bridge, turning to stare back at the lighted ramparts of the city he was so soon to conquer. For his confidence was, at this time, surging high. He worked hard with Rosen, proud that the master had reluctantly consented to take him. It was a time of dreams and yet of mastery; a time, too, of hard-won self-approval.

He met Marcia Gallant at a tea at the Maillard School, where he had gone at Rosen's insistence. "Work is good," the old man said. "But it is not good that you see nobody. You will go stale and your concert will suffer."

The concert. Always they thought of that. Even this afternoon Michael drank weak tea, bent over the hands of matrons cascading with lace and fringe, and . . . thought

(Continued on Page 131)

Back and Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Patterns on Pages 62 and 63

Vogue Design No. S-4896. One-piece dress. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. $1.

Vogue Design No. 6548. One-piece dress. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 75c.

Vogue Design No. 6415. Blouse. 12 to 20; 30 to 40. 50c.

Vogue Design No. 6609. "Easy-to- Make" skirt. 24 to 32 waist. 50c.



Vogue Design No. 6584. One-piece dress. 12 to 20; 30 to 42. 75c.

Vogue Design No. 6551. One-piece dress. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 75c.

Vogue Design No. S-4912. One-piece dress. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. $1.

Vogue Design No. 6540. One-piece dress. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 75c.

Vogue Design No. 6469. One-piece dress. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 60c.

Vogue Design No. 6599. "Easy-to-Make" suit-dress. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 75c.



(Continued from Page 128)

t his concert. Then someone said, "This ichael Thorne, Mrs. Gallant," and he ed up to see a woman, adorned in silver , whose brown-flecked hazel eyes met and held them.

We hear great things of you, Michael ne," Mrs. Gallant said, a hint of hter in her crisp voice. Michael bowed. er gaze plunged into his with a conscious gnition of adventure. Rosen was right. been a monk too long. When Mrs. ant left he fell into step beside her and walked half across the park in the light-gled dusk, engrossed in the game of ing acquainted.

ophie, who had lived in his mind like the singing of a small teakettle, who had ered along beside him in his walks, so gibly there that it had seemed redundant vrite to her, Sophie melted away like a ndly mist in the heat of his intimacy with cia.

Marcia had all the patter of the sophisti-s at her tongue's end. And Marcia was ortant as well as amusing. Giles Bern-n, whom he met at her house, and whose sic criticism set the taste of the town, was more important. The bureau had com-ed arrangements for his concert. It would him no harm to e her friends in udience. Michael, santly conscious imself every min-, was having a rl. And he loved it. ate afternoon be-Marcia's fire, re they could talk ly while he held fingers, kissing m now and then, ame their accepted e. Sometimes he yed for her, and comments were ays complimen-y.

Not like Sophie's, thought, grinning. at scatterbrain known nothing of sic. But, "Oh, that s fuzzy. Like lint der a bed," she d once.

Michael, never one to suffer criticism dly, had been incensed. "What do you an? You're crazy."

She hadn't been intimidated. "I'm not her. Your playing is always crisp and an, sort of. This wasn't. It was fuzzy."

The worst of it was that she'd been right. d he had worked until she—and more, till himself—had been satisfied.

But Marcia stirred no doubts in him. "You're superb," she told him. And Michael nd it pleasant to believe her.

HEIR afternoons always ended with her side him as he played to her in the dusk. he evening came soon when he turned to r at the poignant ending of a Chopin noc-rne. Their kiss was inevitable, and pro-nged. "I knew you'd be like this," she mur-ured, and he kissed her again, savoring the plication of her words. A woman like this et one as an equal in experience.

"My little love," he said, and then was gry at his own ineptitude. "You're arvelous" was better and she slid round, the piano bench, until she faced the room d he could take her in his arms.

From that evening their intimacy pro-ressed swiftly. Her expensive fragrance, r furs, her chic enchanted him. He was roud of his conquest, proud of her friends' miling acceptance. It made him feel a monstrous fine fellow," he admitted to his aving mirror. And if he sometimes wished e did not feel so smothered in perfume and urs, if he sometimes felt as if he'd like to pread his arms and brush Marcia farther way and get some air, still she amused and tirred him.

Once or twice, absorbed in his music, he id wish she were self-contained, like Sophie. Marcia kept you constantly aware of her. Even when she sat quietly, she was always conscious of herself and of you; worse, she made you aware of her consciousness. It was annoying.

Her possessiveness, though flattering, was annoying too. "We'd love to come," she'd say, when someone mentioned a party. "Of course I'm keeping Michael hard at it just now; his concert, you know. But we'll make it somehow."

She was keeping him at it! Michael's mouth would twist as he followed her out of a restaurant. But the stir her appearance always made would soothe his irritation. And he would remind himself that it did him no harm to have Mrs. Peter Gallant, Third, talking about his concert.

FOR himself, he tried not to think about it very much. He was ready, and even Rosen was dourly satisfied. They had wrangled over what he was to play, settling finally upon his beginning with a Scarlatti sonatina, a Bach prelude and fugue. The Appassionata of Beethoven and a group of Debussy preludes were to follow. It would be all right. It had to be.

And then the day of the concert was upon him. Michael, shaving with a hand that shook, felt that it was too soon. He could eat no breakfast. He tried to practice, found it impossible and flung himself out into the street. He walked all morning, lunched vaguely at a restaurant and, in the afternoon, stumbled home exhausted, with some idea of sleep.

He could not sleep, and as he lay staring at the ceiling he discovered that he could remember not one note of his program. Going to the piano, he found that panic shook him. Then, without volition, his fingers fell upon the first notes of the Appassionata and he swept into it.

Marcia found him, sunk fathoms deep, when she let herself in at five with the key he had, reluctantly, given her.

"Darling, I had to come. But what's wrong? You look so odd." Michael suffered himself to be kissed. In his concentration he could hardly remember who she was. "You poor sweet, you're dead," she protested, pulling him along to the sofa and hurrying to mix a drink.

Irritation crawled along his nerves, prickling his skin. He gulped his drink, staring inimically at her, waiting for her to go.

She sat down beside him, sliding her hand under his inert one and turning her fingers to hold his. "I knew you'd be working too hard. That's why I had to come. Oh, Michael, the most exciting thing! We're going away. Tomorrow. To Mexico. The Graysons' yacht is heaven and they're broad-minded ——"

Michael said, "Hah!" and glared at her. "What a fine time you pick. You're crazy. If the concert is a success I ought to get engagements for the entire winter."

"*If* it's a success!" she laughed. "Of course you'll be a success. You don't imagine I've been sweet to Bernstein for nothing. He knows what I expect of him. But you need a change, Michael. And it will do you no harm to cultivate the Graysons. They have gorgeous parties, you know, and when you've played in their house you can play anywhere."

"A sort of court musician. A traveling minstrel," Michael said unpleasantly. Rage mounted in him. Bernstein knew what was expected of him, indeed!

Marcia seemed not to notice his mood. "We can be together simply all the time, not in snatches as we are here. I told them we could sail by noon."

I Do Not Mourn

By Mae Winkler Goodman

The year will not be stayed . . .
not by an hour
Will it return the blossom to the
stem;
And yet I do not mourn the fruit,
the flower,
Nor that man's dreams are stricken
down with them,
Knowing how spring will resurrect
the root
To bear again the flower, the
round fruit.



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YOU'D BE HORRIFIED to see the filthy sewer muck that collects in your drain. Slimy, greasy muck where nasty sewer germs breed.

Even if you use a liquid disinfectant regularly you cannot rid your drains of this filth. It takes Drāno to remove this mucky refuse *as well as* the germs that breed in it. Yes, if you could see Drāno at work . . .



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. . . *Put a tablespoon of Drāno in every drain once a week!*

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"Nice of you to accept for me." Michael slid out from under the arm she had slipped round his shoulders.

"Isn't it incredible? Oh, Michael, just think of whole days together—whole weeks with no boring concerts or tiresome practice, practice, practice." She raised her face to his. "I'll go now. And tonight when you're playing you'll have this to look forward to—that you won't have to work for two whole months."

Michael rose with her, looking her up and down slowly as if he had never seen her before. "It's you who are incredible," he said. "It is incredibly impertinent of you to plan my life for me. As for the tiresome practicing and the blessed absence of concerts—I'm a musician. Hadn't you heard? It's—ah, a business, you know. I don't just drop it to run off and play." The look on her face drove him on. "As for two months of your delightful companionship—well, one may have a taste for occasional caviar, but as a steady diet it just might pall." *That's done it,* he thought, appalled at his own sudden and ill-timed honesty.

Marcia stared at him, incredulous. "Why, you cheap little piano player," she said at last. "*You* a musician! You amuse me." She laughed merrily. "Everyone knows I've made you. And I can do plenty about that too. Everyone will howl with laughter at you, going all heavy about your career. Everyone knows you haven't a thing but facility; facility and a cheap charm."

Shaking with nerves, Michael saw her turn, and heard, in a moment, the crash of the door. "Everyone knows ——" she'd said. "Everyone will laugh." . . . *Everyone.* Suddenly he knew he could not face an audience that night.

Wave upon wave of fear mounted in him. The thought of eyes, eyes everywhere, and the malicious whispering comments of Marcia's world, filled him with fear. Music receded and there remained only the world he had been living in, the world of personalities.

Somehow he dressed. Somehow he walked all the way uptown to the concert hall. The idea of walking across that famous platform appalled him. A hundred times on the way uptown he rehearsed that walk fro wings to the piano. Not a note of mu mained to him.

Somehow he was in the wings and so pushed him out upon the stage. He his progress toward a piano which s miles away. He turned his gaze once the audience. Marcia was there. He bled and she laughed, her laughter malicious in the quiet house. He sa whisper to Bernstein, saw the critic's c grin.

Then he was at the piano. But he not play. He knew that he could not.

It would have been better, he realiz most at once, if he had not. Mechani his fingers had fallen upon the familiar of the sonatina and he was playing Mechanically note followed note. He through the thing like an automaton, fo himself on because he did not know wha to do.

He progressed to Bach with scarc pause. And so, at last, he had plowed thr the first half of his program. When he fin and dropped his hands there was the sibi of many whispers, then a thin spatter c plause. Now he had to get back across mile of platform. He could, having ac plished that, go away and hide himsel ever. But first he must walk.

Brushing past Rosen, he had a glimp the old man's face. And then he was sa the dressing room, with the door closed He sat down at the shaky dressing tabl put his head on his arms. Here at last, little while, he was safe.

When he heard the knock he sat very holding his breath. Rosen, that woul It would be no use talking to him. both knew pianists who had had this c fear. It had ruined them. If you were a of your audience, you were licked. He ered deeper in his chair as the knock again. He heard the door open.

Sophie said, "Mike, what is it? Are sick?" Then her arms were round his sh ders and he was crying, great shattering He turned and buried his face against belt of her coat. Sophie held him and then she said, "There, there." Aft

(Continued on Page 134)



"Mind if I watch?"

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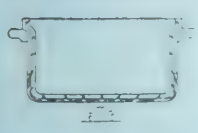
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(Continued from Page 132)

while she loosened her arms to stroke his hair back from his forehead, her small hand gentle.

"I can't go back out there. I can't face them, Sophie," he said, over and over.

"It's all right, darling. Never mind them. It's all right," she repeated softly.

"They know I'm no good," he said. "Everybody knows I don't amount to anything. Why . . . I just don't amount to anything," he said again, incredulous, as he sat up at last.

Sophie put out her hand and touched his cheek. "You were scared, weren't you?" she said. "Why, Mike, you were just scared to death."

He nodded. "Out of my head. The faces, Sophie. All those eyes. And now I can't ever face any of them. They know I'm not any good."

"I expect they do," Sophie agreed, to his astonishment. She stood looking at him and Michael thought, suddenly, that he had never before seen tenderness in any woman's face. Desire he had seen, and excitement. But tenderness was new. "You've never been socked before, have you, Mike?" she said. "You never got knocked flat before? It never even occurred to you that you might not 'amount to something,' did it? Well, sometimes it's sort of fun." He snorted and she said, "Oh, I don't mean it's fun getting socked. But I mean it's sort of fun not being anybody special. You don't have to be so cautious all the time when you aren't important. When you don't think you're important you can just say, 'Here goes nothing,' and let things rip. That's fun," she told him.

He shook his head. "You're crazy. You were always nuts. But I've—why, I've missed you," he said, surprised that it was true. He had missed her, though he had not known it. She was like a drink of water when you were thirsty; like fresh air in a stuffy room. "I've missed you every minute," he said, believing it. "And what's fun about being nobody?"

"It's . . . kind of careless and free," Sophie offered. "I heard a man talking about refugees the other night, calling them the dispossessed. And I got thinking about me afterward. I'm not *dis*possessed. I've never had anything to lose. But I don't think I'm important, so I don't think about me, much. I just live. I don't have to live up to some picture I've made of myself. I don't have to toady and be nice to people to make a picture of myself for them, either. So I guess I'm the *un*possessed. I like being it." She looked speculatively at him round the plume of the elegant hat. "Your music isn't *you*, you know. It's bigger than that. It is something you have to give to people. But *you* oughtn't to be in it, at all." She stopped, then plunged. "Maybe if you weren't so busy out there on that platform, being Michael Thorne and *thinking* about being Michael Thorne, you *might* even give us some music."

It's just as well to forget your old troubles, because there are a lot more coming.

He stared at her and she stared back, her eyes very steady and with the accepting look he had seen in her face before. It came to him that he was relaxed and free with her just because she knew him for exactly what he was.

"The unpossessed," he said. He thought of his life, of how he'd traded on his charm and of what a hard bargain that had been. "The unpossessed. To go out there and not care ——"

"And play to please yourself, Mike, and not a lot of stuffed shirts ——"

"And give it to them cold and make them like it ——"

"What have you got to lose?" she demanded. "Don't you see, darling? When you touch bottom, *any* way is up."

It was absurd. It made no more sense than Sophie had ever done. But it was as if a great weight rolled off him. It was as if, as Sophie said, having lost everything, he stood alone, and free. It was frightening, but it was stimulating too. If you had nothing to lose, then you had nothing to fear.

He said suddenly, "Who ever heard of them, outside their own families!"

Sophie caught his hands, her eyes shining. "That's it! That's what I mean!"

"I'll give them music, Sophie. Give it to them if I have to cram it down their throats."

"And I'll be there," she told him. "Mike, if you really did miss me, maybe you'll buy me a couple of hot dogs after? On account of the truck driver—oh, he was swell, but he only bought me pie and coffee. And I'm starved."

"The truck driver?"

"The last one. He brought me clear down to the hall." She giggled. "You ought to have seen the Four Hundred stare when I climbed out of an oil truck." She started for the door and Michael saw that she limped, saw her wince as she set her foot down.

"WHAT is it, dear?" He was beside her, holding her.

"Tired," she said. She slid one heel out of her pump and looked down at it with regret. "New stockings too." He saw the great hole, saw that her heel was cut and bleeding where a blister had broken. "Well, I tried and *tried* to save and yesterday I *still* had only five dollars," she protested. "I bought my concert ticket weeks ago, but I don't get paid till next Saturday. So I rode on the bus five dollars' worth and then I walked. Oh, I got a lot of rides. And the last truck driver said, 'So long, sister. Give my love to your boy friend.' And all the people coming in to the concert laughed. And it was fun."

"You walked," Michael said stupidly.

"Well, it was my big night. Even if you never knew it. And you never would if it had been like I dreamed, with people standing up to cheer and everything. Oh, Mike, I'd have burst with pride."

"You walked to hear me play," Michael said. "Your poor feet ——"

There was a knock on the door. A voice said, "Five minutes, Mr. Thorne."

"I've got to run," Sophie said. She lifted her face and Michael put his hands on her shoulders, holding her off to look at her for a long moment.

"Bless you. I'll buy you the biggest steak in town. You'll wait?"

"Don't I always?"

He stood still, filling his lungs with a deep breath that pulled courage up from inside him. She had walked and thumbed rides and probably carried her precious hat in its box, to hear him play. And she would always be gallant and silly and gay and seldom make sense, and be the unpossessed until she died. Michael Thorne, untouched and untouchable, felt his throat ache.

He walked out upon the stage and, for the first time in his spoiled young life, he had forgotten himself completely.

As he sat with his fingers on the keys, waiting for silence, his eyes found Sophie, down in front. Warmth spread in him as she walked into his heart and made herself at home there.

She's my girl, he thought, surprised that it should have been she all the time and he not know it. *She hasn't beauty or chic or brilliance. Not anything really. Not anything except loyalty and endurance and courage,* he added.

"I'd have been proud," she had said. A sudden impulse overwhelmed him. To follow it would be impertinent. It would be unheard-of. But it was what he most wished to do.

Why not? "*What have you got to lose?*" he could hear Sophie say. He began playing and, at the first notes of the Scarlatti sonatina, a murmur swept the audience. Then, as the quality of his playing became apparent, the house fell silent. With the half-smile on his face, Michael played straight through the first half of his program. And he knew, with a quiet certainty, that seldom had that old hall heard better music.

Confident, now, of his audience, he gave them the Appassionata. The house rose to him when he had finished. Those in the back rows began coming down the aisles toward

(Continued on Page 136)

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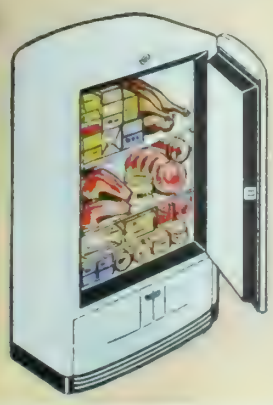
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(Continued from Page 134)

the stage, and Michael glanced at Sophie as he bowed.

She had stopped clapping and stood, her hands clasped against her breast, her [illegible] face, under the elegant hat, lighted as if a fire burned behind it. Michael saw, too, that Bernstein was clapping and calling "Bravo" while Marcia stood motionless.

Michael walked to the front of the stage and waited, smiling, for silence. When they saw that he would speak, the applause died.

"Thank you for your forbearance," he said. "You see, when I began I did not know that the most important member of my audience had come. I . . . was not at my best."

It was as if he took them separately and warmly into his confidence and they loved it. After some laughter the applause began again and the cries of "Encore, Encore."

Before he turned to the piano, Michael made his small bow directly to Sophie. She looked, he thought, oddly distinguished in the hat with a plume. But it was at her blistered feet that he laid his music and his heart. He sat quiet for a moment and then began playing Sophie's marching song. He knew that what he played was, from now on, *their* marching song against the world.

AS RUSSIA SEES US

(Continued from [illegible])

happen to this and to millions of other American workers' families when the inevitable crisis [depression] explodes?

"Things will be different after the Great American Depression," Russian writers tell their people repeatedly. The devastating depression to come, they believe, will be the turning point in the Communist World Revolution. Certainly there is no greater challenge to clean our own house and to move toward more freedom, rather than toward less, than the Russian example. If the Russian magazine were to reprint the entire How America Lives series (it has run, monthly, over eight years, portraying the lives of more than 100 families), its readers would gain an enlightening cross-sectional view of American life.

As he reads Gushchin's version of The Sullivan Struggle, Ivan, in Russia, must often scratch his head. Why—if the disclosure of these conditions is inimical to the interests of the exploiting clique for which he has been assured the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is the propaganda mouthpiece—why is the magazine *permitted* to publish them? Accustomed to writing according to governmental prescription, Russian writers can visualize our press only as working under like orders from some hidden sinister source. Ia. Gushchin comes to this conclusion:

The magazine printed the article on the Sullivans in March when it was apparent that the turnpikes of the antilabor Taft-Hartley Act could not check the indignation of the toilers in connection with rising prices and a progressing decline in the standard of living. The U.S.A. was standing on the edge of a new wave of strikes. And actually, in the middle of March, a month-long strike of several hundreds of thousands of miners began. A great strike of railroad workers was prevented only by government [illegible]ce. In May about 75,000 Chrysler wor[illegible]ed a strike. A strike of 250,000 workers of General Motors was voted (Tom Sullivan works in a General Motors plant).

The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, in detail and with relish, depicts how difficult it was for the Sullivans at the end of 1945 during the General Motors strike which lasted four months. This motif runs like a red thread thro[illegible] whole article and it is clear that the aim of the magazine is to frighten families like the S[illegible] with the weight of a strike.

This snapper ending, which claps the lid on the pot before the reader can get a good sniff of what's cooking, makes the Russian article the astonishing piece it is. As every editor—even the editors of Little Flame—must know, the How America Lives series articles are planned as long as a year in advance and actual work begun about six months before publication. If any editor could foresee happenings six months in advance and plan a magazine's contents with [illegible]



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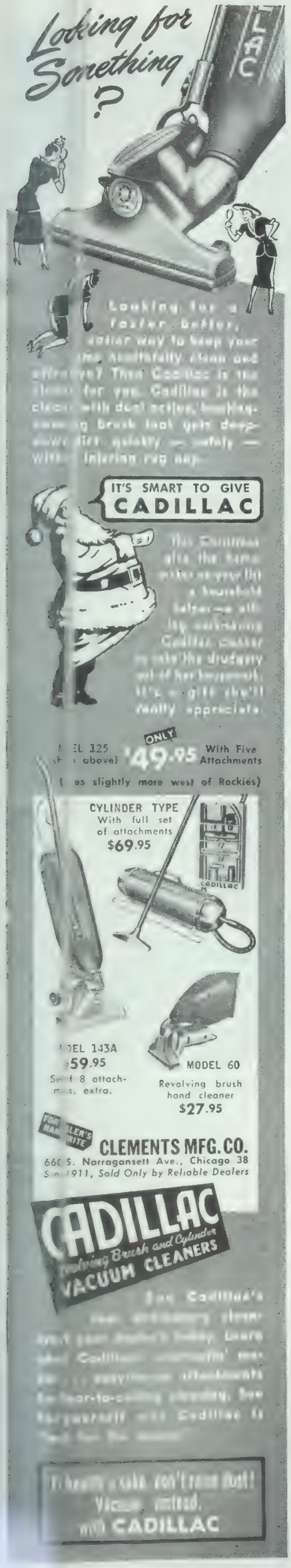
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he would be one whiz of an editor. Yet that is what he would have to do if he is to cooperate with the General Motors Corporation in coercing their workers to remain on the job when Chrysler workers strike. The fact that it is difficult to maintain a chummy connivance with the 21,967 preferred and the 408,408 common stockholders of General Motors, or that President Charles E. Wilson and his board of directors are not as familiar with women's magazines as they perhaps should be, would make no impression on Ia. Gushchin. Apparently he would overestimate even a woman's power to see into the future, but he underestimates the power of honest writing. —G. M. WHITE

How to Get Married

BY WEBB B. GARRISON

NOT a word is spoken during the wedding ceremony of the Negritos of the South Pacific. The youth who has made up his mind to "get it over with" simply takes his beloved by the hand and leads her to the chief of the tribe. That worthy knocks their heads together, and thereby unites them in marriage.

Most Korean marriages are arranged by the parents, and the bride and groom do not meet until the wedding ceremony. Even then, the lucky girl is denied the privilege of feasting her eyes upon the august person of her lord and master—for before the ceremony her eyelids are gummed together. The seal is not broken until the second day afterward.

Rural Serbia has no newspapers in which engagements may be announced. So when a match has been definitely arranged, the bride-to-be embroiders the name of her fiancé on her apron in bold letters. She then frequents the village market until she is sure everyone has seen the apron.

The custom of protecting the bride's feet from contact with the ground is widespread. Its most unusual form is found in the Cook Islands, where the young men of a village lie face down on the ground to form a living carpet over which the bride walks from her hut to that of the groom.

It was long customary for the English bride to weep profusely as she took the marriage vows. The practice grew up in medieval times, when it was commonly believed that a witch could shed only three tears, and those from the left eye. The swain whose bride cried freely was thus assured that he was not taking a witch to wife.

The formal wedding ceremony of strictly orthodox Jews is concluded by the smashing of a wineglass, meaning that "as this glass can never be rejoined, so may the union never be broken."

Among the natives of French West Africa, a girl is not considered ready for marriage until she has proved herself capable of reproduction by giving birth to a baby. The child is formally adopted by her parents and reared by them.

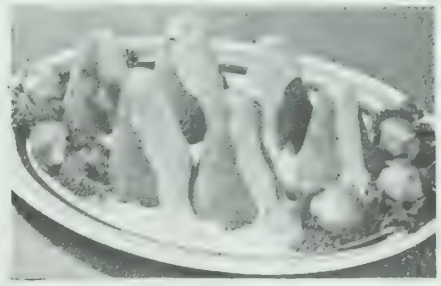
In most of Central Europe, villagers preserve the time-honored custom of throwing crockery at the home of newlyweds. For seven days after the ceremony, the bride and groom are likely to hear dishes crashing against the front door at any time of day or night. It's supposed to bring them luck!

In many parts of the world, marriages are solemnized in the kitchen. The Javanese consider a man and woman to be married when they have eaten maize pudding from the same plate. Eating together was a common type of marriage ceremony in both old Russia and Scandinavia. Peasants in the outlying districts of Brazil still affirm that a couple may be married by drinking brandy together. THE END

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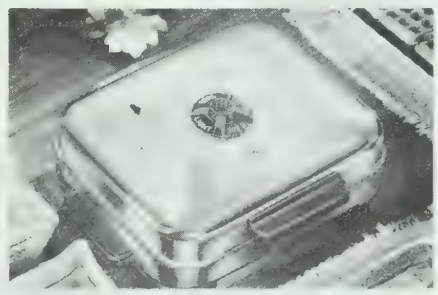
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A&P

Come into my Kitchen

By Georgia Feeney

NO. 3 SERIES BY HOUSEWIVES

The day-by-day meals of actual housewives, cooking in their own kitchens, who have agreed to share the benefits of their experience with other JOURNAL *readers. They make no pretensions, but do the best jobs they know how to do, to provide their families with healthful food, frequently on limited budgets.*



PHOTO BY STUART

Icing a cake can be a family affair—good fun, and training for Bron and Griff.

WHEN we were first married, a neighbor called and we talked about budgets. "Ten dollars a week for food!" she expostulated. "You'll eat like kings." Only six years ago, you know—hardly even the good old days!

There are four of us now, and one large dog, and we struggle along on a hundred a month for food and most emphatically don't eat like kings! It's more headwork and foodwork than fun, buying and preparing meals these days. It *is* a challenge. Bob and I, and Griff and Bron and Woody, too, are meat eaters by choice. In our home daddy used to carve the Sunday roast and just keep on carving. The dog got the bone. Meat loaf and tuna fish were economy dishes to be served as seldom as possible. Bob's father fancied lamb chops or a small steak for breakfast. Don't we all?

No, it isn't fun any more. But we've grown to like our own crazy system for beating the budget man. Theoretically, it's possible to spend the $100 food money over the four weeks and eat reasonably well the whole time—inexpensive ground-meat dishes two or three times a week and substitutes the rest of the time. We've turned our backs on that dull existence. We eat very well the first two weeks in the month and very poorly the last two.

You don't think you'd like that? Well, let's say you decide to try our perverse system. Lots of people do it inadvertently, of course, but the returns in satisfaction are much greater if you do it on purpose.

You're sitting at your desk with your money, a vitamin chart and the store ads. You've decided to buy food values rather than quantity of food, and give up a lot of little things in order to have a few extra-special big things. You'll have spinach every night in the week if there's a ten-cent sale on frozen spinach, and your breakfasts are high in vitamins and calories and include plenty of cereals. You use only 100 per cent wheat breads for everything; margarine, of course; and you get the lowest grade of milk unless there's someone in the family who actually needs all that extra butterfat. You bake big potatoes and boil little ones and learn to eat the skins. You rarely serve bacon, or fruits and vegetables that are low in vitamins.

The Way We Do It

● Our deadliest household battle is not against dirt—it's against clutter. Best solution we've had is the recent purchase of two huge four-drawer filing cabinets, one for Bob and one for me. Wonderful for clippings, letters, magazines, all kinds of legitimate storage.

● I use the new sneezeless, mild "soapless" detergent not only for dishes and silks and nylons, but also for windows and baths and washing hair! At five o'clock I put Griff and Bron waist-high in glorious bubbles, and, believe it or not, by the time their dinner is ready they're soaked clean! Yes, even the grimy knees and heels. No ring in the tub, either.

● Three or four times a year I clean all our floors and tables and low bookcases and record shelves and then wipe on a coat of clear plastic lacquer. It doesn't have to be polished and can stand scrubbing, but it's truly clear and doesn't tint things yellow as varnish sometimes does. And it's hot dish and alcohol and everything else proof.

● We keep a Europe Box upstairs and down. Clothing the children grow out of, old-look coats and dresses, woolens, blankets we don't absolutely need are piled in the upstairs box as we come across them. We keep the box out in plain view so as soon as it's full we'll be sure to mail it. Then we start another. The downstairs Europe Box is for food. If we waited to save up some the day would never come, so instead every time we shop we buy an extra five pounds of sugar or a few pounds of shortening and stick it in the box—when it's full, off it goes! Even Grim Weeks wouldn't seem very grim in Europe.

These things don't seem so important when twice a month you can stick a big ham or leg of lamb in the oven and smell it cooking all afternoon. The first week in the month, buy a big roast. You'll plan to get at least four or five meals from it. So that you won't get tired of leftover meat, plan to cut off enough for half of the meals in advance. If it's a ham, freeze about three center slices. With pork, you might cut off enough for a Chinese dinner.

This week we'll take a leg of lamb. Cut off four chops—for the second week. (The second week you'll get another roast, and freeze part of it for the third week. That way only the orphan fourth week is left.) Then cut off an extra large piece for Shish Kabob. Roast the part that's left, have sandwiches the next day, and use the rest for Shepherd's Pie.

We always have liver once a week, too—not because we like it, but because it's such a good buy from a nutritional point of view. Beef and pork and lamb are as good as calves' liver for this purpose. Ground round of beef or frozen fish makes one or two dinners. Of course you know lots of ground-round dishes, but Norwegian Potato Soup is one of our favorites, and maybe it will be new to you. That leaves one night for macaroni or an egg dish.

Plan to have your husband bring guests on regular nights—during those first two weeks, need we add?—and plan the menus accordingly. Our nights are Monday and Thursday, because Bob hasn't early classes the next morning—your days will probably be the conventional week-end big-dinner times. (On company nights we have dinner at seven after the children are in bed, and they have their main meal at noon. Other days luncheons are very simple.) One nice thing about this system is that invitations for dinner usually arrive during that last week of beans and greens!

You may notice our menus are rather overburdened with tomato juice, applesauce and blueberry products. That's because we canned enough of those to last all winter. We will probably wish we had more!

Here are our menus for a Good Week, also for a Grim Week. Not so grim, either, when you

Here's "Go" for the Holiday Hustle

6-way nourishment

from ENRICHED *BREAD and FLOUR*

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To help build and maintain healthy body tissues

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THIAMINE
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FOOD ENERGY
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IRON
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ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION



Nut bread, fruit bread, muffins . . . delicious breads are practically endless . . . at stores or to bake at home.

BREAD IS *always* in the foreground when it comes to the food energy you need these hurry-up days. So satisfying, so inexpensive, so easy to serve in dozens of ways. It's our cheapest source of food energy.

But that's not all! *Read those flags up there.* From modern enriched bread and from other foods made with enriched flour you get *6-way nourishment* . . . six really valuable contributions to the all-round balanced diet you and your family need for buoyant health.

"*IS BREAD FATTENING?*" Not a bit more so than any other food of equal energy content. Nutritionists point out that the carbohydrates of bread are easily converted into energy which is then used by the body as needed.

HOT FROM YOUR OVEN come those homemade biscuits, muffins, cakes, cookies that delight your family and guests. At your grocer's, always buy flour labeled "Enriched" . . . be sure of that added 6-way nourishment.

SERVE PLENTY OF BREAD . . . every day: at mealtime, at snack time. It's delicious, and *so* economical. There's a panel that says "Enriched" on enriched white bread. Look for it on every loaf you buy.

WHAT EXCITING VARIETY your baker offers! New treats in breads, rolls, cookies! And they're all highly nutritious when enriched. *Ask* your baker when you buy, "Is this enriched?"

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think, that it is much better nutrition than lots of people whose food bills are higher ever get.

Good Week

MONDAY LUNCHEON

Chilled Tomato Juice
Cream of Potato Soup with Crackers
Frozen Apricots with Lettuce and Cottage Cheese
Milk

MONDAY DINNER

(Be prepared for guests)
*Shish Kabob on Skewers
Steamed Brown Rice
Bowl of Water Cress
with small dishes of vinegar to dip into
Rye Bread and Margarine
Cheese and Fruit
Coffee

Shish Kabob. Cut 1 pound lamb into 1-inch cubes. Marinate cubes in a mixture of 1 tablespoon salad oil, ¾ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Let stand in refrigerator at least 3 hours. Cut 2 large firm tomatoes into quarters or sixths. Peel and slice onions and cut 1 green pepper into 1-inch squares. Wash ½ pound mushroom caps. Save stems for next day's lunch. Alternate marinated lamb and vegetables on skewers (we make ours from old coat hangers). Season and broil 5 minutes. Turn and broil another 5 minutes on the other side.

A little stone often upsets a big cart. —DANISH PROVERB.

TUESDAY LUNCHEON

Grapefruit Juice
French Toast with Creamed Mushroom Stems (left over from Shish Kabob)
Lettuce Salad
Milk and Cookies

TUESDAY DINNER

Roast Lamb with Mint Jelly
(save all the gravy for Shepherd's Pie)
Peas and Carrots Baked Potatoes
Salad of Romaine and Endive
Blueberries and Cookies
Coffee and Milk

WEDNESDAY LUNCHEON

Cold-Lamb Sandwiches with Lettuce
Applesauce and Cookies
Milk

WEDNESDAY DINNER

Tomato Juice
Beef Liver with Fried Onions
Baked Potatoes Spinach
Applesauce Cake with Orange Frosting
Coffee and Milk

THURSDAY LUNCHEON

Tomato Juice
Liver Pie *(leftover)*
Spinach *(leftover)*
Applesauce Cake
Milk

THURSDAY DINNER

(Be prepared for guests)
Tomato Juice
*Shepherd's Pie
Broccoli
Blueberry Muffins and Margarine
Spongecake with *Easy Mocha Frosting
Coffee

Shepherd's Pie. Cut up leftover leg of lamb and heat it in leftover gravy. Chop finely ½ medium-sized onion and 1 small green pepper, seeded. Mix together. Add a dash of garlic salt and, if you like, a little red wine. Place in casserole and top with freshly mashed potatoes. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., for 25 minutes.

Easy Mocha Frosting. This is best if you have an electric mixer. Cream 2 tablespoons soft butter or margarine and ¾ cup confectioners' sugar. Add ¼ cup cream alternately with 1 cup more confectioners' sugar, creaming thoroughly. Then add 3 tablespoons cocoa and 1 teaspoon instant-coffee powder and beat until smooth. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla and add a few more tablespoons confectioners' sugar to make it of good consistency for spreading.

FRIDAY LUNCHEON

*Vegetable Soup
Biscuits and Honey
Milk

Vegetable Soup. Made from leftover vegetables and water they were cooked in, plus can of tomatoes and a few bouillon cubes

FRIDAY DINNER

*Norwegian Potato Soup with Meat Balls
Pumpernickel with Cheese
Blueberry Ice Cream
Coffee and Milk

Norwegian Potato Soup. Peel 8 medium-sized potatoes and cut into quarters. Peel and cut 2 large onions into eighths. Wash and dice 1 bunch celery. Cook vegetables in 6 cups meat stock or stock made from bouillon cubes and water, adding 1½ teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Simmer 1 hour. Add 2 small or 1 large bunch carrots, scraped and sliced into rounds. Cook until tender. Add 1 beaten egg, 2 tablespoons milk and ½ teaspoon salt to 1 pound ground round steak. Shape into small balls, not quite so big as walnuts. Bring soup to a boil. Drop in the meat balls and cook 5 or 6 minutes. Reseason soup to taste. Serve in large soup dishes with lots of chopped parsley.

The colorful soup with orange carrot rounds, green parsley and rich brown meat balls makes an appetizing-looking dish. It's also very, very good and Bob says that to his taste it's even better the second day than the first.

SATURDAY LUNCHEON

Potato Soup *(leftover)*
Spongecake Blueberries
Milk

SATURDAY DINNER

Tomato Juice
Cheese Soufflé with Mushroom Sauce
Green Beans Baked Potatoes
Applesauce on Gingerbread
Coffee and Milk

SUNDAY BREAKFAST

(Late)
Orange Sections
Oatmeal with Milk
Fluffy Omelet
Blueberry Muffins
Coffee and Milk

SUNDAY SUPPER

(Early)
*Chile Con Carne on Rice
Green Salad
Fruit and Cheese
Coffee and Milk

Chile Con Carne. Peel and slice 1 large onion. Brown in 3 tablespoons shortening or salad oil. Add 1 pound ground round steak and 1 green pepper, chopped. Brown, stirring as meat cooks. Add 1 No. 2½ can tomatoes, 1½ teaspoons salt, 3 whole cloves, 1 bay leaf, crushed, and 2 tablespoons chili powder. (We like about 3, but that is pretty hot.) Cover and cook over low heat about 2 hours. Then add 1 No. 2 can red chili kidney beans and, if you like, ½ cup red wine. If you do not use wine and the mixture seems too thick, add a little water. Simmer 5 minutes more until well heated. Reseason to taste. Serve on fluffy cooked rice. This seems like an awfully starchy combination, but the bland rice is a good foil for the flavorful chili and you don't need to have any other starches in this meal.

Now for that Grim Week that comes between Good Weeks. It really *is* fun, you're getting all that satisfaction out of feeling economical and yet you can look forward to another roast next week!

Grim Week

MONDAY LUNCHEON

Pea Soup
Peanut-Butter Sandwiches
Cookies Milk

(Continued on Page 142)

Special Recipe

for families who "don't like hash"

Stuffed Peppers—Hunt Style

2 green peppers
1 (1 lb) can of hash . . . or
2 cups homemade hash mixture
3 tbsp. fine dry bread crumbs
1 tsp. horseradish
2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Cut peppers in half, lengthwise, remove seeds, and cook in boiling salted water 5 minutes. Remove from water. Drain. Mix hash, bread crumbs, and horseradish. Fill into pepper shells. Pour Hunt's Tomato sauce into greased shallow baking dish. Place peppers in dish. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 30 minutes or until browned. Five minutes before removing from oven, baste peppers with sauce. Makes 4 servings.

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Yet it costs you only a few cents a can!

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Women like this will be HAPPY!



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Try Sanka Coffee today. See for yourself what a great flavor-improvement has been made. Sanka comes in two forms: Ground for drip or percolator; Instant Sanka, made instantly in the cup. Products of General Foods.



(Continued from Page 140)

MONDAY DINNER

Creamed Eggs on Toast
Spinach
Blueberry Muffins
Coffee and Milk

TUESDAY LUNCHEON

Onion Soup
Cheese and Toast
Blueberry Muffins, Toasted
Milk

TUESDAY DINNER

Boiled Pinto Beans with Tomatoes
Bread and Honey
Coffee and Milk

WEDNESDAY LUNCHEON

Tomato Juice
Poached Eggs on Toast
Milk

WEDNESDAY DINNER

Hashed Brown Potatoes
Raw Carrots
Peanut-Butter Cookies
Coffee and Milk

THURSDAY LUNCHEON

Hot Milk Toast with Cinnamon and Sugar
Applesauce
Milk

THURSDAY DINNER

Macaroni and Cheese
Stewed Tomatoes
Applesauce Cake
Coffee and Milk

FRIDAY LUNCHEON

Potato Salad
Raw Carrot Sticks
Applesauce Cake
Milk

FRIDAY DINNER

Broiled Frozen Fish
Steamed Carrots Parsley Potatoes
Prunes
Milk

SATURDAY LUNCHEON

Cottage Cheese
Canned Apricots
Bread and Apple Butter
Milk

SATURDAY DINNER

Baked Beans
Brown Bread and Cheese
Green Salad
Blueberries
Milk

SUNDAY LUNCHEON

Tomato Sandwiches
Green Salad
Gingerbread
Milk

SUNDAY DINNER

Chinese Rice
(Rice with peas, ½ can diced luncheon meat and 2 scrambled eggs)
Applesauce on Gingerbread
Coffee and Milk

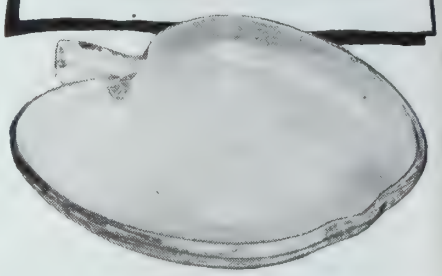
Among our most superinexpensive dinners are dehydrated pea soup with frankfurters cut up in it, a cup of dried beans simmered with a can of tomatoes and some salt pork or bacon or a ham bone you've been hoarding; plain spaghetti with lots of margarine and chopped chives; tuna-noodle casseroles that are mostly noodles. Carrot-and-potato steamed pudding is a surprise dessert! Pancakes and molasses, fried potatoes and hominy, cheese mush and fried scrapple have made us many a supper. Cold canned tomatoes on toast aren't bad if you pour over them a hot, tasty cheese mixture. Top this with bacon if you have it, or put a few strips of bacon on top of some canned baked beans, blended in a casserole with some catchup and brown sugar. Most of all, serve all kinds of spaghetti sauces—we've had it with everything, from soybeans to sardines!

And you can always dream of a week from now, when the beautiful smell of roast lamb with a clove or garlic in it will be filling your kitchen. THE END

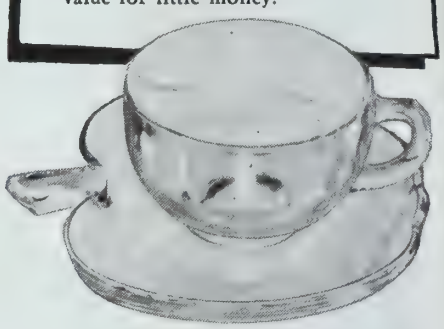
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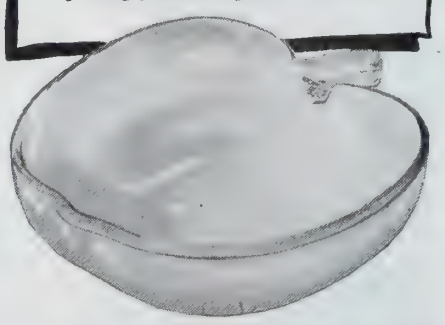
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WHAT MEN NOTICE ABOUT WOMEN

(Continued from Page 10)

or not. The next thing I *try* to notice is whether she thinks I am attractive or not."

—Michael Arlen

"For me there are two ways of looking at a woman, either as a picture or as a personality. In a restaurant, on the street and in public places I look at women primarily as pictures. In business and social groups I look on women primarily as personalities. There is no obvious key to a woman's personality. Her conspicuous characteristics may be completely misleading. Personality is measured by the extent to which a person has developed habits which interest and serve other people. What a woman does to others is far more revealing than what she does to herself."

—Henry C. Link

"At all pretty girls
I'm delighted to look,
But I always look twice
If they're reading a book."

—Howard Collins

"Mood is very important—sometimes a woman's attitude changes her entire appearance. I've seen women look so radiant you aren't aware of what kind of clothes they're wearing or whether they're blond or brunet."

—Guy Lombardo

"Very early in the game I divide those women whose role is being attractive from those who are more at peace with themselves and meet you as people rather than as manikins. The manikins are fine in their place, but

I am not one of those who do not believe in love at first sight, but I believe in taking a second look. —H. VINCENT.

an attractive woman who doesn't feel that she's entitled to a life pass to the ball park merely because she exists—she's a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Most of the time that's the first thing I notice, but if once in a while it's beaten out by something more spectacular, it is still sure to be place or show."

—Budd Schulberg

"I am directed by my wife to say that I look first at a woman's eyes, and unless I find in them only evidence of sterling character and a complete lack of interest in looking back at me, I look the other way. This much of the comment has been approved by her. But I do actually look first at a woman's eyes. The eyes do tell more of anyone's character, intentions, and whether one would like to meet her."

—Hodding Carter

"I notice hands. Not the shape of them so much as the way a woman uses them."

—Victor McLaglen

"The first thing I notice about a woman is how she behaves to my wife. I look hopefully and often successfully for the lady to display an immediate warmth toward my wife. If, on the other hand, I detect in her an oblique, jealous-looking appraisal of my wife's ankles or costume or hairdress, I sense danger ahead."

—Herbert Marshall

"With no claim to either authority or originality, I believe the first thing a man notices in a woman is her figure."

—Eddy Duchin

"A look into a woman's eyes has always been for me a sort of laborsaving device."

—Eddie Cantor

"I always like to see them approaching and sometimes I like to look at them departing."

—Victor Moore

THE END



Meal Planning MAGIC!

with tasty, thrifty

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These are but a few of the timely Wilson's canned meats that homemakers are using today for economy of time and of money. You should always have them in your pantry. Look for them at progressive stores that feature the Wilson quality label.



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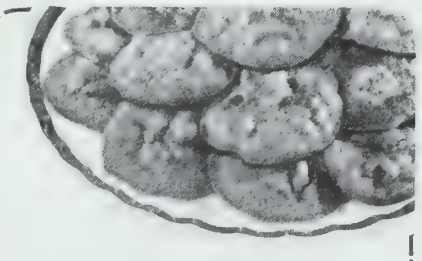
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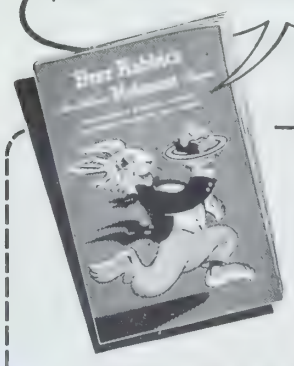
Brer Rabbit's Praline Cookies

- ⅔ cup margarine (or butter)
- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses
- 2 eggs
- ½ tsp. vanilla extract
- 1¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- ½ tsp. baking soda
- ¼ tsp. mace
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1½-2 cups coarsely broken pecan or other nut meats

Slowly melt margarine or butter; cool. Add sugar and molasses; mix well. Add eggs and vanilla; beat well. Sift together flour, soda, mace and salt; add to first mixture. Add nut meats; mix well. Drop by scant teaspoonfuls on greased and floured baking sheet 2" apart. Bake in mod. hot oven, 375°F., 8-10 minutes. Remove from pan immediately. Makes about 8 doz.



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BRER RABBIT New Orleans **MOLASSES**

—RICH IN IRON—NEEDED FOR GOOD RED BLOOD!

TEA WITH A LADY

(Continued from Page 71)

"Give me your things—I'll hang them up," he said.

But she let them lie; she went and knelt by the fireplace; she began to shake out her hair like a shaggy dog. The raindrops hissed on the coals and the tiles and the fender. She was very young, of course. She would have to learn.

"Rodney, I like your room."

It was well proportioned. These houses, converted now into shops and flats, had seen better days as city gentlemen's residences. The legacy—tall windows, gray-painted shutters, a fluted fireplace, an old-fashioned black-lead grate. Against which pleasing and vaguely period background Rodney had ranged, with precision, his tools for living. A tilted desk, a flexible lamp in metal, deep leather armchairs, and bookshelves along one wall. Only the spindle-legged, foot-wide octagonal table that stood between the fireplace and his armchair and that lurched at a touch (a table should stand four-square) had been added to the room less for use than for beauty. That, and the tulips on it, bought specially that day, which looked, now he came to think of it, unhappy, rammed down and overstiff in that tall glass vase. Lisa would see them—spread them out into beauty. He imagined her, bending down with a little laugh, hands moving cool and pale and perfect among them.

"Yes, Rodney," she said again, "I *like* your room."

Now she turned, looking up at him, smiling and happy; her head on one side, one long, thin hand at her throat twirling a strand of that silky hair round and round one finger—like a schoolgirl, twisting it into a little rope.

"How do you look," he said suddenly, "with your hair up?"

"How do I —— Oh!" She ran her hands through her hair, holding it up with fingers spread at the temples. "If I do it myself—just out of a bath," she told him. "If a hairdresser does it—like a night-club queen. I have to leave it the way it is, darling, really."

He felt himself flushing. He said, "I *like* it that way!"

"I'm glad you do." She was laughing—she hadn't minded.

He sat down in his usual armchair beside the fireplace. There was a second chair on the other side, but she sat sprawled out on the rug with her skirt spread round her, and that soft fair hair falling into her eyes.

HE shifted a little. "Have a chair, darling—be comfortable."

She looked up. Did she know that that was not what he'd meant? That what he had meant was "Sit straight. Try to be a little more grown up, darling. Be decorous!"?

"I don't want to move," she said. "Can't I stay here?"

Why not? In her tartan skirt and her yellow sweater she looked boneless and unself-conscious as a child. Not a hint in her pose of what, he knew very well, in another woman would have been careful-careless seduction. *But . . . what other woman?* he asked himself in surprise.

"Lisa, we've got to talk. Tea first, or tea afterward?"

She smiled. "Tea first, tea afterwa the same time."

He got up abruptly and went int kitchen, where the kettle had a momer started to boil. She should have come helped him, he told himself—surely? T the pot from his hand, making the tea a woman's touch, deftly rearranging t things. She didn't even get up when he br in the tray.

"On the table?" he asked.

"Oh, let's have it here," she answer

AFTER a pause, he put it down on the "Pour out, darling," he said.

"Pour out? Oh, yes!" she said. "Sha

She is very young, he said to himself; *learn.* But how blithely she turned, how lessly picked up the teapot—using one the other still on the floor to take her w It was really so *inefficient,* he thought.

"Pay atter darling!" he sa she started to and let the thin a stream slop int saucer.

He sighed. De his mind was a ent picture. It feminine ritual, ing out tea—to l ecuted with g with charm and elegance.

"Sit down, ling," said Lisa s "Here's your te

"I wanted to to you—and no teashop," he said ting down. "T why I asked here."

"Talk, then," Lisa, smiling.

It wasn't e "You understan the sort of thin say to your fath it happened you a father. You hav and so I have t it to you." Sa Savings. Insur policies. Prosp "You're not *liste* Lisa!"

She put a han his knee. "If yo it's all right, it's all right," she murm "isn't it? Because, if it isn't all rig wouldn't know."

"Well now, listen," he said. "I thou this flat for the present. With new curtai cushions, of course, or whatever you'd It isn't perfect, I know, but we're luck have it."

"I noticed," said Lisa, "the greengro downstairs. It'll be very helpful, if I f things."

He raised a reproving eyebrow. "And I thought, two years from now, say, a in the country ——"

"I could be happy anywhere with yo town. In the country ——"

"But, Lisa, listen," he argued. "We to talk things over. We have to make pla

"If you say so, darling. But things turn out differently."

"Not unless you let them," said Rod "Not with me. Lisa, listen. I want to tell I take marriage seriously ——"

"Yes?" said Lisa.

"This is a difficult thing to say. I mea marriage isn't something that you get o if it doesn't turn out right. You can't se back to the shop, so to speak, and ch it. Like a hat. I mean—you have plan ——"

"Yes, all right, my darling," said L "Marriage is something that goes on for for me."

(Continued on Page 147)

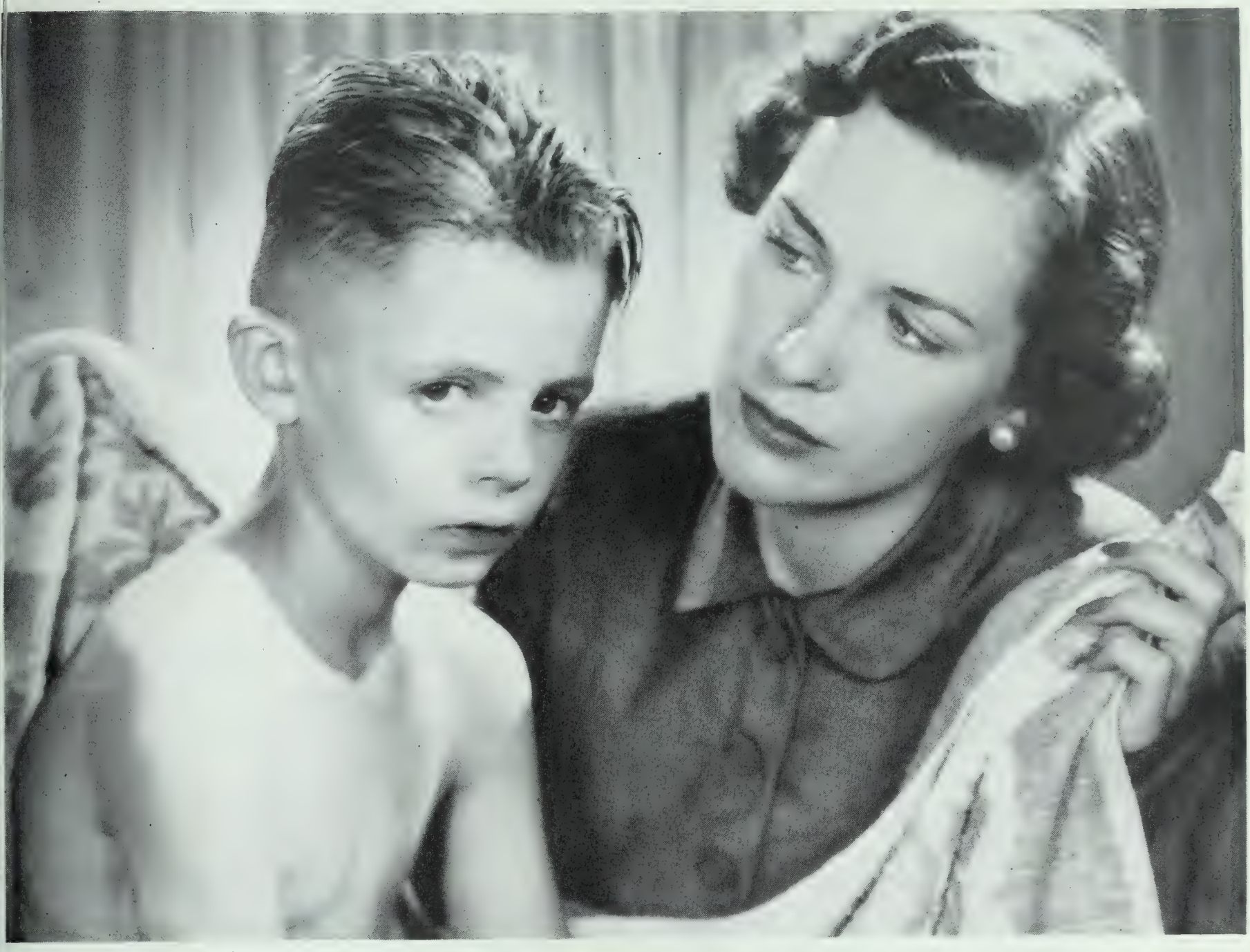
To a Field Mouse and His Family

By Margaret Fishback

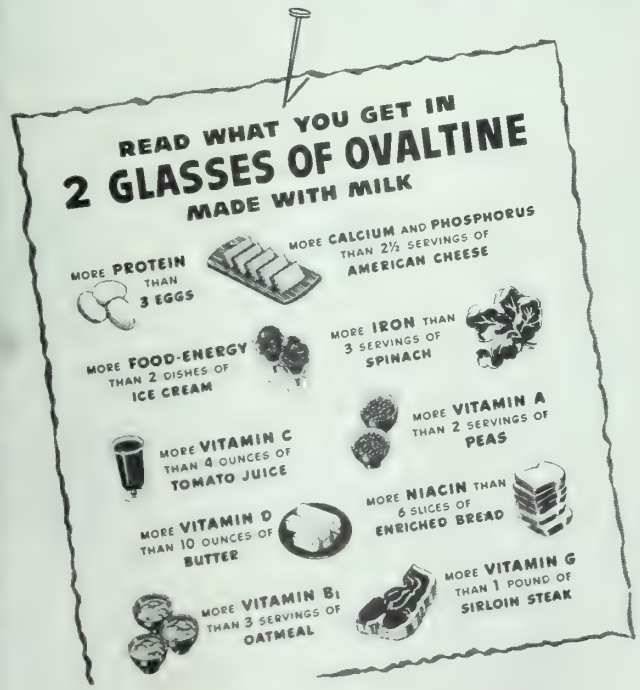
O fierce, uncompromising mouse,
We sought to bar you from our house.
What quarter-wits we were to hope
You'd wolf the poison, shun the soap.

Who named you "field mouse," anyway,
When clearly you prefer to stay
In linen closets, where you dine
On curtains that I thought were mine?

The fringe that once adorned my best
Bath mats has gone to make your nest!
You doubtless heard me when I squealed,
"The brutes will drive *us* to the field!"



What can I do to help him— for the Years that Lie Ahead?



HERE'S SOMETHING PRACTICAL YOU CAN DO -- BEGINNING TODAY!

When a child is frail and nervous or underweight, it may be due to a number of things. But the most common *correctable* cause is faulty nutrition. And this cause is one which you, the mother, can do something about.

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So when you give two to three glasses of Ovaltine a day, plus normal meals, you can be certain that you have done just about everything *you* can do to improve your child's nutrition.

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(Continued from Page 144)

'I want to say . . . I've been in love before, turally. More than once."

'Well, of course. I expect so," Lisa said. 'wenty-seven. It'd be very odd if you dn't. And, Rodney, I'd gladly tell you all out me. Only it doesn't seem to add up to ach, somehow. I suppose it's simply beuse there hasn't been time."

He frowned. "I've been in love before. But han't be, in future."

"Oh, I hope you will," said Lisa, laughing. With me!"

"It isn't a joke."

"I know," she said, "and I love you. I love u! Does it matter about the rest?"

Did it matter? Of course not! Why on rth had he mentioned it? Why on earth? hat a perfectly fool thing to say!

"*Does* it matter?" said Lisa.

Now she had turned away from him. She as half lying now, on ankles, calves and nees, her chin on her hands, her neck curved ack like a tulip stem. Her dark lashes lay e a child's on her pearly cheek. She was aring down at the floor—and as he watched er, she bent and started to trace with an le finger the intricate, faded pattern of the g. She had asked him—but did she care at l? Was she listening? She sat there smiling, ol, absent, remote, untouched by emotion, rmored in immaturity.

"No," said Rodney. "No—of course it oesn't matter." How could it, when it had appened so long ago? And et—as he spoke, along his erves ran swiftly the ttle, nagging pain of remembered hurt. "But . . . here *was* a girl," he heard imself say abruptly. Years and years ago. When I was young and reen."

Still Lisa didn't look up. Was she very beautiful?"

"She was and she asn't," said Rodney. "I on't know."

Was she beautiful? That ace, for years not seen, or years not thought of, ince long ago not even remembered in dreams—not emembered for years ith brain, with heart r with body—now suddenly formed in the ir and floated before him. And into the sience and stillness of the room a voice, unlike is own, was quoting poetry he didn't even emember that he knew:

'*Eyes coloured like a water-flower,*
And deeper than the—deeper than the ——"

He broke off. He couldn't remember. And what had he started?

Lisa looked down at the floor, not turning er head. Her voice fell low and slow, limpid nd lovely, a gentle rain touching a surging ea:

'*Eyes coloured like a water-flower,*
And deeper than the green seas' glass ——"

"No, no!" he corrected her. "That isn't ight. Not green seas. Deep seas."

"Green seas, I *think*," she answered. 'Yes, really darling. I know. I did it at school."

He looked at her stubbornly. "Deep seas—I'm sure!" he told her.

She met his eyes gravely. "Well, I expect you're right. . . . And she was lovely, darling—very lovely? You loved her, did you, darling—loved her a lot?"

But it wasn't that. It was more than that—less than that—different. Once again he felt the touch of an icy hurt.

"You see," he said, "I couldn't—Lisa, we couldn't ——"

"Don't tell me unless you want to," Lisa said.

"There are things that one can't explain."

"I know. Do you have to?"

He had to explain to himself. But "No," he said. "No."

She got up then. She sighed, she stretched, shook her hair back. She started to wander idly round the room. In a fret of uncontrollable irritation he watched her walk to the mantelshelf and take down his tobacco jar, looking at it and not seeing it, turning it—for what reason?—upside down, putting it back; and putting it back differently. She moved away. As she turned, her skirt swirled round her. He caught the octagonal table just in time.

"Lisa—be careful ——"

Her sleeve brushed by the tulips. One dropped from the vase and lay as if felled on the floor. And she didn't seem to care—she didn't notice. She was maddening—really maddening. She'd have to learn!

"I want you to understand," Rodney said. "It's all over. It was over years ago."

"Yes, I understand, darling," Lisa told him.

She didn't understand, and she didn't care. There she was, moving absently along the low bookshelves; taking a book out and opening it; leaving it out; letting another fall to the floor unnoticed. Really, she was the most maddening of maddening girls!

"Here," she said. "We can look it up."

Her hand on his Swinburne; that heavy, tooled-leather book on her two spread palms, opening out automatically to the place where he'd so often opened it. So often. So long ago. And yet not for years. Not for years. Not since he'd shut the letter away in it. It opened out now to the place where the letter lay.

He sat still. He could not move. The letter—that letter whose writing and paper shouted its sad little tale. Pale purple paper, scented; quick, slapdash writing, derisive laughter sounding from every stroke. "Darling," that handwriting said, "but *really*—poetry ——"

His nerves contracted. His eyelids without volition shut down against things it was better not to see. And out of the dark came Lisa's voice, slow and solemn:

"*Eyes coloured like a water-flower,*
And deeper than the green seas' glass ——"

He looked up. There she stood with her soft pale hair falling forward and her long thin hand slipped steadily under the page—so that the letter drifted down to the floor unheeded.

"*Eyes that remember one sweet hour—*
In vain we swore it should not pass;
In vain, alas."

She had closed the book. She had put it back very slowly. She had crossed the room and knelt now close at his side.

"Darling?" she said.

He could not speak for a moment. Something was happening to him, deep inside. Like being born. As hard, as fierce and as anguished.

He was looking deep into those limpid eyes that missed so much, but that saw and knew what they had to. Young as the morning and ageless in wisdom, those eyes. Her sweetness and sloth, her blindness and understanding—he knew it now—had finally mixed and merged into the sure integrity of the well-beloved.

He buried his face in her hair; she held him tight. Her arms had gone round his waist, to rest him, to keep him. *Darling—my darling, it's going to be all right!* her body said.

With one hand, he held her away from him With one hand, he touched her eyes, her cheek and her hair.

"Please marry me very soon," he said—"if you think you can stand me."

He bent to kiss her. His foot caught the table, the vase crashed, the tulips lay scattered. The tulips lay scattered—and Rodney didn't care. THE END

WITH THE CHILDREN

"You know 'May I?' and 'Can I?' that I used to couldn't remember which one to say? Now I know. When it is awfully important to do something you say 'May I?' and when you know you can't anyway then you say 'Can I?'"

"The thing I do not like about some mothers is they think they know everything and they really don't. Mothers were never boys so that is something they don't know about being."

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON



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THE SPRINGS

(Continued from Page 34)

o statues; no marble benches to sit on. The rees were too big for anybody to work on, as ney did on the trees over here. They stood ke sentinels about the house and on the wn, and then marched off into the woods.

"Do you remember the trees at all, Roderick?"

"Not specially; what kind were they?"

"Oaks, poplars—what we call poplars. I vish you remembered them."

"I wish I remembered lots of things. Sometimes it seems to me I do, when you talk about them. Was there any water around?"

"Not what you would call water; only ittle streams that would be easy to forget."

All but the one in the ravine where the springs were; that one had a sandy bottom, nemorable for bare feet. The Macgowan children waded there all summer long—Alice, Rose, and a brother before he outgrew such childish things. She had been Alice.

The springs were what fed the stream, but they were hardly distinguishable from other wet places in the ravine unless one took the trouble to part the ferns and poke away the leaves. Then they were really seen to bubble a little, like the beginning of a fountain in the sand. They used to put their faces down to drink and get sand in their mouths and noses. They found new ones every summer, or maybe just forgot the old ones. By the summer the improvement started, they had found them all.

"You might go on with your book, Roderick," Mrs. Howard said, "and I will work some more on the poem. I don't suppose you want to help with it?"

"I'll criticize it, if you call that help," Roderick said.

"You might suggest a name for it. How would Garden Eros do? Count Andrea says you could tell it was meant for Eros because the arm that is broken off was supposed to be holding a bow; or maybe he said a torch; something symbolic, anyhow."

It took longer than she thought it would to finish. The garden was very still; they could hear the water whispering below them, and the little sound she made with her eraser, and Roderick turning the pages of his book. She read at last:

There is a fountain for the dolphin's child,
A greensward for the dancing girls,
But he has nothing; all the while
He stands there idle by the ilex tree.
I have put roses on his mildewed curls—
He will not smile.

He is an imitation of a god
Once favorable to this spot;
Here olives sweet and bitter grew for him,
Pomegranates cold and hot—
Gelida atque ardenta poma *the letters say;*
Though all was done that men could do for him
He would not stay.

"I decided 'pomegranates' sounded better than 'apples,'" Mrs. Howard said.

"Maybe," Roderick agreed doubtfully. "But why do you put, 'He would not stay'? The inscription doesn't have that."

"I know," she said. "But he wouldn't; he never does—in any garden."

The improvement started when somebody discovered the medicinal value of the springs. Men with bottles began coming down and taking the water to be analyzed. Analyzing the different peas in a pod, Mr. Macgowan said, but he was interested; they all were; and when the talk about an electric car line started, and a summer hotel, they were no longer interested in anything else. Especially Alice; that was the summer she was fifteen. Rose, who was three years younger, still liked things the way they were, and Roddy was already away at school most of the time.

There was no school to distract Alice. The problem of her education had always been permitted to loom lightly and had become less of a problem every year. She and Rose had already gone through the little school that was the only accessible seat of learning, and now, with all the wonderful things that were happening right at their door, there seemed less reason than ever for them to be sent away—unless they went to Europe. Their father had always talked of sending them abroad to finish their education, and now the price of land would be going up.

It was a wonderful summer; a wonderful year, really. Surveyors, architects and landscape gardeners followed on one another's heels, and everything they touched was changed. The springs had concrete basins now, with cups chained to them. They even had little pergolas and kiosks built over them, and benches, so people could sit there and go on drinking when it rained. That was the first thing after the car line was finished. Then came the hotel, three stories high, with long verandas, and some of the corners round instead of square, like towers, topped off with fancy shingles and a weather vane.

And any time now the world for which it was intended might be expected to arrive: the world in a collective, social sense that Alice had not thought of before and would now be confronted with for the first time. No doubt some of the people they knew already would be coming too: Colonel Bodley, for instance, said he might try it instead of the Blue Ridge, but it was not for them that it had been prepared. Alice felt that she knew very well the kind of people for whom the hotel was not intended; she had to imagine the appropriate ones.

We don't like people for the merit they discover in themselves, but for that which they find in us.

—BYRON.

She walked through the parlors, now completely furnished with carpets and lace curtains, and even sat in the untarnished chairs. Mr. and Mrs. Deering, who were going to run it, were from Chicago and very friendly. They showed her the dining room and even the kitchen. Immense. Alice recognized a lot of the servants; there probably wasn't a darky for miles around who wasn't going to try to work there this summer. There was still a great deal to do, Mrs. Deering told her, before they could have the formal opening.

Late one afternoon when she and Rose were coming up from the ravine, just as they got to the foot of the long flight of steps, they saw a young man about to come down. He didn't try to pass them, but stood at the top and waited for them to pass him, whistling softly to himself.

"Did you hear what he was whistling?" Rose asked her as they walked on.

"Yes; it's from Florodora. 'Tell me, pretty maiden ——'" Alice hummed the words.

"He was doing it on purpose," Rose said.

"On purpose for what?"

"To make you notice him."

"But I had; I saw him there before we even started up. I have seen him several times before; he is one of the civil engineers that built the car line. His name is Mr. Clayton. Mrs. Deering is letting him stay at the hotel before it opens."

Staying at the hotel before it opened kept Mr. Clayton from seeming quite like a guest. Once introduced, they saw him all the time, and he amused them more than anybody they had ever known. Mr. Clayton was out of a job now. He was waiting for more improvements to start somewhere. The South was waking up, he told Alice—or maybe just falling out of bed; anyhow, he was going to stay around for a while. This gave him plenty of time to do what he wanted to, and they spent hours taking pictures with his camera and practicing target shooting with his .22.

"I believe you'll be sorry when the hotel opens," Rose told her. "Have you ever counted the pictures he's taken with you in them? Suppose you had fallen off that log just as he was taking you, and landed in the branch. On your head too."

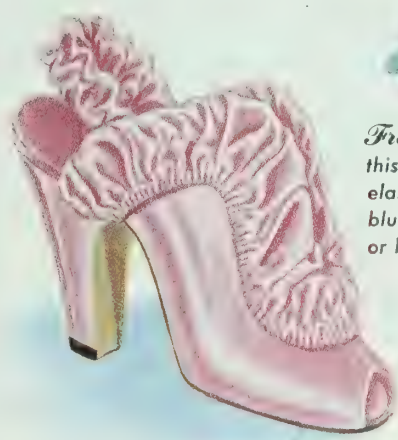
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Alice laughed, but she did not like to suppose it. Even if she had not landed on her head she would have ruined miles of white ruffles. "Seems like you has twice as many clo's in the wash as you used to." Melvina had told her that just yesterday. But even if he did take pictures of her, Mr. Clayton had never said she was pretty.

"Do you think I'm getting better looking as I go along, or worse?" she asked Rose; they were up in their bedroom combing their hair. Alice's hair was darker than Rose's, but it had its own store of gold that gleamed when the light fell on it from anywhere: from sky or candle, or even if anybody struck a match to light his cigar.

"Better," Rose said firmly.

Alice studied her reflection in the glass. Maybe she was still too fat. Plump, people called it—the old friends. Her complexion was what counted, she supposed, and her eyes; she was not smiling—nobody had told her about her smile. Nor had anyone ever mentioned in her hearing the extraordinary softness of her voice, though every now and then somebody would ask her if she sang. She couldn't—not to amount to anything; Rose was the musician of the family.

It was much later than Mr. Deering had intended when the hotel finally opened; one third of the season was about over, he said; but it was lighted up now in the evenings from end to end, with people strolling on the verandas or out on the grounds. The walk leading down to the steps and the ravine had lights at intervals, and the little kiosks and pergolas had them too. It was hard to remember how dark and dewy it used to be at night in the ravine.

Alice and Rose walked down pretty nearly every evening to see what was going on at the hotel; with their father and mother when they felt like going, or with Mr. Clayton, who always felt like it. He wasn't staying there any longer, though; he was boarding with Mrs. Giddings and her daughter, Miss Norma, about half a mile up the road. On Saturdays there was always music in the main parlor: piano, cornet and violin. Later on there would be regular dances, Mrs. Deering said, with canvas stretched over the carpets; but a few people danced now, on the verandas, when they could get Mr. Heinman, the violinist, to play a waltz.

They were meeting more people all the time now. Miss Sallie Kent, a boarding friend of their mother's, introduced them to all the nicest ones she knew, and Mrs. Deering kept bringing up strangers. "Everybody wants to know who the two girls with the wonderful hair are," Mrs. Deering said.

"How does that make you feel?" Ro said scornfully as they were going home.

"Did you ever think of cutting it off? Mr. Clayton suggested. "Or you might tea up with the Sutherland Sisters and get ric If I don't get another job pretty soon I'm g ing to have to do something on my look Grow a beard and be one of the Smith Brot ers, maybe. I know a girl who went t Vassar—that's another college—right in th same town with the Smith Brothers."

"Do you suppose that's the girl Mis Norma was talking about—the one wh writes to him all the time?" Rose asked a they were getting ready for bed. "I wouldn' be in the least surprised if Miss Norma read the letters—finding them lying around tha way. It would be a great temptation to any body as romantic as she is."

When the regular dances began they were not a great success. Alice felt that having t keep her mind on the two-step was a grea drawback. It was hot, too, in spite of the electric fans.

"I know a girl who could give you the hang of it in no time," Mr. Clayton told her when they went out to cool off. "She's wonderful at all the new steps."

Alice thought about Vassar and the letters. She was sure Miss Norma must read parts of them anyway—especially if he left them lying outside the envelope that way. Miss Norma said she "suspicioned" they were engaged. "And I believe she's worried because he hasn't come back up there this summer. She keeps asking him about his work. I don't suppose they can get married till he gets another job."

Among the things the landscape gardener had done were the beds of cannas and geraniums, lighted so that the colors were as bright as they were in the sunlight.

"Want to walk down there toward the springs?" Mr. Clayton suggested.

They went as far as the steps leading into the ravine and sat down on the top one. The music was lovely at a distance that way. They were playing music from Florodora.

"That means the intermission," Mr. Clayton said. "We must go in and get some ice cream." But he didn't move, and neither did she.

"Tell me, pretty maiden,
Are there any more at home like you?"

he sang with the music, and Alice joined in:

"There are a few, kind sir,
A very, very few.

"I love that," she said.

(Continued on Page 152)



"I wish it were less cash and more carry!"

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New Hoover Cylinder Cleaner, Model 50, cleans by powerful suction. A new idea in dirt disposal — exclusive Dirt Ejector — your hands never touch dirt. Complete with cleaning tools in handy kit, including Mothimizer and sprayer.

(Continued from Page 150)

"Did you know I've got another job?" he asked her.

"No—what?"

"The bridge for the new highway, east of here."

"Aren't you glad!" she exclaimed, thinking again about the girl.

"I really am," he said. "It's the best thing I've had; but it doesn't start before fall. That will give me time to go home and see everybody." He got up and held his hand down to her. "Come on before they eat it all up," he said.

The summer was over all too soon. Alice could hardly believe it when she saw all the embellishments of the parlors coming down or up, as the case might be; it seemed such a little while since she had watched them going up, or down. Mr. and Mrs. Deering pronounced the season a success in spite of the late start and talked expansively of another year.

Alice couldn't imagine the hotel with nobody in it. It was the first week in October; a beautiful day, and some bright leaves were blowing along the veranda where people used to dance. She imagined it in the rain, the doors and windows shut. It was so much sadder than it ought to be. Well, at any rate, she would not have to come and look at it; there were plenty of things to do at home. She had hardly done any reading this summer, but now she would make up for lost time. Her father thought she could begin Vergil if she wanted to; he had time to help her so much more when it got dark early and they all had to be inside anyhow. Rose had already gone back to her music.

As usual, the long stretch of the winter did not begin until after Christmas, and it ended, also as usual, in hopes deferred. The January jasmine bloomed and froze repeatedly and the burning bush was quenched under a February snow. The only reliable promise lay in the lengthening afternoons. Alice noticed the difference on every sunny day: the glass and silver winking in a long strip of sunlight on the supper table, and not having to light the lamp on the bureau to fix her hair. And this year she noticed it particularly coming out from town on the streetcar. She seldom went to town, but she had gone oftener this winter because the cars were so convenient—especially for the Christmas shopping. It had been the nicest Christmas she could remember, with Roddy at home again and everything so gay. Mr. Clayton had married and brought his new wife to stay through the holidays, and they had danced in the evenings and had all sorts of fun with them.

The trip to town took exactly an hour and Alice always tried to remember to bring along a book to read. There wasn't any scenery, not even many houses; and now in the winter with the hotel closed, there were very few passengers. Sometimes there would be only the conductor and the motorman. One of the conductors was a boy they knew, Alonzo Hill, who lived up the road about a mile from them. He was really an adopted son; Mrs. Hill had adopted him when he was little, and in the summer he helped her with her farm, but in the winter of course he could do something else. Alonzo said he would a lot rather conduct a plow than a streetcar.

"I wouldn't be surprised if this is the last nickel you'll be giving me before next winter," he told Alice when he took her fare one February afternoon. "You won't see me in these clothes again after next week."

Alice started to ask him if he wasn't sorry; he looked so much nicer in his conductor's uniform than he did in his own Sunday clothes, but she decided not to let him think she noticed how he looked. Mrs. Hill had adopted him in the first place because he was such a beautiful little boy with curly hair. His father was supposed to be Spanish. So Alice asked him instead if they were going to plant a big garden this year and sell vegetables to the hotel as they had done the year before. That started Alonzo off and she had to try to look interested while he outlined a plan he had for a truck garden that would supply the hotel with everything they needed. Nobody had ever said he was lazy.

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The only other passenger on the car was a gentleman she had never seen before. He kept looking over at them and smiling. Then, when they got nearer to town and more people began getting on and Alonzo couldn't sit by her any more, the gentleman came over and took his place.

"Our conductor seems to be quite a farmer," he said pleasantly, and Alice smiled. "Friend of yours?"

She started to say yes, but—just what exactly did he mean?

"Nice country for farming," he went on, looking out. "First time I've ever been down here."

Alice decided he hadn't meant anything.

"A man I know in Chicago, T. H. Deering—you know him? I thought you would, if you live out there where you got on."

Alice, her smile restored, told him she knew Mr. and Mrs. Deering both. "Our house is the one —— Did you get off the car?"

He shook his head. "I only rode out to the end of the line. I'm down here on business and that was the only place I'd heard much about—the hotel out there and the springs. Pretty place; must be dull right now, though, with everything closed. Do you come to town very often?"

"Not very," she said.

"Sort of tiresome trip, isn't it?"

"I don't mind it. I generally bring a book to read."

"Ever spend the night in town?"

It was right at this point that—whatever it was—began to happen. Maybe she hadn't really looked at him before; but she knew now that he had no business to be talking to her—asking her things. She looked out to

No man who is always in a hurry is quite civilized. —WILL DURANT.

see just where they were; she even looked around for Alonzo; but in all those directions she must have looked different from the way she felt, for his voice went on:

"Why couldn't you come to dinner with me? Then afterward I could get a nice team and drive you home a whole lot quicker than the car ——"

He must have said that, for she couldn't have made it up, and yet she could never be sure she had actually heard the words. The car was only at Second Street, but she was getting off; she could walk up to Main ——

What she did was nearer running, and she knew how red her cheeks must be by the way they felt, and the way people looked at her. So this was it, she kept thinking, even after she was inside the store and was buying the things she had come for. This was the nameless evil. She had always known that something of this nature was abroad in the land seeking what it might devour but, never having met it in any shape or form before, it had not occurred to her to ask why it was so greatly to be feared. She asked it now. Suppose he did invite her to dinner and offer to drive her home? All she had to do was to decline. Yet here she was, scared to death, her knees fairly shaking under her at the ribbon counter.

"He ought to have been put off the car!" her mother said emphatically when Alice told her. She had waited until Rose went to bed, and that was funny too. Why didn't she want to tell it before Rose? They had better not tell her father either, Mrs. Macgowan said. He wouldn't want her to go in town by herself.

"But why?" Alice asked her. "There wasn't anything he could do, with people all around like that—unless I was a perfect idiot, and then I wouldn't be allowed to go by myself anyhow."

"Well, just forget about it," her mother said. "Don't tell anybody."

There was a screw loose somewhere in all this, Alice decided. The world was supposed to be full of conflicts between innocence and villainy; and certainly the books were. The unsuspecting girl and the designing adven-

(Continued on Page 155)

Are You as Smart as Mrs. Smith?



THE NEW IRONRITE IS A LIFETIME INVESTMENT IN MONEY-SAVING AND LABOR-SAVING . . .

Betty—Harry, Sadie's not coming any more.

Harry—That's too bad. Laundresses are hard to find these days.

Betty—But I'll not try to find another. I'll save that $6 a week.

Harry—Well, that's grand—I guess. But how about the ironing? Remember last time you did an ironing?

Betty—My rotten disposition! Yes, I know. But now I'm going to get an Ironrite to help me save that $300 a year. Washing is no trick with the new washers, and with Ironrite, ironing is a quick trick, too. Ironrite irons everything. You just sit and let Ironrite do all the work.

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Betty—Yes, everything! Shirts, sheets, ruffles, pleats—Sis has an Ironrite you know . . . Harry, wouldn't you like me to save $300 a year, every year?

Harry—Certainly!

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(Continued from Page 153)

er—their meeting was the great adven-e. And now that it had happened to her felt more discouraged than she had ever over anything.

She didn't look forward to having the hotel n nearly so much after that. She had ndered about the people she would meet; ether the same ones would come back and here would be many new ones. She had nced the two-step a lot while Roddy was home and she had got so she liked it better an the old-fashioned waltz. The dances at hotel were another thing she had been king forward to. Would Mrs. Deering be t to introduce her to a man like that?

The bridge was about finished now. The aytons would be gone before the hotel ened. There were a lot of things to keep is summer from being as nice as the last e.

But the spring itself, and darkies with kes cleaning off the canna beds and burning aves in the ravine, promised something she d never known to fail. Every day now she w some new preparation going on for a rld with which, she knew by experience, l was always well. Even if nothing hap-ned—if no people came—she had never en unhappy without them. Was that what e was expecting to get out of the hotel—me new kind of happiness?

"This year we are catering specially to the elta clientele," Mr. Deering said. "That's hy we had to open from two to three weeks rlier. Those planters like to get their wives d children settled for the summer before gets hot and mosquitery down there." e was talking to Miss Norma, who had ined the hotel force in e capacity of house-eeper. Rooms were being t ready for Mr. and Mrs. rry Dupree and family, om Feliciana Parish, ouisiana.

"And then if Mr. Du-ee only stays over Sun-ay"—Miss Norma took p where she had left off—"she probably on't want the extra room. She'll more than kely want to take one or two of the children with her, wouldn't you imagine?"

Miss Norma was not only liking her job, e was being good at it. "There's only one ing," she told Mrs. Macgowan on an after-oon when she had run up for a breathing ell. "I'm going to get me some shoes with wer heels, and a different corset, before the eather gets really hot."

"I would, if I were you," Mrs. Macgowan id sympathetically. She and Alice and ose all glanced, briefly and politely, at the et of the figure that was supposed to have on Miss Norma so much admiration back the past.

"Mrs. Dupree wears the La Vida Long-ip," Miss Norma told them. "That's the ost expensive corset you can buy. I saw it ying on her bed. And she certainly kept her hape, in spite of"— she remembered about lice and Rose and said—"everything."

"And aren't they lovely children?" Mrs. Macgowan said. "The nurse was up here esterday with the two littlest ones."

"They say she's always been considered a eauty herself, down where she lives," Miss Norma said. "I never cared so much for that ig-eyed, washed-out-looking type; but the hildren do look like her. And do you know, nside of the first week that baby would turn ight around in his nurse's arms and try to ome to me. Just give me time and I can ake any child away from its own mother."

Time in Miss Norma's case was certainly acking, but Mrs. Macgowan did not think she would meet with much resistance where Mrs. Dupree was concerned. Her generosity with her offspring had been the subject of considerable comment.

"Have you seen 'Lonzo Hill's new turn-out?" Miss Norma asked them as she got up to go. "It's their same horse, but he has bought a brand-new buckboard to bring his things to the hotel in. I'll tell him to drive up here someday and let you all see it."

She must have told him the very next morning. Alice, coming out of the garden, saw it in front of the steps, resplendent in the sunlight; on the seat beside Alonzo were two boxes of strawberries he was bringing them, and two of the Dupree children.

"How beautiful!" Alice exclaimed, taking the strawberries and extending her admiration to include the buckboard, from which the two little girls had immediately descended. They were approximately five and six years old, and they were beautiful too.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," Mrs. Macgowan said that evening at supper, "if Alonzo could make enough money to lift the load off of poor Mrs. Hill's shoulders? Adopting a child is a terrible risk, but when it does turn out right, there always seems to be something providential about it."

They were having the strawberries with cream for dessert. They were a new variety—the Sharpless—and fine enough to make them feel optimistic, not only about Alonzo but about agriculture in general.

"I wish you had seen him," Alice said. "He must feel that he has to dress up to go with the buckboard. Anyhow, he certainly looked prosperous."

"I must go and see Mrs. Hill," Mrs. Macgowan said. "I haven't been for a long time, and I have hardly ever seen her when she was not in trouble of some kind. I would love to hear her quote the Bible over something pleasant at last—poor thing!"

"Do you suppose the house would ever look cheerful, even if they did have some money?" Rose asked.

"It's those cedar trees," her mother said. "She doesn't realize how big they have been growing all these years. The parlor is terribly dark—a sad place anyhow; I always try to get out into the garden, or at least out on the porch, as soon as I can. This time I will tell her I came to see the strawberries."

That which is striking and beautiful is not always good; but that which is good is always beautiful.

—NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

The strawberry season was over before she made her visit, but she still managed to make it out-of-doors. She saw Mrs. Hill's sunbonnet around the corner of the porch and intercepted her approach to the front steps.

"Let's don't go inside," she said. "What is it that smells so sweet—honeysuckle?"

Mrs. Hill, also inhaling, confessed she found it difficult to distinguish one fragrance from another at this redolent season. She was a tall woman, and the skirt of her gray gingham dress had the dignity a great deal of starch confers. Her language was like that, too, Mrs. Macgowan reflected, walking beside her and listening to what she had done about the perennial phlox and the polyanthus roses; it was a symbol of something.

"I want to see Alonzo's vegetables too," she said. "I hear he has the earliest of everything this year."

"But I must not deprive him of the pleasure of showing them to you," Mrs. Hill said. "I am expecting him at any moment. He went to the hotel again this afternoon; they needed an extra supply of squash and onions. I believe I hear him now," she added, turning toward the gate.

Mrs. Macgowan turned, too, in time to see the buckboard approaching at a pace more suggestive of the turf than the delivery of squash and onions. A lady in a white dress was sitting beside Alonzo, holding a little girl on her lap; another little girl was standing between them. It was not the first time she had seen Mrs. Dupree, but she never did find out, she said when she got home, whether Mrs. Hill had seen her before or not.

"It's hard to tell with anybody as formal as she is whether people are friends or strangers. It's quite possible that she takes the children out there just the way she brings them here; but she can walk up here, and out there Alonzo must have to take her. Of course this time I brought her back."

"What is she like—I mean to talk to?" Alice asked. "Every time I have seen her she has been with somebody."

(Continued on Page 157)

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(Continued from Page 157)

d started down the front steps, but now r. Mason stopped and looked at her.

"I'm surprised at you," he said, "holding is nature against him that way. Don't u remember about 'Tiger, tiger, burning ight'?"

She shook her head again.

"Let him come, then, and I will recite it you. I'll look out for pigs too.... You're t old enough to have had many dogs," he id when Thor had joined them. "Maybe hor is the only one you can remember."

"We had a collie, too, but he died. His me was Rob Roy."

They walked on a little while and then Mr. lason said, "People are always telling you out losing their dogs, but I don't believe ey ever really do. I'll bet anything you still e your collie in all the places where he ould belong—that path there, for instance; ppose we take it."

"I do sometimes," Alice said after they d taken the path, "especially in the fall. e was just the color the woods, and his il would wave so."

"I know; a collie is n autumn dog. My ogs—the ones at ome, my father's ally—were the kind at come back in the arly morning. I hear em in the ravine ometimes when I ake up, out here at e hotel. You have o idea how I like it."

"Thor always arks in the night," lice said.

"Yes, and some- ay, years and years om now, you may e in another part of he world and hear a og bark in the night, nd you will say, 'That's Thor,' and urn over and go to leep again, feeling so ice and safe. Or ou'll read some- hing, maybe in a ook that hasn't been vritten yet, that ome man says about dog, and you will now it was Thor he vas writing about."

"Maybe by that ime I will have for- otten all about the pig," Alice said. 'Maybe Thor will look like a thoroughbred nastiff to me."

Mr. Mason nodded. "He will; more thor- ugh than any mastiff you ever saw. The logs of the past are a noble breed."

This was the first walk they had taken ogether, but he must at odd moments have old her more of his personal history than he ealized; he was beginning to notice how nany things she seemed to know about him.

"Who lives there now—where you used to ive—where the dogs were?" she asked him when it had turned out to be too hot for walking and they had sat down in the shade.

Her voice was another thing. He could remember it, but not how it made him feel; the response was as immediate—as physical—as the vibration of a string. It was a voice to hear the most exquisite things in; he wanted to answer them instead of what she said.

"NOBODY lives there," he answered now. "The darkies are supposed to look out for things; but you know what that means. My father goes down whenever he can; but even if the wheeled chair could go, the dampness would kill my mother. That's why she had to come away in the first place. Some of these days, Miss Alice, I'm going to make a whole lot of money; enough to have her garden weeded, and her piano tuned, and to fix some way to keep her warm when the wind blows off the river."

"Is the house very big?" Alice asked him. "Is it ever so much bigger than ours?"

"It is bigger than anybody's," he said. "People don't live in houses that big; only bats and owls."

It sounded sad, she thought, but he didn't look as if he were feeling sad. He had picked up some last year's acorns and was chunking them at a squirrel on a limb over their heads. How long did it usually take a man to make a lot of money? He was thirty-five already; twice as old as she was.

"I'M going to show you some pictures," he told her, "or maybe a map. Anyhow, I'm going to explain to you sometime how things are in my part of the country. Those rice plantations, where all the money came from, are nearer to Pharaoh's time than they are to ours."

A place that she had never seen; a part of the world where she had never been. Would she ever see the place he was describing to her now as they walked home? He was startled at the sudden clearness with which he saw her there.

"It sounds lovely," she said—"like Europe." She had already asked him about Europe and knew that he had never been there, but there might be things in this country, too, that were old and romantic. "Doesn't it seem funny to you," she asked him, "that I have never seen anything in my life that you could actually call picturesque? Just woods, and the ravine, of course, and the springs. None of the really beautiful places."

"If you will wait until I make that money, I'll get them all and bring them to you."

They walked through the ravine and stopped at the biggest spring for a drink. Alice told him how it used to look, back in the days when they waded there, with the water barely bubbling up through the sand.

"And it tasted better, didn't it?" he said. "Nice and gritty. Do you ever want to go back and be a child again?"

"I don't believe so," she said. "I don't notice very much difference, except when I come down here—and the hotel, of course."

"And naturally you wouldn't want to give that up—all the nice people that come. Where are they, by the way? Why aren't they down here drinking?"

"I expect they've all gone in to dinner—lunch, I mean. There are Mr. and Mrs. Dupree going up the steps."

The dance had been two weeks before, and this was the first time Mr. Dupree had been back since. Miss Norma had made what she could of that, and it had been so much that Alice thought she would probably be sorry to see him today, not only back, but acting as if nothing had happened. He had his arm around Mrs. Dupree, going up the steps that led out of the ravine, and they were both laughing at something. She looked beautiful—her figure did. She had on an organdy dress with bunches of pansies on it, and a lavender hat. Melvina, the laundress, said it took more than an hour to get around the ruffles on one of Mrs. Dupree's skirts.

Roddy was at home now, but not in spirit. He was going to spend the last half of his vacation with a classmate whose family had a cottage in the mountains. Last summer he

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Secret

By Catherine Haydon Jacobs

We are the only ones who will
remember;
We are the only ones who have
ever known
How far this autumn is from last
November;
We two alone.

Wind, and the bitter taste, the dis-
illusion
Of courage whittled thin, the
dulling pain
Of questioning what was right, the
heart's confusion,
Frost and cold rain.

Today the meadow glistens green
at dawning,
And every step is firm beneath
the sun.
The world is beautiful this autumn
morning;
We two have won.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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had talked all the time about the scenery, and the cool nights, but this summer he told them more about the people, especially a girl he called Miss Wellford—when he could remember not to call her Bella. One day when he was looking at a magazine he showed Alice a picture that he said looked like Miss Wellford. It was Lady Hamilton, in a swing, by Romney.

"I do hope he isn't going to do anything foolish; at least not until after he graduates," her mother said when Alice showed her the picture.

Her father looked at it too. "Must be Armistead Wellford's daughter," he said. "He married a mighty pretty girl; prettier than this one."

Even the greatest artists couldn't paint a girl as beautiful as the ones people remembered. It reminded Alice of what Mr. Mason had said about the dogs of the past.

"I used to mind it when people said I would never be as pretty as my mother was," she told him one day when they were talking. "I minded it not only for myself but for her too; it sounded as if the family was deteriorating."

"Whoever said such an absurd thing as that?" he asked her.

"Everybody did, if they remembered how she looked when she was young. That picture in the parlor doesn't do justice."

"All the same, it's absurd," he said. "Now, in my case, my mother really was a lot prettier than I am, and someday I'm going to show you the little picture I have of her. She had poetry written to her too; I'd like to show you that. If I were to write you a poem, I would probably have no end of trouble getting it published. Or an acrostic; maybe you would like an acrostic better."

"That is a sort of charade, isn't it?"

"Much harder. The idea was to be as cryptic as possible; so that your rival, or the lady's husband if she happened to have one, would get discouraged trying to read it."

Alice thought about Mrs. Dupree. It was easy to imagine somebody writing her a cryptic poem, but she didn't believe Mr. Dupree would worry about it, whether he could read it or not, the way he did about the dancing. Alice wondered if Mr. Mason had heard anything about that. He hardly ever mentioned anybody at the hotel. She didn't even know whether he thought Mrs. Dupree was beautiful. Roddy didn't. He thought she danced better than anybody, but he said a woman had to have a brain about her somewhere before she could be what he called beautiful. He thought it was funny for her to let Alonzo drive her around the country in his buckboard. He had seen them two or three times. Alonzo was a big fool to be doing that sort of thing, Roddy said.

MRS. Hill was not so long as usual in returning Mrs. Macgowan's visit. Months often went by without friendly interchanges between them, but this summer, what with all the coming and going occasioned by the hotel, the neighborhood was more sociable; people seemed to have more in common.

"But I can't stay long," she announced, getting out carefully on account of the buggy's wheels, which were muddy, and her skirts, which were so far immaculate.

"The road must be dreadful!" Mrs. Macgowan exclaimed. "Did you ever hear such a downpour! The garden is a wreck—I am not going to even let you see it—and my peonies were just in their glory too. When I went out there this morning, the last one of them was standing on its head in the mud. Let's sit here on the porch and I'll tell Annie Sue to bring us a cup of tea."

"Where are the girls?" Mrs. Hill inquired, glancing through the open door into the hall.

"Both gone to town," Mrs. Macgowan said. "Sit here in the rocker; I'll be right back."

"I presume you can see the hotel from this point of vantage when the leaves are off the trees," Mrs. Hill remarked when her hostess had returned and was drawing up a small table for the tea.

"Not much of it; only one corner. It's really funny how completely we forget about its being there, in the wintertime."



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MUST ALWAYS
TO VETO
YOU VALUE
OUR CHARM!

"Have you made the acquaintance of many of the guests?"

"Not as many as Alice and Rose have. I dare say Alonzo can tell you more about that than we can."

Mrs. Macgowan smiled; her reference was intended as a light introduction to the topic she imagined must be uppermost in Mrs. Hill's thoughts, Alonzo's continued prosperity. It was uppermost in her thoughts too. She knew he was doing well, but she wanted to know how well; how much had he made already—how much did he think he would make by the end of the season? She could not hear Mrs. Hill answering her except in a figure of speech. But even this imperfect satisfaction had to be postponed, because Annie Sue was coming with the tea.

"How are you, Annie Sue?" Mrs. Hill asked her.

"Jus' tol'able." Annie Sue went on to say she had fixed them some cinnamon toast instead of plain bread and butter.

"I hear Melvina is now regularly employed at the hotel," Mrs. Hill said when the amenities were over and Annie Sue had retired. "I see her occasionally."

"We see her too. She stops in sometimes on her way home." At any rate they were still talking about the hotel. In a minute, Mrs. Macgowan thought, she would get back to Alonzo.

"Have you had occasion to see anything further of the lady you were kind enough to take back with you the afternoon you came to call?" Mrs. Hill inquired after a pause of some duration.

Mrs. Macgowan found her hesitation puzzling for a moment, then suddenly too clear.

A man who boasts only of his ancestors confesses that he belongs to a family that is better dead than alive. —ANON.

It was not Alonzo she wanted to talk about; it was Mrs. Dupree—or maybe it was both.

"Why, yes," she said. "She and the children walk up sometimes. They look at the flowers, and sit here on the steps. Have you seen her again? It's too far for her to take the children out there, I should think."

"You are a friend of such long standing," Mrs. Hill began, "and already conversant with the circumstances of my life ——" She stopped.

Mrs. Macgowan leaned over and laid her hand on the stiff folds of gingham that were its nearest approach to Mrs. Hill's knee. "Do tell me what it is that troubles you," she said. "Tell me quite plainly, and I will tell you plainly what I think. And first of all I want to say that Mrs. Dupree impresses me as a pretty woman with very little sense; I don't believe she has any idea of causing trouble. Is she flirting with Alonzo—is that it?" This was not a figure of speech, but if they had to begin away back in the circumstances of Mrs. Hill's life!

"Of Alonzo's history, too, you know enough"—Mrs. Hill was not to be deflected—"to make it possible for you to understand how apprehensive I must be when I see him subjected to temptation of this nature. The blood that flows in Alonzo's veins is not my blood; I must remember his inheritance." She had disregarded the hand still resting on her knee, but Mrs. Macgowan could feel that the knee was trembling. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge," she said.

Which *was* a figure of speech and, as such, impressive enough, but it seemed to Mrs. Macgowan to be only broadly applicable to Alonzo, whose behavior struck her as being very much what that of any other very young man of limited experience and not unlimited intelligence might have been. It was the first time she had ever heard Mrs. Hill mention the sour grapes, which no doubt went back to the same source as his exotic appearance.

"But falling in love is something every boy is bound to do sooner or later," she suggested; "and in this case at least it can't last

(Continued on Page 163)

If your hair
looks like THIS

. . . when it should
look like THIS



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(Continued from Page 161)

r long, because she will be going away. I; just another case of Satan finding some nchief still ——" Was that in the Bible to? At all events, Mrs. Hill sat in silence for awhile and then said:

I have a request to make of you—unusual is nature, but still I hope that you will not rse. I am going to ask you to speak to Ms. Dupree on this subject; I want you to l before her ——"

Mrs. Macgowan waited for something that wld give her an idea of what she was exted to offer Mrs. Dupree as a reason for a erent line of conduct from the one she saw o pursue at present with regard to Alonzo. ppeared, however, that she was to be left hout it. She would just have to promise at she could.

"Very well," she said, "I will explain to that she is interfering with Alonzo's work. an tell her how well he has been doing—d how much depends on his doing well. ere are really a lot of things I can say to ke her realize—at least to make her stop d think about the harm she may do in a e like this without intending it." Her face ghtened. "There are Alice and Rose now, t coming through the gate. I didn't hear car, did you?"

On an afternoon a few days later, Alice d Rose, each holding one of Mrs. Dupree's le girls by the hand, had gone down to the nd in the pasture to show them the baby cks. "Take them off somewhere and keep m while I talk to their mother." Such d been the injunction laid upon them, and ce and Rose kept wondering what was go- on in the garden, where their mother had en Mrs. Dupree. She ght to be an easy person talk to, since she talked little herself; but what out? Could it be any of things Miss Norma had en saying?

Mrs. Macgowan had ned to the garden instinctively, as to a ld she knew, as she did whenever any- ng had to be met, or escaped from—or th. Mrs. Dupree, in a white embroidered iss and a floppy hat, did not impress her being anything formidable to meet, but was Alonzo who would have to do the es- ping.

"Suppose we sit here and look up at that ud of pink," she suggested, indicating the nch by the rose trellis. "It's the Lady Gay; suppose you have it too."

Mrs. Dupree did not answer, but she made objection to sitting down, or even looking . Her eyes were lovely.

"I am glad you came up this afternoon," rs. Macgowan pursued cheerfully; "there something I have been wanting to say you."

Mrs. Dupree made no objection to that her. "Is there?" she said. "What about?"

Talking little herself did not make her an sy person to talk to, but Mrs. Macgowan gan. "It's about Mrs. Hill, and Alonzo—r son. You remember the day I met you ere ——" It was not really a question and rs. Dupree did not answer it, so she kept : "I don't know how much you have seen them since you have been at the hotel, but have known them a long time, and I would ke to tell you a little about them—things u would not be apt to have found out."

"Do you mean about him being her dopted son? He told me that," Mrs. Du- ee said.

Yes, but did he tell you about how much e has done for him—all the sacrifices she as made; and how much she has hoped he ould be to her when he grew up?"

This was a question, and Mrs. Dupree nswered it with a shake of the floppy hat. We were not talking about anything like hat," she said, "not about anything special. was just asking him how he happened to ok so different. His eyes; they are quite emarkable-looking—don't you think so?—r a boy like that."

"But all sorts of boys have handsome yes," Mrs. Macgowan said. "It isn't always a good idea to tell them so, however. That is exactly what I wanted to talk to you about—that you ought not to let him see that you think he is good-looking. He is too—too inexperienced for that sort of flattery. A woman like you ——" She stopped; it would do no good to offend Mrs. Dupree.

She was not offended; she even smiled. "What did he say about me?"

Mrs. Macgowan looked at her in astonishment. She had prepared herself to cope with stupidity—a stupid woman might blunder; but a woman as vain as this one might do anything. She might even let herself become infatuated with the admiration of an ignorant country boy.

"He has said nothing to me about you," she said quietly, "but I am sure he admires you—as we all do. It is always a pleasure to us to see you, and to see the children."

"Thank you," Mrs. Dupree put in politely, but the smile had gone.

"And I believe," Mrs. Macgowan continued, "now that we have had this little talk—now that I have explained to you how we all feel—that you will not want to do anything to make us feel differently—to make us admire you less. . . . We must cut you some roses," she said. She was not changing the subject; she was giving up. "Where did the children go?"

Alice and Rose, coming up with the little girls and seeing Mrs. Dupree with her flowers, were sure the talk, whatever it was about, must have ended pleasantly.

"Did she say anything?" they asked their mother as soon as it was safe to ask.

Mrs. Macgowan was watching the three white figures go off under the trees. "Somebody had to talk to her," she explained to Alice and Rose. "She really has very little sense. She is carrying on some kind of a flirtation with Alonzo, and poor Mrs. Hill is worried about it."

My motto is, "Contented with little, yet wishing for more." —CHARLES LAMB.

They listened with interest. "Do you mean ——"

"I mean she is taking his mind off of his work. But whatever we do, we mustn't say anything before Miss Norma; or Roddy either," she added, knowing just as Alice and Rose knew that all they had to do was to wait until Miss Norma and Roddy should say something before them. Unless Mrs. Dupree went home or somewhere.

They were almost afraid she would, but she had not done so several days later when Roddy saw her out driving in the buckboard again. "No children along, either, just her and the toreador. He looks more like the picture on a cigar box than ever, with that mustache."

"Alonzo!" Alice exclaimed. "Why, when did he ——"

She had never thought of Alonzo with a mustache; and it had been such a little while since he brought the strawberries. It had never occurred to her before what a curious thing it was that a boy could change himself into a man all at once that way. She tried to imagine her father's face smooth like a boy's. Or Mr. Mason without that dark line that followed his lip and turned up at the corners when he smiled.

They went walking in the woods a good deal these days and he always took off his hat under the first tree, as if they were going into church. The last walk they took he had just had a letter from his father. It was headed: "From the Battlements at Elsinore."

"He's at home now," Mr. Mason explained, "down in the country; he says it always makes him feel like a ghost, to go back. Heaven knows what he feels like in town, in that apartment. Comfortable. But they don't want to be just comfortable. Would you? A lot of people these days use that word to explain the way they live, and the things they live in—a comfortable flat—a comfortable apartment. They even take you around and show it to you—'and here is the kitchenette.' You are never going to have a kitchenette, are you? You couldn't; it

(Continued on Page 165)

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THE KARO KID



1—"CRAN-APPLE" PIE

¾ cup sugar
3 tablespoons corn starch
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup KARO Syrup, Red Label
¼ cup water
1½ cups cranberries
1½ teaspoons grated orange rind
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1½ cups chopped apples
1 recipe pastry

Mix sugar, corn starch and salt in saucepan. Gradually add KARO Syrup and water; mix well. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly until mixture thickens slightly and comes to a boil. Add cranberries and cook until skins are broken. Remove from heat; add orange rind and butter or margarine. Cool. Add apples. Roll ½ of pastry ⅛ inch thick. Line a 9-inch pie pan. Pour in filling. Arrange lattice of pastry strips across top. Seal edges well. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 10 minutes; reduce heat to moderate (350°F.) and bake 40 minutes longer, or until crust is brown and apples are tender.

2—CRANBERRY SAUCE

Wash 4 cups (1 pound) cranberries; remove any soft ones. Drain. Combine 1½ cups KARO Syrup, Red Label, ¾ cup sugar and 1½ cups water in saucepan. Bring to a boil; boil rapidly 5 minutes. Add cranberries and boil 10 minutes—until skins are broken. Chill thoroughly. Makes about 4 cups.

3—BROILED GLAZED FRUIT

Place ⅓ cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label, and 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine in shallow baking pan. Arrange well-drained canned peaches, pears, apricots or pineapple slices in syrup. Place pan about 5 inches from heat and broil about 5 to 10 minutes on each side, basting frequently until fruit is well glazed and lightly browned. Arrange fruit on serving dish; garnish with watercress. Serve hot as an accompaniment to cold sliced meat.

4—KARO BUTTER

Place 1 cup of KARO Syrup, Blue Label and ¼ cup butter or margarine, in saucepan. Bring to a boil and stir until blended. Serve this delicious syrup hot over pancakes or waffles, fritters or French toast. Makes about 1¼ cups.

5—CANDIED SWEET POTATOES

6 sweet potatoes, medium size
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label
2 tablespoons water
¼ cup brown sugar

Wash potatoes and partially cook in boiling water 15 minutes. Drain and peel. Place all ingredients except potatoes in heavy skillet. Arrange potatoes on top. Cook slowly, basting occasionally, until potatoes are tender and well glazed.

Corn Products Refining Company • 1948

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(Continued from Page 163)

would turn into something else the minute you put your foot in it.

"Where'er you walk cool airs shall fan the glade,
Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade,"

he sang. "Why don't you take off your hat? You wouldn't get any freckles under here."

She took it off and laid it on the ground beside her.

"All that hair! And nobody ever sees it, I suppose, except when it's being combed—or laundered. How do you manage about drying it? Hang it on the line?"

"On the grass; I bend over." She showed him. "Rose's is longer than mine."

"Fabulous. No wonder all the fairy tales are tangled in it. But to go back to our plantation. A lot of things have got to be done to the house before I let you see it."

"Did you forget about the pictures you were going to show me?"

He shook his head. "I didn't forget. I got scared. I said to myself, 'Suppose she didn't like it; what would you do then?'"

Alice was sure she would like it, though, if it was the way it sounded. He seemed to her to belong in just that kind of place; not the battlements of Elsinore exactly, but certainly not the Cotton Exchange.

In Miss Norma's opinion matters had now reached a point where Mr. Deering might be expected to take a hand. Though it would perhaps be better if he let his wife do it, because she could talk to Mrs. Dupree, which naturally he couldn't.

"How much longer is she planning to stay?" Mrs. Macgowan asked.

"Well, of course their arrangement is by the month," Miss Norma said, "but the way I look at it, she ought not to have been left here in the first place with nobody but a nurse and children. A woman as slack-twisted as that needs to have somebody to look after her. Not but what Alonzo Hill needs looking after too. I wonder how much Mrs. Hill knows. Even the darkies could tell her."

"Let us hope they don't," Mrs. Macgowan said. "She is the one who would really be hurt if Alonzo's conduct should be criticized at the hotel. She has so much pride."

"Yes, and it wouldn't be only her pride that would suffer if Alonzo got himself criticized off the premises," Miss Norma said. "Those two people can't eat all the things he's raised out there. I told Mr. Deering this morning he ought to stop Alonzo from coming around before Mr. Dupree gets back again. I'd keep all the distance I could between them, with the talking that's going on."

"I can't claim to see very much myself of what goes on in the evening, after the day I've had," Miss Norma went on. "The thing I'm interested in is doing something that will rest my feet, and that's not going up and down those steps to the ravine. But there's several have told me they've seen her and Alonzo down there at night."

They all saw now. Alice and Rose looked at their mother, waiting for her to say something; hoping it would not be, as it so often was, that she just didn't believe a word of it. And it was not quite so bad as that, though they could see that Miss Norma was disappointed. For even now their mother said the people at the hotel were just summer people, and Mrs. Hill and Alonzo were neighbors. "They will be here after the others are gone and forgotten."

Alice wondered what Mr. Mason would say. He never talked about the summer people; after all, he was one of them himself.

But the next time they went walking he did talk a little about Miss Norma. "Our Miss Giddings, who looks after us all so beautifully," he called her, "she is on the go most of the time, but she stops and talks to me, if nobody else is doing it. She doesn't like to see me abandoned to a book."

Alice laughed, but she was wondering what Miss Norma talked about—if it could ever have been about Mrs. Dupree.

"Sometimes she talks about you," he said. "She was telling me the other day how long she has known you, and how you used to look back in the pinafore era."

"Did she tell you she was the one who made the pinafores? She used to help mamma make our clothes before we got old enough to sew. Miss Norma is awfully smart; she can do practically anything."

"So I imagine. And has everybody's interest at heart. She wants us to be not only happy but good, Miss Giddings does."

Alice laughed again. "I know; she comes up and talks to us too."

"Then I hope she tells you about me—how good and happy I am," he said.

Alice looked at him and smiled because she knew he meant for her to. She was thinking that he really did look happy, in the serious sort of way she had noticed before; she had never thought about whether he was good.

"And so," he said presently, "you stopped wearing pinafores, and changed yourself into a young lady in a long dress, without ever going away anywhere. I thought it was more trouble than that; I had an idea a lot of people had to work over it."

"Maybe they still have to," she said. "I'm not supposed to be through. Rose and I are supposed to travel, and study music, and learn languages. Papa has always talked about sending us to Europe."



"I know about women. What I want you to tell me is how to shave."



ARRANGE layer of sliced, boiled yams and onion slices in bottom of 2-qt. greased casserole • Sprinkle with ½ tsp. ground cloves, 1½ tbsp. brown sugar, dot with butter • Repeat layer • **TOP** with SPAM slices as pictured; pour ⅔ cup fruit juice (apple, pineapple or other) over all • **BAKE** in moderate oven (375°) 25 minutes or until heated through.



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"And how do you feel about it?" he asked her. "You told me you never wanted to go back and have the past over again; are you in any hurry to have the future? Do you think much about the kind of future you want it to be?"

"Yes, I believe I do—quite a lot. It's really feelings, more than thoughts, that I have about it. And certainly having them about the past wouldn't do any good; I couldn't change that anyway."

"You'd be surprised," he said. "There is nothing we can change as much. I've worked on mine until I've made it into something I don't believe I'd recognize if I saw it. You see, I've had a lot more past than you have; that makes a difference."

She looked at him, trying to imagine the difference that had been made. What would he be like with no more past than hers? The long legs stretched out on the grass, and the dark hair that he kept pushing back, and his gray eyes would have been about the same, she supposed; but she knew she would not have felt about him the way she did now: as if he had been somewhere that she had always dreamed of going and could tell her about it. Some books were like that, but she had never known a man before who was.

Melvina was wrapping something up in an old newspaper when Alice came into the kitchen.

"Show Miss Alice what you got this time," Annie Sue said. "She's been tryin' to get Mrs. Dupree to give it to her all summer, an' now she's got it. There ain't nobody's dress Mel can't get into once she gets into this!"

Alice looked at the pink satin garment lying on the newspaper. Its interminable lacings and its determined bones measured up to Miss Norma's description of the most expensive corset you could buy. She looked at Melvina's "shape" and thought about Miss Norma's—both of them expecting somehow to be poured into this mold.

"Of course you can let the strings out a whole lot," she told Melvina.

"I 'spec she can't hardly wait for Sunday to get here befo' she shines out in it," Annie Sue reflected when Melvina had departed.

MELVINA had almost had time to get home before they found the letter lying under the table.

"Mel 'bout dropped it out of the paper when she was rollin' her corset back up." Annie Sue retrieved it and handed it to Alice. It was carefully sealed and addressed in a large flowing hand to Alonzo Hill.

"That silly woman!" her mother said when Alice took it in and showed it to her.

"How can we get it to him? Or maybe it would be better to just give it back to her," Alice said.

Mrs. Macgowan held the letter in her hand, thinking. "Give it back to Annie Sue," she said, "and tell her to give it to Melvina the next time she comes by."

Upstairs in her room, Alice wished she could lay the matter before Rose. But Rose had gone into town to go to a concert and spend the night with Miss Sallie Kent. In spite of what her mother had said, Alice still felt that they ought to do something a little better than just giving the letter back to Melvina. Even if Mrs. Dupree did write to Alonzo whenever she felt like it, that didn't keep this one from being important.

Those were the longest days. There were hours of daylight after supper when they could sit on the porch and talk, or even read, without having to light a lamp. But the hotel was always a blaze of electricity.

"They miss all the prettiest part of the day," Alice said when she and Mr. Mason had wandered down on the lawn to where they could see the people sitting on the veranda.

"Yes, don't they?" he said. "But everybody has to see what everybody else is doing, and they can't do that in the gloaming. This evening especially. Has Miss Giddings been up with the news? Did you know that Othello showed up shortly after lunch without telling a soul he was coming—not even Miss Giddings? I mean Mr. Dupree," he said, for Alice was not smiling.

"Does everybody at the hotel believe he is so jealous, or just Miss Norma?" she asked him. "Sometimes I think she must have been married to a sort of Othello—you knew about her being married, didn't you?"

"I know everything," he said.

"WELL, couldn't that be the reason she expects other people's husbands to behave the same way? Mamma thinks she can do a lot of harm, saying those things to just anybody."

"Yes, but think of the pleasure she gives! This evening, for instance, one of the waiters dropped a tray, or maybe it was a fork, during dinner, and everybody jumped and looked around exactly as if a gun had gone off."

Alice laughed, but all the same she was wondering if Mr. Mason knew about the letter, whether he would think that was a joke too. Or if her mother knew Mr. Dupree had come back suddenly this afternoon, would she still think the letter was not important? The more she thought about it, the more she believed that something depended on Alonzo's getting it. If there were only some way for Mrs. Dupree to be told without somebody having to tell her.

"Maybe you will think I am as bad as Miss Norma," she said suddenly, "but something happened this afternoon. You know who Mr. Dupree is supposed to be jealous of, don't you?"

"I told you I know everything."

"Well, Mrs. Dupree wrote him a letter this afternoon—it must have been after Mr. Dupree came—and he never got it."

He looked at her. "You seem to be the one who knows everything," he said. "Who did get it? Not Miss Giddings, I hope."

"Nobody got it. The person she sent it by, Melvina Ford, dropped it; it was under the kitchen table."

"Nice safe place. Can the cook read?"

"That's not what I'm afraid of. I'm afraid she might have been trying to send him some word about not coming to the hotel."

"Maybe she carries letters all the time. This one needn't have been anything special."

"That's what mamma thought, but I'm almost sure it was, because Melvina showed me what Mrs. Dupree had given her—I'm sure it was for being careful to give him the letter."

"Which is still under the kitchen table, I gather?" He smiled at her; she knew she must sound like Miss Norma—so intense.

"I can't help it," she said. "I know I'm going to think about it in the night, if I wake up."

"We mustn't let that happen," he said. "After all, I'm not there at the hotel for nothing. Who do you think I'd better keep my eye on—Othello, or Desdemona, or Cassio? You don't want to walk over there a little while yourself and see what's going on? It looks pretty quiet from here."

She shook her head. "No, but I'm glad I told you, whether you laugh about it or not."

They walked back to the house and talked about so many things that Alice almost forgot about the letter; but he did not.

"I'd better be getting back to help Miss Giddings," he said when he took his leave. "Don't you wake up in the night, and whatever you do, don't think."

He seldom went down to the springs. But it occurred to him, walking back to the hotel, that he might at least check on the contingency of a broken rendezvous; in case of which he would be likely to find half of it somewhere waiting around. He went down the steps and walked to the upper end of the ravine, where the springs and the lights gave out, and even the benches. The final spring, with one rather small light above it, and one bench, was still ahead of him when he saw

(Continued on Page 168)

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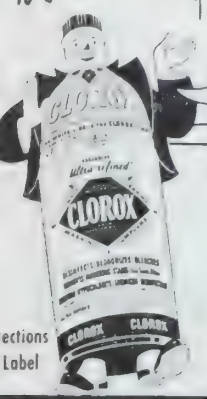


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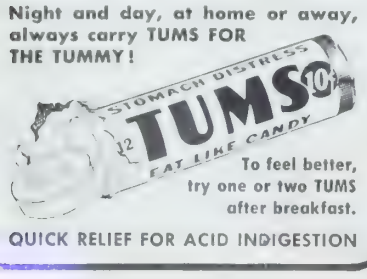
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(Continued from Page 166)

that somebody was approaching from farther up the ravine. He whistled casually; whoever it was, he wanted to seem casual, and if it was Alonzo he didn't want to seem Mrs. Dupree.

It was Alonzo; they reached the bench at practically the same moment and sat down on it, one at either end.

"I believe I have seen you at the hotel," Mr. Mason said as he did so. "I am staying there. My name is Mason."

"Mine's Hill." Alonzo took off his straw sailor and smoothed his hair on either side of the part; he gave, too, a little touch to his mustache. Mr. Mason had almost forgotten that a young man was so young.

"Pretty country you have around here," he said presently. "Just where does this ravine come out?"

"About a mile farther; not far from where I live," Alonzo told him.

"Then it's shorter for you than coming around by the road, I imagine. I might find a shorter way to get up to the hotel than going back to the steps."

"There's a path," Alonzo told him, "only there don't many people use it. It goes right up through that clump of cedars—excuse me for pointing—and comes out by the powerhouse and the annex."

"I see," Mr. Mason said. "Looks steep from here. I'll try it sometime when the weather is a little cooler. Does it ever get any hotter than this?"

"Not much—not around here. In town it's hotter," Alonzo told him.

"Or down the river, I suppose. I was talking earlier in the evening to a man from Louisiana—Mr. Dupree; he got in this afternoon, and I believe he's going back tomorrow or the next day, but even so he says it's worth the trip, it's so much cooler here than it is down on his plantation. Everything is a matter of comparison. Well"—he stood up—"I'm glad to have met you, Mr. Hill."

A word to the wise, he thought as he walked away; but Alonzo was another matter: had he used words enough? He looked back when he came to the bend in the ravine and thought he saw a white straw hat. He couldn't see a blue serge suit at night, and Alonzo's face might still be turned toward the clump of cedars that the path ran through. "*Excuse me for pointing.*"

"As quiet as a millpond," Mr. Mason said. "Othello left yesterday, and Miss Giddings was too busy even to notice it."

"Do you think Alonzo realizes what might have happened if you hadn't told him Mr. Dupree was there?" Alice asked.

"What might?"

"Why, he might have come up to the hotel that night, maybe, and he would have been sure to come the next morning ——"

"And been challenged to a duel? Just what is it we have all been expecting—swords, pistols, horsewhips?"

"All the same, even mamma admits now that the letter might have been important. She is glad I told you. We are both awfully obliged to you for taking all that trouble," she added formally.

"You are both awfully welcome," he said, smiling. "It was a pleasure, I assure you. Meddling in other people's business always is a pleasure, don't you think so?"

It was Sunday morning again, with a delightful change in the weather. "You don't think the ground is too damp?" Mr. Mason asked her when they came to their tree. "I would hate for you to spoil that dress; I believe it's the prettiest one of all."

"Anyhow, it will wash," she said, spreading it around her on the grass.

"Aren't you ever afraid, coming out in new dresses all the time, that you might frighten off some really deserving young man who knew he would never be able to pay for them?"

Alice laughed. "Maybe if he got to be very deserving I could tell him how little they cost, when I make them myself."

He laid his hand on the edge of blue muslin lying near him. "Clothes are a wonderful thing. Sometimes they strike me as being more wonderful than anything else about

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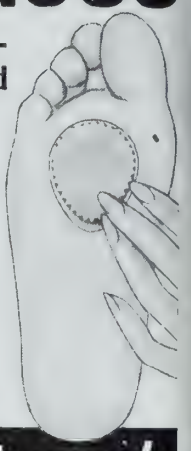


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people; this dress, for instance: I am as certain as I can be that if I am alive fifty years from now I will see it just as plainly as I do this minute."

"Then you aren't going to change it in the meanwhile, the way you told me you are always doing with the past?"

He took his hand away, but not his eyes. "It won't be the past," he said, and added rather suddenly: "I had another letter from home yesterday."

"From the battlements at Elsinore?"

"Yes. I wish you knew my father. He is one of the things I want to show you. I keep thinking up new ones all the time. I want to show you poor old Charleston. I know you would like the water, especially in the evening, from the Battery. I want to catch a little fishing boat with white sails and let you hold it in your hand."

She looked at him, not quite sure whether to smile or not, and decided not to.

"Is it very hot there—worse than here?"

"There's a breeze; you see, we are only about sixteen miles from the ocean. My father doesn't mind the heat, but this summer there has been a lot of rain, and it is what he calls the blessing of fecundity that he would pray to have withdrawn."

"I know what it's like here when we have a wet summer," Alice said. "The darkies say it's hard to keep the cotton in sight, on account of the weeds."

"But there it's not only weeds; it's bushes—trees, even the beautiful ones with white flowers; it's veils of Spanish moss—all the lovely vistas blotted out, my father says. Sometimes he feels that it is hopeless. He says, 'Whatever people mean by Southern

When love and skill work together, expect a masterpiece. —RUSKIN.

ease and indolence, they are what it took to create the thing that used to be here. The question is, can business ability restore it? The work without the dreaming would bring back something, but not that.'"

Alice looked at him with serious eyes. "Did you, or your father either, ever think that maybe you might fall in love with a girl who had a lot of money and who would ——"

"I know," he broke in; "I've heard of girls like that. They drive out from Charleston occasionally, in search of romance; they want to marry somebody and restore something. Restore it to what? Do you know, Miss Alice, I wouldn't trust even myself in there with a million dollars?"

"But it must be so lovely the way it is, all veiled in moss, with the white flowers. Why does so much have to be done to it?"

"Because it has to be not only lovely, but livable. It's the difference between love in a dream and love in reality; which is a bigger difference than you would be likely to imagine. I can't have it waving veils at me and being elusive and mysterious. The thing I want to have back is something I have had already; and certainly it's the only thing I would ever want to offer to anybody else."

"Offer to show it to them, do you mean—'here is the kitchenette'?" she asked.

"Offer to share it—offer it to a girl to come and live in." He looked at her meditatively. "When I think about the kitchen at home, and how it used to look to me—and especially how it used to smell —— Did you ever think very much about smells? Kitchen odors. They are terribly looked down upon these days; but at home they would draw you from anywhere. Your mother's kitchen is like that; I smelled the gingerbread in the yard when we were starting for our walk. Asking a girl to leave that kind of home for a slice of a house in town would be like asking a queen to abdicate. I don't see how a man would go about it.

"'Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove ——'

"A gas stove and can opener and sending all our things to the laundry. You don't call the

(Continued on Page 171)



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(Continued from Page 169)

s hanging out over the grass 'things'; e washing, it's beautiful."

e laughed. "I've always liked the coun- ter too; not on account of the wash- ough. And I don't know what a flat ke; that's another one of the things I t to see."

ll, that's one I am not going to show e said. "At least not if I can help it."

aughed again with perfect unconcern; she didn't realize she was being made , after a fashion, or she thought the was funny. He was continually being d to break up that way she had of at him—to make some kind of splash, e, in her clear gaze. But it wouldn't enteen was too young for any but the traightforward dealings, and she was even for seventeen. A girl of her in- ce should know a good deal more than new, about more things. Young and nt, then; which left beauty still to be ed with, and love. He had fallen in ith her right away, he supposed—from y of the dogfight; and he could not re- er a time when beauty was not a thing l to reckon with. That was why he d to show her things, to tell her things— te her things; it was not to enlighten ut them. *And never saw you ed and died a*

l, there it was. there was the e of Usher ling about his nd his mother ather and the n Exchange. he was seeing s clearly, he keep his eyes on

was more than k before Miss a had time to up and tell them relieved she had to have Mr. ee go away as d.

made sure some- had put a flea s ear, but it s to have been a business trip. ared her, but she ought to be scared." omething certainly should have hap- d to bring her to her senses," Mrs. Mac- n said. "Maybe now she will let that silly boy alone."

ss Norma did not say anything. Alice, was sewing, looked up just in time to see ous change take place in her expression; us, yet familiar. She had seen it all her all sorts of faces, and it always meant people knew something they were not to say while she was there. Alice had ys taken it for granted that a time d come when they would stop doing it— they would just go on with what had to say and not be so mysterious t it. Certainly by the time a girl got gh reading Shakespeare and Byron wasn't anything she didn't know, or dn't imagine. Only when it came to people you naturally stopped short of things.

That's what I mean when I say she has tle sense," her mother explained after Norma had gone. "When a woman has iscretion and starts people to talking t her, they never know where to stop. ar as her reputation is concerned, there ry little to choose between being bad being silly."

was early in the morning a few days Miss Norma's visit—long before break- and really not very long after daylight— n Alice was awakened by the sound of aming. Melvina was running through yard calling somebody. Alice in her tgown at the window could hear her —"He done shot Mr. 'Lonzer, he done him daid!"

"Stop that noise, Melvina"—her father was at his window too—"and come over here where I can talk to you."

Melvina came, but talking to her was another matter; all they could do was to listen while the noise went on.

"How do you know all this?" Mr. Macgowan asked. "You say it happened at the hotel, and you have not been to the hotel."

SHE was on her way there now, Melvina said. "One of the gen'lemen done come out to tell his ma, an' a doctor from the hotel done come to tell her Mr. 'Lonzer was plumb daid, an' they was fixin' to bring him home."

"She is certainly making the most of it, but it may still be a mistake," Mr. Macgowan said. He prepared to follow Melvina on her way to the hotel.

The rest of them were dressing, and Annie Sue had already made the fire in the kitchen stove and was cooking breakfast. The smell of the coffee coming in at the window through which the screams had come seemed like waking from a dreadful dream, Alice thought. Melvina's tale could not be true.

But it was true. Her father told them briefly that Mr. Dupree had come back unexpectedly again, at night this time, and found his wife with Alonzo down in the ravine—"by that last spring." He had taken a pistol from his pocket and shot him—killed him instantly, her father said. They found out later that Mr. Dupree hadn't done anything to Mrs. Dupree except to take her back to the hotel; and after that it seemed he hadn't tried to run away—he had just waited until the sheriff came. It was all terrible, but so strange, too, that it was hard to realize anything except the strangeness.

Alice wondered how her father could be so quiet about it; and even Mr. Dupree had apparently been quiet. Her mother had gone to Mrs. Hill's as soon as she finished breakfast and didn't know when she would be back. That was something they always hated to hear her say; it sounded so endless. What would be happening there at Mrs. Hill's? Would their mother be crying?

If she had been, it was not enough to show. "So many people began coming that I thought I wouldn't stay this time," she said when they met her. "I can go back, and I do want to send her some more flowers."

They wanted her to tell them more about Mrs. Hill than that she didn't have enough flowers. It seemed strange that she would care about anything like that. They didn't know much about what happened when people died—even in the ordinary way. Naturally she wouldn't be screaming like Melvina, but their mother sounded as if she were just the way she always was. And Alonzo ——

"Where is Alonzo now?" Alice asked. Her voice was shaking a little in spite of all she could do to make it sound as if Alonzo might be just anywhere.

"I didn't see Alonzo," her mother said. "I sat with Mrs. Hill in her room awhile, and talked to some of the people and then came on home. One of you go see if Annie Sue can have lunch a little earlier. We must have eaten breakfast before six o'clock."

Late that evening, after the sun had been off the garden long enough for the flowers to stiffen up, they went out and cut everything white they could find, and even put in some pale pink roses.

"We will put them in something deep and leave them out where the dew will fall on them," Mrs. Macgowan said. "Then in the

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

First Song for Alison

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

Robert is a sturdy elf,
Strong and growing tall;
Can reach the table when he tries—
But Alison is small.

Robert's learned his way around,
He has his language, too;
Can hold his spoon, and stand alone—
But Alison is new.

Less and less in need of me,
Free and doing fine,
Robert is the world's child—
But Alison is mine!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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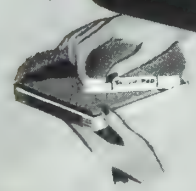
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2 Drop a cloth under the Doozit Pad and wipe up dirt, leaving the floor surface thoroughly clean, ready for polishing.



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Here's How... Drop in a small piece of fat. Put cover on the Club Aluminum Oval Roaster, and place over *medium* heat on top of range, until the over is sizzling hot (test with moist finger). Put in meat, nd *brown slowly and well on all sides.* Then put cover on nd reduce heat to low. Do not add water. Roast about 30 minutes per pound. Season when nearly done. Set cover ajar last 15-20 minutes to crisp outer crust. When you lift the lid, you'll know by the wonderful aroma what "Full Flavor" means. Club 15-in. Oval Roaster shown; 18½-in. Oval Roaster also available.

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Aluminum Covered epans: 1½ qt., 2-qt., , and 4-qt. sizes.

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Club Coffee Dispensers . . . Club Pot 'n' Pan Pads . . . Club Aluminum Hot Dish Pads

morning, if you want to, you may both drive over and take them to her."

The cedar trees looked actually black against the morning sky when they drove in and stopped in front of the house. There were two or three other vehicles standing in the yard, their horses hitched to other trees.

"Do you think we had better tie Kitty?" Alice asked. "We will only be just a few minutes."

"I am not going in," Rose said. "You get out and I will hand you the flowers."

"But mamma wanted us ——" Alice protested, though she had obeyed and was already standing on the grass.

Rose handed her the big flat basket. "Aren't they beautiful with the dew still on them like that?" she asked.

Alice turned with the basket in her arms and went up the steps. Mrs. Hill was in the parlor, sitting beside Alonzo. She got up and took the flowers and said something, but Alice was looking at Alonzo. She would have known right away that he was not asleep; but if she had not known that he was dead, she would have thought something wonderful had happened to him.

Mrs. Hill took a white rose out of the basket and laid it beside him. "My boy looks beautiful, doesn't he?" she said, looking down at him; and then she said in a different voice: "The Lord gave, but now the Lord hath taken away."

Alice got back in the buggy with no idea that she was going to cry. She was feeling strange, but not the least bit sad. It was when she saw Alonzo's horse in the lot, looking over the fence toward the house, and the buckboard standing by the stable with the shafts on the ground, that her throat began to feel queer, and then before she knew it she was sobbing so she couldn't even answer when Rose asked her what was the matter.

"Didn't he look just like he was asleep?"

Alice shook her head.

"I expect he looked more like a statu the way Rob Roy did."

Alice wiped her eyes. "But Rob R looked like a statue of himself; as if he had changed a bit by dying. You were sure if could come back he would be just the sar Alonzo didn't look that way at all; you kn the minute you saw him that he would ne even want to come back."

"Well, anyhow, don't start crying aga You have no idea how you look." Rose dr up in the shade of a convenient tree a inspected her sister. "I believe everybo would have been better off if the hotel h never been built and the springs were t way they used to be," she said.

> **If people did as much as they said they did, there would be no time to talk about it.** —VIRGINIA B. LECKIE.

The way they used be: little bubbles in t sand. And that la spring—Alice remember the day they discover it, practically hidden the grass. If anybody ha told her then what wi going to happen right the where they were wading, how would she ha felt? Rose was probably right about the being happier the way they were. And yet they could go back, Alice was sure she didn want to go. It would just all be to learn ov again—the things she knew now about peop and the way they acted, and how different seemed to you after they were dead. Alon couldn't have looked like that if he had bee bad and low-down, the way she had bee thinking he was; and maybe Mrs. Dupr was not either. It was still something sh couldn't understand, but she knew now sh didn't have to feel so ashamed if anybod mentioned it. It was a tremendous relie

Having a thing like that happen would b bad for the hotel, people said. Mr. and Mr Deering were worried when so much about came out in the newspapers; but none of th people who were staying there left on accoun of it. Except the Duprees, of course; the

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d all gone home the next day. Mr. Du-ee, too, though he would have to come back r the legal formalities, which couldn't be ything very bad, from the way everybody oke of them. Nobody even mentioned nging Mr. Dupree. Alice had heard of the written law and was now told that it was r cases like this that it had not been written.

Another thing that had turned out differ-nt from what she would have expected was liss Norma. It was exactly as if she had ever said anything bad about Mrs. Dupree, wanted anything to happen to her or lonzo. Mr. Mason said he didn't know how nat poor woman, or the children, could have ot along without Miss Norma; she had just one everything for them. She was quiet all f a sudden too. She hardly talked to any-ody about what had happened.

"Tragedy is supposed to have that effect n people," Mr. Mason said. "The last act—hen somebody has to pay for everything, whether he was to blame for all of it or not—nakes the audience feel pretty sober for a while. But unfortunately it doesn't last. The uman situation, Miss Alice, seems to call for lot of sacrifices. Something, somewhere, has always got to be settled with. We talk about forgiving people for their misdeeds, be-ause they are dead, or because we are Christians. If we were good consistent pa-gans we would know better than that. We would probably put a stone or an altar of some description down at that last spring to remind the passer-by that a debt had been paid there, a part of the universal obligation."

The summer was almost gone now; the leaves had not turned, but there was a gold wash over everything. Last year at this time Mr. Deering had begun to talk of closing the hotel, but this year he was thinking of keep-ing it open. There were a good many people who liked the country better in the fall than any other time of the year.

"I told him I thought I knew one he could count on staying," Miss Norma said, looking at Alice very much in her old manner, and Alice looked back, smiling very much in hers.

"I think it is exceedingly sensible of Mr. Deering to do that," Mrs. Macgowan said. "He can have big wood fires in the evening and make it look cheerful and homelike."

"And if Mr. Mason stays, I tell you some-body else that won't be leaving in a hurry," Miss Norma said, "and that's Miss Kitty Kirkman and her mother. She may not be ahead of you in looks, Alice, but they tell me she's one of the richest girls in Nashville, so you better keep your eye on her."

"I think she's perfectly beautiful," Alice said. "I was trying to describe the way she looked in that yellow dress to mamma. I never thought about yellow being becoming to a blonde, but it made her look gold all over. Do you suppose Mr. Mason knows about her having so much money?"

"I can't see any use in her hiding a thing like that from him, when she's doing every-thing else she can to catch him," Miss Norma said. "Of course she's too well brought up to brag about it, but it's easy to see they have always been used to everything."

Miss Kitty Kirkman and her mother had been at the hotel about a week now; they had been out in Colorado all summer and were on their way back home. They were much the nicest people who had come yet. Miss Kitty's dresses were all colors and every one becom-ing to her complexion. She had a lovely way of speaking, too, and probably knew foreign languages; they had been to Europe twice.

"Do you know whether she went to col-lege too?" Alice asked Mr. Mason.

Mr. Mason did not think Miss Kirkman had been to college. "She is very much edu-cated, though; one can see that," he said.

"She has studied music, too," Alice said; "she sings. Have you heard her?"

He shook his head. "We must ask her to sing for us. She and Rose can get together on that."

"I think she's the most beautiful girl I ever saw," Alice said earnestly.

"Well, I wouldn't say that."

"We call her the golden girl. I mean the





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Columbus, Indiana

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one in the fairy tale," Alice added quickly; "I wasn't thinking about her being so rich."

"Is she?"

Alice nodded. "Her family is. Papa used to know them in Nashville. She is descended from one of the Presidents."

"Was he rich?"

"I didn't mean that; I meant her family was aristocratic."

"I see," he said. "But what I don't see is why you are making it so clear to me. If you are trying to make me admire Miss Kirkman more than I do already, you don't have to bother. Or maybe it's not me you are thinking about, maybe it's you; you may be trying to get rid of me. Are you?"

She waited a little before she laughed at that—to be sure; and he went on:

"If you are, then come out and tell me so, and don't try to buy me off with rich families and Presidents' granddaughters and things like that." There he was again—throwing his pebbles into the clear pool. It wouldn't do. "That's a joke, Miss Alice. She is charming."

The moonlight in October was wonderful, and the nights still warm, and by that time they had become so well acquainted with one another that Mrs. Kirkman and Kitty would come up almost every evening with Mr. Mason and Colonel Bodley. Alice looked at her, leaning back in the low chair right under the moon. Her neck and arms were white, like marble, through her thin dress, and her diamonds sparkled more than ever.

Kitty didn't like to sing at the hotel, but there in the moonlight all they had to do was get her started. Rose tried playing her accompaniments loud enough for her to sing without having to come inside, but it didn't go very well.

Then Mrs. Kirkman remembered about the guitar. "Go get it, Kitty; you remember which trunk it is in."

"Nobody wants to hear me that bad, even if you knew where the key was," Kitty said; but Mr. Mason pulled her up from the steps where she was sitting and told her to come on.

"If you can't find the key, I'll bring the trunk."

When they came back he had the guitar slung across his shoulder by a wide ribbon, and standing there in the moonlight they looked exactly like something in an old picture, or a play—*Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar*. Kitty didn't know that song, but she seemed to know almost everything else anybody had ever heard of.

When she stopped singing and they went back to the hotel it was almost midnight, but neither Alice nor Rose wanted to go in. It was the most beautiful evening they could remember.

"I would rather sing like that than do anything in the world," Alice said. "It must be so wonderful to have even a few people feel about you the way we were all feeling about her. Of course a lot of it was the way she looked; nobody could take eyes off her."

"Of course you didn't notice where Mr. Mason's eyes were," Rose said.

THE next afternoon Alice lay in the hammock trying to keep awake over a book of poetry and finding it difficult because of the night before. Even after she went to bed she had stayed awake—on purpose, because she was trying to hold on to things, to keep them from slipping into the past. But it wouldn't be the past; Mr. Mason had said that about remembering her blue dress, and that was how she felt about last night: she didn't want it ever to be the past. But of course it kept getting more so every minute—the moonlight and the music and the way everything had looked—and the daylight put the finishing touch on it. Maybe if anyone went blind and didn't have the outside changes to contend with, it would be possible to keep the feeling of enchantment longer. She closed her eyes; she could hear Kitty's voice—"Moon of the summer night"—and see her sitting on the steps with her guitar. She opened them and saw her coming across the lawn from the hotel; so that was the end of that. She jumped up and went to meet her.

"Are there still some muscadines there?" Kitty asked as they walked past the grapevine swing in the edge of the wood. "Mr. Mason wanted to shake some down for us last night in the moonlight, but mother thought it was too late."

"We can see if there are any we can get." Alice veered off from the path. "You really can't shake them down, though; you have to chunk them, and I doubt if either of us can throw high enough."

They couldn't; but their hats fell off and Alice's braids fell down, and it was too hot anyway, so they gave it up.

"You sit in the swing," Alice said. "It holds me, so I know it will hold you. I'll sit here." "Here" was the ground. "I wonder why the ripe ones always have to grow so high." She was gazing up into the tree, unconscious of how she looked to the girl in the swing, who was watching her in an unusual silence.

"I SHOULD think you would feel like a couple of enchanted princesses, living out here this way. And wasn't it wonderful to have the hotel just suddenly spring up at your gate? You don't have to bother to go after your princes. Have there been many of them, so far? I'll ask Rose. I saw her watching you last night—and Mr. Mason. She knows he's in love with you, as well as I do, whether you've told her or not; whether he has told you or not. Has he? No—really—there's one thing I want to ask you: are you going to marry Mr. Mason?"

You will make more friends in a week by getting yourself genuinely interested in other people than you can in a year by trying to get other people interested in you.
—ARNOLD BENNETT.

"Goodness no!" Alice said. "I'm not going to marry anybody. There are too many other things I've got to do before I can do that."

"Is he going to wait for you, then? You'll admit that he is worth waiting for. Mother and I both think he is one of the most attractive men we have seen in a long time." She looked at Alice in silence for a minute. "How old do you think I am?" she said. "Guess."

Alice looked at her seriously. "I'm going to guess twenty."

"Add four. That gives me one more year to go, and then I enter the old-maid class. Nobody could have made me believe when I was your age that I wouldn't be married by the time I was twenty-five."

"But if you wanted to ——" Alice began.

"Why didn't I? That's a long story. Have you told Mr. Mason what you just told me—about not wanting to marry anybody?"

Alice shook her head. "I haven't told him anything. And besides ——" For some reason she stopped before she said that Mr. Mason couldn't marry anybody either because he had too many other things to do first. A few months ago she would have told Kitty that. She would have told her a lot of things she wouldn't tell her now. She would not have paid the slightest attention to what Miss Norma said about her trying to catch Mr. Mason. But now, "Let's go on to the house," she said. "We can get Annie Sue to make us some lemonade." She got up; the sudden suspicion that the way people looked to Miss Norma might be a good deal like what they really were made her so unhappy that she had to put off thinking about it.

"All the same, I would like to be around sometime when he is really making love to a girl. He has had plenty of practice; don't let anybody fool you about that."

The beautiful days went on, but the moon was rising later all the time.

"I told mother if she would just let me stay the moon out, I would go on back to Nashville with her," Kitty said. "I am going to be homesick for this place, Alice. When I think of you all doing everything just the same without me, I can hardly stand it."

"But it won't be just the same," Alice said. "You know that. We are going to miss

(Continued on Page 177)

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● ● Ask your Hotpoint dealer to show you Pushbutton Cooking and all the other wonderful features of this great new Double-Oven Range! It's so practical! So speedy! So accurate! So convenient! It's made by Hotpoint—America's leading electric-range manufacturer.

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Pushbutton
Controls and
"Talking Colors"
Make Cooking So

Everybody's Pointing To

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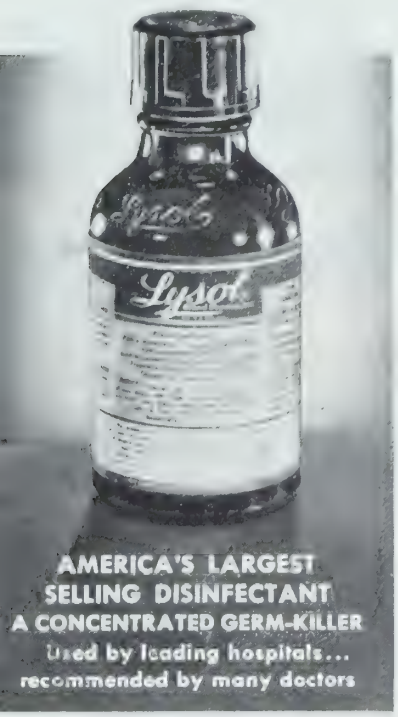
Automatic Electric Ranges

THIS MONTH

FLU VIRUS* THREAT BEGINS



Guard your family against the dread flu virus, now becoming such a widespread threat. Here's the startling, menacing fact about this potent virus: Scattered by an infected sneeze, it can continue to live in house dust . . . infect your family with flu weeks later when stirred up by sweeping. *So—disinfect daily, as you clean*—with "Lysol"—the powerful disinfectant that quickly kills the flu virus on contact! Add "Lysol" brand disinfectant to the cleaning water *every single time!*



*When scattered by an infected sneeze, the potent flu virus (medical laboratory tests prove) can dry out in house dust . . . live to cause flu infection even 6 weeks later.

Every Day . . . As You Clean Kill Disease Germs with "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

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ATHTUBS and showers demand constant gienic cleansing. And don't omit toilet at, bathroom floor and walls. Use 2½ blespoons of germ-killing "Lysol" to each allon of cleaning water, as for all general sinfection.



ALL WOODWORK, doors, stair rails, baseboards, furniture, call for "Lysol." They may harbor the flu virus—scattered by an infected sneeze or cough, and living in house dust. "Lysol" kills this potent virus—*won't* harm paint, varnish.



LAUNDRY TUBS, WASHERS need careful, hygiene cleaning . . . especially when flu is going the rounds. Disinfect with "Lysol" as you clean. Highly concentrated, highly economical . . . A little "Lysol" goes a long way.



WASH MOPS, brooms, brushes, cleaning cloths *regularly* with "Lysol." These are your tools for the hygienic cleansing of your whole house. Keep them "Lysol"-disinfected, clean and sweet-smelling at all times. Never risk a less efficient germicide!

IMPORTANT "LYSOL" CLEANING USES: Bathroom tub, toilet, basin, walls, floor—kitchen sink, drainboards, garbage pail. • Laundry tubs and washers—closets, cellars, stairs, storerooms, shelves. • All woodwork, floors, walls, doorknobs, rails—children's rooms and furniture, diaper pail. • Sickrooms, including bedding, utensils and linen—cleaning rags, mops, brooms, brushes.

(Continued from Page 174)

ı more than we ever have anybody. You re talking about how nice it was to have hotel bring people here, but they never y, and that is a terrible drawback; it keeps from being quite happy even while they here—the ones we really like, I mean."

"But Mr. Mason is going to stay; he told that if they let anybody do it, he was going stay until he went home for Christmas. other invited him to stop and see us, either his way there or his way back. When can u come, Alice? For a real visit, I mean. If have you there, Mr. Mason will be sure to ow up sooner or later. What do you really ean to do about him? Haven't you ever en in love with anybody yet?"

"Maybe a little," Alice said after thinking.

Kitty looked at her. "Of course you are vfully young—you are young even for your e—but how you can sit out there night ter night, with him looking at you the way does, and even his voice being different hen he says anything to you! I think you ust have a stony heart. I simply can't bear he thought of going away and maybe never eing him again. That is the plain truth and might as well tell it—to you, I mean. Sometimes I wish I was the kind of girl who would st go ahead and tell him; not for any good would do me, but I don't seem to care bout that either—even if it did me a lot of arm I would still want him to know."

Alice was glad she had never told Kitty bout the battlements at Elsinore, and about Ir. Mason's father and mother having to ve in an apartment, and especially glad she ad never mentioned his not being able to et married. She could see exactly how that ould affect her: she would think then that he only thing to do was to tell him how she elt about him; she would have a wonderful xcuse. But it would not do any good.

On the last evening the moon was full—a ircumstance that was generally supposed to ring a rain. On this occasion, however, it ad not brought even the tiniest cloud. They vatched the perfected splendor swim into n empty sky, rolling fantastic lengths of hadow up, until the earth seemed empty, oo, of all but light.

"Mother was too tired," Kitty had explained when she and Mr. Mason walked up alone. "She never lets me help enough with the packing; we thought it would be better to come up in the morning to say our real good-bys."

"And until then we will just forget there is such a word in the language," Mrs. Macgowan said.

Everybody tried to be cheerful, but nobody really felt like talking. Fortunately, they had refused to let Kitty pack the guitar; they would say good-by to that in the morning too.

"If you could see the way you look, sitting there like that—not to mention the way you sound," Alice told her, "you wouldn't talk about our forgetting you. You are a dream!"

"Yes, and we all know what happens to dreams," Kitty said. "Vanish like a dream; go out like a light; what else can I do?"

"You might reappear in the darkness," Mr. Mason said; "but before we come to that, I want to hear—I want to see—Juanita again. I even want to sing it."

"It's a man's song," Kitty said, waking the strings. "You ought to do it by yourself; I'll help you in the high places."

It was Alice's favorite too—or almost her favorite; she thought their voices were lovely together:

"When in thy dreaming
Moons like these shall shine again ——"

Kitty had stopped helping him; her fingers kept on, and he kept on, pretending not to notice, but they all knew what had happened.

"That's enough for tonight," she said in her usual voice when they got to the end. "Take it, and take me back to the hotel. . . . I'll see you in the morning, Alice. It may be morning now; I don't even want to know what time it is."

Alice sat down on the steps again and watched them go off across the lawn, along the path to the fence. They went very slowly, stopping every now and then to look back, or to look at each other, or up at the moon. Would she tell him after all? Or did she even have to tell him? He must know already how she felt.

Love, who to none beloved to love again
Remits . . .

Kitty, poor silly Mrs. Dupree—apparently they had the same thing to contend with. It must be terrible, Alice thought.

"The thing I miss the most, living in the interior this way, is the water," Mr. Mason said. "On a day like this we ought to go down



"This is our dance, but we could get a second helping of ice cream and cake instead."



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FESTIVE FRUIT AND NUT CAKE

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- ½ cups sugar
- ½ teaspoons soda
- ½ teaspoons salt
- 2 tablespoons cocoa
- ½ teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, allspice
- ½ cup Spry
- 1½ cups unsweetened applesauce*
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- ½ cup each seeded raisins, currants, dates, cut in small pieces
- ⅓ cup citron, diced
- ¾ cup filberts or walnuts, chopped and toasted

If sweetened applesauce is used, use only 1¼ cups sugar.

Sift flour, sugar, soda, salt, cocoa, spices into mixing bowl. Drop in Spry. Add applesauce, beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed). Scrape bowl and spoon or beater. Add eggs, beat 200 strokes. Add fruits and nuts, mix thoroughly. Bake in Spry-coated 8½-inch tube pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour and 25-35 minutes. Or bake in Sprycoated 10 x 10 (or 12 x 8) x 2-in. pan at 350° F. 55–65 minutes. Cool, spread with Cranberry Cream Icing; garnish with more chopped nuts.

Cranberry Cream Icing—Blend together 2 tablespoons *Spry*, 1 tablespoon *butter*, 1 teaspoon *vanilla*, ¼ teaspoon *salt*. From 3 cups sifted *confectioners' sugar* take ½ cup; beat in. Add 3 tablespoons bottled *cranberry juice* alternately with remaining sugar, beating well. Add 1 tablespoon scalded *light cream*, beat well. Makes enough frosting to cover 8½-inch tube cake. *Wonderful* with the spicy cake!



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the river in my boat. But we ought to start a whole lot earlier than this. When I woke up this morning, there was a star still shining in the palest kind of sky, out over the ravine, and I actually thought for a minute that we could go. Do you like to get up early?"

"I never do," Alice said. "Somebody always has to wake me."

"Somebody is going to wake you, then, for I don't want to go without you, and the time to start is before anything in the world has begun to stir. We are right on the river, you know; the garden has steps going down into the water. My mother's flowers, that early, with no shadows anywhere, used to look as if they were painted on a picture card. I don't suppose you ever thought about it, but a river is really the only way to get into a stillness like that without breaking it. Going along a forest path makes a big commotion compared with going down a stream in a boat."

"Don't the oars make a noise?"

"Downstream you don't have to use them. We will be going toward the sea. A sleepy world of streams. That's another poet I promised to read to you. I get really homesick once in a while for the water; I would even like to go down to the branch and wade, the way you used to do."

"Who was the poet you promised to read to me?" Alice asked him. "This one, I mean. You keep promising to read me things."

"I am going to read you all the poetry in the world, and sing you all the songs," he said. "Don't you know that?" This was no pebble; this was going too far. This was going where he wanted to go. He felt his own color rising as he watched her face.

"When are you going to begin, then? You did a little singing when Kitty was here, but you have never read me anything yet. I used to feel terribly uneducated sometimes when you were talking to her—and especially to Mrs. Kirkman."

"Did you? What did we talk about?"

"A girl like Kitty gives you a tremendous jolt; or maybe I mean a tremendous inspiration," she said. "She has done every one of the things a girl is supposed to do: she has been to school and graduated, and been to Europe, and made her debut in Nashville and visited in a lot of other cities. Compared with me, Kitty has had almost as many lives as a cat." She stopped. "What I am really thinking about is me. We used to talk about it—about Rose and me living out here this way, like enchanted princesses—that is what she called it—but all the same I know she thought it was queer, and I am sure you must think so too."

"Shall I tell you what I think?"

"Not until I finish," she said. "This is something I have had on my mind ever since Kitty went away. As I say, knowing her has made a tremendous change in my outlook. At first I made up my mind to really study more—to go on and finish the Aeneid, and all the rest of the course of reading papa has laid out for me; but the more I think about it, the more it seems to me that all the books in the house are not going to give me what I really need at this point."

"And what is that?" he asked without smiling.

"I need more experience. I am just beginning to find out the first thing about people—about life—and I believe if the hotel had never been built out here, I might never have learned even the little I know now."

"And how do people seem to you, from what you have found out? Very different from what you thought?"

"Entirely. The only two views on the subject that I ever knew much about were my mother's and Miss Norma's; I have listened a lot when they were talking, and I always knew what my mother was thinking, even when she didn't say. She always thought—we all of us did—that Miss Norma's ideas were way off; that they were terribly exaggerated. We used to laugh over them."

"And your mother's?"

"That is what I have been thinking about," Alice said. "You see, mamma and

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papa never could bear to hurt our feelings about anything; even when they read us stories, they would always tone them down. I never knew until I could read myself that the Babes in the Wood were dead and not just asleep when the birds covered them with leaves. That was one reason I was so impressed with what you told me about the tragic ending for things—do you remember, the last act?"

"I remember," he said.

"Well, if you hadn't pointed that out to me, I don't know what I would have done this summer, with people behaving the way they have. Naturally, I knew about religion, but this is different. Just what, exactly, would you call it?"

"It has been called so many things, Miss Alice. It has even been considered a substitute for religion. Poetic justice—art—it doesn't matter, so long as it helps clear up the muddle; if it makes it easier for you to stand things the way they are—or even the way Miss Norma thinks they are."

Kitty had been gone almost two weeks now, and this was the first real walk they had taken since. The rain had begun with the good-bys, after the night of the full moon, so there had been no more sitting out-of-doors either, a state of things that had left Alice time for a variety of reflections, which she had enjoyed setting forth at some length, now that they were back in the woods again.

Mr. Mason had had time for thinking too. He had been wondering how much longer he could go on this way. There were many reasons why it was out of the question for him to ask Alice to marry him. But the reason he did not ask her was only one. He could take advantage of her inexperience and rob her youth, he could borrow and could spend with all the arrogance of love all her beauty had to give. It was what he had to give her in return that made it impossible for him to ask her anything. He could not offer her a share of the burden that had descended on his own youth: the load of debt that still appalled him, the weight of illness and age and care that constantly increased. He should have to wait for these things to change. But there again—he knew that asking her to wait, if it meant anything at all, meant something he did not want; and on the other hand, to ledge himself and leave her free would only be absurd. Pledging her the last drop of his life could not hold him more than he felt himself already held, nor would it leave her free; it would only give him the right to say the things that would bind her to him forever. The question before him now, as clear as she was before him herself, sitting there on the grass, was how much longer would he find it possible not to say them without the right; what compact could he make, with his spirit or his flesh, whereby he might hold his tongue? Surely there were other things to point to in the picture that he had continually before him. She would know only what he showed her; he would be a fool at this juncture to show her love.

Children have more need of models than of critics.
—JOUBERT.

"Did you ever know an Englishman, Miss Alice?" he asked her as they were walking home.

"Not that I remember. Why?"

"We have one at the office now, come all the way over from Liverpool to learn about cotton. They really do seem to be surprisingly like they are in the books they write about themselves. This one at the office came out with me yesterday and is staying at the hotel until tomorrow. I thought I would like to bring him up awhile this evening, if your mother will be at home."

"I'm sure she will," Alice said. "Is he old or young? What is his name?"

"Brian Howard. He's around twenty-five or -six, I imagine. Is that young or old?"

It seemed to Alice, after the hotel finally closed for the winter, and Mr. Mason had



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Santa Claus' beard, that is. He's wondering what to give you, right now — so clip this ad and pin it up. *He'll* stop fretting — *you'll* have the finest Christmas ever — and you'll *both* enjoy your KitchenAid every day for years to come.

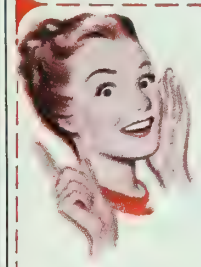




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Hint #2.

"A KitchenAid Coffee Mill for me"

"You like coffee—I like coffee—so let's have the finest coffee that there is! Everybody knows that coffee's best when freshly ground, before precious flavor can escape. Here's fresh, fragrant, full-flavored coffee in our favorite grind—stored in the handy hopper—ground and measured at the flip of a switch. Let's have some Christmas morning,—hmm?"





Hint #3.

"I want 'em BOTH!"

"Don't you? Just look 'em over at any department, hardware or electrical appliance store—see the difference for yourself. There are 3 Mixers and 2 Coffee Mills—and I'll be happy with *any* KitchenAid you choose."

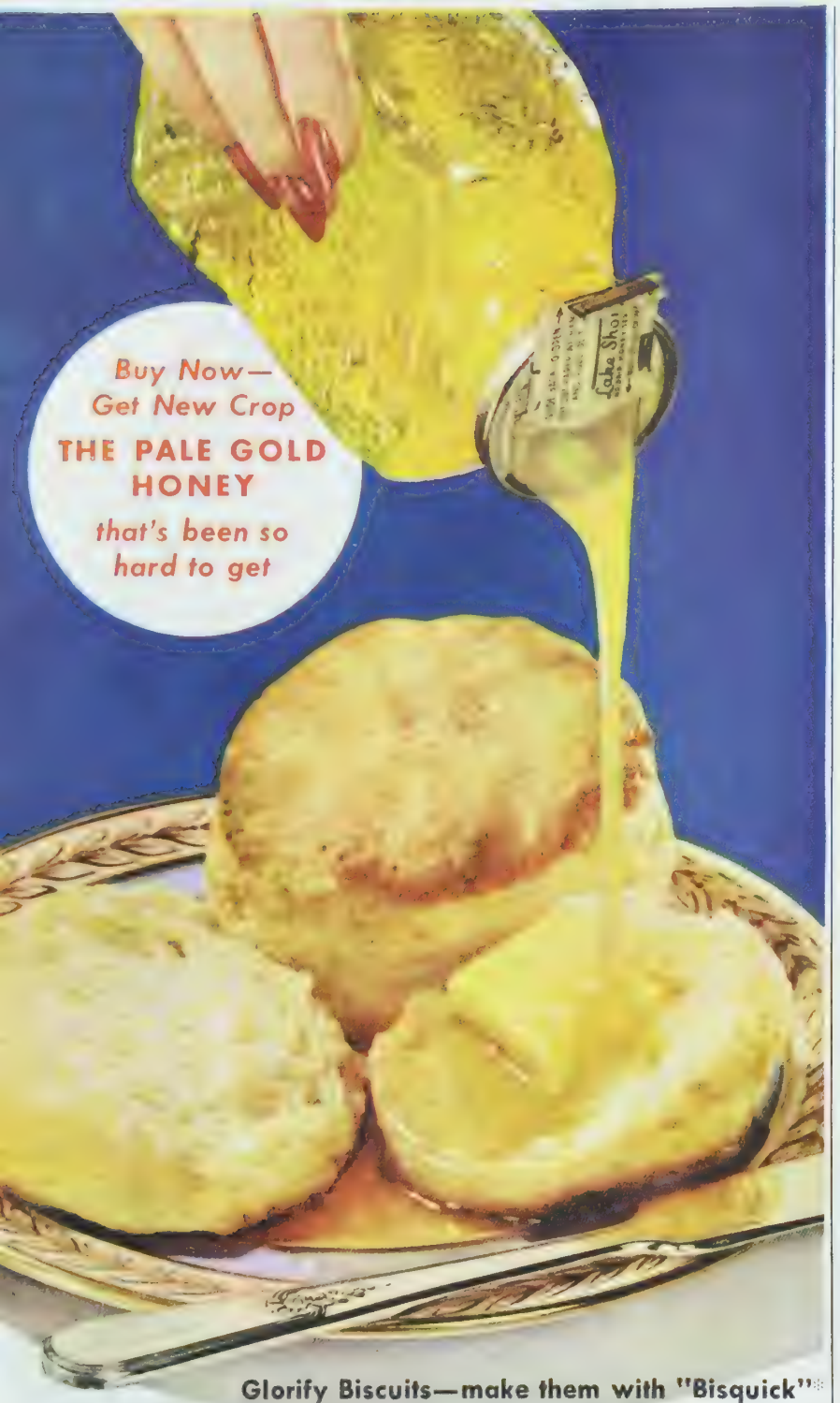
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gone home for Christmas, and she had more time to think about it, that it was very remarkable for the two men she knew the best and liked the most, so far—not counting Mr. Clayton—to be so entirely different from each other. And Mr. Clayton was not much like either one of them," Rose reminded her, though of the two he had more in common with Brian Howard. They were nearer the same age, for one thing, and they were both engaged when they came.

Brian had told her about Angela the second time she ever saw him, when he was describing his family and where they lived, in England. He had three brothers, all younger than he, and Angela lived in the same neighborhood; she was the nearest thing to a sister they had ever had. Neither Alice nor Rose, nor their mother as far as she knew, had ever seen an English girl, and the pictures Brian had of Angela didn't show her as being pretty, but he talked as if she could do practically anything. "She's a good sort," he said, putting the pictures back in his pocket.

They were getting used to the things he said by this time, but at first a lot of them had seemed terribly funny. For instance, when he asked them if they planted the maize at the same time they did the cotton; he had heard it was extraordinarily good to eat.

"You mean green corn," Mr. Mason told him. "'Give my love to green corn'—an Englishman I used to know put that in a letter he wrote to me after he went home. 'Give my love to maize'—if he had said that I would certainly have wondered who she was."

The weather before Christmas was perfectly beautiful and they took really long walks. Even Rose condescended to go on them. She was a tremendous help to Brian with his nature photography—almost as big a help as Thor was a hindrance. They nearly drove themselves crazy trying to get pictures of all the different kinds of American birds. It seemed to Alice she and Rose had never been so happy as they were that autumn.

SUNDAY was naturally the best day for Brian and Mr. Mason both, but they hardly ever sat down and talked anywhere; there was always some special place they wanted to go to, and they generally had to hurry to get back before dinner or before dark. Once when they were going through the woods, she and Mr. Mason stopped under the tree where they used to spend so much time talking, and it made her feel a little strange. In spite of all you could do, and no matter how happy you were, things were always slipping. You never could hold on to them; you just had something else instead.

"It seems so long ago, doesn't it?" she said.

He had taken off his hat and stood looking up into the tree, but now he looked at her. "How can it, when you've never been in any long ago? That's a place you are never going with me. I've told you that."

"Do you mean you can really hold on to things—in your mind—so that you don't feel sad about them?"

"Maybe they hold on to me."

"This place, for instance?"

"This place. But I have had you here with everything green around you. Stand over there and let me put the colors in. Without your hat."

She stood quite still, helping him to get the picture he wanted to keep; then he let her go and they walked on.

"You mustn't ever worry about the past, Miss Alice," he said. "It hardly ever lets you down. As a rule we like it better and better as we go along, or we can keep working on it until we do. Remembering is all right; it's looking forward that is tricky—that business of the future. It seems to take so much good solid past to bring us to where we can get the flimsiest glimpse of the future. And then look at the way we go plunging into it!"

"I don't plunge," Alice said. "At least I don't want to; I would rather hold back. I always like the present so much. I hate to see it change into anything."

"But you want a lot of experience; you told me that, don't you remember? Experience



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brings on very fundamental changes—the way you look at things, the way you feel about them."

"But just thinking does that too," Alice said. "I feel differently about a lot of things since I have known you; I have told you that before."

"Maybe I am experience, then," he said, smiling; "had you thought of that? I should like to be, you know."

Brian, who had not been to college, talked less about books than Mr. Mason did. His main interest seemed to be in pictures and plays, and everything out-of-doors, of course. He had gone with some of his family every summer to some part of the Continent and had climbed the Alps any number of times.

There were more good plays than usual in town that winter after Christmas, and he took her and Rose to practically all of them, though there wasn't one of them he hadn't seen before, in London or Paris or somewhere. They saw Joe Jefferson in The Rivals, and Rose Coghlan in Forget-Me-Not, and several others. And one opera—Emma Eames in Ernani.

Doing things in town this way made the winter seem entirely different. Mrs. Kirkman and Kitty had kept on inviting Alice to visit them, but her mother thought she had better wait. For several reasons, she said, but the main one was the expense. It would probably take more than a hundred dollars to get her the dresses she would need in Nashville, even for a short visit. This seemed a disappointment at first, but it soon turned into a sort of relief. Alice was not at all sure she would be as happy in a gay city as she was here at home; she would have liked to have

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The value of a quarrel is yet to be ascertained. —RUSH C. HAWKINS.

---

the experience, though. She realized all the time how little experience she was getting.

It was when she sat down to answer Mr. Mason's letters that this came over her particularly. She always began by telling him any interesting thing that had happened and what she had thought about it; but she knew when she read it over that it was not the kind of letter she would rather write him. His were perfectly delightful; they were exactly the way he talked. He hadn't come back after Christmas because his mother was worse. He said she hadn't told him about it because she didn't want to worry him.

Alice read Mr. Mason's letters over many times, trying to decide what it was that made her want to do that very thing. Nothing interesting seemed to be happening to him; he didn't describe things very much either, or send snapshots of them. He had never even shown her the pictures he had already of the battlements at Elsinore; and yet every time he wrote to her about going down there, he made her feel exactly as if she had been along. "I was in the library this afternoon getting down a book I wanted, when you came in, leaving the door open behind you. The sun was behind you, too, just on a level with your hair." That was a letter he wrote her when the days were getting longer. There was a pink camellia in bloom already outside the window where she sometimes sat with her sewing, he said. But he didn't say when he was coming back, or even that he wanted to come.

In February, Ada Rehan came in She Stoops to Conquer, and this time they had to go at night because there was no afternoon performance; and that meant they would have to come home on the last car after it was over, and Brian would have to stay all night at their house. Then Rose's cold got worse instead of better and she couldn't go at all. It looked for a while as if the whole thing was going to fall through, and by the time reason at length prevailed and Alice was allowed to go with Brian alone, she had worked herself up to such a pitch of expectation that Miss Rehan and even Mr. Goldsmith did well to keep up with her. When she was notified by a firm hand on her arm that the margin



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Amazingly easy to make!

Imagine a cake that surpasses other cakes in lightness, in flavor, in volume . . . yet is easier to make than ordinary cakes! That's Betty Crocker Chiffon, biggest cake news in 100 years!

This moist, delicate Diamond walnut loaf version of Chiffon is another Softasilk triumph! Never before have walnut meats remained so evenly spaced throughout a light, fluffy cake. The recipe was perfected for Softasilk, the Betty Crocker Cake Flour. Softasilk is especially milled to get greater rising action from baking powder and eggs. That's why it gives Chiffon Cake unique height, glorious texture. For perfect Chiffon results, use Softasilk—and no other!

General Mills

Betty Crocker Bit O' Walnut Chiffon Cake

Betty Crocker Chiffon Cakes were perfected for the Betty Crocker Cake Flour—SOFTASILK. If you use any other flour with this recipe you risk a cake failure.

Preheat oven (*see pan sizes and corresponding temperatures below*). SIFT an ample amount of SOFTASILK Cake Flour onto a square of paper. Chop nuts *very* fine.

STEP 1 . . . Measure (level measurements) and **sift** together into mixing bowl:
- **1⅛ cups (1 cup plus 2 tbsp.) *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack)**
- **¾ cup sugar**
- **1½ tsp. baking powder**
- **½ tsp. salt**

Make a well and add in order:
- **¼ cup cooking (salad) oil such as Wesson or Mazola**
- **2 unbeaten egg yolks (medium-sized)**
- **⅜ cup (¼ cup plus 2 tbsp.) cold water**
- **1 tsp. vanilla**

Beat with spoon until *smooth*.

STEP 2 . . . Measure into large mixing bowl:
- **½ cup egg whites (4 whites)**
- **¼ tsp. cream of tartar**

Whip until whites form *very stiff* peaks. They should be much stiffer than for angel food or meringue. DO NOT UNDERBEAT.

STEP 3 . . . Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over whipped egg whites—*gently* folding with rubber scraper *just* until blended! DO NOT STIR!

Sprinkle over top of batter ½ cup *very* finely chopped Diamond Walnuts, gently folding in with a few strokes.

Pour into ungreased pan immediately.

Bake in . . .
- **5x10x3-in. loaf or**
- **9-in. tube, 3½-in. deep—325° 50 to 55 min.**
- **8x8x2-in. or**
- **9x9x2-in. square pan—350° 30 to 35 min.**

. . . or until top springs back when *lightly* touched. Then, immediately . . . turn pan upside down, placing tube part over neck of funnel or bottle, or resting edges of square or loaf pans on 2 other pans. Let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen from sides and tube with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen.

ICING. Melt in small saucepan ¼ cup shortening (part butter adds flavor). Remove from heat. Blend in 4 tsp. SOFTASILK, ⅛ tsp. salt. Stir in slowly ¼ cup milk. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Boil 1 min. (Don't be alarmed if it curdles.) Stir in 1 cup *sifted* confectioners' sugar, ¼ cup brown sugar (packed in cup). Remove from heat. Stir in ¼ tsp. vanilla. Garnish with Diamond Walnut halves.

Betty Crocker Chiffon Recipe Book! Dozens of Chiffon cake and icing recipes—fillings, serving tips. Illustrated. 20 pages. Only 15¢. (Order several.) Write Box 1450, Minneapolis, Minn., today.



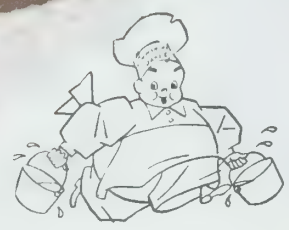
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FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES



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between the last curtain and the last car was likely to prove a bit narrow, her stricken face at being taken away might have been thought reward enough for any performance. Brian at least knew how she felt.

"I gave your mother my word we wouldn't miss it," he said as they made their way through the still-applauding crowd.

The few other passengers on the car, all more or less drowsy, got off before they had gone very far, and the conductor settled himself comfortably in a corner for the rest of the run. Alice, feeling that she never wanted to sleep again, rocked on with Brian into the night, recalling excitedly the splendors from which she seemed as yet to be imperfectly withdrawn. Then, quite suddenly, in the midst of the country darkness, the car stopped. On the track in front of them there was another car, partially off the track, and its motorman and conductor were resignedly awaiting the only help that was at all likely to arrive at that hour. Their own conductor gave Brian the option of taking the lady back to town with them or taking her somewhere else. It was about a mile and a half to the springs.

"Why, we'll walk," Alice said, laughing at his troubled face. "I know right where we are now, and it's such a lovely night."

"I suppose there's no chance of getting a lift of some sort," Brian said, looking around, when they found themselves in the middle of a dirt road, with the lights of their car rapidly receding.

"Goodness, no," Alice said reassuringly. "We don't want to wake up anybody at this time of night. Besides, nobody around here would have anything but a wagon, and we can outwalk that. Come on." She slipped her free hand through his arm.

"If I hadn't been so frightfully positive about it," he said when they had gone a little way in silence. "I am afraid your parents will never trust you with me again."

"But how could you help it? They can't possibly think it was your fault."

"But won't they be frightfully worried when we don't show up?"

"Of course they are bound to wonder," Alice said.

"But you make a difference between that and worrying?"

"Don't you? You can wonder about all sorts of things. Take that star up there—'how I wonder what you are'—but I certainly don't worry about it."

THE moon was not yet below the treetops in the west, so Alice could still see where to put her feet. It was an unfamiliar time of night; coming into it this way out of the dazzling scenes in which she had been reveling, and which were unfamiliar too, it had a confusing effect on her imagination. After that warm and splendid show of life, the cold stillness and the stars seemed as different as death could be; and if she had been happy then, why was she happy now? She was, though: so happy she didn't want to talk any more than she did in the theater; and Brian, who had not been saying much either, said now he knew she must be tired.

"But aren't those trees we see just beyond the bend in the road the ones that grow along the ravine?" he asked her. "Suppose we take the path that leads down through it. It's quite a bit shorter than keeping to the road."

"I know it is," Alice said; "and we can go through the fence from the hotel grounds. But I am not the least bit tired; I'm just as happy as I was; it's been lovely to walk. What time do you suppose it is? No, don't look; I don't really want to know; I just want it to be after midnight."

"It's been that for some time, I imagine," he said. "If only your parents aren't worried. I like it so much myself, you know, that I'm sure there must be something wrong somewhere."

The ravine, unlighted now, looked dim and mysterious and the springs were wells of darkness, but the sandy path that ran beside the little stream was plain enough and the hotel loomed visibly ahead of them. The electricity had been turned off everywhere and the only beacon was a window in the annex where the Negro watchman slept.

"There he goes now, I believe," Alice said. "You might say something to him, so he will know we are all right."

THIS reassurance, however, the watchman was not destined to receive. He looked around, and seeing what he had no doubt been long expecting to see—a lady and a man coming out of the ravine at midnight—he turned again and fled.

"How extr'ord'nary!" Brian exclaimed. "What in the world does he take us for?"

"Burglars, maybe," Alice said, surprised at how much good it did her to say it, ridiculous as it was. "But just look at the way our house is lighted up! They evidently haven't given us up and gone to bed."

They were through the fence now, and she was surprised again at how glad it made her to see the lights. Never before had she thought of being shut out, like a wanderer in the night—a ghost coming back from the past.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

That Settles It

By Evelyn Wade

Lelia, Cornelia, Cecilia or Polly?
Sonia, Sidonia, Amelia or Molly?
Melissa, Clarissa, Ophelia or Maisie?
Naomi, Salome, Bedelia or Daisy?
Oh, choosing a name for a girl makes us loonier—
We'll just have a son and relax with a Junior.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It was just a little while after this that Mr. Mason's mother began to be worse, so that he hardly ever left her to go anywhere. He was the one, even more than his father, he said, who seemed able to make the darkness lighter for her, by bringing back to her the time when there wasn't anything she didn't like—by reminding her of "all the little things, the frequentest, the dearest; when we were three people together. Almost everything I say to her begins 'Do you remember?' Wasn't I right about that being one of the priceless gifts?" His father had to be away a great deal looking after things at home. Now was the time when they had to get things started down there. "We begin plowing long before you do," he said. "I wonder at my father—down there alone. Alas, poor ghost!"

Alice read the letter over and over, and got Shakespeare and read Hamlet over too. She had never realized before how Hamlet loved his father. There seemed to be all these different kinds of love.

"Did you ever see any of the really great actors in Hamlet?" she asked Brian.

"I saw Sarah Bernhardt."

"Was she Ophelia?"

"She was Hamlet; she was the Prince of Denmark—the only one of our time, or anybody else's time, so far as I am concerned," Brian told her. "I do want to take you sometime to see something like that. To see *that*, I should say, for there really isn't anything else like it."

It seemed to Alice that, judging from the men she knew so far, they were more carried away by the things they liked than girls were. Mr. Clayton and Mr. Mason, and now Brian, were always telling her about something they wanted to show her.

Brian was going back to England in June. He said some things had come up that he had to talk over with his family. Alice and her mother both thought he was maybe planning to get married sooner than he had expected to. They didn't like to ask Brian, but one day when he was talking about it, Alice did ask

(Continued on Page 185)



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Formulac tips on bringing up baby



lis place in the sun! Like flowers, babies need sunshine to grow. Even in inter, you can give baby a sunbath. If you have ultra-violet glass windows, simply ut him in the sunlight. If not, open the window and allow sunlight to fall on aby's skin. (Keep room warm, protect baby from wind!) FORMULAC Infant Food, hen fed in proper quantities, contains all the vitamin D (sunlight vitamin) a ormal baby needs for proper growth.

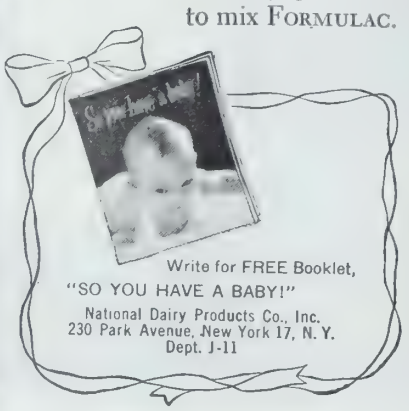




Playtime for parents! Playing teaches baby how to use and strengthen and control his muscles. Set aside a time for play. Before the bath, before the bedtime feeding are excellent times. But don't let baby grow overtired from playing. By the way, it's child's play to mix FORMULAC. Add sugar and water, as your doctor directs. Easy!



inner's over! He's fed and he's sleepy, but he needs to be bubbled. old him close to your shoulder. Gently pat his back until he brings o air swallowed while he was taking his bottle. This helps prevent olic. *Note:* Put a napkin on your shoulder as protection. FORMULAC uts baby's vitamins in his bottle—and that's protection too!





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(Continued from Page 182)

n whether he was planning to come back the fall, and he said, "Rather."

The thing he seemed to be looking forward more than anything else in England, not nting his family and Angela, was fishing the river that ran near where they lived. e things Brian knew about fish! And out boats too. His first year at Eton he d got "in the boats," and seemed never to ve got out again, as far as his feelings were ncerned. He probably felt like Mr. Mason out missing the water. But he missed the y sports too; the ones you played with a ll.

Alice had never even heard of polo, or at ast it had made no impression on her, until ian described it to her. Playing it on rseback made it so much more picturesque an baseball or football either; it seemed most like jousting. She even enjoyed hear- g about some of the accidents and the hair- eadth escapes Brian kept wishing she could ve seen; and the time the head came off his ick when his side was already two goals to thing, right in the hottest quarter of the me. It was really more fun talking to rian than to anybody they had ever known.

During the summer, Brian didn't write as ten as Mr. Mason did, but he said a good al more about coming back. Two or three mes already he had mentioned his sailing ate: August 29. He seemed to want her not forget it, though why, she had no idea. It dn't have anything to do with Angela, as r as she could make out. He didn't say a ord about getting married. It had seemed Alice, the last time she saw Brian before left, that he might be going to tell her some- ing more confidential bout his plans. At least he ad asked her something bout hers; he wanted to e sure she would be there hen he got back.

"What made you think wouldn't be?" she asked im.

"Well, with a girl, I thought perhaps one ight never know," he told her. "It's een so awfully jolly, being here with you— ith all of you, in fact; one hardly dares trust one's luck. I'm a bit like that, I'm fraid."

"But it's been lucky for us too," Alice aid. "You might trust our luck; mine es- ecially. I've never had any that was bad." he was smiling, but he still looked serious.

"Perhaps I shouldn't ask you," he said. I may be wrong, but even if I'm right, you till might not like it; in fact, you might like even less ——" He waited; they both did; he couldn't imagine what it was, and he ever did come right out and tell her, but it ad something to do with Mr. Mason. He eemed to think, just as Kitty had, that she ad some idea of marrying Mr. Mason. And f course she wasn't going to explain to him ither, any more than she had to Kitty, that Mr. Mason couldn't marry her even if she anted him to. And Brian was so sort of ague about it that she really didn't have to ell him anything. "It's just that I know he's uch an extr'ord'narily fine chap."

MRS. CLIFFORD LEE was at the hotel that ummer. She was one of their old friends, ut she had a summer home in Canada, at ort Coburn, and this was really the first ime they had seen very much of her. She ouldn't go to Canada because she had fallen own the steps of her house in town and roken her hip. "She will make a nice back- round for you while Miss Sallie Kent is not here, if you want to go down in the eve- ings," Alice's mother said. She was another ne of the people who had been beautiful when they were young. Alice tried to imagine Mrs. Lee and all the others, standing in a ong row, beautiful and smiling—even Miss Norma, with her small waist and her little eet. If they could see what was going to happen to them, would they still smile? she wondered.

Mrs. Lee talked a great deal about her son, Clifford, who seemed to have grown up since Alice saw him. He was at their summer home now, but next winter she wanted him and Alice to see each other a great deal. "You must come in town and stay some with me. I'll talk to your mother about it."

One of the people she introduced to Alice was a cousin—Mr. Lee Clifford; her husband's name, turned the other way. They both seemed to think that meant something special. He lived in Baltimore and was here for only a few days, on business; cotton too. Mrs. Lee asked her if she didn't think he was very handsome. "He is considered so," she said when Alice hesitated, so of course she said yes; but the trouble was his beard—his Vandyke. Mrs. Lee said he looked much more distinguished with it, though older, of course; but it kept Alice from forming any idea of how old he was at all, or even of how he looked.

THERE was a dance while he was there, and Mrs. Lee asked her to come to dinner and stay for it. It turned out that he really was a beautiful dancer, and he probably did look distinguished, judging by the way people noticed him. Then after a while he asked her to go out and walk on the veranda with him, and when they got to a sort of corner where nobody else was walking, he asked her to stand over by the railing with him and look up at the moon. It was while they were looking at it that he suddenly began to talk to her in an absolutely different way—asking her if she knew how beautiful she was, and things like that.

"The face that launched a thousand ships," he said. "Don't you even care what it does to a man to stand here and look at you and to realize that by this time tomorrow night he will be five hundred miles away?"

She was too surprised to say anything and in a minute he began again:

"You look just like that girl up there in the moon; did you know that? And just as cold and faraway as she does too. . . . No, don't let's go in yet—I hear the music, but there's something I want to ask you. Can you guess what it is?"

It seemed to Alice, after all this, that it was easy enough to guess, and she wanted to get it over with. "But I'd rather you wouldn't—that is, if you want to ask me to marry you, because I can't; I never could. I'd a whole lot rather not talk about it; I'd rather talk about something else—or dance—or go back to Mrs. Lee."

It was a great relief to her when he made not the slightest objection to doing all these things, in the order named. That way, as she told her mother when she described the evening to her, it was easy to keep Mrs. Lee from knowing anything disagreeable had happened.

"Are you sure he meant for you to take it like that—so seriously?" her mother asked. "Sometimes a man—I mean, some men say things like that just to be flattering, to be agreeable. You don't have to show them that you don't like it. Why not just listen?"

"But it sounded so—so ——"

"I know." Her mother smiled. "It wasn't particularly good. But sometimes they get better as they go along."

Alice did not pursue the subject. She was remembering what Kitty said that day about Mr. Mason having had plenty of practice. Was that how he got it? she wondered.

When Brian got back in September it was almost the hottest weather of the whole summer, but he didn't seem to mind it in the least. It had been cold and rainy in England, and that had kept him from enjoying the fishing and all the other outdoor things he had been counting on. There had been quite a good deal of business too—matters that had come up in the year he had been away—to be settled with his family.

"At first it looked as if we might be going to have no end of a row," he said, "but it's all right."

He certainly looked all right himself. It seemed to Alice she had forgotten a lot about his appearance; he looked so strong—so sort

(Continued on Page 187)

What is the test of good manners? It is the being able to put up pleasantly with bad ones. —IBN GABIROL.



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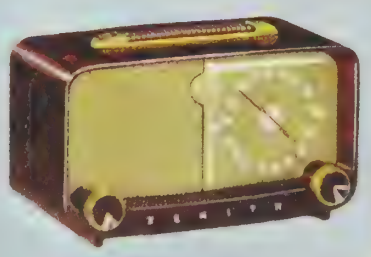
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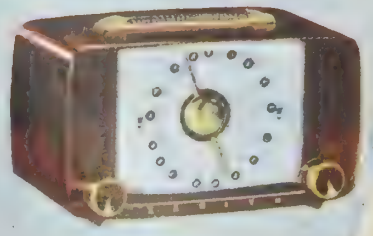
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(Continued from Page 185)

sunny. "Haven't you done something to ur hair, or your mustache?"

"I don't think so," he said a little anxsly. "At all events I hope not, if it's someng you don't like."

"I do, though; I think you look simply e."

He had brought them the most lovely esents—"A few things we still make rather tter over there." A carving knife and fork her father, made in the town of Sheffield. have forgotten the exact date for carving ur national bird," Brian told him, "but I nember it was quite cold last year." The oyal Worcester plates, he told her mother, re for her wonderful ice cream—given in nembrance, but a little, too, in hope. ose's present was a beautiful portfolio for r music, from a place where they made ther goods "by appointment to Her Majty the Queen"; and Alice's, a dozen little sh-linen handkerchiefs with her name emoidered on them. They had a regular celeation opening the packages. Brian had en there several days by that time, and t one word had he said about Angela.

"I have something else that I got in New ork for you," he told Alice when she went t on the porch with him as he was leaving. Could you walk out on the lawn with me a tle way?"

They walked the little way and then rned around to walk back, and presently ian said:

"I can't tell you how many times I have en this house, in my mind, looking just as does now, with the light streaming out that ay. I used to be horribly afraid I would ver see it again in ality.—I seem to be ther like that. Let us sit er there on the bench a nute. I have something want to say to you—mething to ask you, ally. I wonder if you ow what it is?"

The example of the parents is the most important book which children can read.
—CHRYSOSTOMUS.

Brian did not look the least bit like Mr. e Clifford, nor sound like him either, but ose were Mr. Clifford's words, and this ne Alice was not going to risk a guess. She ook her head.

"I love you so terribly," he said. "I simply n't dare to ask you if you feel that you uld ever be my wife; but if you are sure at you can't—that you never can—for aven's sake tell me right away and let me least begin to face it."

"But, Brian ——" This was something altgether new; it did not sound like practice, ough. "But, Angela ——"

NGELA was all right; he had known all ng how Angela would be. His parents, wever, had surprised him; his mother escially. "She is very British, you know," he ally brought out, as if that covered the ound as well as anything that could be ated in so few words. "But all of that was at I went back for," he said, "and now I e how small a part it was of what I have to . The thing before me now is to manage mehow to make you love me, and I knew e minute I saw you again how poor a ance I must have."

"But how could you know it, Brian?" she id. "You had never even mentioned it to e—not before tonight."

"And you don't think it will be boring if I ep on?" he asked her. "There is so much want to tell you. On that ship—I think I ust have walked a thousand miles around e decks, thinking of all the things I wanted say to you. I was very happy. I thought w jolly it would be for us to be together on ship someday. And, then, when I saw you ain ——" He stopped, and began again in different place. "You know, when a man ants a thing so terribly it makes him feel at he may have been living in a fool's paraise—at all events, it makes me feel that ay. But as long as you will listen to e ——"

She was listening now, with deep attenon. Something was happening to her that ad never happened before. She had never ought of being loved by anyone in just this way; and certainly not by Brian. He had always seemed so free somehow—so able to take care of himself; and now he made her feel as if she could absolutely kill him, without even meaning to.

"Of course I will listen to you, Brian," she assured him. "I can't help being a little surprised, though."

"And I may come, then, whenever I can?" he asked hopefully.

"Why, of course you may," she said, getting up and turning with him toward the house.

The next day he showed her the ring he had bought for her at Tiffany's in New York, and it looked exactly like one of Mrs. Kirkman's that she had especially admired. She would have loved to try it on, but she didn't want Brian to see her do it—not until she finished making up her mind—and she certainly didn't want him to leave it.

THERE was a lovely change in the weather after this; it was cool—almost bracing—and the elm trees began to take on their golden look again. Brian never missed coming a single day. He was really delightful. He had settled down now to be more the way he was before he went back to England.

The biggest change Alice noticed in him was, of course, the way he kept trying to make her care about him enough to say she would marry him. No matter what subject he started to talk about, he always got back to that. That always made him serious, but the rest of the time he seemed to be so happy and everybody liked him so much. It would be dreadful, she thought, if she didn't ever want to marry Brian. Rose, and even her mother, wondered why she didn't want to already. She was the only one who knew why.

Mr. Mason's mother was getting better now. The last two letters sounded as if he didn't have to be there all the time any longer.

One afternoon when she had been walking with Brian and they were coming back rather later than usual, they saw the new moon—not through the brush or over anybody's shoulder, but right out in front of them—a curve of silver in a pale pink sky.

"Stop a minute and say 'howdy' to it," she said, making a little bow to the moon, the way the darkies did. "It's for good luck," she explained, turning to see if Brian understood.

But he was not looking at the moon; he was looking at her, and in a minute he said, in a voice that was quite different from his usual one, "If you would let me kiss you, Alice, I think perhaps it might help you make up your mind." His face was flushed all the way to the roots of his blond hair; he stood very still.

It was such a surprise that at first she thought she must be shocked, but then she realized she wasn't; she held her face up for him to kiss her without any idea in the world of what it would be like. When it was all over, she didn't know in the very least what she ought to be thinking now. But Brian didn't seem to be at all confused over the way he had kissed her—or over anything, in fact. He even remembered about the ring, which was in his pocket.

Rose was the first one to notice it when they got home, but she didn't say very much. They all seemed to have taken it for granted that she would finally decide that way; and from now on she wore it practically all the time—at home. She always remembered to take it off if anybody came, though, especially Miss Norma.

The hotel was keeping open that fall too. Mr. Deering had got out a new prospectus, as he called it, advertising the springs as a between-season resort, especially for people who liked to go duck hunting. Brian was more enthusiastic about it even than Mr. Deering. Some of his friends from the office came out all the time now and brought their dogs along, to stay over Sunday and go hunting with him. He brought back ducks to eat until Annie Sue said she was going to

(Continued on Page 189)





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SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

(Continued from Page 187)

a feather bed out of all the ones she icked.

ce didn't like to think of Brian killing nany of anything, but he evidently took granted that ducks were meant to be —just as her mother did about the g-size chickens—and it seemed better o bring up that side of it. Especially it was the only side she didn't like. It dn't do any good to talk to him about she felt; he never bothered about things hat. If England should ever have a war , Brian would probably be the first one t into it. He would look beautiful in his rm, too, going off to shoot a lot of other exactly as if they were ducks.

e thing Alice liked about the hunting was that having Brian go off on them her so much more time than she had having since he came back. Not for hing special; just to think in.

was the most fortunate thing imagie that he had gone off on a hunting trip Sunday Mr. Mason came; especially it was the only Sunday he would have. as lucky, too, that Mr. Mason hadn't anybody he was coming, because then n might not have gone and they couldn't sat in the woods and talked.

r. Mason looked just the same. It was use he was in favor of sameness that he been careful to avoid any innovations in ersonal appearance, such as new clothes, had timed his coming with a view to the th and almost to the moment of certain eriences he had carried over from a year He could hardly have ordered a Sunday e like the one he had kept before him as setting for his picture of Alice in the au- n woods.

I told you you would stay, you remem- "

And even if I had known you were com- I couldn't have spread more crimson n for you to walk on than this, could I?" asked him.

No; and I couldn't be more afraid to walk t." He looked at her thoughtfully, and said, "And speaking of the gods—and desses—and their ways with mortal men; know when a lady wears a ring, espey one that doesn't come off easily, she 't always get out of it as quickly as she ld like to and put it somewhere else. ere did you put it when you saw me? didn't swallow it, by any chance?"

lice hated to think what must be hapng to her face while he said this. He had given the faintest indication of seeing take the ring off. She had put it inside the neck of her dress, but she couldn't tell him that. Her throat felt too queer for her to tell him anything.

"I gather that for some reason you didn't want me to see that ring," he said. "But now that you know I have, maybe you will tell me what the reason was."

"I was afraid that you would—that you might be sorry about it."

"And now that you know I am, will you tell me whose ring it is? Is it Brian's? That's my guess, anyway, and even if it's a good one I can't claim a great deal of credit for it. I expect you've told me a good deal more about Brian than you realize, in those beautiful letters you have written me. But whosever it is, I want to hear about it from you first, so tell me."

That made it easier—going back to the time when Brian first came. She told him about the way he had gone home, and come back, without ever saying why he was doing it, or telling them anything about Angela. Of course Mr. Mason knew he was engaged to Angela, but what he didn't know was how he had broken it off, and how he had had to bring his family around, as he said; especially his mother.

"Do you know exactly what he meant by saying she is very British?" Alice asked him.

"Whatever it means, I don't think you have to worry about it," he told her. "Do you remember the song I used to sing you—'Where'er you walk'? You are always going to be happy, Miss Alice." His voice was not a bit solemn, but the way he looked at her was.

"And are you praying for me to be happy?" she asked him. "Even if I have to be it away off somewhere? You used to talk about all the things we were going to do—all the things you wanted to show me. You said you wanted to show me yours first."

"I did," he said; "I do. I shall never want anything else. But they are away off somewhere too. I couldn't ask you to wait."

"But I would have," she said. "I will now, if you still want me to."

He shook his head. "Impossible, Miss Alice. Impossible, my darling—I call you that all the time anyway, so it doesn't matter. You would be like the lady in the old ballad who climbed her tower for so many years watching for her lover to come back from the wars. This war would be too long; you wouldn't know me when I got there."

"Would you know me?"

"That's a different question. I will always know you because you are never going anywhere."

(Continued on Page 191)



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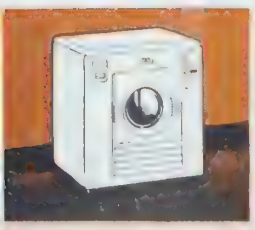
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WORLD'S FINEST WASHER. The new Bendix Gyramatic . . . doesn't have to be fastened down.

(Continued from Page 189)

She looked at him without speaking for a while, then she said, "Were you much surprised—about the ring, I mean? You hadn't forgotten about Angela, had you?"

"No, I hadn't forgotten about Angela. I don't know exactly how much I could depend on her, though." He was smiling, but when he spoke again he was serious. "One never knows about those things—for other people. They can be very cruel. It depends on who holds the sharp edge of the knife. And even being cut doesn't always make them let go."

Alice looked at him anxiously. "Do you think I ought not to have let him do it? Maybe I ought to have thought more about how Angela was feeling, and not so much about the way he felt. Maybe I shouldn't have listened to all those arguments Brian used."

"But you did listen; doesn't that mean you wanted to hear them? You were meant to hear them—from the time the world began."

She said, "And of course, now, if I did anything—if I said anything ——"

He shook his head. "The sharp edge, my darling. You can't throw Brian over now; not for Angela, not even for me. And least of all for any of the things I can give you. Shall I tell you what they are?"

The softness of her silence answered him.

"Dreams, Alice; cloud-capped illusions; forgotten music, a forgotten language, a lost world. This is your world—this one here and now. You are its music, its song, its summer—looking at me with those grave eyes!"

Heaven help him, would he have the strength to leave her as he found her, wearing her bright ring and not the mangling chains of love? There was something pathetic about the sheer perfection of her face as she sat there, her color changing, her lips parted, hanging on his words. That she should be, with a weapon like that, so helpless in his hands! Why, instead of showing mercy, was he not praying for it? Well, he was; but not from her.

"Do you remember," he asked her, "that time, here in the woods, when we were talking about the difference between the past and the future—about how the past belongs to us and the future belongs to God knows whom? I am sure you do; you said something about it in one of your letters. I told you about Aeneas and his shipwreck; well, this is mine. I am wondering what I ought to do—what I can leave undone—to make it something that someday it will 'rejoice me to remember.'"

She followed this with deep attention, not altogether sure of its full meaning; then waited for him to go on. "How long does it take," she asked him finally—"I mean how long ought it to take, to get over missing something that you had been caring about more and more all the time you thought you were learning to get along without it—if you have to give it up entirely, I mean? If you have to go where you are never going to have it any more? You say that you can hold on to things; but suppose you couldn't; suppose you felt—suppose it was somebody you couldn't bear never to see again ——"

These words, not too intelligible, and spoken in a voice that was anything but clear, showed him nonetheless with sufficient clearness where he stood—where he had stumbled from the path he meant to keep. He must find his footing or be lost.

"Just what do we mean by giving up entirely?" he asked her.

"I mean going back and being the way you were before."

"But I don't believe anybody ever wants to give up that much, do they? They always want to save something out of it all; something they have learned from it. Don't you remember what you told me about wanting to have experience?"

"I know," she said. "Only I thought about it all the time as gaining something. I didn't think about losing. I never imagined feeling the way I do now. Do you remember the time I wrote you about, when I came home with Brian and we had to walk from where the car stopped, and Andy, down at the hotel, thought we were ghosts and ran away from us?"

"I remember," he said.

"Well, I had never thought before how terrible it would be to come back from—wherever it is—because there was something you couldn't bear to give up." She had taken out the little handkerchief with *Alice* on it and was wiping her eyes. "I don't want to start crying," she told him. "Rose says I haven't any idea how it makes me look; she says nobody would even know me."

"Rose is mistaken," he said. "You were crying the first time I ever saw you, and I knew you then, didn't I? And, by the way, where did Thor go?" He whistled, and they heard somewhere an answering rustle in the leaves.

"I had forgotten all about him," Alice said, putting the handkerchief back.

Mr. Mason looked at his watch and whistled again. He stood up and held his hands down to her. "Come," he said.

Sitting on the terrace overlooking the Mediterranean and talking to Roderick about the way things used to be at home, Mrs. Howard recalled the last time she had seen the springs. They looked entirely different: the cups were gone, and a good deal of the concrete, and not many of the little pergolas where people used to sit were still there. The hotel, considerably shorn and chastened architecturally, was now a girls' school, and it was harder than ever to think what the springs could still be used for. Pierian they had never been; and in any case, they no longer looked sanitary enough to drink of. Very likely the only thing that could still be said about the springs was that they were still there.

Lord, grant that I may always desire more than I can accomplish.
—MICHELANGELO.

How easy it would be, she thought now, looking at Roderick beside her, in that romantic spot, to spin him a little idyl of her romantic youth, taking those actual springs as a sort of symbol of her own beginnings. Experience could usually be traced back to some beginning, and social experience was particularly traceable. Certainly if it had not been for the hotel she might never have met what she could now, if she wanted to, call her fate; and the hotel would never have been built there if it had not been for the springs. But if she went off on that tack she might as well leave herself out, and after all she was the thread the sequence was strung on. Whether things happened outside of her or within, she was still the mysterious oneness that held them all together; their pattern, if they had a pattern, was the one she had drawn.

Looking back on that old, that young, time, when she made her grave decisions so lightly, she wondered what it was that had presided over the transaction. Was it what she knew or all that she never knew that had most influenced her choice? She had been so ignorant and had been left so free; an elemental freedom, such as winds might have, or wishes. Freedom to choose, and the world to choose from. Only there was a catch in it. The world had a way of being a little late, or one's choice was made a little soon; so that it was made in ignorance after all. Knowledge had to be of what one had already chosen—or failed to choose.

"You will always be happy." Mr. Mason had told her that; he had seen her choosing happiness. She knew a great deal about happiness by this time; almost all there was to know. About what she had not chosen, she naturally knew less—and all in retrospect. It was like looking back on something she had dreamed, or imagined. And it really was something that would always have had to be taken on trust if it had not been for Mr. Mason, who had given her direct evidence of it. She had been everywhere since then, and seen everything, but he had showed her that first.

THE END

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The means of preventing whooping cough are available at any doctor's office. It is up to mothers to use them.

Let's Banish the Whooping-Cough Menac

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

SINCE the vaccine which prevents whooping cough was discovered more than ten years ago, the number of cases has been dropping steadily. Yet this disease, for which there is an effective preventive measure, still kills more babies every year than dreaded, baffling poliomyelitis does! I can say without hesitation that doctors fear whooping cough as much as any other disease.

If the patient is a baby less than a year old, the risk to life is many times greater than it is in older children: *of the tiny babies who are ill with whooping cough, nearly one third die as a result.* (Bronchopneumonia, which often develops as a complication of whooping cough, causes most of these deaths.)

Plainly, this is a case where knowledge can save lives and prevent suffering. When mothers know what to do to protect their infants, and it is done at the right time, their babies rarely get whooping cough.

How can you protect your little one against the menace of whooping cough? *First, by seeing that he is immunized against it.* Given in a series of two or three injections, preferably between the ages of three and six months, the vaccine for whooping cough may also be combined with injections of diphtheria toxoid, and often tetanus toxoid as well, so that immunization against all three of these dangerous diseases is built up during the early months of life (though such combinations are best started when the baby is about eight months old). Your doctor will usually know whether or not there is whooping cough about. If there is, he will probably wish to give the whooping-cough vaccine at once. Otherwise he may advise waiting until the three can be given together. *But no baby should be allowed to reach his first birthday without immunization against the disease, still so serious when it attacks tiny folk.*

A few mothers have the mistaken impression that the vaccine injections will cause the baby to suffer and may even be dangerous. In some cases, a day of slight soreness at the site of injection may make the baby fretful, but compared with the hazard of whooping cough itself this is not worth mentioning.

Whooping cough attacks the membranes of the nose, throat and mouth and is passed from child to child on the droplets of moisture that are sprayed into the air when an infected child coughs or sneezes. When a healthy youngster becomes infected in this way, or by picking up the germs from a drinking cup, utensil, napkin, handkerchief, towel or other contaminated object (which happens rarely), a period of seven or ten to twenty-one days passes before the symptoms appear. During this incubation period the germs are multiplying and spreading.

For a few days before the cough starts the child may have signs of an ordinary cold—running nose, sore or scratchy throat and sneezing. As in the case of measles and other children's diseases, this is a dangerous time. Whooping cough is contagious during this stage: a child can give the disease to others before he is noticeably sick himself. So here is an important second rule: Whenever there is any whooping cough in your community, watch your child closely *and isolate him at the slightest sign that anything is the matter.*

The first identifying symptom of whooping cough is a dry, hard cough which grows steadily worse (Continued on Page 194)

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, **a necessary supplement** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1340, sells for 0 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NITEY NITE SLEEPERS

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(Continued from Page 192)

for several days and is likely to be especially troublesome at night. The cough may be accompanied in some cases by sore throat and fever.

As the disease progresses, the coughing spells become more violent and prolonged. In mild cases there may be a half dozen spasmodic coughing episodes a day. In severe cases there may be several times this number. Usually the coughing fit ends in a drawn-out whoop as the suffering child fights to get air through the bronchial passages, which are plugged up with sticky mucus. In many cases of whooping cough, however, the typical whoop from which the disease takes its name is missing entirely. Sometimes the coughing spell results in vomiting, and often the child will cough up large quantities of the infected mucus.

The severe coughing commonly lasts for about three weeks, although in many cases it continues, with somewhat diminished severity, for considerably longer.

The period of convalescence is dangerous because the child is weakened from the strain and exertion of constant coughing and is consequently susceptible to other germs that attack the respiratory area, such as those of influenza and pneumonia. An important part of the mother's responsibility in the care of a child with whooping cough, therefore, is to protect the child adequately throughout convalescence.

These are the chief factors: Keep the child in bed as long as fever lasts. See that he has several extra hours of rest every day after he does get up. Guard against exposure and fatigue. Get the doctor's specific approval before allowing the child to return to school and other normal activities.

During the early stage of whooping cough, or following a known exposure, the doctor may wish to inject one of the protective substances now available, in an effort to lighten or shorten the attack. However, the principal burden of care in whooping cough in the home must be carried by the mother and is aimed at making the sick child as comfortable as possible and conserving his strength.

Clean bed linen and night clothes always add to comfort, as does sponging and, if the doctor permits, bathing the child daily—being careful, of course, to avoid chilling. Aspirin may be given to reduce fever and aid relaxation; the doctor will say how much and how often. He may also prescribe a cough medicine, and possibly a sedative if the child is very disturbed.

Since the spasms of coughing are aggravated by nervous tension, every effort must be made to keep the child relaxed. In the case of a small baby, of course, there is not much a mother can do except to remain calm and composed herself to avoid communicating nervousness to the baby. With older children, reading aloud is first choice in diversions, though it makes heavy demands on mother's time. Games must be selected carefully for the maximum pastime value and discarded if they require effort or bring excitement.

Often the infant with whooping cough will get along better if cared for in a hospital, particularly if home conditions are not suited to the quiet surroundings and constant attention needed.

Plan the sick child's diet to build strength as rapidly as possible. While severe coughing lasts, simply prepared bland foods (soup, milk, milk toast, soft-boiled eggs, cereals, custards) are desirable. When coughing is followed by vomiting, try to persuade the youngster to take small amounts of food immediately after each coughing spell. When the cough is subsiding the doctor may recommend a vitamin preparation to speed recovery.

Devoted and intelligent care will pull most sufferers through. But the important thing is *not to let your child get whooping cough in the first place.* A good preventive vaccine exists. See your doctor at once about giving your baby or small child this protection. The means are at hand to avoid all the hazards and suffering of whooping cough. It is up to mothers to use them. **THE END**



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KITCHEN WITH A FUTURE

(Continued from Page 79)

planning and there was careful consideration of their ability to pay, with a margin for illness and insurance.

The L arrangement of the kitchen was not only a step-saving one; it was a cabinet-cost saving one, too, and proves that you do not need to fill every inch of a kitchen with cabinets to have it convenient. There is ample storage here, but every cabinet counter top does double duty—the space between sink and refrigerator serves both, as does that between range and sink. Whereas if the refrigerator and sink were on separate walls there would have to be extra cabinets, at more expense, to provide a convenient place to work.

By placing the range and refrigerator at the ends of the L, should there come a time, ten, twenty or thirty years from now, when they need to be replaced, new models can easily be installed without ripping out cabinets.

Although the kitchen is not a large room, this arrangement of equipment gives a feeling of space, with the laundry equipment placed in an enlarged and useful entry, handy for the quick jobs, light and pleasant to work in.

In fact, this 12′x12′ room seems almost like two rooms, for the eating space with its pleasant window is ample for four, and, pending the use of the future dining room, this is important. Wallpaper hung horizontally looks like half-closed shutters and gives this area a light, airy and charming personality of its own, set quite apart from the cooking area. This paper is washable and so are the gaily flowering potted plants, which are wallpaper designs cut out and placed between two panes of glass and framed.

This wall treatment is the kind of creative idea I especially like. For next year or next winter, the designs can be changed and the whole room given a new character, without changing the basic wall covering at all. In shades of blue with accents of coral in the curtains and accessories, the whole kitchen has a young and happy look, a fitting setting for a gay and pretty bride.

That the plan was practical and really worked I soon found out, for the table was set, grapefruit made ready, waffles were stirred up and ready to bake by the time I finished admiring the new cooking utensils that were wedding presents. In jig time from scratch the meal was served with less traveling to and fro than many other kitchen plans require. But, I thought, the light feet of Esther wouldn't get tired very easily in any case. Not in that daisy-fresh cottage and working in that brave new kitchen!

I felt very happy as I said good-by and went out the back door. The front door was all right, I suppose, but back doors are more interesting. I felt that the day will come when little cottages on every Maple Street will be ready to move into, too, for all of Young America. **THE END**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Love's Weather

By Dan G. Hoffman

Hickory hearth smoke ties two
hearts together.
Let fall the rains, and shudder, trees,
at wind shake!
Oh, blow your burliest, wind, for
love can make
Its own sweet seasons out of any
weather.

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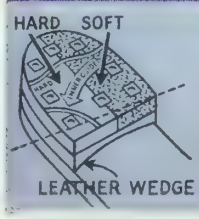


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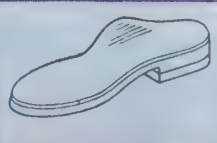
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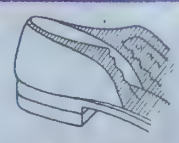
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Extra long counter adds extra heel and ankle support. Helps maintain natural foot balance.

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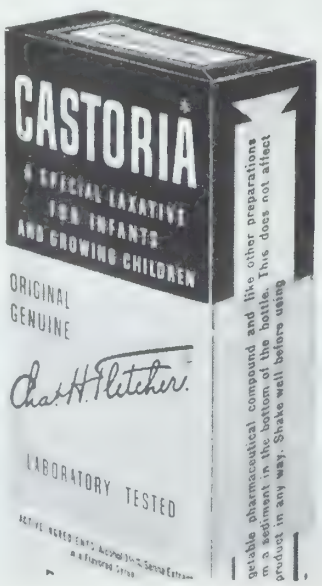
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The original and genuine

CASTORIA

NO GREENER GRASS

(Continued from Page 67)

coming to spend all her vacations with Margaret and her father; when she reached college age she had come to live with them all the time. After years of being alone with her father in the big, silent house, Margaret found it wonderful to have a companion. They were the same age, and most of the courses they took at the university were the same. They sat together in class, since their last names were the same, and they took to dressing alike as much as possible, and they were always delighted and amused when people took them for sisters. In a way, because they both had lonely years behind them, they were closer than sisters.

In spite of being so much alike in so many ways, they were very different. Frances believed in all or nothing; Margaret had always known how to compromise. They were the same size, and they often sewed together, each acting as a model for the other. Margaret's dresses were invariably finished long before Frances' were; once she had the effect she wanted, she was willing to let it go and not bother with the details of finishing. Frances was different; every last inch of the dress had to be perfect, and if a collar did not seem exactly right she would sit up half the night, taking it off and patiently putting it on again, never giving up until she was really satisfied. Her dresses were always considerably better than Margaret's, but Margaret had more.

In her senior year, Margaret met Dan Berry. He was tall and quiet and he smoked a pipe; the very smell of his tobacco smoke, caught in a room after he had left it, was enough to make her dizzy with the thought of him. He was taking a postgraduate course in history; he wanted to be a teacher, and he wanted very much to be a good one.

She couldn't make out, at first, whether he came to see her or her father. He would come and spend a quiet evening, sitting by the fire, talking to the professor, to her and to Frances. The old man liked him; when Dan was around he actually grew talkative. But it was torture to sit there and look at him, loving every line of his lean face, every turn of his head, and not know whether he cared if she was there or not.

AND then there was one night when Frances had a date and her father was sick in bed and Dan, not knowing it, came anyway. Seeing him coming up the walk, she went cold with excitement and terror. For tonight, now that they would be alone, she would surely find out how he felt about her.

The evening was horrible. They sat by the fire, but there was nothing cozy about it. They talked, but their conversation was stiff and unreal, and sometimes there were horrible gaps when neither of them had anything to say, and the silence that grew between them was not companionable. She sat there, aching with her misery, only wishing that he would go, so that her heart could break in peace.

"We could pop some corn," she said at last, brightly, hating the sound of her voice, and they went into the kitchen and got the corn popper out. She was so ill at ease that her hands were awkward; she dropped the box of corn and bent clumsily to pick it up. And Dan bent, too, and as they bent their heads bumped.

It was not too bad a bump. But she had been holding in her misery for too long, and the surprise of the bump was too much for her, and she burst into tears. Childish sobbing tears, like a little girl's. And then she was in his arms, with her head against his shoulder where she had so often dreamed it would be, and he was kissing the bumped spot, touching it softly, brushing at her tears with his gentle finger tips. And then he was kissing her lips, kissing her as passionately and hungrily as she was kissing him.

He ended it suddenly, almost pushing her away. "Oh, I've tried not to!" he said. "You know I've tried not to!" He sat down abruptly on the kitchen chair, resting his head on his hands, staring at the floor, while she

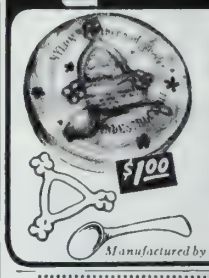
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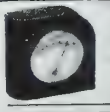


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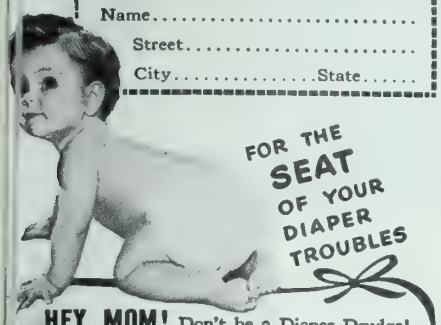
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stood and stared at him. "I can't afford to be in love," he said at last, in a flat voice. "I'm in debt; I had to borrow the money for this last year's work. I won't ever make much money. I can't afford to be in love with you."

She found that she was kneeling on the floor beside him, pushing his hands away from his head, touching his face as though she needed to get the feel of it into her own hands. "But I couldn't bear it if you weren't."

And after that nothing else mattered, nothing else was important at all, because she was engaged to Dan Berry. Just walking down the street alone could be exciting; she would find that she was smiling to herself, remembering some little thing he had said, remembering the way he looked at her. Wherever she went her happiness walked with her; it was something tangible, that you could almost see.

She knew all the inconveniences of trying to live on a teacher's salary; she had done it all her life. And her father was a full professor; it would be a number of years before Dan could hope to be anything more than an instructor. She knew that life with him would never be easy financially, and she knew that he was the only man in the world she would ever want to marry.

She was so happy, those first few months of being engaged to Dan, that she hardly had time to notice anything else. She noticed only casually, for instance, that Frances was having a lot of dates and was talking very little about them; that she stayed out later and later and yet seemed to be increasingly clear-eyed and happy in the morning. She was

A woman never forgets the men she could have had; a man, the women he couldn't.
—AUGUSTA DOCKERY.

going around with a boy named George Harding; he had a roadster and a lot of money and he was considered wild. He was also considered by far the most attractive man on the campus.

And then, through the blur of her happiness and her deep interest in herself and Dan, she realized that Frances had not had a date for some time. She stayed home and studied and sewed, and she went to bed early, and in the morning there were shadows under her eyes and she jumped if you spoke to her too suddenly. She would not talk to Margaret about it, and there was nothing Margaret could do. Until the night when, waking for no apparent reason, she realized that what had wakened her was the sound of someone crying.

She got up and padded through the cold hall into Frances' room. Frances sat up in bed and glared at her; she looked disheveled and tired and very angry. She said, "I'm not crying, and anyway it's none of your business what I'm crying about." And then, suddenly, she was crying again, and Margaret was sitting on the bed beside her, getting her a handkerchief, patting her head and making little soothing noises. It was strange to see Frances cry; she was always so self-possessed, so sure of herself. "I'm sorry," she said at last, and sat up and blew her nose and pushed the wet hair back from her face. "But I just—sometimes—oh, why'd I have to fall in love with somebody like that?"

"You mean George?" Margaret said.

"I mean George," Frances said grimly. "I haven't had a word from him for three weeks now. And what's more, I probably never will."

Margaret sat beside her, deeply troubled. Knowing what George Harding was like, and knowing how many girls he had rushed and dropped, she knew it was perfectly possible that Frances never would hear from him again. But she hadn't any idea that it would matter so much; that Frances was really in love with him. Deeply in love, that is, the way she was with Dan. George was very attractive, of course, and exciting, too, with his dark good looks and his quick way of

(Continued on Page 199)

How does your baby compare to Babs Coqueron?



3 MONTHS. Cute, little Babs Coqueron lives in Westfield, N.J. When she was 3 months old she was chosen (with her doctor's permission) for a special test to show how babies thrive on Clapp's. Babs was started on *iron-rich* Clapp's Baby Cereal. And my, how she grew and gained!



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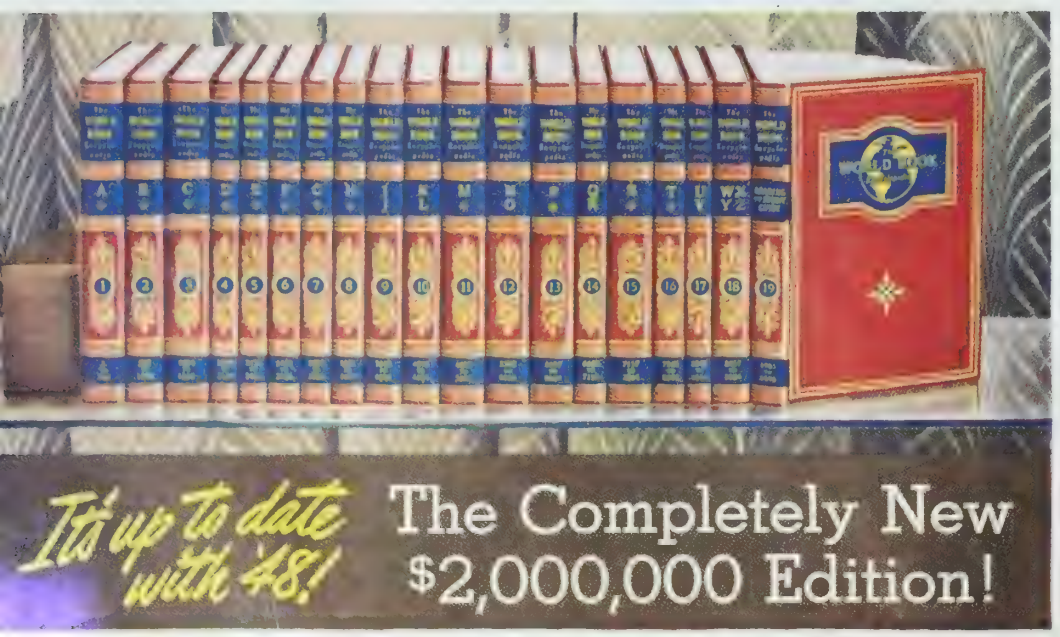
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(Continued from Page 197)

speaking and moving. But there was something restless about him, something resistant, so that she could not imagine just being quietly happy with him, the way she was with Dan.

"Does it matter so much?" she said at last.

"Yes," Frances said flatly. "That's my guy. The only one." She stood up abruptly. "Go back to sleep, chick. I'm going to wash my face and get some sleep myself." She paused a minute at the door. "I'll get over it, I guess," she said.

Margaret went back to bed, but she could not go to sleep. She knew Frances too well; she did not think she would get over it. And she knew that if Frances could not get the one she wanted, then she would never want anyone else. She hated to think that Frances, who had already been so lonely, might have to be lonely again for the rest of her life.

It didn't work out that way. Frances, apparently, was one girl that George Harding could not quite manage to drop. Because the very next night he was there in his roadster, sitting and blowing his horn without bothering to get out. It did not matter; at least he was there. And Frances, who usually was quite stiff-necked with pride, went running out as though she had done nothing for three whole weeks but sit at the window and watch for him. And she was out so late that Margaret was asleep when she got home, and in the morning she was up early, looking clear-eyed and happy again.

The year rolled on toward spring, and toward commencement day, and George Harding's roadster was outside waiting for Frances almost as often as Dan Berry was walking up the path to see Margaret. And Frances' eyes grew so bright they seemed to light up the room; looking at her, Margaret knew that Frances was feeling just the way she was, and she felt a little frightened for her.

She need not have. On the last day of April, Frances woke her up when she came in; she was almost too excited to talk, but the diamond on her finger told Margaret all she wanted to know. They could do nothing for a few minutes but hug each other in silence, and then they did a mad little caper around the room, the way they had when they were little girls and Frances came to visit.

"A double wedding," Frances said. "A beautiful, beautiful double wedding. With flowers and bridesmaids and everything that goes with it."

And they spent the rest of the night in the same bed, talking softly, laughing often, making plans.

THE double wedding never took place. Two weeks later George cracked his roadster up against a tree, breaking a leg and injuring his head. Margaret and Frances sat together through half an agonizing night in the hospital, until the word finally came that the skull was not fractured, and that the leg had been successfully set.

"I suppose," Frances said once, "that I'm going to have things like this to go through all the rest of my life."

Fatigue and worry had made Margaret sharp. "You are," she said shortly, "if he doesn't learn to drive like a sane human being."

Frances' eyes were remote, and Margaret knew that they were not talking about quite the same thing. "Well, I can't help it," Frances said at last.

George did not bother to finish school. The accident kept him out for over a month, and almost as soon as he got out of the hospital he and Frances drove to the next town and got married.

"I thought I'd better marry him while I could," Frances said, "before he broke his silly neck." And she laughed, as though it were funny, but Margaret knew that no amount of laughter could ever make her forget the way Frances had looked that night in the hospital.

MARGARET and Dan were married in the middle of the summer. It was a beautiful wedding, though considerably quieter than the one she and Frances had so hilariously planned. In a way, she was glad; a wedding was such a precious thing that she did not want to share it, even with Frances. And there was not one small thing to mar the day, for Frances and George were back from their honeymoon in time to be matron of honor and best man, and Frances' happy face was in itself a sort of wedding decoration.

George and Frances took a small, chic apartment in the East Fifties in New York; a year or so later George's father died, and they moved into a large, chic apartment on Park Avenue. George became interested in the theater; he backed one show that made money, backed three more that lost money, and in general enjoyed himself hugely. One of Frances' deep worries was painlessly removed; now that they had so much money they had a chauffeur, and George seldom bothered to drive himself.

When Patty was born Frances came home for the christening; she was, of course, to be godmother. She held the baby on her lap and laughed so merrily that the baby actually laughed too—her very first smile.

"What about you?" Margaret said. "You seem to have a way with babies. Now it's your turn."

"One of these days," Frances said. "If I can find the time."

She did not find the time for quite a while. In the meantime Dan had applied for an instructor's post at Columbia; Margaret had to admit that part of her pleasure in his advancement was the fact that she would now be living near Frances. When she heard that Frances was going to have a baby she was even more delighted. Of course, Patty was four by that time, and it wasn't as nice as if y had children the same age. But maybe, she had thought, they could time the second ones better.

But for Frances there had never been a second, only Jimmy, and for Margaret there had been two more. Living in New York hadn't turned out to be at all the way she had thought. She knew it was an opportunity for Dan, and she had never regretted it, but she sighed many times for the green lawns and shady trees of her childhood. It wasn't easy, bringing up three children in the city, especially with Danny and Phyllis so close together—one three now, and one two. It kept her so busy that there wasn't time for anything, and all the exciting things about New York—the theaters, the concerts, the museums—might just as well have been hundreds of miles away.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Remembered Day

By Ann Batchelder

I feel that Woodstock town
Will like to think of me
When the silver flakes come down,
Snow that I cannot see.

Never Thanksgiving Day
Will dawn up there for me
With frost where, willful, play
The gnomes I used to see.

Woodstock, I'd love to know
That every single tree,
Laden with winter snow,
Will still remember me.

And now the day draws near,
The day I love the best,
The treasure of the year
Hidden in my breast.

Oh, little village of my heart,
Why did we ever have to part?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Except that, every so often, she did manage to get away for an afternoon with Frances. They would have lunch and go to the theater; Frances' story was always the same—somebody had given her the tickets, so of course there could be no question of Margaret's paying for hers. And before lunch she invariably said, "This is my treat, pet. After all, I called you." Margaret knew she was being thoughtful, and she did not mind. They both knew it would have been wrong to spend Dan's money on something so unnecessary as a really expensive lunch.

"And how is the lobster Newburg?" Frances said. "No, no, don't tell me. My lamb chops were delicious."

"The lobster," Margaret said, "is really fresh. But the best part of it is the sauce—just creamy enough, and just lobstery enough ——"

Frances threw a small bread crumb at her, and Margaret stopped, laughing. "You are a beast," Frances said. "I never knew you had a mean streak. Now then, to change the subject subtly—how's Dan?"

"He's fine," Margaret said, and the little worried frown came back, making a crease between her eyebrows. "Except that he's working too hard. He's working for his Ph.D., you know. He teaches all day and studies all night."

"Doesn't sound healthy," Frances said.

"It isn't," Margaret said. "I feel like a heel, leaving him to take care of the children all afternoon. He usually gets such a lot done Saturday afternoon."

"Nonsense," Frances said. "You need to get out once in a while."

And how would you know? Margaret found herself thinking. *You can get out any time you please. You aren't ever needed at home. You haven't any idea what it's like to be tied down to three children, what it's like to do the same thing day after day, week after week, year after year.*

She put the thought away from her almost angrily, though she could not stop herself from taking an almost spiteful pleasure in taking one more roll and buttering it heavily.

Frances was stifling a yawn. "Oh, but I am tired! What's it like to go to bed early?"

"Dull," Margaret said. *You're tired, are you?* she thought. *I could use a little sleep myself. Three nights running I've been up half the night because of Danny's cough, tiptoeing around so I won't wake Dan, getting back into bed and just dropping off when the poor baby starts coughing again. What's it like to get enough sleep? How would I know?*

"George never gets tired," Frances said. "It's three or four o'clock every night before he even thinks about bed. I don't know what he's made of."

So it's three or four o'clock? Margaret thought. *But you can stay in bed till noon. Which gives you two hours more sleep than I ever manage to get.*

"What do you want for dessert?" Frances said, and Margaret was horrified to hear the real grimness in her voice as she answered.

"The ice-cream éclair," she said, "with whipped cream."

It was a good show. Margaret was glad of that; it occupied her mind completely, and there was no room for the angry thoughts that had bothered her so at lunch. There was no time, either, for them to do any more talking; they kissed good-by outside the theater with real affection, and real regret.

"I hardly feel as though I've seen you," Frances said. "Next time we'll do it differently. I want you and Dan to come for dinner, and we won't ask anybody else, and we'll have the whole blooming evening for talking." She kissed Margaret again. "In a week or two," she said. "I'll call you."

That'll be nice, Margaret thought. *You call me. And you needn't worry about getting me. I'll surely be in. Unless I'm at the grocer's, in the park with the children, or some other place just as riotous and exciting.*

She fought her way into the subway, and by a miracle, found a seat. The car was

(Continued on Page 202)

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THIS IS A DRY-WASHER



By Munro Leaf

As you can easily see, a Dry-Washer is very hard on towels and doesn't get clean at all. When you tell one to go wash, it goes into the bathroom, turns the water on and then just lightly sprinkles a tiny bit of water near its face and hands. Then it rubs and blots a little with the towel. A Dry-Washer treats soap as though it were poison and it never fools anyone. It comes out almost as dirty as it went in, and the towel is always a mess.

WERE YOU A DRY-WASHER THIS MONTH?



From experience comes faith . . .

You are looking at a young man who already has faith. His age is in months and days, not years. But even now, experience has shown from whom comes help and comfort and love.

A child's horizon of experience is a room. Later it will be a house, a city, a world.

Out of each new experience wisdom is gathered. Comparisons teach which things are constant, where to place trust.

By comparison, man learns also the value of things unseen, things in which he can finally put his faith.

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Follow directions on the box for GingerCake. Serve in squares topped with whipped cream or softened cream cheese garnished with thin cranberry sauce. Colorful and delicious!

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Follow cupcake directions on box. Cut out cone from center of cupcakes; fill with whipped cream to which orange marmalade has been added; replace cone. Let filling ooze out. A perfect dessert!

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General Mills

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(Continued from Page 200)

crowded and badly lighted; it was raining, and the entire car smelled of wet overcoats and muddy shoes and cheap raincoats. Margaret sat with her head down, looking at her hands in her lap, twisting her cheap cotton gloves together, worrying at the hole in the tip of one finger until she made it larger. She did not care.

All the bitterness she had tried to fight back through the day welled up inside her, and now she could not fight it. She just sat there and, almost unashamed, gave way to bitter envy.

She thought of all the things Frances was going home to. Jimmy would be ready for bed, clean, sweet and obedient. With only one child in the house there were no chances for squabbles, no fights over who broke whose toy, no pushing, no shouting. Besides, why should Jimmy push and shout? He had everything he wanted; he always had. Frances would kiss him good night, and her maternal duties would be done for the day. She would have a bath and dress for dinner, and sit down at her long polished table, without having to give a thought to the dinner—not even knowing, probably, what it would be. There would be guests, and they were almost sure to be amusing; there was hardly a star on Broadway that George did not know. And Frances would talk and laugh and be entertaining; it was easy to be entertaining when you knew your dress was right, your dinner was right, and you didn't have to do the dishes afterward.

And her evening? She would climb the three long flights of stairs, and she would open the door to a messy living room and three tired children. Because of the rain they would have been in all day, and the apartment was not big enough for their bounding energy. They would be dirty, too, from crawling on the floor, and Danny would have a new hole in the knee of his overalls where the fabric had almost worn through. And they would be hungry, because the show had been a long one and she was later than she should have been. And she would put an apron on over her best dress—two years old, and out of style, and still her best—and go into the kitchen and start the endless round of getting supper. The children's supper first, the three of them eating at the kitchen table, Patty eating too fast, Danny eating too slowly, Phyllis—inevitably—spilling her milk, because she wasn't very good yet at managing a glass.

And then there would be baths for them, and hair to brush and teeth to and then they would all be in bed, a would be getting dinner for Dan and And they would eat it in comparative interrupted only two or three times b for a glass of water. And then there wo the dishes to do, and after the dish could sit down. And she would sit and and Dan would sit and work; when he were aching with sleep she would have to bed and leave him there, still wo still trying to make up for the afterno had lost because she had been selfish er to want to go out with Frances and h good time.

And I didn't have a good time, she tho *it only made me miserable. It only ma hate my life and everything about it.*

The rain had stopped by the time sh home. She went slowly up the stairs; la she was, she was too tired and sad to h She put her key in the lock and opene door slowly. *A fine thing*, she thought, *back to your own home and dread to go in*

The living room was empty, and it wa too messy. There was evidence that it been tidied rather hastily, probably Patty—several toys still stuck out under the couch, and the wastepaper ba was stuffed full.

She could hear Dan's voice in the kitc and she went on down the hall. The chil were at supper already; Dan sat at the t with them, reading to them. She looke the four of them, and felt her eyes grow suddenly: four shining brown heads, lightly touched with red—so much alike different in size. In each small face she sa copy of Dan's, of the face that, even afte these years, could still make her heart b faster.

"It's a mirage," she said. "It looks to exactly as though you got their supper."

"Patty helped me," Dan said proudly. stood up, smiling, his finger keeping the pl in the book.

The children looked up at her, bemus with the story, their mouths full of fo dreams in their eyes. She bent over each c in turn, putting a kiss on the top of ea head of shiny, straight hair.

"And they've had their baths!" she sa "You're an angel!"

"You may not believe this, Mrs. B.," said, "but you have the best children in N York City. I even got three pages of not made."

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

MY Irish grandmother always accepted any trial with, "Well, Lord, if it's You, send it along."

Picture: Teen-age girls bouncing with boyancy.

One family's delightful name for its male grandparent: "Gumpa."

Children put to bed by fathers always have a sealed-with-dirt, fun-up-to-the-last-minute expression.

Many a man in a kitchen is as helpless as a June bug on its back.

Food kept from going to waste sometimes goes to waist.

Small daughter's description of a chum with the measles: "You ought to see her, mother. She's sincerely broken out."

From an old book: "It is not the correct thing in the street for one lady to take the arms of two gentlemen unless she be learning to skate."

Our son has been growing so fast that if h went through a long tunnel his pants woul be too short at the other end.

To scold a child for a broken cup or some thing spilled is to teach him it is safer *not* t help.

Little girl's confession at bedtime: "It wa a wonderful day; the older kids were rea nice to me. They didn't smug me once."

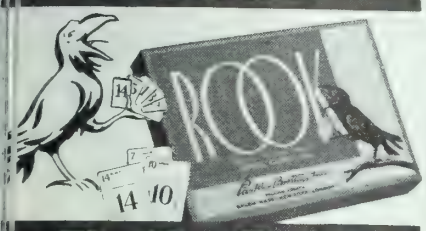
A recent college survey of former scholarship holders reveals that most women, after marriage, lose touch with the piano, except through the dustcloth.

Note to brides: It is the rare husband who is so punctual you can time a soufflé to his arrival.

If the first child is easy to raise, parents may be caught off guard on those that follow.

Too many families have one individual equipped with "absolute" pitch to whom the others are forced to tune.

FAMOUS PARKER GAMES



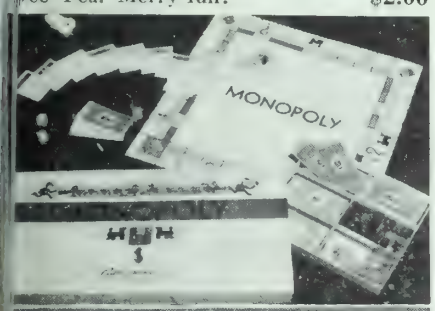
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"I don't believe it," Margaret said faintly, and she found her cheeks were flushing. Partly with pleasure, and partly with anger at herself. The tired, bitter woman in the subway—where was she now? What had she been complaining about? How could she have dared to complain, when she was coming home to this?

"And for all this," Dan said, "I don't even get a kiss."

She put her arms around him and stood leaning against him, her cheek against his, unable to look into his face.

"Did you have a good time?" he said. "Was the show good?"

"I had a wonderful time," she said. "I wouldn't have missed it." She looked up at him. "But I'm glad to be home," she said.

The taxi fought its way through the heavy midtown traffic. Frances put her head against the back of the seat and closed her eyes; then, remembering her new hair-do, she jerked it up again with an effort. She was really tired; every bone in her body ached with it. She had been up until four and she had had to get up at nine; there hadn't been any other way she could manage to get her hair done before she met Margaret.

And the hair had to be done; once you started touching it up, you could not let it go. Maddeningly, the stuff kept growing, and as it grew the part near the head showed its real color, and you knew that you weren't fooling anybody, not even yourself. George's black hair was already streaked with gray, but it only made him look more distinguished. George did not know yet that she was having her hair tinted, and she did not want him to. It was odd. He was really older, but she knew, somehow, that she had to stay far younger.

Of course, tired as she was, she could have broken the date with Margaret. They could have found a sitter for the children and Dan and Margaret could have used the tickets themselves; they would have enjoyed it. It had been selfish of her not to arrange it that way. But every so often she just had to see Margaret; she had to remind herself that there was another world outside the world George lived in—that there was a world where things were solid and substantial, where values did not change with the seasons.

She sighed. Her breakfast had been, as always, three cups of black coffee. The memory of the lamb chops was nothing but a mockery; she was so hungry that it actually seemed to hurt. *I spend half my time*, she thought, *being acutely hungry. And it's not the sort of thing you ever get used to.*

She put her head back again—never mind the hair, she was too tired to hold it up—and thought about food. She pictured a chocolate cake; she pictured a roast duck. She pictured Margaret eating the lobster Newburg, mopping up the sauce with a piece of roll; and suddenly, to her horror, she felt real tears come into her eyes.

It was maddening enough that Margaret could eat anything she wanted and not get fat. But it was made worse by the fact that, even if Margaret grew fat, Dan would not care. A man like Dan loved once and for always; no matter how Margaret changed, he would not. And George? George was faithful, too, and he would not mean to change. But he was restless.

So many of the women he met were pretty. Not just pretty; they were real beauties. It was their business, of course, if they were in the theater; their looks were as real an asset to them as hardware is to a hardware merchant, and they were just as businesslike about taking care of them.

For Margaret there was no such problem. Margaret's children, too, really loved and needed her, since nobody else had ever taken care of them. She would never know the heartache of finding out that a hired nurse meant more to her child than she herself did. She would never have to reproach herself with the grim knowledge that she was doing the same thing to her child that had been done to her—she was bringing him up in loneliness. Frances had always wanted a large family, and now she was bringing up an only child.



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WRITES MRS. R. L. GAUDET, NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.



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Women say: "Put SATINA in your starch! It makes starched ironing 3 times easier!"

George had wanted Jimmy, of course. A Harding had to have an heir; that went without saying. And he was proud of his son; whenever he had time to spend with him he would teach him things that were still far beyond the child. He had had special golf clubs made for him, and they practiced indoors, driving into an elaborate contraption she had bought for them. He was proud of the boy, and he was fond of him, but she had not dared to have another. His coming had been a nuisance; it had interfered with a trip George had wanted to take, and she simply had not been able to keep on entertaining the way George liked to. They had come through it all right, but she had not dared to risk it again. Whereas Margaret—the more children Margaret had, the closer she drew to Dan, who was used to children and who loved his deeply. The more children Margaret had, the more secure she became.

Frances closed her eyes for a minute and let herself think, with bitter envy, of the security, the blessed security, of the world Margaret lived in.

She sat up with a sigh, and opened her purse and took out her make-up and touched her face. It was not fair, it simply was not fair. Margaret was so safe, and she must always worry.

The maid who opened the door for her told her that Mr. Harding was in the library; as she walked toward it she heard Jimmy laugh, and her heart quickened at the sound of it. She was glad that he was still up; she had not seen him all day. She was glad, too, that George was with him; it meant that he had not had to go through the whole day without companionship.

George was in a smoking jacket, his collar open at the throat. He looked like a romanticized version of Lord Byron; he was almost too handsome to be real. Jimmy was ready for bed, his sleek hair carefully brushed, his face shining clean. He ran to kiss her and she picked him up, holding him tight, noticing the perfection of his healthy skin and even, white teeth. Everything about him was right; there was no flaw anywhere. He was so like his father.

> It is not how old you are, but how you are old. —ANONYMOUS.

They had been practicing golf shots into the contraption she had bought for them, and George gravely finished his drive, concentrating completely, making sure his form was right. *I'm glad I bought them that,* Frances thought. It was expensive, but it was worth it. *It's given them something to do together.*

George turned around, smiling at her. "I wish to inform you, madam," he said, "that your son is going to make a very fine golfer one of these days."

Jimmy wriggled against her; he was tense with the effort of the concentrating he had been doing, but he was pleased with the praise.

George was looking at her thoughtfully. "What a beautiful woman," he said at last, gravely. "Sit down, woman, I have good news for you." He looked at his watch, frowning a little as he figured. "We have one hour and forty minutes," he said, "before we are invaded by a howling mob. The forty minutes will be spent in dressing. The hour is for us. Just us. To relax in." He looked at her severely. "You've already wasted a minute," he said. "Sit down and start relaxing this minute."

She sat down, laughing, pulling Jimmy onto her lap. Her tired back relaxed against the comfort of the soft couch; she looked around with pleasure at the beautifully decorated room, at the handsome man and the handsome child. This was a place where everything was right, where everything was in order.

"Did you have a good time with Margaret?" George asked.

"I always have a good time with Margaret," Frances said. "But, oh, it's nice to be home!"

THE END

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Tom SAWYER "APPAREL" For Real Boys

ELDER MANUFACTURING CO. • ST. LOUIS, MO.

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 8)

be having a go. There are rather more goods in the shops these days, but much is rubbish, and it is not unusual to find, stamped somewhere upon the article you buy, the rather sinister words "unfit for export."

We now have a little basic gas, which we are supposed to be able to do as we like with, but hoards of police still lurk and may pounce at any moment, to see if what is in the tank is the right color. Commercial petrol has been dyed pink, so anyone pinching a bit out of the tractor to visit auntie will be in for it.

Love to you both,
DOROTHY BLACK.

From Gloucestershire.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: The air is full of the astounding noise of Flying Fortresses again. They are just going over here in a lump on their way to Bristol, and it takes one back in mind, though it is nice to know that at the moment anyway they are only here for fun. There has been immense excitement in country hamlets around Norwich and other places, where once again handsome American boys appeared, looking for lodgings. Though on paper, the English and the Americans are frequently not supposed to love one another at all, you can't get away from the fact that whenever they meet face to face, they fall on each other's necks with yells of joy. Love to you all,
DOROTHY.

If Women Built Houses

Akron, Ohio.

Dear Editor: A letter in your July issue entitled Housewife Builds a Home had in it some figures which intrigue me. How did the writer arrive at the figure of $5000, which she claims to have saved by building without a contractor?

The lady mentioned that she and her husband had each saved $1800 and that they ended up with the house and a mortgage on which they pay $21.98 per month interest and amortization. According to my figures, $21.98 per month would pay for approximately $4000 principal sum on a 25-year, 4½ per cent mortgage, which are about the best terms obtainable in this part of the United States at present. The $3600 cash savings added to the mortgage loan, and for good measure an extra few hundred that may have been squeezed out of current income during the process of building, would indicate a total cost of $8000.

If that lady can gross $5000 on a house costing $8000 she's wasting her time as a housewife—just think, all she has to do is build another home like hers, sell it and she could pay off the mortgage on her own and have $1000 cash to boot! Please don't think that I'm heckling—the lady who wrote that letter deserves a great deal of credit for having been courageous enough to undertake such a job and more for having carried it out successfully.

Very truly yours,
L. STERN
Sun Construction Co., Inc.

Source of Farm Loans

Nebraska City, Nebraska.

Dear Editors: Your August issue was good reading, especially the story beginning on page 119, The Roods' Promised Land. I happen to know this family, for I worked with them to get the loan they mentioned. I was county supervisor for the Farm Security Administration, now known as the Farmers Home Administration, U. S. Department of Agriculture. You have done a wonderful job of crediting this family. They worked hard, managed and planned well. You failed, however, to give the lender any credit. The story as published indicates that loan funds to buy this farm came from Extension and not from the true source, the Farm Security Administration, now known as Farmers Home Administration.

Yours very truly,
(Name withheld by request.)

In the article Mr. Rood said the Extension *okayed* the loan, but does not say he got it from them. The Extension Service is advisory; Farmers Home Administration grants loans. ED.



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Dreft washes dishes so clean they shine even without wiping

The John Freemans, of Quakertown, Pennsylvania, raise dogs for a living and two fine sons for fun.



"There's just no such thing as one drink in my life." But John still likes to go to parties and has learned to "celebrate" with coffee or pop.

Her Husband Was an Alcoholic

Can an ex-alcoholic lead a full life? John Freeman has been proving the answer is Yes since his last drink 15 years ago. ★ *By Gretta Palmer*

"COME on, John, have a small one." That's what new acquaintances say to John M. Freeman, Pennsylvania dog breeder, when he travels around the country to visit the dog shows which are at once his business and his delight. "One little snort won't hurt you."

"Listen," says John patiently. "There's no such thing as *one* drink in my life. I'm an alcoholic and I don't even want to smell that bottle you've got there. It's too dangerous."

The Freeman skeleton in the closet of John's alcoholism has been moved out into their sunny living room. Openly and cheerfully and without a trace of unhealthy embarrassment, John and Frances Freeman have built a life around the fact that John was once a "problem drinker"—one of the estimated two million men and women in the United States who can never learn to drink in moderation. Some fifteen years have passed since he did learn—through a course of psychological training—how never to want to drink at all. John is now a "recovered alcoholic."

He's also what psychologists call an "extrovert" . . . a man who learns more from people than from books, gets more of his fun in company than in solitude. Put him and Frances down in a good-sized town instead of on the Quakertown side road where they live today, and theirs would be the house where all the children of the neighborhood loved to go to play. And that is rather strange—for John was an only child and Frances grew up with a single, younger sister in the home of a divorced mother, with few childhood friends.

John Freeman is thirty-eight now—six feet, good-looking, good-natured and happily adjusted to the small, uncertain income his dog

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS KNOPF

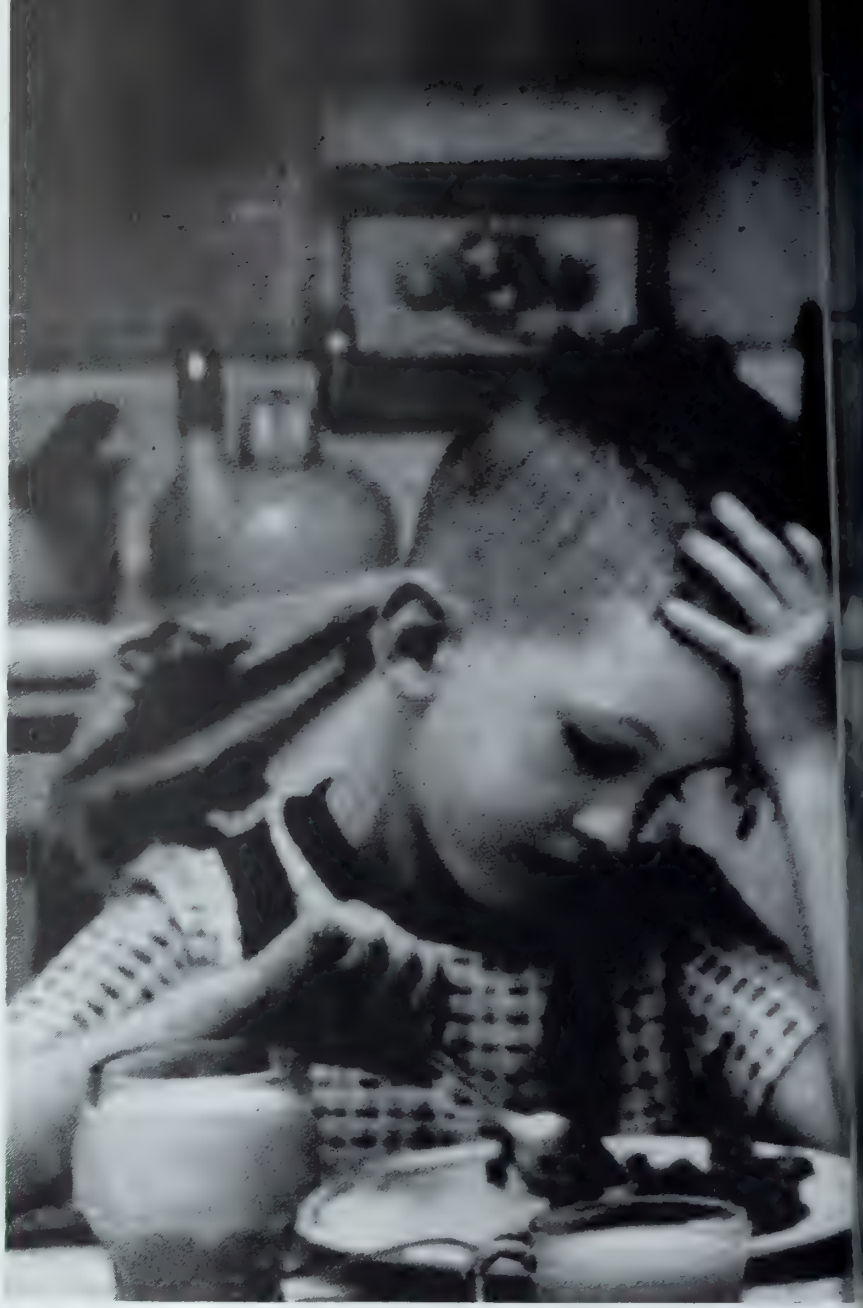




"Take it easy," Frances tells year-old Dan, and follows her own advice. Although the Freemans' budget includes little household help, dust-mop and diaper duties never keep her too busy for sociable times-out with John and his customers.

An Unharried Household:

"We make our own fun. We don't panic easily. We've learned how not to want things we can't have."



For G-O and Dan: "Even if we can't afford electric trains and bikes, we'



business brings in. His two sons—G-O, six, and Dan, the baby—are being given firm discipline, with no nonsense about it. John blames many of his own life problems on the fact that he got away with too much in his own childhood in a well-to-do Germantown (suburban Philadelphia) home.

How did he get over being an active alcoholic? people ask him. Or how did he get started drinking in the first place? What kind of boy grows up to drink too much?

John's earliest memory is of his grandfather, Samuel T. Freeman, founder of the family business of auctioneering. He remembers visiting his grandfather in the latter's sickroom, when he was scarcely two years old—and he remembers the presence in the sickroom of Scout, an Irish terrier, and the first of his many dog loves.

John's parents were eminently "nice people." His mother divided her time between her home, her ladies'-luncheon social life and charity work in the wards of the local hospital. His father spent much time on the golf links and duck shooting on the island off the Carolinas he had bought with friends. The elder Freeman collected fine etchings and did a little fox hunting; in the evenings he often read aloud to his son—Mark Twain, Kipling, Dickens. It was a home that centered about the son.

So John Freeman was spoiled; he says so today. His parents alternated moods of stern discipline with affectionate indulgence of his whims. He learned early how to maneuver them into positions where they must give in to him.

"I was quite a smart logician as a kid," he says. John learned early not to take threats of severe punishments too seriously—experience had taught him they were rarely carried out. As an older boy, he meekly accepted a very small allowance of pocket money—because he had won access to all the family charge ac-



to help our childern have a better youth than we had. They'll not be spoiled; they have both parents living together. We can give them good health and good habits."

counts. When he was only fifteen he used to treat his small friends grandly to meals at the Philadelphia Ritz-Carlton Hotel, signing the bill to the family account.

Only one grievance John suffered: his family did not believe that their yard was large enough for him to have a dog. When he was eight, he had been given a senile bull terrier and allowed to keep it until it died. But after this, John never owned another dog until he was sixteen—and this was a real sorrow to him. He ran through the usual boyhood stages of owning white rats, rabbits and guinea pigs, but these were not the same.

If you had met John Freeman as a youngster you would not have guessed that he was heading for a psychological collapse a few years later. He was so normal a well-to-do American boy. He played baseball and football and did a little fox hunting. He showed jumpers in the horse show at the Germantown Cricket Club, of which he was a junior member. He did well in his studies at the Chestnut Hill preparatory school—very well, indeed, for a boy who rarely studied. He had many friends and he found life pleasant as it came along. His ambitions for the future were vague. When he read Arrowsmith he wanted to be a doctor, but the mood soon







As a kennel master, John is doing what he likes best—and what is best for him, psychologists think. Because he was fond of animals and being on his own, breeding spaniels was suggested both as a profession and as therapy in his fight to remove himself from the ranks of America's two million problem drinkers. It costs one dollar a day to feed each of his 25 dogs, and last year his income was only $3000—half of 1946's. "The high cost of other people's living hits our business."

Books are G-O's wonderland; but Fran, a former teacher, is anxious that he "learn to take people more easily," sends him to play and Sunday schools.

"We want to make our children feel part of a home that has real family solidarity."

passed. Toward the end of his preparatory-school days John got to know one of his teachers, a cynic and an agnostic, who gave him a profound distrust for all religion and made the role of swaggering villain attractive; Machiavelli and such hard, bitter men were made glamorous to him. But John Freeman was too sociable and open a boy to act the Machiavelli for a single day.

John's friendliness extended to both sexes and to all creatures, but it was especially strong where two kinds of beings were concerned: boys and dogs. John went to camps (in Vermont and, later, at Lake Champlain) for eleven summers. The last few years at camp he was a counselor, and a good one. And from the age of sixteen on his life included at least one well-bred dog, which he was usually grooming for the shows. It always, in all phases, included lots of people. John Freeman was never the morose, solitary, Lost Weekend kind of alcoholic. He was not even a saloon fighter. His toots took the form of light-hearted and irresponsible antics: climbing a bare-faced brick wall to the second floor of a dormitory at the University of Virginia in his freshman year; driving a car too fast: cutting classes for a party. Or such stunts as he remembers on one bibulous occasion when he and a friend carried a stone, earth-filled jardiniere from the foot of the garden into the family parlor, thinking it an extraordinarily useful thing to do. The next morning, when they were sober, they found that they could scarcely lift the urn two inches off the floor.



Farm food bill is $20 a month, but $5 more is needed to buy G-O's vitamins.

That was the kind of drinking party that appealed to John Freeman, a product of the late speak-easy generation. He liked to go to week-end parties in Philadelphia—and if the party lasted into the middle of the coming week and he never got back to college, that was all right with John Freeman too. "Everybody" was doing it. Who wanted to waste time with a lot of musty books, when there were so many enchanting people willing to bend an elbow with a gay, fast-talking, young writer-to-be?

Yes, John—whose life today revolves around his farm and family of four—was as Bohemian, as antidomestic and as literary as they came in '30 and '31.

"I knew a writer—an older man—who seemed to me to lead the ideal life," he chuckles today. "He used to work in the morning, spasmodically. Then he'd have lunch and cocktails with his cronies. The rest of the day was punctuated with calls for mint juleps; he went to bed potted every night. That seemed to me the height of glamour. This writer had met everybody. He had sold something, once, to Hollywood. It all seemed wonderful. Actually, this man had done hardly any work for the past ten years.



Mailbox chore—the Freemans believe that it's never too early to learn the art of "helping out."

He was living on inherited money—which I didn't have. And he was an unhappy man, or he wouldn't have spent so much time bending the elbow and trying to impress a kid like me. But I didn't see those things then. I thought a life built around a little writing and a lot of Scotch was Something. I don't think so now."

John stopped wanting to write far more easily than wanting to drink. But now that, too, is under control.

"I not only don't expect ever to take a drink again; I don't *wish* I could drink as other people can . . . like Fran here can, for instance," he tells you cheerfully. "If someone brought out a certified, scientific 'cure' tomorrow that would make it possible for alcoholics to drink normally, I'd say, 'That's fine. Take it off and give it to someone else. I'm better off this way, thank you. I like never even having to think about a drink.'"

And he doesn't think about it. The Freeman skeleton in the living room is so familiar that neither he nor his wife gives it a passing thought except on such an occasion as my visit, when they were asked direct questions about his drinking. They show neither worry nor self-consciousness about the subject. The Freemans are not Prohibitionists. When their income allows, they serve drinks to friends and the decanter stands out, in open view, on the cupboard which John passes a dozen times a day.

Frances Freeman takes this problem—takes all the family problems—gracefully in her tiny stride.



G-O frolics, but realizes that he must keep his room and bed neat himself.

To John's six feet she presents a scanty five. She is of the type the French would call *gamine*—dainty and droll and full of gaiety. And she is relaxed! Relaxation is the quality that oozes from the very beams of the Freeman home and sets the visitor at his immediate ease. Here are a couple who have learned the secret of living one day at a time—a home in which small worries and occasional upsets are never allowed to spoil the beauty of the day.



Visitor's car contrasts with the Freemans' well-used 1940 coupé.

"Take it easy," says Fran to her small, startlingly beautiful son, G-O, as he brings his six-year-old kindergarten problems to be solved. Or to year-old Dan, when he infrequently cries. "Take it easy" is the motto an earlier generation would have hung over the Adam fireplace of this home.

This is a happy family, but its happiness is an achievement, not a ready-made gift from any goddess of luck. Frances Freeman could find excuses for acting the tragedy queen if her disposition ran that tortured way.

She is a small and pretty woman—only thirty-two years old—but she has had four major operations since her marriage. Both the boys were born by Caesarean section, and if you look closely, you will see dark circles under her eyes: she is not yet very strong. Yet Frances does as much work every day as a husky farm woman might do. No inquisitive finger will ever find dust on the mantelpiece in the Freeman living room. The chintz on the chairs and sofas is faded, but it is newly washed. The children may never have owned an electric train, but they have learned good habits. Between cooking and dusting and helping in the kennels, Frances Freeman also manages to remember that she was once a schoolteacher. Her children will get culture, if they never see a rodeo or own a bicycle.

"Better a little punishment from us now than a lot from himself later." John and Fran co-operate to give G-O discipline as well as security in their love.

"I don't need to drink to have fun any more. Being married to Fran's the best fun I can imagine."

"We make our own fun," she says. "We've learned how not to want things we can't have. We don't panic easily."

"Never," says her husband, "have I seen Frances flustered. That's a great thing in a wife."

Frances Kalbach did not have many luxuries when she was growing up. The divorce took place when she was too young to remember much about the shadowy figure of a father who owned a store in Pennsylvania and then moved west. She lived in Lebanon with her mother, her younger sister and a permanent-guest great-aunt who had once taught school. Mrs. Kalbach, too, had been a schoolteacher; the two older women gave Frances such a flying head start that she was two years younger than any of her class and graduated from high school at fifteen. Then the paternal grandfather stepped in and offered to give her a college course; she chose West Chester State Teachers College, and became a teacher in the local schools. (Her younger sister followed her and is a schoolteacher today.)

As a girl, Frances led a happy, small-town life, with dances and hay rides, movies and drugstore sodas afterward. She learned to cook (she makes all the family cakes today), but she loathed sewing, even at the doll-clothes age. Like her husband, she learned early how to get along with children; she was immensely popular as a teacher, and knew how to enforce discipline without making any child resent her. She always knew that someday she would marry; she knew, too, that she wanted desperately to have the marriage last. Children of divorced homes are often the fiercest defenders of lifelong monogamy; Frances Freeman is one of these. She has mastered the immense art of keeping discontent away from the door, even when the wolf is howling there. Or even when someone rattles the skeleton labeled "alcohol."

"John's drinking never did seem a thing to worry about," says Fran. "Not to *me*. He hadn't had a drink for several years when we got married. I hoped *I* wasn't going to drive him to drink, if nothing else had."



Big extravagance—a sitter at 25¢ an hour—so Frances and John can go to Kennel Club meetings.



"We can't drive a nail straight." Of an evening, the Freemans prefer reading aloud or playing records to "acrobatics with paintbrush and hammer." They found 17th-century farm for $3500, had to pay twice as much for remodeling.

Some of Fran's friends complimented her on her bravery. Her mother was one of these. But, "Rubbish, darling," was Frances' comment to that. "If not being able to drink is the worst thing people can find to say about a man, he must be a pretty good risk as a husband." She still thinks so today, nine years and two children later.

But things haven't been too easy for the Freeman family in those years. With only a limited bank account to fall back on, they decided to try to make a living at one of the riskiest and least dependable of specialties: the breeding and training of show dogs. They both love dogs. Fran's greatest triumph is that she once bred for obedience trials a bloodhound, and did it well. Although John has held more orthodox jobs since their marriage (he was a real-estate salesman when the wedding occurred), they hope desperately to be able to hold out and make a go of the breeding business.

"No great glamour about *this* life," chuckles John, when he thinks of the hard-drinking writer he once aspired to be. "But it's a whale of a lot of fun."

For when you breed fancy pedigreed cocker and springer spaniels, you are not allowed to live either a lazy or a stick-in-the-mud existence. There are the twenty-five dogs in the kennels to be fed and exercised and to have more delicate attentions paid them at the time for breeding or birth. There are the shows to visit—dog shows, and now chicken shows as well. Yes, the Freeman household has lately expanded to take in a yardful of Dark Brahmas—recently John nursemaided his chickens at the New York Poultry Show. And constantly he travels—to cities as far away as Washington—to participate in the dog shows. The honey-colored puppies are of the usual buff-cocker strain, but there is to be a newer breed, born of Nova, the eleven-month-old black-and-tan who is really named Innovation (she was the first black-and-tan the kennel had ever bred).

Dogs are a luxury business. Ask John Freeman what is his greatest business obstacle and he will say, "The high cost of other people's living." In a year like 1948 potential *(Continued on Page 248)*

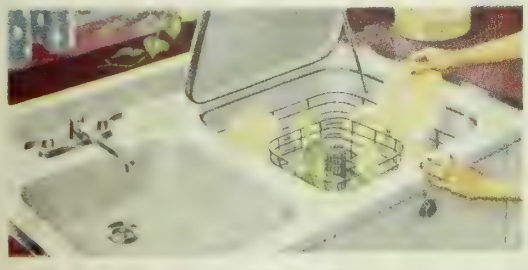


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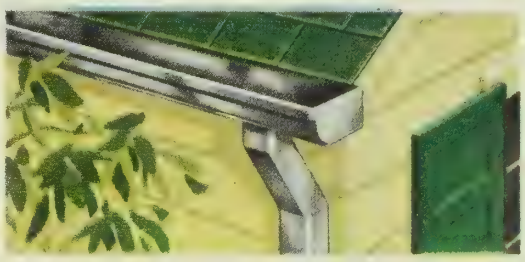
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WHEN TO WORRY ABOUT YOUR BRINKING

By Francis T. Chambers, Jr.

When has a person's drinking gone over the borderline of social drinking and become problem drinking? What are the danger signals?

The pattern of problem drinking varies to a great degree, as it depends to some extent on the individual's personality make-up and his or her environment, age and sex, as well as the length of time that a given personality has had a drinking problem.

The quality of abnormal-drinking symptoms may be exaggerated and startling in one individual, or so mild as to escape early detection in another individual. One of the more pronounced symptoms may be a need for a drink in the morning before breakfast, or in place of breakfast. The problem drinker has found at this stage of his breakdown that he cannot face the day following a drinking night unless he has more drinks to quiet his screaming nerves. In his attempt to soothe his nervous condition, he usually succeeds in reintoxicating himself. A period of sobriety will dispel the need for morning drinking, but soon after he attempts to drink in moderation, the morning drinking becomes a necessity again. Other symptoms may take the form of disturbances in the normal sleep pattern, such as a tendency to nightmares, sometimes reaching the point where the drinker is afraid to go to sleep because of the horrible dreams he may have. Usually there is difficulty in sleeping—the drinker awakes before dawn, and spends restless hours before the rest of the family is awake. Sleepless nights also occur when a man first stops drinking.

There is nothing noble in being superior to some other man. The true nobility is in being superior to your previous self. —HINDU PROVERB.

Another symptom is secret drinking, hiding bottles around the house or in the shrubbery. As one consulter of mine put it, "We are like squirrels getting ready for a hard winter, hiding big and little bottles all over the house and, like the squirrels, often forgetting where we hid them."

Another symptom frequently encountered in abnormal drinkers is the tendency to lie about their drinking to anyone they think might criticize them or curtail their drinking. They say, "Of course, I haven't had a drink"; or "I only had a beer"; or "I just had one or two with an important customer." These statements of innocence or extreme moderation are denied by obvious symptoms of intoxication.

OTHER symptoms are irritability, unjustified jealousy and suspicion, as are involved systems of self-deception—rationalization wherein the drinker convinces himself that the causes of his drunkenness or lapses from sobriety are due to outrageous fortune. Sometimes paranoid symptoms such as are encountered in certain forms of insanity may appear in mild form, and disappear after recovery, or they may persist after a period of abstinence. If this happens, by all means call on a psychiatrist for help. It may mean that the individual is suffering from a grave mental disease. Another symptom is forgetfulness about what the drinker may have said or heard the night before when he was drinking. These periods of amnesia may occur when the problem drinker appears to be sober.

Such various reactions may alternate or appear as isolated symptoms of alcoholism. It is well to bear in mind, too, that certain types of behavior under the influence of alcohol may change during the course of the disease. Inefficiency in his job or profession, as well as a lack of social responsibility, appears in the unrecognized problem drinker who, because of a quasi-control of alcohol, disguises from himself as well as from his family and friends the tremendous price he is paying to alcohol in personality inefficiency and maladaptation. Such a person may lose a position or fail in a profession without recognizing that his reaction to alcohol is crippling his adjustment and often destroying his personality adaptability.

The quantity of alcohol consumed and the quality of chronic intoxicated behavior have in the past been stressed as criteria in diagnosing alcoholism. Too often this delayed diagnosis has the same lack of curative value as a post-mortem. The last stages of pathological drinking are probably incurable. Advanced stages are in need of supportive measures for the balance of life. The early or middle stages of abnormal drinking, no matter how well disguised or how blatantly abnormal, are those most apt to respond to the right kind of help.

What we must accept in the individual whose drinking has become a problem to his friends, his family and himself is that he is undoubtedly tending to use alcohol as a crutch. Whether such a person is definitely recognized as a chronic alcoholic, a problem drinker an alcoholic dependent or an inebriate, or considered by his friends to be "just a plain drunk," "a bad actor" or merely an inefficient worker because of his use of alcohol makes little difference in the ultimate seriousness of his problem. In any event abnormal drinking, if it continues, reveals a state of mind which the drinker himself regards as unendurable. In other words, he is suffering from a type of nervous breakdown and is using alcohol to alleviate an intolerable mental condition. No matter what you call him, if a man's drinking pattern is interfering with his potentialities to pursue happiness in a normal manner, such drinking is abnormal and he and his family are in need of help and guidance.

How can you convince the problem drinker that he is becoming an alcoholic?

When you see someone you love or are dependent on destroying himself with alcohol, it is quite understandable that you will plead with him, appeal to his better side, then try threats or promises. These tactics just won't work. By and large, the wife or family of the problem drinker, because of the close emotional relationship with the addicted personality, can do little toward convincing a man that he is becoming an alcoholic. Most people have found that someone outside the family circle will be more effective in convincing a man that he has a problem and needs help. The family doctor will often do this, or a psychiatric specialist may be able to present the problem so that the patient realizes the need of facing it. Sometimes a member of Alcoholics Anonymous may be able to convince the problem drinker that he should seek their help. It has been the author's experience that many people seek help because they have read about the problem in books or articles on the subject. Such books or articles permit them to see their own plight presented without threats, promises or criticism. Dr. Edward A. Strecker and I have written a book, Alcohol: One Man's Meat, which we find helpful in indicating to the problem drinker the need to identify himself with the seriousness of his problem. The book, Alcoholics Anonymous, distrib-

ted by AA, may be helpful. The pamlets put out by the Research Council on oblems of Alcohol are good, and such vels as The Lost Weekend and The Glass utch have done much to convince many oblem drinkers of the need to do someing about facing their problem.

How much can be done at home without the aid of outside medical or psychiric help?

If a man's or woman's drinking is merely cessive and even dissipated, provided it as not reached the stage of abnormality nown to the medical profession as chronic coholism, much can be done by the use of ersuasion. On the other hand, if the drinker as been diagnosed by proper authorities s belonging to that class known as alcolics, nothing can be done through the art f persuasion on the part of the family. For y this time such a person is psychologially sick, and cannot help himself without utside guidance and understanding.

Should everybody in the house cut out lcohol, and should friends be asked to o-operate by not serving alcohol?

Once the patient has sought outside help nd guidance, the family should be guided y whoever is helping the patient about whether or not they should drink and how heir friends should co-operate. In my work with abnormal drinkers, the burden of the lecision as to whether or not to serve alcohol in his house is left up to the patient. If n the first month or two of treatment, he feels that it would be easier for him to avoid the suggestion presented by others' drinking, then he himself avoids it until such a time as he feels his readaptation without alcohol will permit him to face others' drinking without dangerous temptation to him. In this type of treatment, the family is advised to put the whole responsibility on the patient and the therapist, for n this approach we are attempting to show the problem drinker how to readapt himself. If anyone else attempts to "run" him, it will seriously interfere with his treatment.

At what point should outside help be called in, and what help is available?

When a man's drinking has reached the point where it is seriously interfering with his normal relationships, such as his family life, his business or profession, then outside help should be sought. It seems only sensible that the first step toward outside help should come from the family physician, who, because of his training in medicine and his contacts with specialists and modern treatment, is the man most apt to give the best advice to the family and to the patient. He is in a far better position than the family to analyze the sick personality of the patient and make recommendations for this or that clinic, Alcoholics Anonymous, or certain psychiatric approaches.

What is the record of success in the treatment of alcoholism through clinics, Alcoholics Anonymous, psychiatrists, and therapists working for psychiatrists?

In answering this question, it should be pointed out that chronic alcoholics can be roughly broken into three groups. First, those who are capable of making a mature adjustment without alcohol. Second, those who are capable, with the aid of support, of staying away from alcohol; and third, those who have deteriorated to a degree where no help is possible. From my personal observation, I would say that only 20 per cent of chronic alcoholics are able to make mature adjustments without alcohol; 60 per cent will need support of some kind or other; and the remaining 20 per cent are incurable.

Of the 80 per cent who may be materially helped with such support or who may recover through the help of clinics, psychiatrists or Alcoholics Anonymous, I would say that 60 per cent were helped for a period of several years. Probably only 40 per cent remain off alcohol for the rest of their lives. This is far from perfection; however, it is a far cry from the pessimism of twenty years ago. I remember an incident just about twenty years ago when I was seeking the approval and support of medicine and psychiatry in setting up a clinic to help abnormal drinkers. My first contact was with a kindly old psychiatrist, since dead. I told him of what I wanted to try to do. He looked at me and said, "You are wasting your time. Alcoholics never get well. There's something wrong with their germ plasm." Fortunately, the other psychiatrists and physicians with whom I talked were less pessimistic, and more than willing to try new approaches toward helping problem drinkers solve their problems.

Can an addiction to alcohol be acquired by social drinking regardless of other psychological difficulties?

A perfectly adjusted man could not become a problem drinker; but frankly, I have yet to meet the perfectly adjusted man, and I am not at all sure I should like to meet him. The answer to the question is: There is always some danger of one's becoming a problem drinker. To paraphrase a familiar quotation on greatness: Some acquire alcoholism, some achieve alcoholism, and some have alcoholism thrust upon them.

In the group which may be considered as *acquiring* a drinking problem are middle-aged men and women who have used alcohol consistently and often heavily without dire results, but who in middle years are forced to meet shocks and frustrations, business failures, divorce, menopause or severe illness, and turn to alcohol as a narcotic.

Of the group who may be said to *achieve* alcoholism are the playboys and playgirls who have little purpose in life other than the pursuit of pleasure on a very immature level. They seem to have no deep psychological need for alcohol, but use it the way they do everything else in life—in excess. As time goes on, they are apt to develop greater and greater dependency on alcohol in order to keep going. In this group are a number of constitutional psychopathic inferiors—those men and women who think they know all the answers and fancy themselves as being so smart that they can get away with anything. They are psychiatry's prize liars, and most difficult to help. Others who may be considered to "achieve" alcoholism are entertainers, bartenders and salesmen who use alcohol as a lever in their business or profession, only to wake up someday to find a too great personal need for their salesmanship accessory—alcohol.

Those who may be considered to have alcohol *thrust upon* them are the men and women with a psychoneurotic nucleus, usually acquired from maladjustment in their early home life. They carry scars of early shocks and suffer as adults from abnormal feelings of guilt, rejection, inferiority and anxiety. These men and women find in alcohol a soothing sirup for the pain of their own maladjustment.

What of the morality of drinking?

Because of alcohol's popular association with crime, delinquency, prostitution, and so on, it is very easy to think of it as being concomitant with immorality. Such a judgment is unfair. There are plenty of people throughout the world who use alcohol in moderation, and the association in this group is with the finer things of life—the joy of a wedding, a toast to a hero, and the friendly sociability of entertaining. There is really nothing moral or immoral about drinking, but rather it is in the way that alcohol is used. The problem drinker, because he uses alcohol asocially, should expect moral censure from society. Granted, he is emotionally sick and his drinking is out of his control; therefore he deserves help and treatment. But up to the time he seeks help and treatment, the problem drinker is a danger to the very core of the nation; that is, the well-integrated family.

Because alcoholism has in recent years been recognized as a disease, there is a tendency on the part of many alcoholics to excuse themselves and say, in effect, "Poor me, I am a sick person. Who can blame me for my drinking?" But the alcoholic must realize though he is emotionally ill, that society will not condone or sympathize with his illness, but will for its own self-protection insist that he seek treatment for it.

(Continued on Page 229)

Emily Post SAYS:

Upon the death of a friend you should go at once to the house, write "With sympathy" on your card and leave it at the door. Or, you write a letter to the family. In either case you send flowers, addressed either to the funeral of (name of the deceased) or to the nearest relative.

The latter method is preferable, if the relative is a friend. But the former method is followed if the deceased alone was known to you.



On the card accompanying the flowers, and addressed to one of the family, you write "With sympathy," or "With deepest sympathy," or "With heartfelt sympathy," or "With love and sympathy." When flowers are addressed to funeral of the deceased, no message is included. If there is a notice in the papers requesting that no flowers be sent, you disregard it only if you are a very intimate friend.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY — Send Flowers Worldwide — INTERFLORA

A very natural impulse of kindness is to send a few flowers with a note either immediately or a few days or weeks after the funeral to any bereaved person who is particularly in your thoughts. A few flowers sent from time to time—possibly for long afterward—are especially comforting in their assurance of continued sympathy.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION, 149 Michigan Ave., Detroit 26, Mich.



Le Gant corselette #3829 with exclusive "Free-Lift." $29.50

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Warner's 3-Way-Sizes make standard sizing downright old-fashioned

You don't have to wait for a new moon or a falling star to make a wish.

• Warner's 3-Way-Sizes can make that wish for a lovelier YOU come true in a twinkling. For Warner's know that Nature never meant women to be squeezed into "standard size" molds.

• In a Warner's girdle, you take your size, then choose your very own length . . . your very own hip size . . . and as little (or as much) control as you want. There are over 200 styles and sizes to dazzle you, too.

• And in a Warner's Corselette, like the beautiful Le Gant "Free-Lift" at the left, you have your 3-Way-Sizing *plus* your correct bra cup size and just the amount of uplift you want.

• So if you want to be an angel from every angle, look for the Warner's that's "individually yours." You'll feel as heavenly as you look.

In your size ..... *your correct length*

No angel can look heavenly if she hobbles around in a girdle or corselette that's *too long*. Or shows her temper when a *too short* girdle causes runs in her stockings. You'll never lose your wings with Warner's* because they're sized; *short, medium, long* and *extra long*. Incidentally, Warner's corselettes, famous for fit, come in half-sizes, too—a blessing to short-waisted women.



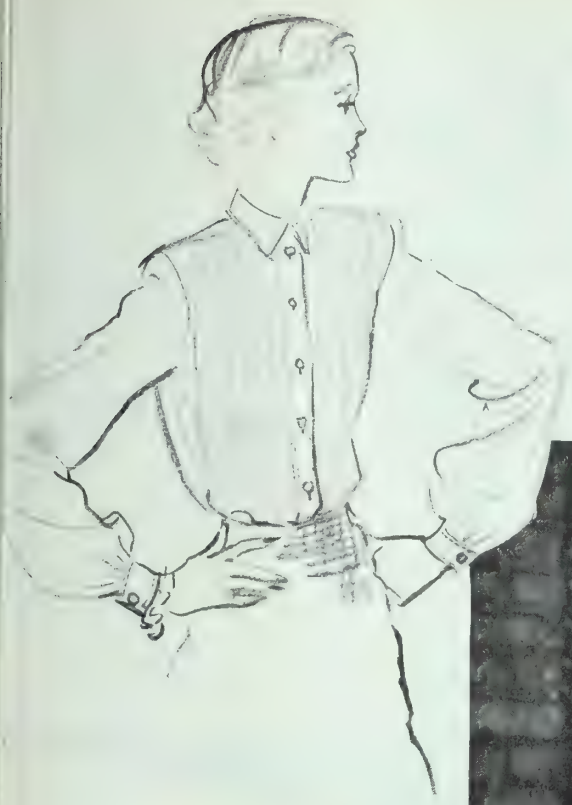
.....*your correct hip size*

Is there a slight "*hip-slip*" in the foundation you're now wearing? If it's *too wide* at the hips it probably has washboard-wrinkles at the sides. If it's *too small* it's bound to bind your thighs into unlovely bulges. Warner's are "personal-sized" for *straight, average* and *full* hips . . . one just right for you.

.....*your choice of control*

From the gentle hug of light mesh elastics to the strong control of tightly woven elastics—you choose the girdle that inches you in . . . but comfortably. The "Free-Lift" feature in the Le Gant* corselette above frees the bra from the corset section, eliminating bustline drag. *At finer stores.*

WEEK-END WARDROBE



Beautifully detailed white crepe blouse tucked front, small collar. Also, short sleeves. Vogue Design No. 6389, 12 to 20.

Sizes, back views and prices on page 211

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



Mrs. Freeman wearing her classic tweed suit with a natural cashmere sweater, pearls; spectator pumps, string gloves. Vogue Design No. 6539. 12 to 42.



© VOGUE

Slim wool dress with double-breasted, collarless jacket. Turquoise with black accessories. Vogue Design No. S-1920. 12 to 20.



he dress without the jacket. Dressed up with pearls at the eck, carnations at the waistline. Black gloves and shoes.

Frances Freeman lives in the country and her social life revolves around dog-show activities. In the winter, dog-show week ends are frequent. We have helped Mrs. Freeman select a wearable, packable wardrobe with a minimum of pieces, to wear on such occasions. Her suit is neutral gray-brown-and-white tweed. The four-gore skirt has a slight flare and the jacket is classic. With this she wears a natural cashmere sweater and a bright scarf or a string of pearls. She can also wear her nicely detailed white crepe shirt with it. Her turquoise wool dress has its own jacket. Worn with a tiny hat, it is a perfect luncheon costume. Worn without the jacket, with pearls at the neck and carnations in the belt, it becomes the perfect soft dinner dress. Having both a suit and a dress that do double duty eliminates the need of a bulging suitcase for a two-day holiday. ★ BY NORA O'LEARY

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order*, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 21 Dundas Square, Toronto, Ont. **Connecticut residents please add sales tax.*

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of new Make-up!... it's Foundation

and Powder—all in one—

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New— A *really* different make-up! Not a cake make-up. Not a greasy foundation. Angel Face is actually foundation and powder all in one! A velvety, sweet-tinted finish that's never drying...never greasy!

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Choose from 5 perfect shades. Angel Face complete with puff — 89¢ *plus tax*

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"Really I can't say enough nice things about Pond's wonderful new Angel Face! Such a *perfect* make-up—and you can smooth it on in a moment, *anywhere*. I always have Angel Face in my handbag!"
MRS. ROBERT BACON WHITNEY

"Angel Face has all the virtues of the best make-ups I've ever tried—and none of the drawbacks. No water, no oiliness, no drying effect. It's the cleverest beauty trick in years!"
MRS. PERRY TIFFANY

"Angel Face is the most flattering make-up—and so easy to use! No watery sponge, no greasy fingertips—no spilling over handbag or clothes. I carry my Angel Face with me everywhere!"
RAFAELLE, DUCHESS OF LEINSTER



...s Freeman's good looks require ...attering make-up and hair-do.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



Frances in her new and more flattering soft dress, is poised, pretty and self-confident.

Highlight your hair

Wake up your make-up

Flatter your figure

Show off your shoulderline

See the new you

By Dawn Crowell Norman

Beauty Editor of the Journal

SMALL WONDER... *in less than a day*

TINY Mrs. John Freeman, in both photographs above, is a scant four feet eleven inches tall and weighs ninety-two pounds. While she is among the first to agree there are many merits to being little—summed up in such pleasing adjectives as feminine, dainty, delicate and cute—she also is of the opinion, shared by many small women, that there are drawbacks in possessing pint-size proportions. Finding hair-do's, clothes and accessories which do not *dwarf* the little woman is a major operation—too often unsuccessful.

For Frances Freeman, and for the many women who are in her shoes (size 3½), we planned a kind of "do-over day" for little women. Impressed by her transformation ourselves, we hadn't counted on the immediate approval by the outside world which actually took place. So, with apologies to our fiction editors, we will give you the ending of this story first—and then go back to tell you what led up to it.

Mrs. Freeman, at the end of this particular day, was returning home by train when the woman sitting next to her asked, "Could you tell me the time, child?"

"Are you speaking to me?" asked Mrs. Freeman. When the woman said "Yes," Mrs. Freeman laughed. "I'm really not a child," she said. "I have two children of my own!"

The woman was obviously surprised. "But you don't look more than seventeen," she answered.

Mrs. Freeman, thirty-two-year-old mother of two boys, one and six years old, was thrilled to realize the change in her appearance could have prompted such a storybook compliment.

If you are among the women under the average height of five feet four inches and are bemoaning your fate, here are some ideas to help your good looks grow—and prove to you there is none more appealing than a pretty, little woman!

Hair-Do's Add Height. First, for Frances, a new hair-do. One to add height—but not one of those architectural structures difficult for even the most statuesque women to carry. After several experiments with new parts, lengths and hair silhouettes, Frances' original and too severe hair-do was forsaken in favor of a softer, prettier halo effect of curls. This called for cutting her hair about two inches all the way around and for a new center part.

For any woman whose hair has a tendency to curl, the shorter length is easily kept by simply putting the curls up on pins two or three times a week. Otherwise, a soft permanent on the ends will do the trick. You will notice in the photographs Frances' "before" hair-do seemed to drag down the lines of her face. The new, more becoming arrangement not only gives her appearance a lift but gives an illusion of at least an inch and a half in added height!

Feature Story. Small features often come with small figures—and lucky is the woman who, with the help of a genius make-up, can achieve a fragile flower-petal look. As opposed to taller women who accomplish a certain dash with a bolder use of make-up, small women are smart to take the *delicate* approach.

First, for Frances, whose skin is inclined to be slightly dry, we applied evenly and lightly over her face and neck a creamy make-up base with a faint rosy cast. Any excess was carefully blotted off with tissues, especially around the nose and chin, where make-up is apt to clog. Then her eyebrows were plucked, *from underneath*, to create just a slight arch and give more width between eyebrows and eyes. Next, with a brown eyebrow pencil and short, quick, outward strokes, Frances' eyebrows were slightly darkened. To do justice to her naturally long eyelashes, *(Continued on Page 278)*

The Hawaiians have a word for it...

Mai kai!"



LIBBY'S Peak-Flavor PINEAPPLE
. . . slices or sun-sweetened juice . . . is always "perfect"!

FOR THE "FROSTY" GRAPES on the party punch bowl, simply dip each cluster (Concord, Tokay or seedless grapes) in slightly beaten egg white—and then in confectioners' sugar. Dry on wax paper. For the most glorious of fruit drinks, choose Libby's *peak-flavor* Pineapple Juice. Chill it well and top with sprigs of fresh mint.

As you pour out that sun-gold juice, note the sweet fruit *fragrance* of Libby's. That aroma tells you Libby's is juiced from *full-ripe* "pedigreed pines." *You*, too, will say "mai kai"—or in plain English "perfect"! For this luscious juice is sweetened only by Hawaii's magic sun! Enjoy Libby's for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and between meals!

FOR A DESSERT THRILL choose Libby's peak-flavor pineapple *slices*. Here again is the full-ripe "golden flavor" of Hawaii's finest! When you buy pineapple in *any* form insist on Libby's!

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 9, Ill.



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IN ALL FRUITS . . . LOOK TO



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PHOTO BY HANS NO



All small boys love cookies. G-O is no exception. Mrs. Freem bakes molasses crinkles more often than any other kind of coo

"I love to Bake

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

TO Fran Freeman there isn't any more satisfying homekeepi job than baking. "I don't consider myself a natural cook," sh told me one day, as we chatted about recipes, "but baking is real thrill and a challenge. Maybe it's because John and G-O are s appreciative. Women who say they don't like to bake just don know how much fun they really miss."

Mrs. Freeman bakes as the spirit moves her. Sometimes it's in th evening after the children are in bed. The house is quiet then, th kitchen cozy. John keeps her company. Both she and John enjoy thes evenings together waiting for a cake to bake—particularly in the winte

Bread is really the only baked product Mrs. Freeman buys from th store. In spite of the extra time it takes, she prefers to make her ow biscuits, waffles, pancakes, and so on, rather than to use mixes. She' proudest of her lemon-meringue pie and popovers. G-O casts his firs vote for his mother's molasses-crinkle cookies, particularly because she sprinkles some with pink sugar and some with green—just for him.

Mr. Freeman and young George are really an "I love chocolate" team. Their favorite chocolate cake is one Mrs. Freeman calls Crazy Cake. "I dump everything in a bowl, beat it up and that's all there is to it. I often stir up one when we have unexpected company."

CRAZY CAKE

Place the following ingredients in a bowl in the order given. Do not beat or stir at this point—just measure and add: 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup cocoa, ½ cup shortening, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon baking soda, 1½ cups cake flour. Now for mixing and beating. Add ½ cup boiling water. Beat 3 minutes with a rotary beater, or 2 minutes on the electric mixer at medium speed. A crazy way to make a cake—but the results a excellent. Pour batter into a greas 8-inch-square loaf pan. Bake 35–40 mi utes in a moderately slow oven, 325° Serve unfrosted.

Another cake for the chocolate fan Having a light hand is your secret of su cess in this cake. Save your strong-ar work for cakes made with shortening. Tak it easy with this one—the gentler you a the better when you fold in ingredient

CHOCOLATE ROLL

together 3 times: 6 tablespoons cake r, 6 tablespoons cocoa, ¼ teaspoon and ¾ teaspoon baking powder. Sep- e 4 eggs. Beat whites until they form peaks. Fold ¾ cup sugar into the whites gradually, a tablespoon at a e. Beat the 4 egg yolks until very thick lemon-colored. Add 1 teaspoon va- a and fold in the egg-white-and-sugar ringue. Then fold in the sifted dry in- dients carefully. Grease a shallow y-roll pan, 10x15 inches. Line with paper and grease again. Pour in the ter and spread out evenly. Bake in oven, 400° F., 13 minutes. Quickly off crisp edges of cake. Turn out on th sprinkled with confectioners' sugar. ll up. Cool on rack. Unroll. Spread with ipped cream sweetened and flavored h rum extract. Roll up again.

Mrs. Freeman has two stand-by cooky ipes—Chocolate Chip and Molasses nkles. Her cooky jar is usually filled h one or the other.

MOLASSES CRINKLES

eam ¾ cup shortening and 1 cup own sugar together thoroughly. Add eaten egg and ¼ cup molasses. Beat up ll. Sift together 2¼ cups flour, 1 tea- oon salt, 2 teaspoons baking soda, ½ aspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon d 1 teaspoon ginger and add to the st mixture. Mix thoroughly. Cover and ill dough in refrigerator 1 hour. Shape to balls about the size of a walnut. ace several inches apart on greased oky sheets. Brush tops lightly with ter. (A pastry brush is so handy in king, I really think everyone should ve one for just such purposes as this.) rinkle the cookies with sugar. Bake in oderately hot oven, 375° F., 10 minutes. akes three dozen.

Pineapple Drop Cookies take even less ne to make than the Molasses Crinkles. he dough doesn't need to be chilled. No aping is necessary. Make them tiny for tea party—bigger for the children's nches.

PINEAPPLE DROP COOKIES

ft together 3½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon aking soda and 1 teaspoon salt. Cream cup shortening. Add 1½ cups sugar grad- ally and cream until mixture is light d fluffy. Add 2 well-beaten eggs and 1 aspoon lemon juice. Measure 1 cup nned crushed pineapple (with the rup). Add sifted dry ingredients alter- ately to the creamed mixture with the neapple and sirup. Mix well after each ddition. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto reased cooky sheets several inches apart. ake in moderate oven, 350° F., 12–15 inutes. Makes 6 dozen small tea-size ookies. Yield depends on size you make em.

Here's one for the youngsters. Banana ars are easy to make—pack well in the nch box.

BANANA BARS

ift together 1¾ cups flour, 2 teaspoons aking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. ream ½ cup shortening and 1 cup sugar ogether. Add 1 teaspoon lemon extract nd 2 well-beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly. lash 3 medium-size ripe bananas moothly. There should be enough to ll 1 cup. Add sifted dry ingredients to reamed mixture alternately with the nashed bananas. Pour into a greased hallow pan, 8x13 inches, or two smaller ans. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 30 inutes. Cool in pan. Cut into bars. Makes 3 dozen bars.

Until recently, Fran couldn't seem to get he hang of handling bread or roll dough. A friend showed her how to tell when the volume was doubled—how to punch down the dough when it had risen—how to shape. "A little more practice," she says, "and I won't even have to buy bread and rolls." Here are two good yeast-raised items—both very special.

SOUR-CREAM TWISTS

Sift 4 cups flour and 1 teaspoon salt into a bowl. Cut in 1 cup shortening, as for piecrust. Soak 1 envelope quick dry yeast in ¼ cup lukewarm water, according to directions on the envelope. Beat 1 egg and 2 egg yolks together. Combine with 1 cup thick light sour cream, the yeast and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Add to ingredients and mix thoroughly. Let rise in refrigerator for 2 hours. This seems an odd place to put a dough to rise, but this dough has more the quality of a pastry

(Continued on Page 255)

PHOTOS BY STUART



An unusual yeast-raised pastry called Sour-Cream Twists. They are short, crisp-crusted and sugary—a special-occasion sort of thing to make for your appreciative company.



Any chocolate lovers in your family? If so, this chocolate roll should be a top favorite with them. For party service, frost with whipped cream and then sprinkle with shaved chocolate.



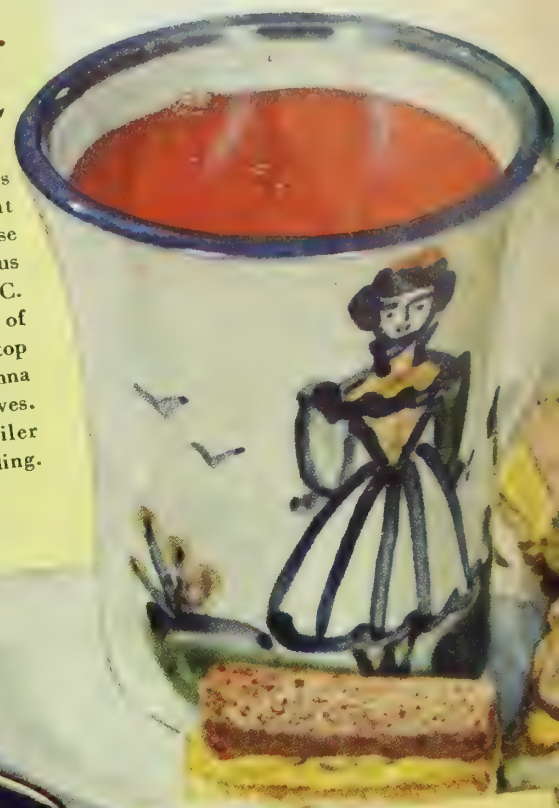
Here are hot jelly-filled raised doughnuts fresh out of the fat kettle! These are much lighter and richer confections than the old-fashioned raised doughnuts made from bread dough.

Beautiful Beginnings for Budget Meals...

For lunch—LIBBY'S TOMATO JUICE hot, and Vienna Sizzlers

Fanfare for a cold-day luncheon is Libby's—*served hot!* Just heat—but don't boil—that glorious juice, because you want to protect Libby's precious tomato vitamins—A, B_1, B_2 and C. For the appetizers, spread "fingers" of bread with Libby's Mustard and top with Libby's tantalizing little Vienna Sausages cut in halves. Toast under broiler heat and serve sizzling. What tempters!





For company—have DEVILED DELIGHTS with the TWICE-RICH* Juice

When "the boss" comes to dinner—serve the very best tasting tomato juice in the world in your very best glasses. Add Deviled Delights (In the palm of your hand pat out a little Libby's Deviled Ham; mold it around a stuffed olive, top with parsley sprigs and spike with a toothpick). Here's a *sure-success* menu-starter. Just make certain it's Libby's you get... America's *favorite* tomato juice!



*Rich in Vitamins!
*Rich in Flavor!



TRY LIBBY'S CATCHUP AND CHILI SAUCE! Made from the same fine quality tomatoes as Libby's TWICE-RICH* Tomato Juice!



Look to LIBBY'S for perfection

"Eddie Cantor* and Ida insist on



PAT. NO. 2,326,672

in their



..."

says Anna Murray,

housekeeper to the Cantors



With a large, home-loving family and a host of interesting and distinguished friends, there is always good fun, good food and solid comfort at the Cantors'. There's always clean-smelling air, too, thanks to air-wick**. "We use air-wick throughout the house" states Mrs. Anna Murray. "Particularly, in the kitchen, to keep cooking odors from seeping into the other rooms. Whenever the Cantors plan a large party (which is quite often), it's my cue to open air-wick in the living-room. I know that air-wick kills indoor odors . . . because despite the heavy smoking that naturally goes on, there's never even a hint of stale cigar and cigarette smoke."

Efficient homemakers find air-wick indispensable. In the kitchen, air-wick kills the unpleasant odors of cooking cabbage, onions and fish. Stale cigar and cigarette smoke is banished like magic when air-wick is put to work in the living-room.

In thousands of homes from coast-to-coast air-wick is a "must" in guest rooms, children's nurseries and sick rooms. And no truly modern bathroom is *ever* without air-wick.

Remember, air-wick contains over 125 compounds as found in nature... as well as miracle-working Chlorophyll. And remember also that air-wick is protected by U. S. Patent and cannot be duplicated. *Why risk offending when* air-wick *only costs about a penny a day to use!* At all better stores in the United States and Canada.

**air-wick deodorizer and household freshener is fully protected by U. S. Patent . . . a trademark of Seeman Brothers, Inc., New York 13, N. Y. Tune in "Monday Morning Headlines" Sunday, coast-to-coast ABC network, following Drew Pearson . . . also "Tomorrow's Headlines" Saturday morning, coast-to-coast ABC network. © 1946 SEEMAN BROS., INC.

use air-wick for...

1 cooking odors
2 stale smoke
3 airless bathrooms
4 bedrooms
5 children's nurseries
6 sickrooms
7 musty closets
8 living-rooms

air-wick kills indoor odors

*Eddie Cantor's radio program can be heard every Friday evening over the National Broadcasting System. Your local paper lists the time and station.

PHOTOS BY HAROLD POWLER

The Freemans' country living room: a combination of originals and copies of Provincial furniture such as early Americans made for themselves.

American Provincial Living Room

An Early American room restored and furnished with regional pieces of the period is both charming and comfortable for modern living. ★ BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

HERE is a starter room for those who like the romantic simplicity of primitive American furnishings. It is the living room in the Freemans' early-eighteenth-century house, restored and made larger by combining two smaller rooms.

Period furniture for so large a room presented a budget problem, and in addition the Freemans were worried about combining antiques with present-day pieces. But of course there is not enough original Provincial furniture to go around, and scouting for bargains takes time. It is much more satisfactory to compromise and round out a livable family room using both antiques and copies. Provincial styles were austere in rural America and the period needs liberal treatment to be comfortable for modern use. *(Continued on Page 268)*



Simple, upholstered furniture blends with most Provincial styles.

Here Ladies,
e 10 good reasons for buying
Norge!



NORGE
IPLE-ACTION WASHER

Division, Borg-Warner Corp., Detroit 26, Michigan
da, Addison Industries, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

- Giant Tub: Cuts laundry time—handles average four loads in three.
- Triple Action Agitator: Spins clothes up, down, around for cleaner, faster wash.
- Rugged Auto-Bilt Transmission: Assures long years of efficient operation.
- Beautiful White Porcelain Tub: Prevents rust, corrosion—is always clean.
- Steam Seal Lid: Holds heat in tub—makes clothes whiter.
- Large Balloon Type Wringer Rolls: Easy on clothes—protect buttons, zippers, snaps.
- Eight Position Wringer: Provides safety finger-tip pressure control and adjustable pressure selector.
- Wringer Rolls Dry For The Line: Clothes are light and fluffy—easy to carry, just right for the line.
- Power Leg Balance: Washer always in balance.
- Anti Air-Lock Power Pump: Quickly removes soil, lint and water from tub, (extra).

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Water Coolers
Washers
Electric Water Heaters
Home Heaters
Gas Ranges
Home Freezers



SEE
NORGE
BEFORE YOU BUY



PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETR

The Freemans' spaniel puppy is part of the family, knows he's we come to make himself at home wherever they are. But the slip cover are washable, and the Freemans feel that his affection and companion ship are worth a bit of extra washing and vacuum cleaning. Puppie can, however, be trained to stay off furniture, or discouraged from sofa sitting by certain harmless powders to be sprinkled or sprayed about

HOUSEKEEPING WITH PETS

By Judy Barry Dee

WE MUST admit that pets of any kind do add a plus to the problems o housekeeping. Yet, from great Dane down to guppy they're un doubtedly worth the additional trouble. And there are ways of help ing to reduce that plus to a tiny sum that's hardly noticeable.

• ***Patience and wisdom in housebreaking*** are all-important to your future happiness in living with a dog—or, for that matter, a cat. If you're about to embark for the first time on this adventure, you couldn't do better, we think, than be guided by our own Gladys Taber's delightful book, Especially Spaniels. Mrs. Taber's sound, proved methods work out well for both puppy and "housebreaker."

• ***A feeding dish of pottery,*** enamel or metal which is always kept scrupulously clean, a dish for water, and a clean comfortable bed, cool but well protected from drafts, are the basic minimum requirements for any dog or cat. It's best for pets' peace of mind habitually to eat and sleep in the same spot; gives them a sort of secure feeling. And a pet at peace with himself and scrupulously clean is an easy one to keep house for.

• ***Old newspapers figure largely*** in the life of anyone who keeps house with pets. Get into the habit of saving them, piled tidily in a convenient spot. Shredded society sections or want-ad pages, can be used as filler material in an old pillowcase for a clean, easily replaced mattress for your pet's bed. (If you are lucky and can get cedar shavings, they may be used in the same way.) You'll need plenty of papers as housebreaking helpers, and use them, folded, as gentle admonishers. Yesterday's real-estate pages make easily disposable crumb catchers beneath feeding dishes.

• ***There are new nontippable pet plates,*** which secure the dish to the floor by means of rubber suction cups. A rubber mat, or a piece of rubber cut to fit the dish and glued on with household cement, also helps to keep your pet's dinner from getting away from him and on your clean floor.

• ***Cats need a scratching pole,*** or something of their very own to claw when they're in the mood. Otherwise they're bound to go to work on the legs of the furniture. Some cats enjoy scratching a rubber mat better than a wooden pole. You'll just have to try out the tastes of your pussy, and train him to avoid using furniture legs and the upholstery. Some scratches are almost inevitable, of course, but rubbing them with a bit of fine furniture polish, applied to clean cheesecloth, will minimize their ill effects.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

• ***Watch the family table manners.*** Bad dining-room habits are easily formed by feeding your pet a bite of food because you just can't bear to eat in front of that wistful gaze. This mistaken kindness creates several problems: your pet begs during the meal and begrudges everyone every mouthful; and worst of all, when your pet is fed from the table, the food usually falls on the rug and leaves a stain for you to cope with.

• ***Cats need regular brushing*** and grooming even more, perhaps, than dogs do, especially during their shedding time. Cats will consume these loose hairs while they lick themselves in their effort to keep clean. The loose hairs form hair balls in the cat's stomach and that always means trouble—for the cat, and for you.

• ***Absolute cleanliness is the best protection*** against fleas. If they do appear, in spite of frequent scrubbing and brushing and fresh, clean beds, get after your dog or cat at once. Plenty of good defleaing powder rubbed into the dog's coat, working down from the head, will kill the fleas. A word of caution, however, if a defleaing preparation is used on a cat: it should be placed only on the back of the neck, as the cat is unable to lick that area. An ounce of prevention is still worth a pound of cure, and many dog-shampoo preparations contain an active flea-killing ingredient which protects the dog from fleas between baths. Sleeping quarters should be sprinkled with flea powder also.

(Continued on Page 240)



Erase mistakes at once

This is important for both the sake of one's rugs and the puppy's social training, since they're little creatures of habit, too, and tend to return to a spot that seems familiar when sniffed. Sponge the spot with cold water, follow up with a solution of half ammonia, half water, to neutralize the acid.

Round up all pet necessities in one place

It's a great help to have all a dog's medicine-cabinet and dressing-table supplies corralled in his very own cabinet placed in the utility room or back hall, and to keep a special convenient shelf in the kitchen or pantry for his foods. A newspaper placed under his feeding dish saves lots of cleaning up.





Keep your pet well groomed

Naturally, you want a well-shampooed, well-brushed, properly fed pet just for his own sake, but good grooming and a balanced diet make him easier to keep house for too. A damp cellulose or rubber sponge will effectively pick up the troublesome hairs that the best of dogs or cats shed at certain seasons.

Lots of our customers are converts



In recent months many young housekeepers have learned a valuable lesson —*"you can't wash clothes with coupons"*. Nearly every day this very practical experience makes more converts to Fels-Naptha Soap.

It doesn't take long to see why Fels-Naptha is the real 'bargain' in laundry soap. Fels-Naptha combines *two* great cleaners—mild, *golden* soap and active naptha. It gets out the grime most soaps can't budge. It is quick and ever so gentle with delicate fabrics—*especially baby things.* It's a positive time and labor saver for "The Lady of The House".

These are the *"specials"* and *"extras"* you *always* get with Fels-Naptha Soap . . . *at a fair and modest price.*

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GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Coconut—the Peepul's Choice!

by *Virginia Coates*



Everybody votes for coconut! And men especially love the combination of coconut and orange. So make them doubly happy with a Coconut Orange Cake. First, make an orange layer cake—and then top it with Coconut Frosting. Just follow the recipe. Durkee's is my favorite for all coconut desserts. It has a rich, tantalizing flavor with a touch of the tropics. And it's *always* fresh! You can get Durkee's good Coconut in two grand styles: In the familiar package—or extra moist in the can.

Other festive desserts—with a dash of Durkee's Coconut. Sprinkle its snowy whiteness on baked custards, jellies, fruit cup and baked bananas. Put coconut on broiled grapefruit and on cup cakes. And, for an exotic dish, blend this fine Coconut with butterscotch sauce for a marvelous ice-cream topping.



Any way you slice it, cold turkey topped with Durkee's Famous Dressing is heavenly! If you're a little short of turkey, add slices of cold ham. This grand Dressing gives zest and spirit because it's made of rare spices, expertly blended to create a unique and delightful tang.

More turkey tricks! Serve your cold, leftover turkey plain and make cole slaw with the Dressing. Or try this: To thin slices of turkey white meat, add strips of ham and a few greens and then toss with Durkee's Dressing. Delicious!

• • •

Interested in unusual recipes? Then write to Durkee Famous Foods, Dept. L11-8, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

Accessories from Carole Stupell, Ltd.

Coconut Frosting

2 egg whites
2 cups sugar
⅓ cup water
2 tsp. corn syrup
1 tsp. Durkee's Vanilla
1 pkg. Durkee's Coconut

In top part of double boiler, beat egg whites, sugar, water and corn syrup. When well blended, place over boiling water and continue to beat with rotary beater 7 or 8 minutes until frosting is thick and holds its shape when dropped from beater. Remove from boiling water. Add vanilla and continue to beat another 5 minutes or until frosting is thick enough to spread. Allow to cool. Sandwich between 2 layer cakes and cover top and sides with rest of frosting. Sprinkle top and sides of cake with Durkee's Coconut.



FOR THAT CERTAIN THURSDAY

(Continued from Page 75)

I remember—I remember. In the house where I was reared, about this time of year the big chopping bowl was brought out and the raisins were piled on the table ready for the inevitable stoning and steaming and chopping. It was work for little hands, and very exciting they became until they graduated to bigger tasks. What *they* considered more *important* tasks. These are the memories that center around this day, and I am one who remembers many a wonderful time, getting ready weeks ahead, and having all the wonders I had helped to make come true before me when the great day came.

A little different. Now, someway, no one eats as much as he used to even on the feast day. Desserts are lighter, the stuffing less stuffy. Turkey? Yes. And who among you doesn't have her own way of roasting a turkey? But for a stuffing—well. You may still cling to the sweet memories and sage I'm always talking about, but as for me, I shall, for this once at least, have quite a new and different filler-up for the big bouncing bird, and maybe you'll want the same for roast chicken or anything roastable. And that's *my* word. It has a nice everyday sound, don't you think? Roastable—maybe roasted, can be roasted, as a turkey; and having bound myself to a turkey, let's get on with the roasting, which means on with the stuffing. That comes first.

And as we go along, it occurs to me that walnuts may take the place of almonds, if you prefer walnuts all have them on hand; and if you ask me, I'm an old walnut hand and go for them in a big way. *Several* big ways, as a matter of fact.

APPLE-AND-ALMOND STUFFING FOR TURKEY

Combine 6 cups fine bread crumbs made from two-day-old bread with 2 cups finely diced peeled tart apple, 5 slices cooked bacon, crumbled, 1½ cups toasted slivered almonds, ½ cup chopped onions, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons thyme, ½ teaspoon poultry seasoning. Add ½ cup melted butter or margarine; mix well. Add a little water or chicken stock to make a stuffing not too dry, not too soggy. This makes enough stuffing for a 12-to-13-pound turkey. And don't forget that turkey stuffing heated and fried is a pretty nice leftover.

Not forgetting the oyster. If you are of a mind to have a strictly orthodox old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, I shouldn't hesitate a minute—it would be oysters and no nonsense about it. If it led off with a clear soup, my orthodoxy would go so far as to have oysters anyway, scalloped or in the stuffing, and I guess nobody'd find any more fault than they'd find with the tablecloth, so long as there were dishes on same and plenty of good food in the dishes.

Well, I can't play croquet in the winter, nor can I eat as much as I used to, so in the name of the simple life I will give in to a hot vegetable bouillon to start with, and give in to the oysters until another time.

HOT VEGETABLE BOUILLON

Heat 3 cans mixed vegetable juice in a saucepan. Add 2 small onions, sliced, some celery leaves, a spray of parsley, 4 whole cloves, 4 peppercorns and ¼ teaspoon salt. Simmer 10 minutes. Strain. Serve very hot with a spoonful of blue-cheese garnish.

BLUE-CHEESE GARNISH

Mix ¼ cup sieved blue or Roquefort cheese with ½ cup sour cream. This makes enough to garnish 6 bowls of soup.

Twice-told cranberry tales. That quaint way I have of making cranberry sauce has become a refrain something like The Old Oaken Bucket.

CRANBERRY SAUCE

Using 3 cups cranberries, 1½ cups sugar and 1 cup hot water, let the berries stand and think it over in the water and sugar for 5 minutes, then leap and pop and act up on the hot heat 5 minutes, followed by a quiet contemplative spell off the range—and then 5 minutes more snapping in the heat—and you have *such* sauce.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Dromedary

(addressed to a child)

BY WILFRID THORLEY

The Arabs in the desert lack
  Both bicycles and cars.
They have no roads, but find the track
  By following the stars;
And both themselves and luggage carry
Upon the patient dromedary.

This is a camel highly bred,
  And moving very fast.
It has a hump, and if unfed
  Will swallow it at last,
As though it were a sort of larder
Only for use when times are harder.

In this event the hump outside
  Will gradually shrink
So that the beast, although sore tried,
  May live. But do not think
That you, with plenty on the shelf,
Should bite your nails and eat yourself.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Added sweets to sweets. Now a sweet potato is a sweet thing, and a date, reared in the hot desert, is still sweeter; get the two together and you've a combination that's good. It's so good I want you to add it to your sweet-potato repertory.

MASHED SWEET POTATOES WITH DATES

Cook 3 pounds sweet potatoes until tender. Peel them and mash while hot. Add 3 tablespoons light cream, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ¾ teaspoon salt and ¾ cup pitted dates, cut into pieces. Mix well and put in a moderate oven, 350°, to brown.

Pretty up the onion. A combination that goes where it ought to go is an onion and a pepper. Two of the nicest vegetables that ever came out of the garden. When you get them in a casserole, hot and steaming and ripe with good cheese, you've got something. And you know as well as I do that no Thanksgiving dinner where a turkey is around is half a dinner without onions. The peppers are the fringe on the cushion, just adding their color and taste and surprise to what is usually another batch of creamed onions. Do them this way and see if I'm not giving you a treat and one of those little things to add to your receipts, the collection you keep and treasure.

SCALLOPED ONIONS AND GREEN PEPPERS

Cook 12 medium-sized onions in boiling salted water until just tender. Cut an X in the top and the onion won't split as it likes to do while it's cooking. Drain and cut the onions in halves. Put them in a 2-quart casserole. Remove the seeds from 6 medium green peppers, cut in half, and then in thin strips crosswise. Sauté in ¼ cup butter or margarine until soft. Put the cooked peppers on top of the onions in the casserole. Make a sauce with ¼ cup flour, ¼ cup butter or margarine and 2½ cups milk. When thickened, remove the pan from the heat and blend in 1 cup grated good sharp cheese. Season with 2 teaspoons salt and a dash of pepper. Pour the sauce over the vegetables. (If the sauce is too thick, thin it a little with cream.) Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 25 minutes until it bubbles and browns on top.

Slaw—but is it cole? Those who turn up their noses at slaw will eat *this* one and come back for more and give it a tryout

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That Sends Quick Refreshment Through Your Entire Body!

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More for the money Gas ranges cost less to buy and operate than any other modern cooking appliances!

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Discover the same modern miracle that is making more women choose Gas ranges than all other types *combined!* See this new TAPPAN "CP" Gas range . . . and all the other "makes" built to "CP" standards . . . now at your local Gas company or appliance store. Then for the next step in your *work-free* "New Freedom Gas Kitchen,"* pick a new *trouble-free* Servel Gas refrigerator. It stays silent—lasts longer!

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

*CERT. MARK, AMER. GAS ASSOC., INC.

in dinners yet uncooked. It's a wonderful way to serve cabbage and get away with it too. For that relish dish, instead of some other inspiration. And speaking of inspirations, I am following this with a corn-meal yeast roll that should become a favorite. If you like corn-meal muffins, you will like these rolls.

ORANGE AND CABBAGE SLAW IN ORANGE CUPS

Cut 3 oranges in half and cut out the pulp so there will be good firm shells. Remove the membrane from the orange sections and cut up enough to make 1 cup and drain in a sieve to get all the free juice out. Mix 2 cups finely shredded crisp cabbage, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, ⅓ cup chopped water cress with the orange sections. Toss together lightly with ⅓ cup mayonnaise seasoned with ¼ teaspoon salt, a pinch of sugar, pepper to taste—oh, just a little, you know—1½ teaspoons vinegar and a sprinkle of celery salt. Fill the orange shells with the mixture. Garnish with sprays of water cress and serve cold and crisp.

CORN-MEAL YEAST ROLLS

Add 1 cup boiling water to 1¼ cups yellow corn meal in a large mixing bowl; stir well and let stand for 10 minutes. Dissolve 1 packagequick dry yeast in ¼cup lukewarm water; let stand 5 minutes. Mix until very smooth. Scald ¾ cup milk and cool it until lukewarm. Add the dissolved yeast, milk, ⅓ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ cup melted butter or margarine, 2 egg yolks to the rest of the mixture and again make it very smooth. Better beat here. Add 2 cups flour and beat well. Gradually stir in about 2 more cups flour, adding just enough to be able to handle the dough. Knead on a floured board until smooth. Place the dough in a greased bowl; brush it with melted butter or margarine. Cover and let it rise in a warm place (80–85° F.) until double in bulk. Punch down and let rise again. Shape into small rolls. Place on greased shallow pans or baking sheets. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 15–20 minutes. Makes 5 dozen small rolls. The rolls could be made the day before and reheated for Thanksgiving dinner. But these are better made fresh. They aren't just like all-white-flour rolls.

It seemed so simple when one was young, and new ideas were mentioned, not to grow red in the face and gobble!

—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH:
Afterthoughts (Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc.).

Light and sweet. In the days that I remember, there was, for dessert, at these light and airy dinners we were talking about, a plum pudding, reeking with such good fragrancies as never were. And can you remember the pumpkin pies, heaped with whipped cream and brown with cinnamon? And can you see the mince pie, so hot, so deep and irresistible? Just to smell it sent one into raptures of anticipation. And apple pie, made from flawless Spies and greenings, the best from the barrels; no culls, no waste ones were good enough for that pie. Hard sauce or foamy sauce—well, I will cease and desist, as they say, and let you make your own choice, for those days are gone, I guess. Folks don't get up from the table and throw themselves on the nearest couch and call for the "bicarb." That's *something*.

So for a delicate and delicious ending to this year's Thanksgiving, tell me if this isn't a sweet to be desired and gladly come by.

APRICOT-PINEAPPLE SPONGE

Sprinkle 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin over ½ cup cold water and soak for 5 minutes. Add 1 cup hot water and ¾ cup sugar; stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add 1½ cups puréed cooked apricots, 1 cup drained canned crushed pineapple, ½ cup pineapple juice, ½ cup lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon salt. Mix well. Chill until it starts to set—or gets very thick. Fold in 2 beaten egg whites. Pour into a 2-quart ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and fill the center of the ring with golden fruit sauce. Serves 6–8.

NABISCO PARTY NEW

Quick trick for delicio
Short-order Shortcal
with tasty-rich Lorna Doon



Shortcake

Sweetened fruit Whipped cream Lorna Doone

Make a bed of about 4 Lorna Doone on each plate—cover with sliced peaches; top with whipped cream and another Lorna Doone. That's the *best-tasting* shortcake ever! Rich and *wonderful* because Lorna Doone is baked true to an old-time Scotch shortbread recipe—*authentic* in flavor and texture. Folks will *love* it—like they love Lorna Doone with any light dessert—or by its own sweet self alone! Try other cookies that bear the *famous* red Nabisco Seal of quality!

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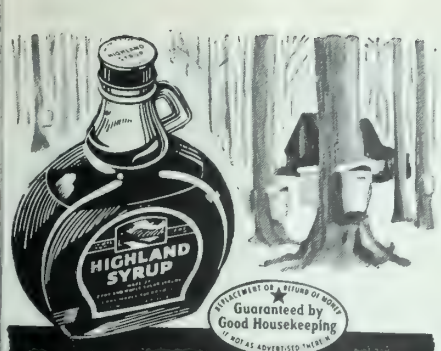
After little Johnny had spent the night with a friend whose father was very wealthy, he said to his mother, "Rich people have a hot cereal that's the best you ever tasted."

Curious, his mother called up and found the cereal was Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal, which, for some reason, she had never tried.

The first morning she served it to Johnny, he looked surprised and said, "Did Pop get a raise?"

(Advertisement)

KVP Household PAPERS

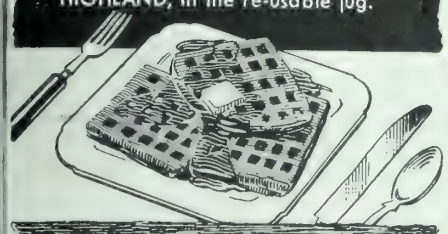


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The world's largest processors of maple have blended cane-and-maple to create the sensational new heavy-bodied HIGHLAND SYRUP. Rich in that woodsy maple "tang" that glorifies pancakes, waffles and fine cookery. Insist on genuine HIGHLAND, in the re-usable jug.



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GOLDEN FRUIT SAUCE

Beat 2 eggs until very light and thick. Gradually add ¾ cup sugar and beat hard. Fold in 1 cup heavy cream whipped until stiff. Flavor to taste. Add 1½ teaspoons grated lemon rind, ¼ cup raisins that have been steamed until plump, ½ cup canned apricot halves cut into slices and ½ cup chopped candied fruits. Chill until very cold.

Later—if there's time. Someday you and I will reminisce. Later we'll gather round and say, "Do you remember?" Until then a happy, unforgettable Thanksgiving. Do a little remembering, won't you? But let's not be too much like Wordsworth. Homesick, that was *his* trouble. Homesick for an attic, a window long since gone to splinters—and the morning sun on a day that was probably rainy anyway.

WHEN TO WORRY ABOUT YOUR DRINKING

(Continued from Page 215)

What is the best attitude for parents to have about drinking—never to serve liquor in the house and frown on its use, or allow their children to see them drinking in moderation?

A great deal will depend on the environment in which the parents are rearing their children. For instance, in a dry community where any drinking is condemned, serving liquor in the house and allowing the children to see the parents drink would embarrass them, because in their association with other children in other homes they would have the feeling that their parents were different, looked down on, and condemned for their drinking. In another environment, where moderate drinking is socially acceptable, the children would merely see their parents who drank as being like other parents, and would interpret moderate drinking as being normal. Hence it would not be associated with guilt.

Where there has been an alcoholic problem in the family which is situated in a normal drinking environment, great care should be exercised by the recovered alcoholic not to project his own anxiety about drinking onto his children. The children, when they are old enough to understand, should be told by the recovered alcoholic that he had a problem with drinking, but he should assure them that such a problem is not hereditary. The children of alcoholic parents, when they reach maturity, have no reason to expect that they will develop alcoholism, provided they are emotionally well adjusted.

The advisability of whether or not to permit children a little wine or beer, as is customary in many families of Latin descent, is partly a physiological problem which can be answered only by a physician. Psychologically, the answer would again depend on environment. Certainly Americans of Latin descent, often reared in homes where wine is frequently served in small amounts to children, are no more prone to alcoholism than are others who come from homes where it is not served.

If drinking were less fashionable, less socially acceptable, would there be fewer alcoholics?

Definitely *yes*. Human beings are suggestible, both constructively and destructively. The standards of behavior are largely set by those people who are in the public eye. This would include scientists, clergymen, educators, outstanding soldiers, prominent politicians, motion-picture actors and actresses, outstanding business successes, and men and women of great wealth and so-called café society, as well as desperate criminals and gangsters.

If the public, through observation, advertisement and the press, identify heavy, dissipated drinking with their movie idol, this or that playboy or glamour girl, or the president of a corporation, such self-identification influences their own behavior. One never saw a liquor advertisement with a well-dressed, distinguished man being carried out of his club, feet foremost. THE END

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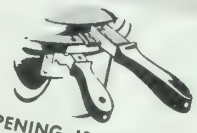
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GOD AND THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 37)

II

"To believe in God," the famed Spanish writer Miguel de Unamuno once observed, "is to desire His existence, and what is more, to act as though He existed." Considering for the moment only the first half of this definition, one may deduce that if 95 per cent of the American people believe in God, they also desire His existence. But this suggests further questions. What kind of God do people want? What kind of God do Americans believe in?

To attain a glimmer of insight into this hidden area of thought, people were asked bluntly: **"Please tell me in your own words what you believe about God."** Here are some typical answers:

"I believe He is the power of the world."

"He is the giver of all things and our creator."

"I believe He is a very kind and just God and that if we have faith He'll help us all in our times of trouble."

"I feel that God is a spirit within the individual."

"God is love and truth."

"I think God is a force—we don't know what kind—He is a force with intelligence."

"God is everything—you can't look at a thing, think of a thing, or touch a thing that is not God."

"I just know and feel there is a God, that's all."

"I can't answer that."

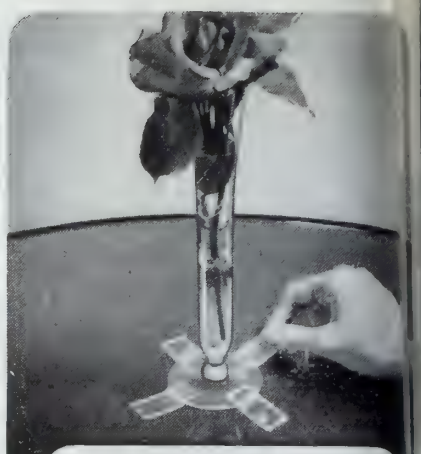
At first glance these responses reveal little more than a feeling for what theologians sometimes call the "otherness" of God. Yet certain channels of thought become apparent upon analysis of all the returns. The American concept of God appears to fall into four main patterns of definition. To 29 per cent of the people *God suggests "Supreme Power"*; 26 per cent think of God in some kind of supervisory capacity—i.e. *"He cares for us, answers our prayers"*; 17 per cent think of God primarily as *"Creator"*; and to 7 per cent He is vaguely *"spirit."*

The notable point in this tabulation is that only one quarter of the people—26 per cent—immediately think of God in intimate relation to their own lives. The remainder employ concepts that might simply define the impersonal Absolute of extreme unorthodoxy—the abstract Intellect that designed the atom and administers the laws of gravitation and quantum physics.

To sharpen the focus two further questions asked: **"Do you think of God as your judge—that is, that God observes your actions and will reward or punish you for them?"** and **"Do you think of God as a person?"** The answers to these provide more suggestive clues to the ethical function of religion in American life. For 71 per cent replied *"Yes"* to the first question and 40 per cent said *"Yes"* to the second. Thus seven out of ten Americans believe that they must ultimately answer for their behavior to an authority above the sanctions of man's society; and four out of ten endow this divine authority with specifically human attributes.

To the question **What are the MAIN reasons why you believe in God?** one third of the people specified *"teachings"*—"I read the Bible and it teaches us to believe in God." Another third cited *rational evidence*—"The world had to have a beginning," "How could one observe nature and not believe there was a supreme being!" Somewhat less than one quarter mentioned *private revelation or testimony from within*—"Because I realize benefit from Him," "Because in trouble He gives us all," "I don't understand all the why's, but I know there is a supreme something."

Closely related to man's varying concepts of God are the questions of **personal survival and life after death.** In good agreement with the ratio of Americans who acknowledged God as their judge, 73 per cent of the people professed *belief in some kind of afterlife.* Of the remainder, 15 per cent foresaw *death as*



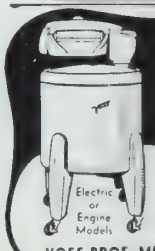
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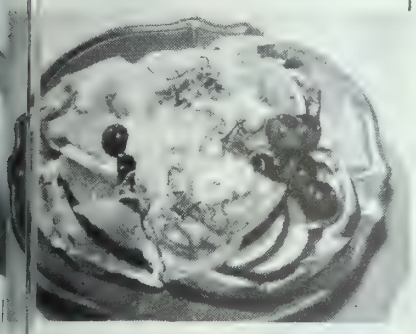


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anana slices — Whipped cream
pple slices — Grapes
Baker's Coconut—toasted*

nge orange sections, apple slices, grapes anana slices (or other fruits in season) on plate. Top with mayonnaise, or a combination of mayonnaise and whipped cream. Sprinkle with toasted, chewy-wonderful Baker's Coconut. Another luscious coconut delicacy! Keep Baker's Coconut handy—use often. Sprinkle it on a homemade sundae, orange pudding, chocolate blanc mange. Your grocer has both Baker's Premium Shred and specially moist Baker's Southern Style.

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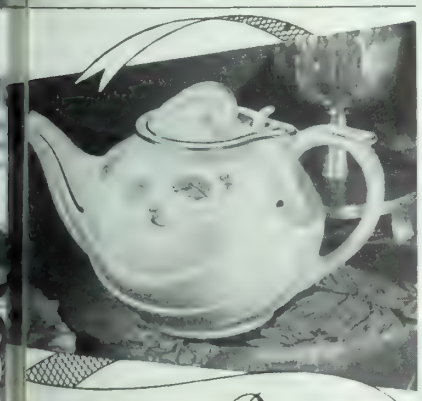


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final extinction, and 12 per cent refused to express an opinion. Those who said they believed in life after death were then asked to describe their ideas of what form it would take. A few characteristic responses follow:

"I think when you die your spirit leaves your body and goes to heaven. When your spirit gets there, God is the judge of your sins just the same as a court here on earth."

"I believe in life after death for the good. I guess there is life after death for the bad too, only it would just be a worse life."

"I believe if we die right in this world we will be reborn in the next. Don't know what form we will return in but we will come back in some form."

"I believe the spirit goes to heaven and will see members of his family later."

"I believe that when a person dies he sleeps until the resurrection. Then in the twinkling of an eye he awakes a new man."

"I suppose there is something—won't be gold streets though."

Throughout these responses the major emphasis was on the pleasant expectation of reward, happiness, reunion—in short, heaven. Only 16 per cent of the people who expressed belief in an afterlife admitted that they could not even guess at its nature, and only 13 per cent mentioned hell. When asked specifically, however, **"Do you think life afer death is divided into heaven and hell?"** 52 per cent said *"Yes."* This larger percentage possibly derived from the objective phrasing of the question, in which hell was simply recognized as a possible feature of the next world, rather than a destination the individual need look forward to himself.

Civilization: A state of society in which a dog that breaks thirty seconds on a racing track gets more publicity than a man who writes a poem. —Dublin Opinion.

Since nearly three quarters of the American people believe in a judicial God and life after death, one would assume that religion must play an integral part in their lives. But does it? Apart from its effect on secular activities (which will be considered later) how deeply is the individual stirred by his relationship to God? It has already been shown that almost all Americans go to church sometimes, and sometimes pray. But with what degree of reverence, contrition or awe do they approach their God, Who, they admit, judges them and presumably fixes their ultimate roles in eternity?

Asked to name **the *main* reason why they go to church,** people adduced a variety of statements, which again fall into half a dozen main categories. The largest group, 32 per cent, define their motive for church attendance as *the need or desire for some kind of inspiration or uplift.* Roughly one fifth, 18 per cent, say they go to church *in obedience to convention or duty.* Other reasons cited by smaller groups in descending order include: *"habit," "to hear the sermon," "to set a good example," "to hear the music,"* and *"to see people."*

The factors that lead people to pray are less sharply defined. For roughly half the people prayer seems to be *a plea or petition for some kind of spiritual benefaction, variously defined as "comfort," "guidance," "protection,"* or *"help in time of trouble."* One bloc of 13 per cent saw prayer *as an occasion to "give thanks";* 12 per cent specified that they *prayed "for others";* 5 per cent said they *prayed for forgiveness;* and 4 per cent envisaged prayer as *an act of worship and testimony of their love of God.*

The effect of this more searching second class of questions is somewhat to abate the impression of extraordinary religious vitality created by the first general group. Although 95 per cent of the American people say they believe in God, it is by no means clear that they acknowledge the God of Biblical revelation, Who speaks to man from beyond himself and awakens in him a sense of dependency, moral unworthiness and obligation to

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2 cups boiling water
1 package lemon gelatine
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2 cups cold water
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¼ teaspoon salt
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1 tsp. unflavored gelatine
2 tablespoons cold water
½ cup *Holsum* Salad Dressing
1½ cups finely shredded cabbage
2 tablespoons shredded pimiento

Cool — and easy! *Holsum* Salad Dressing is *molded* right into this salad. *Olive Layer:* Combine first 3 ingredients. Stir well. Add next 3 ingredients. Pour enough of this mixture into mold to cover bottom. Arrange sliced *Holsum* olives in this layer. Chill until firm. *Salad Dressing Layer:* Soften gelatine in water, heat until melted, then blend with salad dressing. Pour over olive layer. Chill until firm. *Final Layer:* Add remaining ingredients to chilled lemon-orange gelatine mixture. Pour into mold and chill thoroughly.



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Recipe for Sliced Ham with Spiced Jelly Sauce

4 servings sliced ham
½ cup *Holsum* Grape or Currant Jelly
2 teaspoons brown sugar
3 to 4 tablespoons vinegar
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obey His will. In the Bible God appears in three aspects: as Creator, Judge and Redeemer.

One can infer that virtually everyone who believes in God recognizes Him as Creator and the ultimate author of life and source of being. But although three quarters of the people declare (on being asked *specifically*) that they acknowledge God as their Judge, the aggregate responses do not imply that they feel an abiding sense of being watched, commanded and understood by a reality above and beyond the social system in which they stand—that they face the eternal in every act and moment of their lives. And notably few reveal any understanding of God as Redeemer, Whose resources of love and mercy come down to man.

There is, therefore, little evidence in the returns that Americans look upon God as a source of forgiveness, suggesting perhaps that they have no sins to forgive. (It will be recalled that only 5 per cent said they prayed for forgiveness.) Yet unless this ultimate power of God is recognized and sought, God in the highest ethical dimensions of Biblical thought is denied. It would thus be at once possible for 95 per cent of the American people to "believe in" God, and yet for their society to be essentially materialistic.

"God is not merely the *X* of the unconditioned or undifferentiated eternal," Doctor Niebuhr points out. "God is revealed as *loving will:* and His will is action in creation, judgment and redemption."

The rather detached perspective from which the American people view God is implicit in other omissions from the categories of response. "I find little indication," Doctor Greenberg observed, "of any compulsion to obey God. Nor does there seem to be any suggestion that people think of God as the power that makes for justice and freedom in the world. They do not apparently associate God directly with their own behavior. They do not say to themselves, 'He is my Father.'"

From the responses relating to churchgoing and prayer, Father Ford drew similar conclusions. "I didn't notice," he said, "that too many felt a *personal responsibility* to give honor and glory to God. On the contrary, most people defined their motives for going to church purely in terms of satisfaction to themselves. There is, of course, a difference here between Catholic and Protestant tradition. We don't concede that church attendance can be a matter of individual choice; with us it is a serious obligation. We feel that people should go to church because they are faithful children of God, and it is their responsibility as His creatures to recognize His existence by public worship."

Although Father Ford's criticism was directed particularly at the American attitude on churchgoing, his reference to man's situation as a creature of God held deeper implications. For the most ignored canon in the Bible, though it was thundered by the prophets from Amos to Zechariah and reiterated throughout the New Testament, is that man sins when he forgets his creatureliness—his finiteness and his dependence on God. His primal sin is explicitly defined as pride—and by pride is meant self-sufficiency. Man rebels against God in refusing to admit the provisional state of his existence, in overestimating his knowledge and importance, and in trying to make himself secure through his own resources alone.

There is indeed a note of sinful pride in the confidence with which the majority of people expressed their ideas about heaven. For although the Bible has much to say about final judgment, it offers no definitive picture of life after death. Yet fewer than one third of the American people—29 per cent—admit they have no ideas on what is one of the most ambiguous subjects in Biblical revelation.

"It is unwise for Christians," Doctor Niebuhr observes, "to claim any knowledge of either the furniture of heaven or the temperature of hell or to be too certain about any of the details of the kingdom of God in which history is consummated. Faith must admit that 'it doth not yet appear what we shall be.'"



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A further deduction from the second group of questions is that the American public's knowledge of religious fact and dogma remains at the Sunday-school level. No appreciable differences appeared between the ideas of college graduates and those with only a grade-school education.

"It is obvious," Doctor Greenberg declared, "that religious education ceases in this country in the elementary stage. While the mind that enters a university may be ready for adult fare in the secular field, all it gets in the religious field is infant food.

"How many college graduates can answer an elementary theological question? Take the question of monotheism, for example. All of us are quite sure our faith is superior to polytheism. But why are we? Why is it good to believe in one God only—instead of five? The Jewish prophets gave the world the idea of believing in only one God. But why is this idea so important to man?

"The answer is implicit in Malachi 2:10. '*Have we not all one father? hath not one God created us? why do we deal treacherously every man against his brother?*' In other words, the fatherhood of God implies the brotherhood of man. In a polytheistic world each man can say, 'My god is better than your god; hence my ancestor is better than your ancestor.' But one God means one mankind. That is the great ethical implication of monotheism. How many people know it?"

One might also ask how many Christians can define Christianity. How many Protestants can explain why they believe themselves to be Presbyterians rather than Methodists, or Baptists rather than Episcopalians?

Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food. —WILLIAM HAZLITT.

How many can name any of the philosophical differences between Catholic and Protestant doctrine, or between Christian ethics and Mosaic law?

The contrast between the quantity and quality of religious energy in America, however, points to an important corollary. The mere fact that so many adults still cling stubbornly to the elementary ideas they learned as children is significant evidence of the vitality and compelling power of religion.

III

For a conclusive measure of the force of religion in America, one must look for its effects in man's social behavior. There are, of course, wide variations between personal and group ethics. Nevertheless, a deeper insight into the nature of U. S. democracy may be gained by exploring the interplay of religion and the code of conduct by which Americans live. This is what the third and final category of questions in this survey attempts to do.

As a crude, preliminary test of conscience, people were asked, **"Would you say that you honestly try to lead a good life?"** To this 91 per cent replied, "*Yes*," suggesting that Americans by and large aspire to virtue; 2 per cent said they didn't know; 3 per cent refused to answer; and only 4 per cent said no, they did not try to lead a good life.

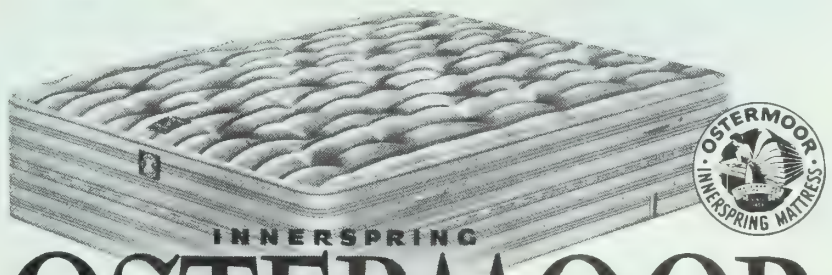
Since in his attempt to lead a good life man is continually harried by his innate self-centeredness and self-love, the truly good man is aware of this inner conflict and the saint suffers agony.

To assess the intensity of their effort people were asked, **"How much of the time are you aware of trying?"** Of those who said they honestly did try, 44 per cent declared they were *conscious of the struggle "almost all the time"*; 26 per cent said they were *"often" aware of it;* while 21 per cent said *"occasionally," "seldom"* or *"hardly ever."* But 82 per cent admitted that the battle in no way interfered with their happiness or enjoyment of life.

In order to define this self-appraisal more precisely, people were asked to state briefly what principles of behavior they associated

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with "a really good person." Some singled out the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. Others specified such precepts as "Be good to your family and neighbors," "Pay your debts," and "Don't go to wild parties." Many were completely vague—"Just do what you think is right."

Given his own definition, each person was then asked to estimate how close he came to achieving his standard of goodness. Nearly a fifth of the people, 18 per cent, credited themselves with total success; 28 per cent declared they went three quarters of the way toward realizing their ethical ideal; 32 per cent said they went at least halfway; and only 7 per cent admitted they had scaled less than half the pinnacle of virtue.

As an additional check on America's sense of goodness, those who had expressed a belief in heaven were asked if they themselves expected to go there. More than three fifths of them said optimistically that they did—a ratio that the French philosopher Pascal could perhaps have forecast when he wrote, "There are only two kinds of men—the righteous who believe themselves sinners; the rest, sinners who believe themselves righteous."

The next sequence of questions attempted to ascertain the extent to which Americans consciously associate religion with their conduct. Asked to explain as best they could *why* they endeavor to lead good lives, almost one third—comprising the largest single category—gave hedonistic reasons involving "inner satisfaction" and "peace of mind." The next largest group, 19 per cent, specified "influence on other people," 15 per cent mentioned belief in an afterlife, 14 per cent spoke of "duty," 12 per cent cited the teachings of religion, 10 per cent said, without mentioning religion, that "they were brought up that way"; and 8 per cent pointed to the sanctions of society—i.e., that it doesn't pay not to be good. (The percentages exceed 100 as some respondents gave more than one answer.)

The third question in this series on motives asked people to name the principal source from which they derived their ideas of right and wrong. In response 55 per cent specified their parents and the habits of thought their parents imparted to them in childhood; while 29 per cent cited the teachings of religion. Thus for the third time one encounters the significant ratio: Roughly one quarter of the American people feel that religion provides the moral force underlying their behavior.

ALTHOUGH it can be argued that the ethical concepts of everyone's parents derive ultimately from religious dogma, the striking fact is that nearly three quarters of the American people do *not* consciously connect religion with their adult judgments of right and wrong. This finding—considered together with the fact that most of the people readily trace those judgments right back to their childhood—lends additional weight to the conclusion that the average American's religious thinking has not advanced beyond the Sunday-school level.

But how can the strictly secular responses to this last trio of questions be reconciled with the assertion by a heavy majority that they recognize God as their Judge? The apparent contradiction vanishes in the light of the high valuation placed by most people on their own virtue. Since the individual American believes himself to be good, he does not need to worry about God now, today; his ideas of right and wrong must be God's ideas too. So when at last he meets God as Judge, God will adjudicate his case by the old comfortable standards he has always enjoyed. What happens after that is suggested by the figures showing that the overwhelming majority of people view hell as a repository for others only.

The partition which Americans erect between their religious convictions and their worldly affairs is most conspicuously revealed by the question: **"Would you say your religious beliefs have any effect on your ideas on politics and business?"**

To this 54 per cent said "*No*"; 39 per cent said "*Yes*"; and 7 per cent didn't know or didn't answer.

There is, however, one basic ground on which the relationship between man's belief and his behavior is most explicitly, if unconsciously, revealed. That is in his response to the law of love. Although the religious introvert, the mystic, can perhaps build his exclusive ladder to heaven through love of God alone, the second great commandment, *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself*, can hardly be a private matter. It stands over all human relationships; and his aspiration toward it constitutes for the Christian the supreme ethical testimony of his faith. Love is, indeed, the very quintessence of Christian ethics; in a sense it is Christianity itself. It is the ultimate virtue, just as pride (which discloses itself as contempt for one's neighbor) is the ultimate sin. By the value Americans place on the law of love and the approximation of their obedience to it individually and

From the standpoint of this survey the notable point here is that only slightly more than one quarter of the people mentioned religion—either the prospect of immortality or the impact of teachings—as the ethical governor of their actions. This ratio reappears in the responses to two related but more specific questions. One, asking people to choose from several possibilities the factor they considered most important in compelling them to lead good lives, revealed that by far the most persuasive force in human behavior—named by almost half the respondents—is "the effect on myself and others now." Fewer than one quarter picked hope of reward after death, and only one twentieth mentioned fear of ultimate punishment.

This last small fraction, incidentally, becomes very interesting when one compares it with a previous figure: 52 per cent of the people *believe in* hell, but only 5 per cent have any *fear*, not to say expectation, of going there.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Small Bee In Clover

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

The small boy with the corn-silk hair
Was all over the train,
Like quicksilver he was not there,
And then popped up again.

He was alive out to the tips
Of his ears and feet,
His shoes were boy, his trousers boy,
He danced like lambent heat.

He gripped two seat arms, and he ran
On nothing but thin air,
Stood on his head and ran as well
Shady-side-up there.

I looked about to see why this
Small boy had run wild,
And, sure as sunlight, there she was,
A honey-haired girl child.

No wonder the boy was showing off
All his curves and mind,
The wisdom in his head, his feet,
His before, behind.

Any man would do the same
Though not so well all over,
Never expect a bee to be
Calm in blossomed clover.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ollectively, one can best weigh America's aim to be a Christian nation.

As a preliminary test of the perspective om which Americans view the whole idea loving their neighbors, they were asked if ey felt it was easier or harder to obey this w today than it was in the time of Christ. hose who thought it was harder outnumered those who thought it was easier two to ne. Among the reasons they gave were: Life is more complex now," and "Today 's every man for himself."

However, when asked, **"As things stand oday, how far do you think it's possible o go in following this teaching and still et ahead in the world?"** more than half the eople replied, *"All the way."* And to the uestion, **"If you yourself followed this ule ALL THE WAY, what would you do ifferently—that is, how would it change our life?"** half replied that they wouldn't lo anything differently—or they were already following the rule all the way; another per cent didn't know or refused to answer.

To bring this issue into a smaller focus, people were asked, **"Thinking over the last 24 hours, can you think of a time when you yourself might have acted differently f you'd been able to follow this rule all he way?"** Nearly two thirds of the people, 62 per cent, said *"No,"* and another 13 per cent said *"Don't know."* Only one person in four admitted recalling an instance when he had fallen short of the idea of love of neighbor. A further question on this theme asked, **"Among the people you come in contact with, how far would you say most of them go in following the idea of love of fellow men?" A huge majority, 82 per cent, agreed that other people went only part way.**

Placing the issue in a specific frame of reference, another question asked, **"Thinking over the last week, can you recall any incident, big or little, when you went OUT OF YOUR WAY to do something for somebody—not a close friend or relative?"** Nearly two thirds of the people, 64 per cent, said *"Yes."* Of those who described their acts of benevolence, some revealed genuine forethought and effort in behalf of others:

"I helped all day at two hospitals,"

"I got a job for a fellow at a gas station."

"I went shopping for a sick neighbor."

Others had reacted charitably to sudden situtations:

"I stopped and took a small boy and his tricycle off a busy highway."

"I helped a man carry a big drum of oil."

"A woman fell on the sidewalk and I helped her get home."

Many simply cited acts of routine courtesy:

"I answered a stranger's questions for directions."

"A lady in a store had a lot of packages and I helped her get them together."

"I led a blind soldier into a meeting."

Although no attempt was made to classify these episodes or draw any distinction between authentic good works and common politeness, the ability shown by so many people to summon from memory the little occasions when they "did something for somebody" provides additional evidence of the American's keen cognizance of his virtue.

Two more questions on love concluded the survey. The first, relating the Christian ethic to society in the widest sense, asked: **"Can you think of some problems of the day that would be solved if everybody in the world lived according to the rule of love of fellow man?"** To this, 81 per cent said they could, and proceeded to name them. By far the greatest number, 46 per cent, spoke of *"war," "United Nations," "world peace,"* and other ways of defining international problems. A bloc of 12 per cent said flatly that *all* problems would be solved; 10 per cent made vague statements about *jealousy, greed, selfishness in general;* 8 per cent cited race problems; and 3 per cent specified *labor problems.*

The final and most searching question of all asked each individual to look within himself and state honestly whether he thought he really obeyed the law of love under cer-

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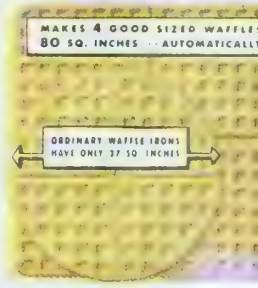
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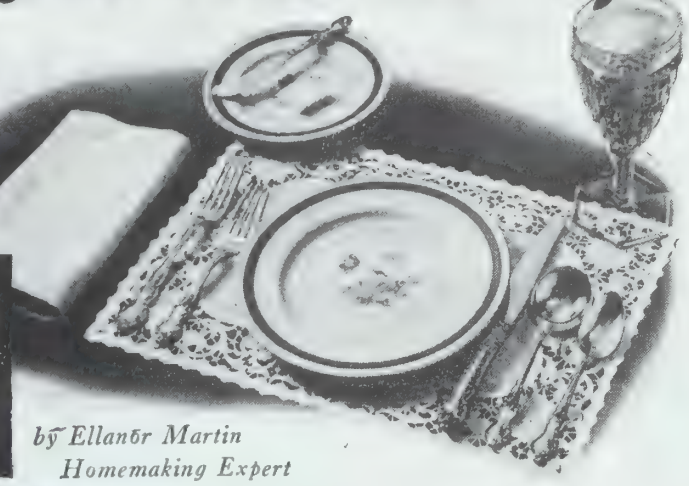
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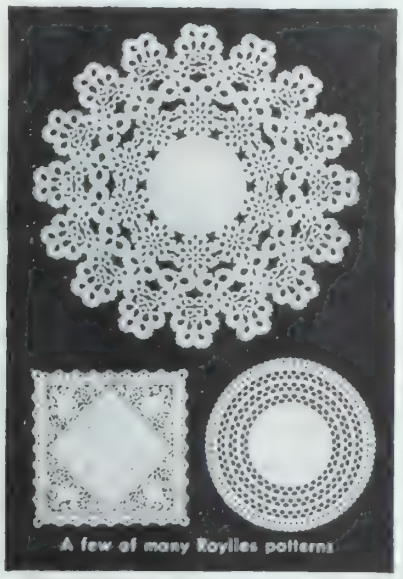
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Tips on table settings





by Ellanor Martin
Homemaking Expert



1. Give every meal an inviting look with crisp, white, lace paper Roylie place mats. They're as beautiful as real linen! Hard to believe? Yes, but seeing is believing. And they cost less than the mere laundering of linens. Handsomer than plastics. More convenient and economical too! Make Roylies standard equipment for meals in your home.

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tain special conditions. The conditions and the responses follow:

	YES	NO	NO OPINION
a. When your fellow man is a business competitor	78%	10%	12%
b. When your fellow man is a member of a different race . . .	80	12	8
c. When your fellow man belongs to a different religion from yours	90	5	5
d. When your fellow man is an enemy of your country	25	63	12
e. When your fellow man is a member of a political party that you think is dangerous?	27	57	16

From this concluding table some notable facts emerge. For example, only one American in four even thinks he observes the law of love when political or national enmity is involved. The majority frankly renounce it.

To any student of history this confession should cause little surprise. For in every civilization men have relinquished their personal ethics beneath the pressures brought by the collective egoism of the group or nation to which they belonged. "What lies beyond the nation, the community of mankind," Doctor Niebuhr points out, "is too vague to inspire devotion."

THE most striking element in the returns on this question, therefore, is not that most of the American people put national and political allegiance above religious conviction. The remarkable point is that as many as one quarter think that they practice the highest, transcendent form of love—love of one's enemy. The implications of this claim are best revealed in the light of the Sermon on the Mount: "But I say unto you, Love your enemies . . . For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? . . . And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? . . . Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

The counsel to love one's enemy is a counsel of perfection, specifically defined as such by Christ and historically exemplified by His death on the Cross. One must ask then why so many Americans feel that they actually attain this ultimate norm. An answer to this question is suggested by the figures in the other categories of the table above: 78 per cent of the American people say they love their business competitors, 80 per cent say they love members of another race, 90 per cent say they love members of another religion.

These figures are dramatically incompatible with the facts of American behavior as revealed on every level of national existence today. The Christian meaning of love is qualified by the phrase "as thyself," which presupposes an unselfish concern for the interests of one's neighbor without regard for one's own interests. Such a standard of conduct is obviously not even approximated, for example, in business competition, where each man necessarily places his own interests above all others, no matter how scrupulously he may adhere to the relative demands of honesty and "fair play." And it is openly repudiated in such other aspects of American life as labor conflict, anti-Semitism, and the inequality and discrimination to which racial minorities like the Negroes, Mexicans and Nisei are subjected.

If nine tenths of the American people love those of another religion, how can one explain the exclusion of American Jews from certain colleges and professional schools, residential and resort communities, business and social organizations? Or the subtler forms of anti-Semitic prejudice which recent studies show are steadily increasing in the U. S.? Can one ascribe these manifestations of antipathy solely to the five in a hundred who concede they do *not* love members of another faith?

And if four fifths of the American people love members of another race, how explain the humiliation that is visited on the Amer-



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ican Negro? How explain the denial to him of the very lowest rung of social justice—equality of opportunity? How explain segregation in the armed forces and in the nation's capital and all the other forms of disinheritance that are imposed upon him by white Americans in contempt and pride? Can one attribute these rejections of Christianity exclusively to the twelve Americans in a hundred who admit they do *not* love members of another race?

It is evident, therefore, that a profound gulf lies between America's avowed ethical standards and the observable realities of national life. What may be more alarming is the gap between what Americans *think* they do and what they *do* do. The extent of this national schizophrenia is made perfectly clear by the paradox that (1) eight out of ten Americans think that most of America's problems would be solved by absolute adherence to the law of love, and (2) eight out of ten Americans think they themselves obey the law of love. Thus someone else is at fault. Here indeed is a revelation of man's final sin, which Luther defined as his unwillingness to admit he is a sinner.

Doctor Niebuhr, Father Ford and Doctor Greenberg agreed that the basic impression they derived from this concluding series of questions was one of national self-satisfaction. The American, individually and collectively, has an easy conscience. Involved in foreign hostilities, torn by social hysterias, imperiled by the dissolution of his family life, his plunder of national resources and the menace of atomic war, the American nevertheless clings to his good opinion of himself.

The essence of giving is that you should expect nothing in return. If you do it isn't giving, it's barter.
—ALAN BLAIR: More Bright Brevities. (F. Muller, Ltd.).

The causes underlying the American's resistance to the plainest refutations of his self-esteem are suggested by certain anomalies in his own testimony within this survey. For example, the great majority of American people profess sincere religious conviction and claim substantial success in living up to the principles of their faith. But at the same time most of them admit that they do not apply those principles to the major preoccupations of their social existence—business and politics.

Citing this confession of duality in American ethics, Father Ford observed, "There appear to be two departments to their thinking, one personal and the other more or less public. It does not always follow that the man who is the most faithful churchgoer is also most distinguished in business for justice and for consideration of his employees. One sometimes finds a very pillar of the church who is a gorilla in the business world. And by the same token people who are not churchgoers may often seem more sensitive to social evil than those who are.

"I think the church has fallen down in its mission by too easily accepting this dichotomy. The churches have weakened their influence by weakening their challenge. They have not impelled people to lift themselves up to the highest requirements of their faith. Instead they have brought religion down to where they think their membership wants it to be. They tone down sermons because they fear their own congregations. And sometimes they are very slow to discover where their conscience lies. The Jim Crow churches are vivid examples of this. A Jim Crow church is a denial of Christianity. What good is religion if it adjusts to what the people want, and by so doing contradicts the essential verities it should proclaim?"

Doctor Greenberg also looked askance at organized religion. "This survey shows that there is a much broader base of religious activity in America than is generally recognized," he said. "If there isn't a more inten-

(Continued on Page 239)

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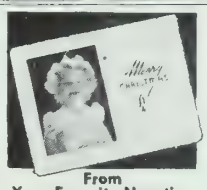
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★ By *Patricia Collier*
DOLE HOME ECONOMIST
Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd.
215 Market St., San Francisco 6, California

(Continued from Page 237)

eligious life, it is because the church has he techniques for bringing its message ellingly to the people. Our fathers used me to the synagogue with fear and left hope. This generation comes without and leaves without hope. People today they have no sins—they have no con- isness of spiritual inadequacy—and that e cause of much of the world's disillu- ment. A high opinion of oneself is the soil of which cynicism grows."

r the ultimate causes of America's easy cience and self-esteem, Doctor Niebuhr ed behind the facade of organized reli- and pointed to certain deep and serious uptions and dilutions of the original ical doctrine on which it was reared. ng these one of the most pernicious is the lency of modern liberal thought to as- e that man lives up to his ethical stand- simply because he endorses them.

The whole history of human self-right- sness," says Doctor Niebuhr, "proves man always judges himself not from standpoint of what he does but from the dpoint of his knowledge of what he ht to do. Assuming that he obeys 'the ' because he knows it, he throws the s of disobedience upon his fellow men. . . . greatest sin of moralistic Christianity ts tendency to encourage the assump- n that men are as good as the ideals justice and love which they entertain."

Another harmful per- sion of orthodox ristian thought, for ich liberal Protes- tism again must be d responsible, lies in delusion that ful- ment of the law of e is an easy possi- ty. The high per- tage of Americans o think they do e their fellow men icates the degree to ich the norm has n degraded. For classical Christian- love represents the imate *ethos*, the end m of morals, the cri- ion of perfection be- e which all man's fitful flickerings of good l are mere feeble approximations.

One of the most tragic errors of modern ristianity, therefore, Doctor Niebuhr nts out, is the tolerance with which it has rmitted men to confuse their own partial d relative standards of brotherhood and tice with the transcendent ideal of love. long as they fail to see the heights that ar above their highest efforts, they will dge themselves by their own attainments d claim that their highest is *the* highest. t every human beneficence, every exten- n of justice, inevitably falls short of the timate possibility of loving one's neighbor s thyself." And the very keystone of Chris- n ethics is the uneasy conscience which ints past all approximations of human love the Cross, the supreme symbol of self- nying love in history.

THE true relationship between the higher w of love and all other levels of human vir- e is made clear in Jesus' meeting with the h young man who had kept all the com- andments but whose uneasy conscience arned him his goodness was not enough. What lack I yet?" he asked. Jesus replied, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou ast and give it to the poor, and thou shalt ave treasure in heaven: and come and fol- w me." The young man went away "sor- wful"; and Jesus' disciples, realizing that is demand called for a complete disavowal f all self-interest, asked in amazement, Who then can be saved?" Jesus' response o this question contains the very core of Christian doctrine: "With men this is im- ossible; but with God all things are possi- le."

Here is the key to all the apparent con- radictions and inconsistencies disclosed in his survey of America's religion and ethics. It says in effect: Every man tends to regard himself as the center of existence and feels his own necessities more keenly than those of all others; hence the conflict between love of one's neighbor and love of oneself is in- soluble from the standpoint of man's own resources and can be resolved only with the help of God. So behind the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neigh- bor as thyself," stands the imperative of the first, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."

To the extent that men ignore the words "as thyself" in the second commandment, they overlook the phrase "with all thy heart and all thy soul and all thy mind" in the first. For simple obedience is not enough: Orthodox Christianity demands complete surrender of the self to God. And this is the primal requirement of faith, just as the self's refusal to admit its dependence on God is man's primal sin. Without love of God all human love between person and person is frustrated by man's love of himself.

One of the deepest insights of Christian ethics is its realization that only from the higher ground of the spirit attained through love of God can man discern the evil in him- self and avoid the dishonesty of attributing his sins to others; lacking this contrition, he falls into self-righteousness which, as St. Paul clearly saw, is the source of all the so- cial sins—injustice, cruelty, greed.

These theological subtleties bear directly on all America's prob- lems today. For the fence which the indi- vidual American ad- mits he erects between his religious and his secular life becomes an insurmountable wall in his group activities. History shows that the consummate form of self-righteousness blooms in man's col- lective behavior.

Every group—whether a political party, a corporation, a labor union or a government—pretends that its righteousness is the final righteousness; and the force of this pretense is such that all individual ethics—sympathy, compas- sion, forgiveness—are overwhelmed and engulfed by the group's impersonal will-to- power.

It is easy for Americans to see how the vio- lence of collective egoism can override the gentler impulses of personal morality in other national groups—in Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, Imperial Japan and the Soviet Union.

In each of those nations the state usurped the role of God, ignoring its depend- ence on the vast uncontrollable processes of nature that make every nation what it is, and exalting itself as the source and end of existence.

It is not so easy to relate these sins to our- selves. Unlike the extinct pagan societies of the Axis and unlike the alive and flourishing pagan society of Soviet Russia, the people of the United States have never explicitly re- pudiated God. On the contrary, we claim God as our ally, and even, it sometimes appears, as our exclusive ally. But herein lies our dan- ger. For the most insidious form of self- assertion is that which claims divine sanc- tion for its particular ends. The whole his- tory of human conflict is a chronicle of war- ring self-interests masked in high moral pre- tensions.

From the Biblical standpoint any group which tries to sanctify its self-interests by pretending that they are also God's interests commits the sin of religious self-assertion. And so when the United States stands before the world as the defender of God against godlessness, as the God-fearing democracy which protects the planet against the God- hating power of Communism, its citizens would do well to make sure that they really

The winner of a prize, no matter what its nature, is said to "take the cake." The expression is thou- sands of years old, and hails from the city of Athens, Greece. Early in modern times, when Athens was the capital city of the world, her citizens were both cosmopolitan and sophis- ticated. Every night, cronies gath- ered in the taverns for drinking bouts. Shrewd tavernkeepers gave prizes to those who drank the great- est number of opponents under the table. In the course of time, the standard prize came to be a cake. Hence the familiar expression, "to take the cake." —WEBB B. GARRISON.



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do fear God and that He really is on their side.

If fear of God implies a sense of moral inadequacy, one hardly finds it within the testimony of this survey. Nor does one find much evidence that our claim to being a Christian nation is based on our uneasy aspiration toward Christianity's unrealized goals rather than upon the easy belief that in our present society those goals are already adequately won.

Actually there is no area of social, economic, political or religious life in which the American's conscience should be at rest. Moral critics have long called attention to obvious shortcomings in our approach to the secular democratic ideals enunciated by the nation's founders. It is evident that an even profounder void yawns between the superstructure of American life and the foundations of faith on which our political and social institutions stand.

America's ethical position appears far from secure today for, as many thoughtful men have pointed out, the challenge of communism is a response to the failures of Christians who have forgotten the revolutionary demands of their faith. And this survey suggests specifically that the weakness of America's position stems from the self-satisfaction of its people, who assume that they are quite as virtuous as anyone can be and love their fellow men as much as anyone should, and thus mistake their partial and incomplete achievements for absolute and unconditional success. And this, in the perspective of the Bible, is sin.

Religion is not, as this study indicates most people regard it, a private, purely personal and painless pathway to heaven. It is, in the words of Doctor Niebuhr, "merely the final battleground between God and man's self-esteem." Only by acknowledging his dependence on God, therefore, can the individual American avoid the sin of regarding himself as more important than anyone else and acquire the contrition through which all enlargements of brotherhood and justice are attained.

His aspirations to these ends cannot be sustained without inspiration from a higher dimension. For Christians that inspiration flows from the Cross, the symbol of love of God and man which hovers over all imperfect human harmonies as an ultimate and ever-receding ideal.

HOUSEKEEPING WITH PETS

(Continued from Page 225)

(*Caution:* DDT powder should never be used on cats.) But if the unlikely worst happens, and fleas infest your house and furnishings, real action is indicated, and quickly. Spread naphthalene crystals heavily along baseboards, into corners, on rugs and furniture, and shut up the room for 24 to 48 hours. Sweep up the leftover crystals later and seal them in a tin to be used again, if need be. Or spray the room completely with a flea-killing spray, paying special attention to corners and crevices. If neither of these methods helps, call a reliable professional exterminator as soon as possible.

● ***A hand spray is handy for washing dogs:*** they seem to enjoy it, too, much more than tub dunking.

● ***Birds are almost no extra housekeeping trouble,*** though they do like to toss seeds out of their cages sometimes in a spirit of gaiety, but the vacuum cleaner deals with these easily and effectively.

In fact, with an extra swish of your vacuum cleaner to pick up fine hairs from rugs and furniture, an extra swoosh of your usual glass cleaner to banish nose prints on windowpanes, and woodwork cleaner to deal with paw prints, there's no reason why you shouldn't have a dog, a cat, a bird, goldfish *and* guppies and still be the best housekeeper in town. And you'll certainly have fun and companionship! THE END

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ELDER-AGERS

(Continued from Page 23)

older folks like myself who were friendly and sociable, it was like having a door open into a new world," said one stooped old man with a light in his faded brown eyes.

"The clubs give older people the assurance, understanding and companionship that they so often lose with old age," explains Georgene Bowen, city director of old-age clubs. "We started two years ago with the idea that people are human beings as long as they live, that human needs don't change much with age. Older persons, as their friends and relatives die, need new friends and interests more than at any time before in their lives."

Most clubs meet once a week. A 103-year-old gentleman walks eight blocks to and from meetings through snow and oppressive heat alike. Mr. Levin, laid up for months with a broken hip, took a train and trolley from suburban Philadelphia, alone, on crutches, because he didn't want to miss the Happy Age Club's big spring party. And at one club's first meeting, a slight elderly lady groped her uncertain way across the room to the leader. "I hardly see or hear anything," she said, "but I had a wonderful time."

Philadelphia is a pioneer in the field of recreation for older people—the first city in the country to adopt a city-wide recreation program for this increasingly large segment of the nation's population. When Georgene Bowen arrived in Philadelphia in June, 1946, to take over her job as director, 10 experimental clubs had been formed. They couldn't begin to reach even a slight percentage of the city's 135,894 who are over 65. The clubs were grass-roots organizations, struggling along with no over-all plan or direction. The program needed guidance. And because of finance—the Community Chest, first in the country to allot money for this purpose, was able to give only $5000 a year for salary and running expenses—the program had to be built from scratch with the human and material resources on hand.

If the fact could be definitely determined, I think it would be discovered that in this "wide-awake" country there are more persons humbugged by believing too little than too much. —P. T. BARNUM.

Today Philadelphia's old-age clubs are run by more than 40 organizations—churches, synagogues, settlement houses, the Salvation Army, ethical-culture societies. The number of individuals reached has jumped from 426 to 2049.

For Miss Bowen, a large, pleasant woman whose face shows deep character and resources, had met this challenge the same way she'd met other challenges in twenty-odd years of social work—with energy, intelligence and an open mind. She consulted for days with her chief, George T. Adams, farsighted young Executive Secretary of the Philadelphia Recreation Association, in whose hands the problem of recreation for the aged had been placed.

From these talks emerged the basic plan of old-age clubs as they are today. The Recreation Association exerts no actual control over any club—they are the responsibility of the sponsoring agencies—but Miss Bowen stands ready to give ideas and advice at any time. Her main job is one of promoting more clubs.

The clubs' main purpose is recreation. Club members themselves decide what they will do. It's *their* club.

Watch the Golden Age Club at Lutheran Settlement. Olaf Matson, who still wears the tattoos he got in his sailor days, shouts with delight as he takes off two of Mr. Stark's men in their weekly checker game. The ladies at the next table are so busy cutting large stars out of paper, and writing get-well notes on the backs for sick members, that they don't even look up Their tongues are going as fast as their scissors. In another corner two

(Continued on Page 243)

"Let 'er rip!" SAID MRS. POTTS



There she stood, looking at her laundry. And what she was looking at was a sheet ripped down the middle! A *Pequot* sheet.

Most women would recoil in horror. But Mrs. Helene Potts (of Washington, D. C.) just laughed. "Let 'er rip," she said, "even Pequots can't last *forever!*"

For here was a sheet that had served her faithfully, for much longer than even a long-time Pequot fan would expect. Writes Mrs. Potts:

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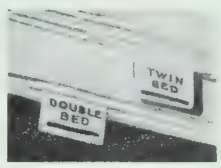
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(Continued from Page 241)

old gentlemen are discussing politics, mildly but with conviction. It's a happy, busy group.

The first day these thirty people were together, they sat stiffly in chairs about the edge of the room. Only six would play games or sing. The rest watched, not saying a word. They were uncertain, afraid. And the leader, realizing this, invited everyone to participate, but urged no one against his will. As each person left two hours later, her smile was friendly, her handclasp warm and firm. To each she said, "Won't you come again next week?" They did—every single person. That time only half sat around the wall saying nothing. By the third week they all had forgotten their shyness. They've been having a fine time ever since.

Over at the Friends' Neighborhood Guild members like to sing and paint. Biddie, a 96-year-old who's painting for the second time in her life, laughs aloud at the vague shape of an ostrich on her paper. "It don't look like nothin'," she says, but other members are quick to assure her it's "very good." The painters spend half their time jumping up and down checking on others, giving advice about color and composition. For women who have never had time to paint before, these elderly people do remarkably well. Their paintings are free and expressive, anything from a house with a chimneyful of smoke to the portrait one religious lady did of Moses and two followers, complete with an apple tree in the corner.

Mrs. Voight, a volunteer who found solace in the club after her husband died, strikes a chord on the piano, and Miss Mary stands up to sing her favorite, The Old Rugged Cross. The painters stop for a moment to applaud. Then Antonia, a charming Polish woman with deep blue eyes which match the bandanna tied about her head, sings a Polish hymn. At the end of her song she gives a little speech, partly in English, mostly in Polish. Few members understand her exact words, but there's no doubt of the meaning—"Friends. We're all friends."

GROUP singing is a favorite of every club—anything from sentimental songs like Good Night, Sweetheart and I'm Always Chasing Rainbows, to more spirited numbers like I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover and the Army Air Corps song. Before most clubs adjourn they form a friendship circle and with their hands clasped, sing Auld Lang Syne or God be With You Till We Meet Again.

Both men and women belong to the Salvation Army Lehigh Recreation Center's club, and here there's a brisk bowling match every Thursday on the Center's small wooden bowling alley. Steve, an amiable, gray-haired old gentleman, presides over the game as pin boy and scorekeeper. It's an exciting contest for all, from Steve, who specializes in strikes, to the energetic grandmother whose average is seldom more than ten pins for the whole game. Cheering, laughing, getting up to take their turn, these older people haven't time to feel old. There's too much going on.

In another way, members of the Germantown Settlement's Happy Hours Club have just as good a time. On the first floor of their meeting place is a library with a fireplace where members gather to sing, dance and have their lunch. On the second floor there's room for craftwork—painting, weaving and clay.

OTHER clubrooms are not so attractive as this. The walls may be dark and in need of paint, the windows curtainless, the chairs hard and uncomfortable. But few members notice these things. They agree with the exshipbuilder, who, looking about the sparsely furnished room where his club meets, saw only the friendly faces, felt only the warmth and good cheer of the group around him. "Elegant," he said. "Real elegant."

Some clubs are formed by agencies taking the initiative; others through the pleas of older people who have heard of the clubs through friends. After the program was publicized in a Philadelphia newspaper, Miss Bowen received twenty letters from oldsters in suburban Olney asking, "Where is the nearest club?"

Checking her map, Miss Bowen found none near Olney. Immediately she went into action. She contacted the Olney Community Council which, in turn, appointed Mrs. Jerome Printz as chairman of a committee to plan a club. Eight community leaders held a meeting, listened to Miss Bowen, immediately organized a bang-up Fourth of July celebration for oldsters. The event was publicized on the front page of the Olney Times—and fifty people of 65 or over turned up.

Olney's civic associations took it from there. The Golden Age Club of Olney—seventy members strong—meets twice a month in rooms donated by the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Each meeting, sponsored by a different agency, is unique. They've had Paul Jones get-acquainted dances, flower shows, costume and crazy-hat parties and hobby shows. Women's groups have entertained the club with parties and refreshments. Last Christmas the mothers' chorus from an Olney school provided a Yuletide program.

Oldster clubs succeed because everyone who comes into contact with them is touched somewhere. They remember older friends and relatives—or perhaps they think of themselves a few years hence. Either way, they get to work—"We never could have done the job without so many willing workers," Miss Bowen reiterates.

Volunteers teach crafts, play the piano, provide cars for outings, bring refreshments, visit members when they're ill, and send remembrances on holidays and birthdays. They encourage new arrivals to enter fully into club



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activities. Mrs. Strawbridge and Mrs. Mackenzie, who started out as volunteer workers in the Germantown Happy Hours Club, now consider themselves members as well. Volunteers go home and tell their husbands and friends about the clubs. Perhaps their friends know some older person who would like to join; often they help out at meetings themselves.

They are appreciated too. As the little Yugoslav refugee said to the worker who had spent most of the afternoon with him in a fierce game of checkers, "Mrs. Herman, I like you with all my system."

In every club members are surprised at their accomplishments. "I never thought these old hands of mine could do things like this," they say time and time again.

Take the mother who boasted she has "seventeen heads of children."

"Why, mother," said her eldest daughter, looking at the scarf she'd just finished, "we used to do things like this in school."

"Don't I know it!" came the answer. "You had your chance while I was taking care of you children. Now it's my turn!"

"We've discovered that older people learn new things easily, even after eighty; that they're more tolerant, co-operative and appreciative," says Miss Bowen. "They meet people from cultures they've never known before and through them find new outlets for their personalities.

"The death rate among club members in their seventies and eighties is surprisingly low—they seem to live longer with useful work and something pleasant to look forward to. And they undertake new pursuits with happiness and enthusiasm. Many are learning new attitudes as well as hobbies."

Work does more than get us our living; it gets us our life.
—HENRY FORD.

Responsibility for club activities rests with each leader. Some are members of the sponsoring agency's staff; others are unpaid volunteer workers. At the request of new sponsoring agencies, Miss Bowen had arranged in the summer of 1946 an institute to train and orient leaders for their work. First of its kind in the country, the institute presented authorities on the psychological, physical and social problems of the aged. Other sessions were led by specialists in crafts, dramatics, games and dancing. This institute was followed by a one-day meeting a year later to explain old-age clubs to interested persons throughout the city.

New leaders today benefit from the records of these meetings, from the wealth of literature Miss Bowen has turned out on the Philadelphia experiment, and from direct contact with Miss Bowen herself. Some leaders have had experience and training in recreational work; most have not. Many have come from wartime volunteer tasks like USO.

"EXPERIENCE helps," Miss Bowen says, "but our most outstanding leaders are those who possess the really important qualities—a true interest in older people's welfare and happiness, and an unselfish desire to help them find a fuller life. These people have made fine leaders."

The job has not always been easy. The building up of a thriving club program takes constant work, infinite understanding and some expense. Most clubs operate on a shoestring.

While the room where they meet is supplied by the sponsoring agency, they do have small expenses for paints, clay, light refreshments like tea and doughnuts. But no member ever is required to contribute.

"We just talk about the club outside, and people do things for us," explains Margaret Rudderow, codirector of the group meeting in Philadelphia's historic Christ Church. "The church appropriates one hundred and fifty dollars a year; members drop their contributions in our nugget box, and sometimes donate ice cream or cider."

Members of the Happy Age Club, whose weekly expenses are paid by the Council of Jewish Women, collect ten cents a week from each member for a luncheon and movie party in the spring.

THE same spirit which motivates volunteers radiates through the clubs themselves. Members grow to care for one another genuinely. Some, whose relatives are dead, transfer family affection to the club. The tall, gaunt man who had missed several meetings because of a heart condition hurried to see the leader his first time back. "You know what kept me alive?" he said. "All the cards I got from these people. I can't get over knowing they really care."

Whether or not old-age clubs should be encouraged to seek more contacts with younger people is a question which Mr. Adams and Miss Bowen have not yet answered to their satisfaction. Mr. Adams is skeptical: "Young people too often treat older people as if they were *old*—and that's not right, because they feel young. Or worse, youngsters pay them no attention at all."

On the other hand, some clubs encourage neighborhood children to come spend a few minutes talking to the older people. And many go on to seek other outlets themselves. Their timidity overcome, they attend other meetings sponsored by the agency, wash curtains and clean rooms in the meeting house, mend toys and dress dolls for the children who play there. Others do baby sitting in their neighborhood, and assemble packets for Red Cross and Community Chest drives.

Conclusively, Philadelphia's old-age clubs prove the old adage: You are as young as you feel. Visit a dance at Christ Church. A white-haired woman with a determined look on her face, and a black patent-leather purse slung casually over her shoulder, leads waltzes and fox-trotting. Then a slender 74-year-old woman wearing pince-nez glasses takes over the polkas. A gentleman who describes himself as "eighty-three and still looking" carefully asks each lady to dance. Another, as the room and dancing become warmer, sheds his coat. Those on the side lines clap and stomp their feet.

As the dancing drew to a close one night the leader asked, "What shall we sing?"

"Page seventy-five," said the little gray-haired lady with the black shawl pinned tightly about her shoulders.

"All right," said the leader. "Long Long Ago—is that the one?"

"Oh, no, the other one on the page—There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

Her neighbor, a brisk "young" woman of 65, looked up with a smile. In a simple, spontaneous question she put into words the way each member feels about his new friends: "These boys and girls are fun, aren't they?"

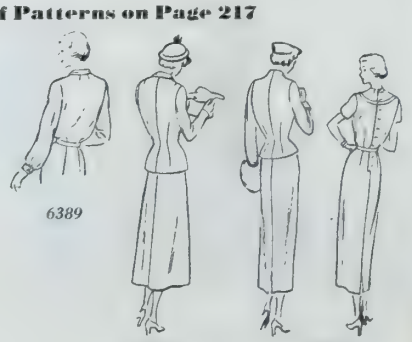
THE END

Back Views, Sizes and Prices of Patterns on Page 217

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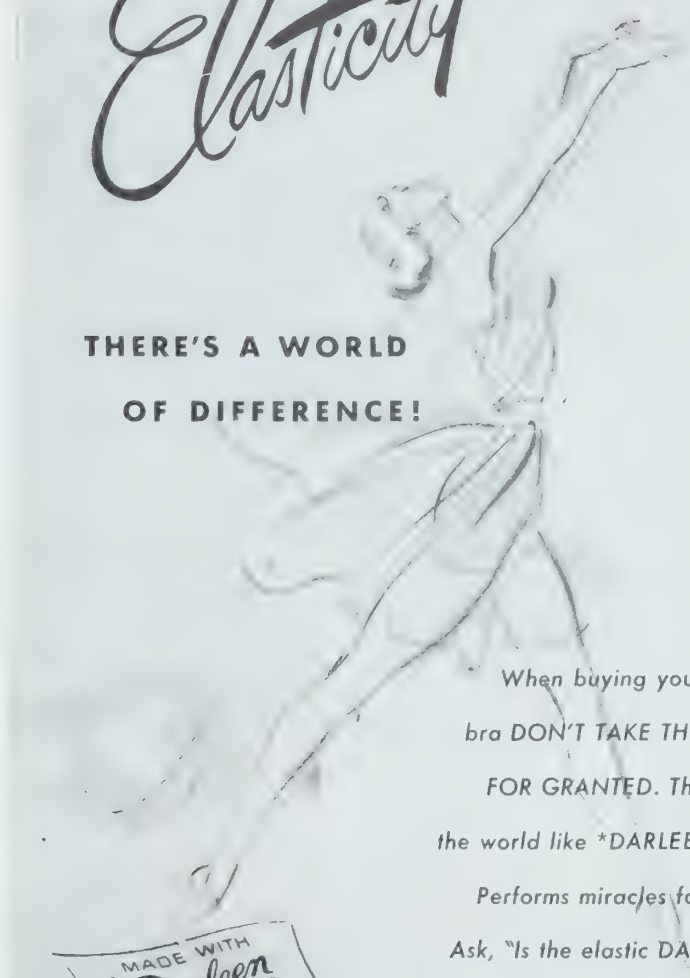
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By NORA O'LEARY





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Stenciled leopard-velveteen covers odd-shaped pillows. Complete the set with a round, gay-colored satin or velveteen one.

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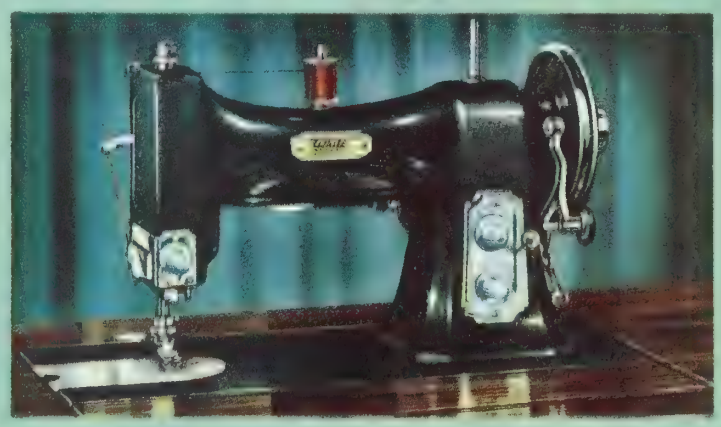
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✓ *Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!*



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

HER HUSBAND WAS AN ALCOHOLIC

(Continued from Page 212)

customers come out to see the dogs and sigh and glance at their checkbooks and decide that they will have to wait awhile before they can make the purchase.

These are royal dogs: the registered name of the Freeman kennel is Eldgyth, the name of one of the royal ancestors genealogists discovered for the Duchess of Windsor at the time of her marriage. Apollo Eldgyth was a real patrician: he won 140 "best of the breed" citations before his death a few months ago. Such show dogs sell for fancy money—when they sell. But 1948 is a bad dog year, as was 1947. The $6000 the family needs from sales to keep going comfortably has not been reached this year or last.

Does Frances Freeman worry? *Worry?*

"Of course not," she says serenely. "If John has to take a job for a while, and commute from here, it will be too bad; he loves the farm so much. But times will change. Sometime people will want dogs again. And if there were a *real* pinch I could always teach."

Frances was a substitute teacher for the third grade in a Lebanon school when she first met John. She was making $1050 a year then, although she could command a higher salary today. John had a nest egg: there was $2000 set aside. His earnings from selling real estate in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, ran to $35 to $40 a week. They had little security then—they have almost none today. But they share a trust in life and in each other which seems to them far better than money in the bank.

"We have paid off the mortgage on the house," says Frances proudly. "So what have we to worry about?"

The Freeman family has no life insurance whatsoever, nor anything left in the savings bank, nor any one of the expensive possessions some families think of as necessities. Their car (nicknamed "Bluebird of Happiness") is a 1940 Dodge coupé, old when they bought it. Its upkeep comes to $25 a month. Fuel and light for the house whack a large sum out of the profits from the dog business: about $270 a year. G-O's vitamins are an expense—but since his tonsillectomy the doctor urges them. They cost $5 a month. Taxes for the Freeman farm are only about $30 a year, food costs only $20 a month; most of the food is grown in the garden. Milk is bought from neighboring farms. They eat little meat these days; staples and once in a while a side of bacon or a ham are all the store provides. But there are oddly extravagant items tucked away in the nonexistent budget. You cannot run their kind of business without spending money for telephones and travel, for entertainment and for specialists' magazines.

Kennel publications cost the Freemans over $10 a year; the telephone bill, even on a party line, is nearly that amount a month. There is no household help except for a laundress one day a week—but when you ask Frances Freeman how much of the family money goes for household maintenance she makes a wry little mouth and says, "ninety-eight per cent." In the past two years of bad sales there have been no new clothes for the family, no vacations, no taste of the favorite family dish: a juicy steak.

SOME families might sulk or sink into proud retirement at times when they cannot put on a show of high prosperity before their friends. But not this couple: they are too real for that.

"We entertain *all* the time," says Frances. "One or two couples for dinner perhaps twice a week is our big fling. But the house is full of dog people in between times. Customers roll up at any hour of the day. Other breeders drop by to meet the pups. Sundays, especially, the Freeman family keeps open house."

Mealtimes are movable—ten people ma be there and hungry at twelve noon or a three o'clock. With a year-old baby and a si year boy, a mother is lucky if she is finishe with her housework at the end of a ten-hou day in such a home. But Frances budgets he energies; she manages never to be flustered o tired. Does she bake? "Oh, yes. Cakes an pies." Has she a hobby? "Listening to ol ballads on the radio and thinking up ine pensive dishes to surprise John." Does sh find time to read? Yes—when the children ar in bed. The Freeman interests move smoothl hand in hand, and reading aloud is therefore joy to them. Westbrook Pegler is their favor ite columnist. They like dog magazines, an Rudyard Kipling, murder mysteries and th novels of Charles Dickens, Li'l Abner comi strip and an occasional educational dip int Frazer's Golden Bough. The most recentl published novel they liked was Kenneth Rob erts' Lydia Bailey.

THIS life sounds like a peaceful heaven for a man who wanted to paint the town red an go to bed potted every night. It is. The las motion picture that the Freemans remembe having liked was Gone With the Wind; tw movies a year are par for them. They neve go to lectures, art exhibits, concerts, plays But what cultural pleas ures are possible the enjoy: the walls ar hung with good etch ings; the collection o phonograph records i much used.

If you said to the Freemans, suddenly, "What gives you the most fun?" they would answer, in a single breath, "People." ("But not in organized groups," John pleads. One single visit to the local Lions Club made him sure he never wanted to join any dues-paying group that didn't center around dogs or poultry.)

They are on terms of easy neighborliness with the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers whose places are near by. Their best friends, however, are "city folk," who commute from Quakertown to jobs as engineers or lawyers or businessmen in Philadelphia. All the members of their group are passionate dog lovers.

That love of people—all kinds of people—is characteristic of the men and women who are known to doctors as "problem drinkers." Alcoholics are sociable extroverts—even the solitary drinkers who tipple privately are usually eating their hearts out for the easy, carefree friendships they don't know how to form. John Freeman is fortunate in having found a wife who loves people as much as he, a wife whose casual, lighthearted management of the home leaves time and strength for lots of talk.

It was, typically enough, at a big party that these two met in 1937. Frances was teaching then; the family of one of the children in her class urged her to attend their child's Valentine party—insisted that she attend—sent a car to make sure that she would attend. She had a lovely time there and agreed to return the next Sunday to an older daughter's tea party. Here she met John; he liked her easygoing mockery, her sense of humor, her very pert and feminine little face, with the brown, expressive eyes. It was a courtship that lasted a year and ended in a Reformed Church rectory wedding at Lebanon, Pennsylvania, with Frances' mother and sister present.

What did Frances wear at the wedding? Bridal outfit? Tailored suit? Both Mr. and Mrs. Freeman thought awhile when I asked.

"Dress," they said. Its further details did not interest them. What people wear is interesting to Frances only when nothing more exciting is up. And getting married to John

(Continued on Page 251)

There are children that blame their parents for their own faults. Some for indulgence, others for severity, and still others for indifference. Such blame is the excuse of a weak character. For he that is of an age to criticize his own conduct hath more knowledge of himself than any outsider, and if he be unable to correct his own faults, blame of others is a confession of his indifference to betterment and is therefore injustice to his parents.

—SIR THOMAS BARCLAY:
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"I

Francis Chambers had not yet written the book, Alcohol: One Man's Meat, which he and Doctor Strecker were to publish in 1938. He himself had been a "recovered" alcoholic for only five or six years—for the lay therapists in this field are all men who have themselves been through the mill. He was reluctant to accept as a client this twenty-three-year-old playboy: he felt, on the basis of his own experience, that few men who are true alcoholics will renounce the habit until it has given them far more grief than a few bad hang-overs and a scare or two. Why, this boy had not even been fired from a job for drinking! He was a piker, in comparison with some of the alcoholics who were coming in for help.

But Doctor Strecker, who also interviewed John Freeman, certified him as free from any psychic quirks which might make treatment especially difficult; and eventually Francis Chambers took him on. At that time John was living in a sort of polite rural sanitarium for drinkers, but as a patient with privileges. He was free to go to Mr. Chambers' Philadelphia office twice a week at first, then once a week, for the full year of consultations that this treatment involves.

Some alcoholics resent being told that they are "different," in a class apart from normal drinkers. But John Freeman was never one of these. When he understood what alcoholism is, he immediately accepted the fact which follows it: that he could never, so long as he lived, take another drink. At the end of the treatment, he found, to his astonishment, that he didn't *want* a drink—ever. He has never wanted one since.

Mr. Chambers felt that his patient needed the encouragement of being on his own. Aptitude tests showed that he was best fitted for country living. It was then that he got a job as a salesman of real estate in Bucks County—but not a very successful one.

"He was *much* too honest," says his wife, who met him while he was working at this job. "He'd warn his customers away from houses they might have bought by pointing out that the roof leaked and the cellar was damp."

So Frances Kalbach Freeman, a bride, urged her husband to take a flier at the dog-breeding business. Mr. Chambers, paternally in the background by now, was enthusiastic; he gave the Freemans their first setter. It was he, too, who introduced them to the Oakertown area, where he had bought a country home. The Freeman property was a bargain when they found it—$3500 for a 150-year-old stone house with excellent lines, wide beams and a fine, old-fashioned fireplace. But the installation of a bathroom, central heating and electricity cost them almost twice as much as the property itself. And that ended the savings account and sent them into debt too.

THE Freemans are refreshing among owners of remodeled homes: they did not lay a hand to any of the work themselves. "I wouldn't know what to do with a paintbrush," each admits. And, "I can't drive a nail straight," grins Fran.

Life in the remodeled farmhouse has been happy and fairly serene. There was a period, during the war, when John felt that a husky man of his age ought to do something more relevant to victory than breeding dogs; he tried to join the marines but was rejected because of a back injury suffered during his old football days. So he got war work at the SKF ball-bearing company, twenty-three miles away, and commuted to a night-shift seven-days-a-week job. That was a hard time. Frances was lonely . . . but it wasn't too bad, she says, for "I had G-O to keep me company."

G-O *is* company—he's now in the first grade of the nearest public school at Quaker Town, and the two house dogs, Christmas and Chappy, are his. He is bright, lively, assured. When told that someone had reported G-O as "a co-operative little lad," his father snorted: "G-O," he said, "can be the worst little stinker I know when he tries!"

BUT all through Frances' second pregnancy, when he was only five, G-O dust-mopped the floors for her; he now makes his own bed and keeps his room neat every day. Sometimes he even tries to wash and dry the dishes, but on a rather lick-and-promise basis. He is self-reliant: he is used to having both parents bolt off to dog shows, leaving him with a neighbor; he waves them casually off and never cries. Little Dan is coming along too.

Both the Freemans think that children ought to have a sense of family tradition when they are growing up: theirs are taken every year to the big family party at an uncle's. G-O attends the local nonsectarian Sunday school.

The schedule of the home revolves around the children and the dogs. The family rises at six-thirty and there is always a busy hour ahead of Frances—preparing Dan's formula, getting G-O's hearty breakfast and, at the same time, preparing the grapefruit, eggs, toast and coffee that start the day for John. The two "men" have to get through on time, so that John can drive G-O to school in winter, to the organized play group in the summer.

When John comes back, he is busy around the kennel most of the morning—grooming, trimming, training, feeding the dogs. In the afternoon he mows the lawn or works at the vegetable patch or repairs the kennels or cleans the chicken house: "On a place like this," he says, "*man's* work is never done either."

Frances keeps busy, too, thank you. She does all the cleaning, mending, cooking, baby care. She washes and sets her own hair and keeps her wardrobe in order; this now consists of two good suits and several cotton house dresses, to which it is reduced in a bad dog year. Frances' mainstay and support is the neighbor woman who comes in to launder and baby-sit when the Freemans go off for the day to a show. She is a friend and a "find," who is always eager to help out and do a little extra cleaning beyond the terms of her twenty-five cents an hour.

The family life revolves around the pleasant living room, where pickup meals of sandwiches and coffee are often served to casual guests. When they are alone the family take breakfast and lunch in the kitchen; for dinner, even alone, they always change into fresh clothes and move into the dining room. Unlike many of their friends, they loathe out-of-door meals and picnics. They *never* stack the dishes in the sink unless the house is filled with guests who must be entertained.

But Frances is no "Craig's Wife": if customers arrive in the midmorning she whips off her apron and pours out coffee and sits around, acting as gracious hostess, without a moment's worry over undone chores. "The

(Continued on Page 254)

MAINE PIONEERS

HAVE you ever had the yen to pull up stakes and take to the woods for a new life? Well, the Stanley Crawfords had and did, and, today, the two of them and their five daughters are coping with the great outdoors in 50 acres of rugged Maine country.

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Meet the Crawfords, of Old Town, Maine

BY SARA LAMPORT

HOW AMERICA LIVES

The December JOURNAL

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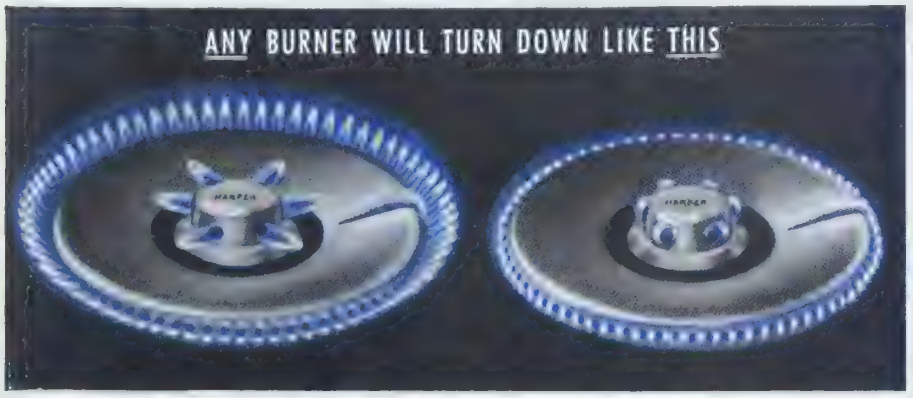
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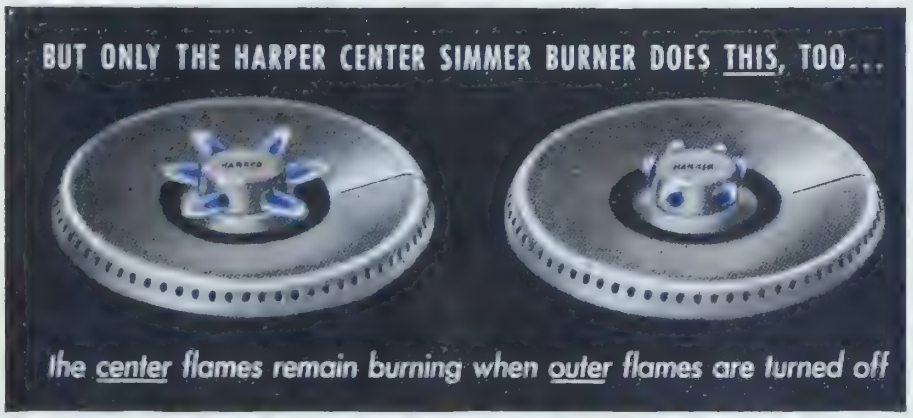
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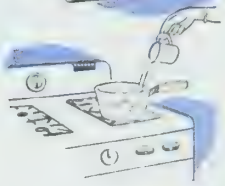


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(*Continued from Page 252*)

consumption of coffee here is enormous," she says. John, like most recovered alcoholics, drinks a lot of it. *Unlike* most recovered alcoholics, he detests candy.

The conversation with visiting dog lovers—morning, afternoon or in the evening—is gay and outspoken. Frances remembers the horror with which her mother greeted John's barnyard chatter during their courtship days. Mrs. Kalbach was even more appalled at the idea of her daughter's marrying an alcoholic "to reform him."

"But he's reformed himself already," Frances pointed out. "I won't be able to get any of the credit for it."

Actually, in those days, John Freeman was less free from the threat of renewed drinking than he is today. "It gets easier every year," he tells you. At first, when he had to fill out a job application or explain, for some social reason, about his drinking history, he felt embarrassed and "sort of leprous." He also felt out of things and rather resented the steady diet of black coffee forced on him if he wished to share the company of his hard-drinking friends. But nowadays the old friends, with whom he used to reminisce, have scattered or died. John looks back on his wild-drinking days with as little desire—indeed, with less desire—to repeat them than the games of marbles that amused him when he was eight or nine.

But he can't bear a hard-drinking party even nowadays—the sort that ends at six in the morning on New Year's Day. Neither can Frances, who takes a drink only once in a while from politeness, and who would always rather have a malted milk.

"It isn't because I am wrestling with my old longing to get fried that I hate hard-drinking parties," says John. "It's just that if you don't drink at all, people who are high are awful bores. Fran thinks so, too, and she's no alcoholic. So now we just keep away from parties that are going to be too gay for us."

Most of the Freeman friends have finally learned that John's "No" means "No": they no longer press drinks on him. But he found at first, as all recovered alcoholics do, that the only effective way of refusing a drink was to come clean.

"If you simply say, 'No, thank you,' people are insulted: they imagine you want Scotch if they have rye or that you want champagne if they have port. If you say, 'I'm on the wagon' most hosts treat the remark as a challenge to get you *off*. The only real silencer is to say, 'If I took that drink I'd be roaring drunk for three days and I'd spend them *right here*. You'd be sorrier than I.' Then they usually lay off."

John Freeman is safe today if any alcoholic is ever safe. And he has one powerful help in *staying* safe: happiness. On his thirty-three-acre farm, much of it beautifully wooded, he has an occupation that he loves. Inside the old farmhouse there is a family of which he's very proud. Friends, and dog-loving customers who will probably turn into friends save him from any fear of loneliness.

"John loves people," says Frances proudly, "and he's very good with them. When he's with a banker, he *is* a banker. With an artist, he's an artist."

John Freeman has almost everything a man could want, he says. Oh, he'd like a lake on the place, to stock with fish—one where the family could also canoe and swim. The first $600 the family can spare is going to dam the stream on their place and make one. And the next little windfall will provide an automobile trip through the United States and Canada for John and Frances to "visit kennels." These are the pipe dreams the Freemans share, when they sit about the fireplace and set down the book that one of them has been reading aloud.

"I don't need to scale walls or carry jardinieres indoors to have fun nowadays," says John Freeman. "Everything I do is fun. Being married to Frances is the best fun I could imagine." And not many tributes to a woman can top that, from a man who once had to climb dormitory walls to keep himself amused!

THE END



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Finest Quality Money Can Buy!

PHOENIX TABLE MAT CO., Chicago 7, Illinois

I LOVE TO BAKE

(Continued from Page 221)

and surprisingly enough, it does rise in the refrigerator—all you want it to, at least. Now sprinkle sugar lightly on your breadboard. Place dough on sugar. Sprinkle sugar lightly over the dough and roll out to a 10- to 12-inch square, folding dough in to center from either side. Roll out and repeat the folding job, using a little more sugar. Do this two more times—four times in all—sprinkling sugar on the board and on dough each time to prevent sticking. Cut into strips ¾ inch wide and 4 inches long. Sprinkle with sugar. Shape into twists—in other words, twist the strips three or four times and lay them on ungreased cooky sheets several inches apart. It will take about ¾ cup sugar in all. There's no additional rising required, as in most yeast-dough recipes. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., 20 minutes, until light brown. Makes 3 dozen twists.

RAISED JELLY DOUGHNUTS

Dissolve 1 envelope quick-dry yeast in ¼ cup lukewarm water according to directions on envelope. Beat 8 egg yolks until very thick and lemon-colored—as thick as you do for spongecake. Add ½ cup sugar gradually to the yolks, beating well after each addition. Mix into this the dissolved yeast and 1⅔ cups light cream that has been scalded and cooled to lukewarm. Add 5 cups flour, sifted with 1 teaspoon salt. Beat well until dough is smooth. Scrape into large greased bowl. Brush top of dough with melted butter or margarine. Cover with towel and plate to prevent drying and to keep out drafts. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down to remove air bubbles. Divide dough in half. Shape each portion into round ball. Roll half the dough out at a time on a lightly floured pastry or breadboard to thickness of ¼ inch. Cut out with biscuit cutter. Drop a bit of jam in center of half of the rounds. Cover with the other plain rounds. Recut, this time using a slightly smaller cutter. This seals the edges and holds in the jam. If you do not have two cutters of different sizes, use the edge of a glass for one of the cutters. Place the doughnuts 2 inches apart on a lightly floured cloth. Cover with a clean cloth and let rise in a warm place until doubled in bulk. Fry in deep fat until golden brown, 365° F. Remove carefully and drain on paper toweling. Sprinkle with plain sugar or a mixture of cinnamon and sugar while still hot. Makes 2 to 3 dozen doughnuts.

There are many paths to the top of the mountain, but the view is always the same.

—CHINESE PROVERB.

This is the time of year for hot spiced fruit puddings. You may have pet steamed-pudding recipes, traditional in your family, but here's a different one to try. It's baked instead of being steamed—uses the fruit of the persimmon, in season now. It's light, feathery, thoroughly delicious. It keeps well. Can be reheated.

PERSIMMON PUDDING

Put 1 cup seedless raisins, 1 cup chopped walnuts and 1 cup sugar into a bowl. Sift together 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon allspice and ½ teaspoon salt. Add to nuts, raisins and sugar and mix well. Cut up 1 cup ripe sweet Japanese persimmons (use skin and pulp). Two good-sized ripe persimmons will make 1 cup. Add 1½ teaspoons baking soda to persimmons and mix well. Beat 2 eggs and fold into the persimmon mixture. Add this to the first mixture in the bowl. Mix all together well, and last of all stir in ¼ cup melted shortening. Fill greased and floured muffin pans. Bake 30 minutes in moderately slow oven, 325° F., or until done. Makes 1½ dozen. These keep well for days and may be reheated as wanted in steamer or in oven on a cooky sheet, with pan inverted over them. They are good served with hard sauce, whipped cream or any favorite pudding sauce.

THE END

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Like all Pyrex ware, this favorite is many dishes in one. Ideal for baking family treats like stuffed tomatoes (above) or gingerbread—or roasting meats and baking fish. Perfect, too, for chilling and serving crisp salads. All food just naturally looks more tempting in sparkling Pyrex ware.

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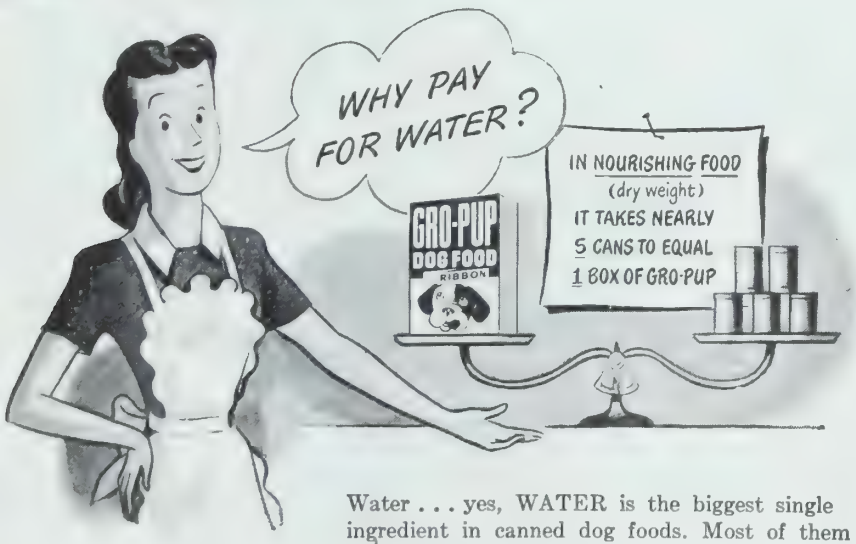
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MOTHER! SEND for this hug-able, 10-inch cloth copy of "Kellie." Colorfully printed on two pieces of sturdy cloth, ready to stuff and sew. For each dog, send only 15¢ and one box top from Gro-Pup Ribbon —to Kellogg Company, Dept. 225G, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE BIGGEST BOX ON THE SHELF



At the end of a warm and dreamy November day, Honey sits patiently, waiting for the family to come home.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

EVERY warm and dreamy day now is a special treasure, to be savored from early morning to deep dark. The cockers and I run to the door as soon as we get up; they lift their soft noses and sniff, then dash out to see what might have crossed the yard in the night. I breathe to the very bottom of my lungs. Yes, it is one of those days—those last and lovely gifts of New England autumn!

I have the same feeling that comes when I hear a favorite piece of music: I don't want the last note to be played. Or like having the new Joseph Shearing. I always ration myself on Joseph Shearing, which would horrify most readers of mystery novels. But Joseph Shearing does more than write mysteries; each all-too-infrequent volume is a literary bouquet, as rich and beautiful as a November day, and now that I think of it, with the same soft melancholy as a November dusk. I never pay so much attention to the murder or the plot, but I am enchanted by the writing. I just wish Joseph Shearing would write faster.

People are always arguing the pro and con of mystery reading. I myself don't feel escape reading is ever out of place, and mysteries make a fine escape, besides being an exercise in ingenuity.

For my taste, a mechanically perfect tale doesn't mean a thing. I like plausible characters, a real setting, and a sound motive and a quiet murder. Jill, however, will read anything that breathes the air of crime, though she prefers Leslie Ford and Mary Roberts Rinehart. She may be the only living person who reads The Nine Tailors over every year, and when the smoke plumes up from what was to be carrots for lunch, she always has a Dorothy Sayres in her hand. But she will read anything at all!

Just around the corner from us murder takes place daily. For Eddie is a mystery writer, and since Ruth and Eddie bought the little white house on Juniper Hill we spend much time over coffee and cake arguing about secret methods of disposing of bodies. And all our friends arrive saying, "I know a fine way to kill a person, Eddie!"

He is polite enough not to say that it takes more than one murder to make a good book; actually, the murder is the simple part of it. I couldn't follow my own clues, I am afraid, because by the second chapter I would wonder myself what that blue slip of paper meant.

We do get a little more time to read now, for we have an early supper, and the evening closes down soon. The fireplace gives a comfortable warmth and we have not a single vegetable that ought to be frozen "while we are just resting." In summer we can always freeze a few extra ears of corn at night, or do the chard and spinach. But now the freezer is filled, and the shelves in the fruit cellar have all the jams and jellies and tomatoes and pickles that we shall need for the long winter. The bins are also snugged down with acorn squash, butternut squash (which we have to eat first, it does not keep so long), cabbage and potatoes.

The garden work is far from done, however. The only thing that quiets a gardener down is having the snow too deep. Otherwise there is always a little cleaning up or extra mulching or pruning.

Fences can be repaired, new posts set before the ground freezes, the kennels can be cleaned and the runs raked and treated with agricultural lime—and then there is always the lawn furniture for country folk. Ours is a great problem because the cockers like it so well. Any canvas-covered chairs are fringed, hammocks grow lacy as the seasons pass. Bits of reed or ends of cypress strew the yard. Only in the quiet garden do the ranks stand unthinned, but we sit there only when the cockers are up for the night anyway.

Maeve, the Irish setter, has settled down slightly now she is around a year old, but nobody could call her sedate. She continues to be emotional, stubborn, utterly charming. The Celtic heritage comes out in her—and I am amazed at how very Irish our Irisher is! When she is gay she acts like a butterfly, and to see her large self vault in the air is really something. Then melancholy overtakes her and she sits with her head up on the back of the sofa, her eyes tragic, her ears limp, and a heavy sigh in her breath. She is sorrowful—in a very intense and dramatic way. But after we sympathize with her enough, her mood brightens and with one bound she clears the whole sofa and is

(Continued on Page 259)

Sure, America's going ahead...

if we all pull together!

...let's compare *yesterday* with *today* ...that will give us an idea of what tomorrow can be!

Machine Power: Since 1910 we have increased our supply of machine power *4½ times.*

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American teamwork is management that pays reasonable wages and takes fair profits—that provides the best machines, tools, materials and working conditions it possibly can—that seeks new methods, new markets, new ideas; that bargains freely and fairly with its employees.

Our teamwork is labor that produces as efficiently and as much as it can—that realizes its standard of living ultimately depends upon how much America produces—that expects better wages as it helps increase that production.

Teamwork is simply working together to turn out more goods in fewer man-hours—making things at lower costs and paying higher wages to the people who make them and selling them at lower prices to the people who use them.

What we've already accomplished is just a foretaste of what we *can* do. It's just a start toward a goal we are all striving to reach: better housing, clothing, food, health, education, with ever greater opportunities for individual development. Sure, our American System has its faults. We all know that. We still have sharp ups and downs in prices and jobs. We'll have to change that—*and we will!*

It will continue to take *teamwork*, but if we work together, there's no limit on what we can all *share together* of even greater things.



What we have already accomplished is just a foretaste of what we *can* do—if we continue to *work together!*

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Please send me your free booklet, "The Miracle of America," which explains clearly and simply, how a still better living can be had for all, if we all work together.

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(Continued from Page 256)

off again. Maeve never walks around anything, she always leaps over.

November is a betwixt-and-between time for meals. We eat a lot of the late fall vegetables—stuffed squash, spiced cabbage, braised celery. Then we like a change and decide on something like Ruth Sanford's Curry Ring. This is one of those recipes that you cannot give exact quantities for, but this is the best I can do. It is a wonderful luncheon dish—serves six to eight—for a nice pre-Thanksgiving luncheon.

You cook three cups of rice, and the brown rice is my choice. Meanwhile, you take two tablespoons of butter or margarine and melt it and stir in three tablespoons of curry—and if you do not like curry much, make it two. That's why this recipe is variable. When it is well blended, stir it into enough mayonnaise to moisten your rice well. By the time your rice is cooked and drained, you can judge—the big white rice will use less mayonnaise than the small brown grains that are finer.

Pack the mixture in a mold and set it in the refrigerator to chill overnight. Or the rest of the day if you make it in the early morning. Turn it out on a platter or silver chop plate and fill the center with chilled jumbo shrimp or cut-up lobster, garnish with parsley, and serve a bowl of dressing that is half mayonnaise and half good sour cream. A side dish of chutney is a must. If you make your own, this is the time to use it.

This makes a whole luncheon, and it is inexpensive, for the curry mold is the main part of the meal and the shrimp goes a long way! And then, of course, if you are having an after-Thanksgiving buffet, you may use turkey or chicken for the center.

All over the country women are getting ready for Thanksgiving around the beginning of the third week. This is the family festival, almost more than Christmas, for even when our forefathers were not given to Christmas they did allow a family gathering to give thanks to God for His goodness in preserving them.

He who will live for others shall have great troubles, but they shall seem to him small. He who will live for himself shall have small troubles, but they shall seem to him great. —DEAN INGE: More Lay Thoughts of a Dean (Putnam & Company, Ltd.).

There should be a big Thanksgiving dinner at which everybody eats far too much, and a late pickup supper with cold turkey and dressing or big bowls of oyster stew with the oysters plump in the gentle cream. The children can stay themselves further with cold mince pie—or pumpkin.

If turkey is high, any other fowl or meat will do, as long as you have mashed potatoes and fluffy whipped squash and lots of gravy. For this is the time to forget diets and just go to town on all the heavy and comfortable foods.

We like plain old-fashioned dressing for the turkey better than any fancy variation. Chestnuts and oysters are all very well, but why diminish the delicate flavor of the bird himself? A bread dressing with chopped sweet onion and our own sage, not too much—this is what I like.

SAGE is a much misunderstood herb. People often throw it around too lavishly; it should be used with respect, for it is a strong-minded herb. I like it mixed with cottage cheese and cream and chopped chives. Or just a breath of it in chicken gravy.

The New England countryside is blurred with November and the village streets have a tranquil look. We like to drive to Litchfield or Farmington or Washington, and my favorite time is around dusk when all the supper lights are on. In the stately mansions around the green the dining-room chandeliers are glowing, not so unlike the candled glow of yesteryear. And in the little white houses, the kitchen lamps give a warm family light as the oyster stew is ladled from grandmother's ironstone tureen.

It all looks so unchanged I could imagine the stagecoach rumbling up to the old inn, the horses stamping softly, the coachman descending with the post from Boston and a package of Paris silks to deliver. The passengers would be tired from jolting in the springless conveyance over the roads we skim on in this later day. The lady traveler with overdress and petticoat in violet and gray and with a bonnet of lilac silk would exhibit the latest style from Paris to her country cousins in Litchfield. The gentleman, in smallclothes and a fine cloak, would impart the latest news regarding the British over his hot buttered rum. But not in the company of his wife.

I have a small white-and-gilt volume of Advice to a Married Couple which flatly says, "It is a serene region in which a woman moves: not so that into which the head of the family is often driven. . . . She is perhaps called upon to allow for the agitations of mind to which MEN are particularly liable, from their having more to do with the world than women have." It continues, "If a woman would preserve the affections of her husband, let her not only be attentive to him in all the engaging actions which her sex, her situation in the family, and her vows, give him a right to expect from her, but let her confine herself to these."

WOMEN have come a long way and in a relatively short time. But now and then I think it would be rather nice to leave the agitations of the mind to the men and confine ourselves to the engaging actions of the weaker sex!

Maybe the new styles are a subconscious expression of a desire to be handed gallantly into a carriage and protected from the night air by closed curtains. And I did notice smelling salts being advertised again! What's more, I decided they were a fine thing to have around. My mother had hers in a silver-stoppered bottle, and it was a treat to have a small headache and be able to bury my nose in the cool, quick scent. And when there was a crisis, it was pleasant for a woman to have the delicate attention of the smelling salts waved before her by an anxious male.

In these days, a woman who feels faint is liable to get first aid, which is certainly not romantic. And if she seems hysterical, she is apt to be soundly slapped. Therapeutic measures are all very well, but they lack the charm of the graceful days.

All the thoughts such as these come to my mind when I drive down the serene streets of the villages hereabouts. How many journeys the mind makes—and how wonderful that it may do so!

Instantly from the meditation about the state of women, I begin to ponder whether that smell I caught as the car went round the corner was really steak broiled over charcoal in the back yard! Did they brush it with garlic butter or a whiff of vinegar and mustard first? And is it too cold to eat out, or may we still take a last picnic supper over at Roxbury ourselves?

Finally I get around to considering the meaning of Thanksgiving; and I believe we have a great deal to be thankful for, even today, even now, even in this world which needs much done to it. I make my own private list usually on one of those evening drives down the valley. There is, of course, the moon, and the glory of autumn sunlight, and the clean sweep of air from the darkening hills. And the feel of a spaniel nose in the palm. The sound of a fox barking in the woods and the memory of the fox I saw that day by the road.

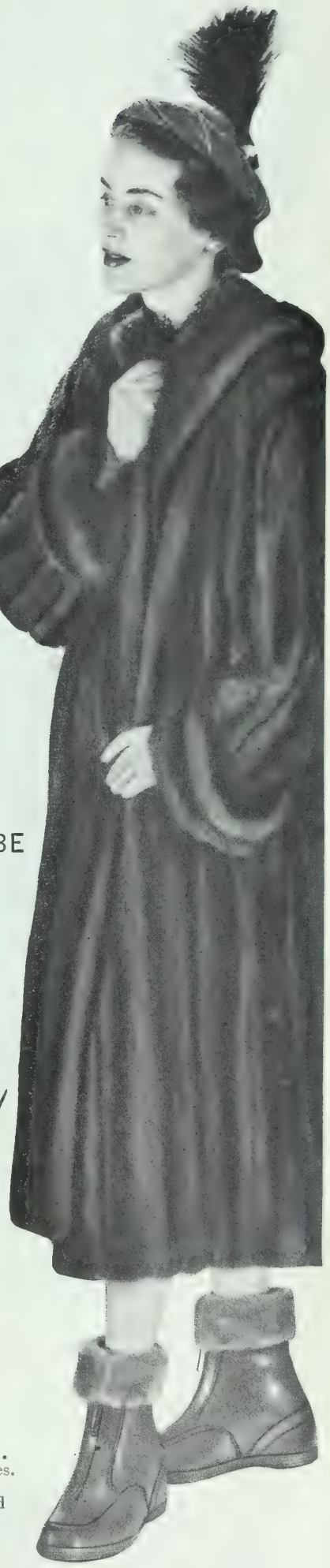
And all the good things that men do, which are as many as the bad things we read about. And because while the world is hungry and tired and filled with stupidity, there are people giving their lives to send food and clothes and share their goods with others. Because there is a kind of world conscience developing here and there. Because love and friendship may enrich any life. And especially, for me, because Honey is barking at the gate as I come home.

Happy Thanksgiving! THE END



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THE PORTRAIT

(Continued from Page 43)

"I took the liberty of mentioning this painting to him," Mr. Sigmund continued. "He was interested. Wanted to know if you'd consider selling it."

"Would he buy it without seeing it?" Betty asked, surprised.

"He usually accepts my judgment on those things," Mr. Sigmund answered indifferently. "But he might want to run out here. I think I mentioned a hundred dollars as a possible price, but I believe I could get a hundred and fifty."

There was a pause.

"Of course, I don't charge you a commission on this," Mr. Sigmund said. "I'm acting for him—not for you." He gave a short, and startlingly mirthless, laugh.

"Well, I really don't want to sell it," Lacey said.

Mr. Sigmund thrust out his lower lip. "If I could get him to go up—well, say, as high as two hundred and fifty; I'm doubtful if I can, but I'm willing to try—would you consider it?"

Lacey hesitated. He certainly could use two hundred and fifty dollars. It would buy Betty a small washing machine and put a little cash in the bank, so that they wouldn't get the jitters at the end of every month. And, after all, he was a little conceited to hold on to a painting of himself when they could get a good price for it and needed the money.

"It's my painting, isn't it?" Betty inquired suddenly. "I mean, you gave it to me, didn't you, Billy?"

Lacey couldn't remember anything definite about that—he had just sort of brought it home and presented it; but he certainly wouldn't be so lacking in gallantry as to deny the gift. "Yes, of course," he said.

"So you'll have to deal with me, Mr. Sigmund," Betty said. "And I don't want to sell it. I like it."

Mr. Sigmund stared at her. "Yes, I know how you feel. A portrait of your husband But money's useful. Well, I'm sorry we couldn't make a deal. I'll tell my client."

He said good-by and went out. From the window Lacey saw him get into a car driven by another man and begin to talk vehemently to him.

"He's probably saying we're a couple of fatheads," Lacey said. "And maybe he's right."

"It's not likely that you'll ever have another portrait painted," Betty said, "and I want to keep this one."

"Yes, but two hundred and fifty bucks!"

"Money isn't everything," Betty reminded him loftily.

"Our money is practically nothing. That's just the trouble."

"Anyway, two hundred and fifty dollars is too little," Betty said, shifting her ground. "Twenty-five hundred I might listen to."

"I don't think I could hear twenty-five hundred dollars. I'd get a roaring in my ears."

Betty slid over the arm of their one armchair into the seat. "I don't like that little man, anyway," she declared. "He has the kind of sharp nose that you sometimes see sticking out of a hole in the wall."

"I wish he'd never come around," Lacey muttered moodily. "I used to look at the face in that painting and think, 'How pure, how fine!' Now every time I look at it, I see two hundred and fifty dollars written across the forehead."

This disturbing illusion was reinforced two nights later, when Mr. Sigmund called on the telephone. "I have a pleasant surprise for you," he said. "And I must say it's a surprise to me, too! I told my customer that you didn't want to sell that painting; but he called me back today to say he'd give you five hundred dollars for it."



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L[illegible]y could not quite prevent a slight sp[illegible] To give himself time to think, he said, *N*[illegible]hy does he want it so much?"

"[illegible]inkly, I can't imagine. It isn't worth at[illegible]much. But he has two of Bonner's [illegible]el[illegible], and apparently he's going to collect m[illegible]

B[illegible]y, who had been washing the dishes, m[illegible]o the living-room door.

"[illegible]ell, I'll—I'll ask my wife about it," ac[illegible] said. "Just a minute." He put his un[illegible]over the mouthpiece. "Five hundred [illegible]rr[illegible]," he whispered hoarsely.

"[illegible]s not for sale," Betty stated firmly.

"[illegible]ve hundred——" Lacey stopped, pulled m[illegible]f together and declared into the telephone, "She says that it's not for sale."

H[illegible] could hear a sound [illegible]s[illegible]he tortured kind at [illegible]e[illegible] her end of the wire.

Lo[illegible]," Mr. Sigmund said [illegible] strained voice. "I [illegible]n[illegible] how you feel about f[illegible]ily portrait, and so n[illegible]ut this painter's stuff ev[illegible] sold for more than a [illegible]un[illegible]red dollars. You get [illegible]ve[illegible]undred dollars, you can buy yourself [illegible]n[illegible]er portrait just as good here for two [illegible]un[illegible]red dollars, and you have three hundred [illegible]oll[illegible]s in your pocket. Does it make sense [illegible]o [illegible]n a thing like that down?"

[illegible] washing machine and a tweed jacket, [illegible]nd the cylinders ground in the car, and [illegible]le[illegible]y of bank balance. Lacey spoke shakily: S[illegible]ce my wife owns the painting, maybe [illegible]o[illegible]better talk to her."

"Yes, let me talk to her."

But Betty shook her head. "It's not for [illegible]al[illegible]' she repeated.

Lacey made his report.

There was definitely a note of exasperation [illegible]n [illegible]r. Sigmund's voice. "Ask her how much [illegible]he[illegible] take for the painting," he begged.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," Betty said.

Lacey swallowed, but transmitted the information as calmly as possible. After a moment he hung up.

"In my opinion you are a desiccated carp with fallen arches," he told his wife.

"What did he say?" Betty demanded.

"He was a little profane. He said you must think the painting is by Van Dyck."

"I just think it's strange that this dealer wants it so badly."

"I've heard of one painting being painted over another," Lacey said.

"Why don't you ask the art professor?" Betty suggested.

Lacey didn't take Art, but he had a friend who did, and he ran into him the next morning. "Who's the head of Art?" he asked.

"Professor Dale."

"What kind of a guy is he?"

"He's a stinker. . . . I have to run, Bill. Got a class."

Recalling that his friend's descriptions were impulsive, and that he had failed his last Art examination, Lacey called on Professor Dale that afternoon, carrying the painting wrapped in paper. The professor had a small office in the Art and Geology Museum; he was surrounded with paintings and prints, pieces of sculpture and large flat tomes. He was no taller than Mr. Sigmund, but he had a big, rather handsome head with a beard, a gruff, abrupt manner and a twinkling eye.

Lacey introduced himself and said he wanted to ask his advice on a painting.

"You're not in my course?" Professor Dale queried.

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"I'm working for a scientific degree."

"You should take my course as an extra. It's the best course in college."

"Yes, sir. I've heard it was good."

"From whom?"

Lacey was confused. "A friend—some of the boys said it was good."

Smile, for everyone lacks self-confidence; and more than any other one thing, a smile reassures them.

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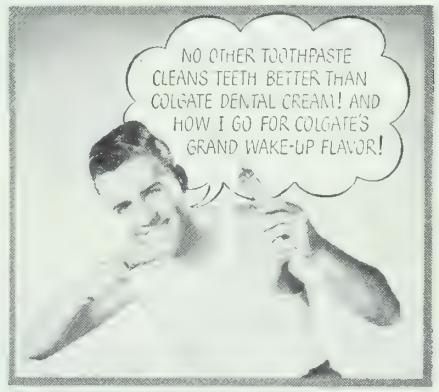
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...so soft
...so firm
you'll like Scotties

The professor glared at him. "Probably making that up, just so you can ask my advice. All my advice on painting is given in that course. Better take it."

"Yes, sir," Lacey said. Chagrined, he started to move away.

"Well, speak up," Professor Dale said, "and sit down. Never be overawed by a professor—he's frequently bluffing. Is that the painting?"

"Yes, sir." Lacey unwrapped it and set it on an easel at the professor's direction, and explained how he got it.

"It's a competent commercial job," the professor said. "You can hang it up for a while and then put it in the attic."

"Could it be sold—is there a market for it?"

"Are you short of cash?" the professor inquired.

"No, sir—that is, not at the moment."

"Um-m. Married a rich wife, probably. Oh, you might sell it for fifty dollars, but I doubt it."

"I've been offered five hundred for it."

"You don't say!" the professor exclaimed.

Lacey related his conversation with the art dealer. The professor sat upright with his hands on his knees, his big head and eyes turned intently on Lacey.

"That's curious," he said. He took the panel in his hand and began examining it closely, inspecting the edges and back more than the painting itself. "The wood looks old," he said. "It's the kind used in Italian primitives—but it's not too difficult to get old wood; and, of course, age can be faked."

He put the painting back on the easel and examined it through a microscope on an adjustable standard. Lacey sat quietly, looking at some of the paintings around him and wondering why they were supposed to be beautiful.

Professor Dale pushed the microscope away and said, "I can't tell enough about it with this instrument. The first thing we need is an X-ray photograph. That would show us whether or not there was another painting under this one."

"You think there might be?"

"It looks suspicious—or perhaps we should say promising."

"If there is, can the top painting be removed?"

"There are half a dozen people in the country perhaps who could remove it. The restoration of a painting is one of the most difficult tasks known to man."

"I suppose one of these experts is expensive?" Lacey inquired cautiously.

"It might take him seven or eight months and cost several thousand dollars," Professor Dale replied lightly. "And then might find that the painting underne wasn't worth anything."

"I see."

"Or we might find it was a del Sa worth a hundred and twenty-five thous dollars." The professor directed a bri smile at Lacey and suddenly terminated

"I guess I was happier when I just ha painting of myself that cost half a carton cigarettes," Lacey said.

"The simple life is often the happies Professor Dale replied, "but—*toujours l'a dace!*"

"Yes, sir."

"It so happens that one of these restor tion experts is a friend of mine," the pr fessor continued. "He's in Albany and do work for half a dozen art museums in t East. I'm going to Albany this week en Let me take the painting along."

"That certainly would be kind of you Lacey said. He walked home in a state excitement.

Betty was out, but returned shortly. " you really loved me," she said, after kissin him, "you'd scrape your feet before yo enter the house, after walking through a that mud."

"I wore rubbers," Lacey said, "and I le them on the back porch. So I didn't bring i any mud."

"What do you call that?" Betty asked pointing. There were undeniably mudd footprints on the floor, man-size.

"You must have been entertaining, Lacey stated accusingly.

Betty looked into the bedroom. "They'r in here too." Then she looked into th kitchen. "Someone's been through th house," she cried indignantly.

"There's where he came in," Lacey said at the bedroom window. The window was on the side of the house at the end of the room too high to reach from the ground; an ash can had been placed beneath it. They looked through the rooms, but found nothing missing.

"We haven't anything worth stealing, anyway," Betty said.

"We did have something," Lacey said He nodded at the wall where the painting had been hanging before he took it to the professor.

Betty sat down. "Billy, you scare me!"

"Wait till you hear this." He told her of his conversation with Professor Dale. "I think Sigmund or his accomplice was here," he concluded. "They know the layout."

"You know what I think, Billy?" Betty declared solemnly. "We're caught in the net

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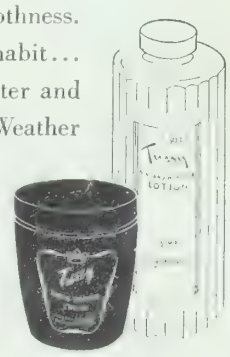




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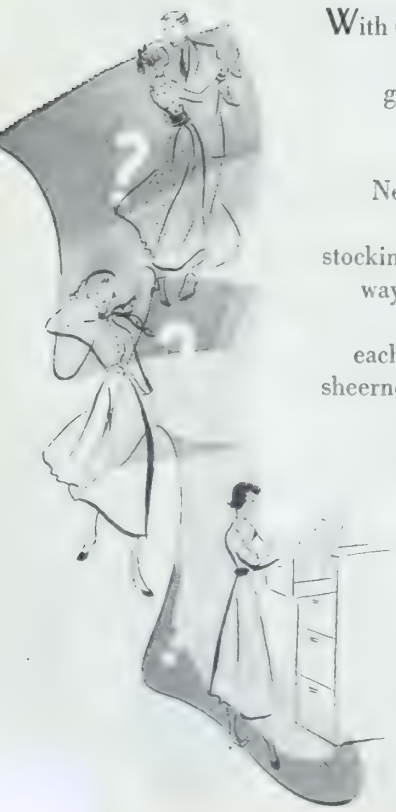


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(Continued from Page 262)

of a vast criminal conspiracy involving a priceless treasure of art."

He nodded. "Lucky we weren't murdered in our beds," he asserted.

"Bed," Betty corrected.

Lacey telephoned Professor Dale and told him about it. "It may be a coincidence of no importance," he said.

"Very interesting," the professor replied. "I'll lock it up."

Several very long days later the professor called on them. He seemed to like Betty.

"The perfect way to go to college," he assured Lacey. "Someone to cook for you and make your room attractive. No annoying contacts with undergraduates after hours. No worry about asking the loved one to the dance or getting a letter from her."

"It's working out pretty well," Lacey admitted.

"How do you feel about it?" the professor asked Betty fiercely.

"I like it fine," Betty assured him.

"Did your husband tell you what we're doing about his portrait?"

"Yes. It belongs to me, you know."

"Oh, it does! So I have to deal with you."

"Yes."

"It will be a pleasure," Professor Dale averred, bowing, with his sudden warm smile. "So! Here is a picture that will interest you." He unrolled an X-ray photograph and held it against the light. "My friend Gallardin, the restorer, took it and it shows, as I thought it would, that your portrait has been painted over another portrait—probably a man, by the shadow here, which seems to be a scholar's cap." He interpreted some of the other shadings for them and added, "I took a chance and asked my friend to remove a square inch of the overpainting, here in the right-hand corner where it would not matter much if anything went wrong. We found out something of the greatest importance." He stopped and turned to Betty. She was gazing at him with big eyes, and her excitement made her look prettier than ever. The professor's pause was longer than he intended. "Let's see—where was I?" he inquired.

"You said you found out something of the greatest importance," Betty responded breathlessly.

"Oh, yes. The portrait of your husband was put on in such a way that it could be easily and quickly removed. A hard glaze was put over the underpainting, and your man Bonner painted on that. In other words, your portrait was apparently designed for concealment only—a kind of wrapping paper that no one would suspect."

"I thought the portrait was quite good," Betty said indignantly.

"You are in love," Professor Dale said.

"You think the painting underneath it may be an—an old master?" Lacey inquired.

"I don't know. Suppose it is an Italian primitive. It may have been part of the loot the Germans took out of Prague or Warsaw or something they swiped in passing from an ancient chapel in Italy. Bonner gets hold of it, somehow. He cannot ship it out of Germany—it would be recognized and seized, and he would need special permission to export an art treasure anyway—so he spreads a hard glaze over it, paints a portrait of an American G. I. over that, gets the G. I. to bring it to the United States, tells his confederate to buy it back for a couple of hundred dollars—and practically free of charge he has something to sell here for a very large sum of money."

"Pretty smooth," Lacey commented admiringly.

"Because of that hard glaze," Professor Dale continued, "my friend Gallardin can wipe off Mr. William Lacey in a few hours, without the usual months of painstaking work. Only, he can't put him back! So?"

"What do you say, Betty?" Lacey asked.

"It's worth the chance," Betty said.

"He'll grow better looking in time, anyway," Professor Dale assured her. "That's what happened to me. Well, I'll tell my friend Gallardin to go ahead, and we'll take a look at it when he calls us."

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The three drove to Albany a few days later in the professor's automobile—a somewhat nerve-racking ride, because of the professor's habit of honking his horn at oncoming cars. Gallardin had his laboratory in his house on the first floor. There was a white counter along one side of the room with microscopes, test tubes, Bunsen burners and retorts. A large X-ray machine stood in a corner, and there were several draped easels. Gallardin himself looked a little like a clerk, neat and preoccupied; but his mildness of manner was deceptive, and he had an interested eye for Betty.

"We are naturally somewhat excited, my dear friend," Professor Dale said to him. "So what do you have to say to us?"

"The results are good so far," Gallardin replied. "I did not look for any trouble with the overpainting—I simply wiped it off above the glaze with turpentine. But finding the right solvent to remove the glaze without hurting the underpainting is another matter! I've been experimenting in one corner, but I'm afraid to do much. I'd like to know what the right solvent is."

He went to one of the draped easels and took off the cloth. The portrait of Private First Class William Lacey, Army of the U. S., in olive drab had disappeared, and in its place was that of a young Italian scholar in medieval dress, the rich colors of which were still apparent through the glaze. He wore a doublet of varying blue silk with silver sleeves, a green pelisse and a black velvet cap; a heavy gold chain hung over the shoulders.

"Extraordinary!" Professor Dale muttered. He moved nearer, charged with a tremendous emotion. The Laceys, awed and thrilled, were at his side. "Venetian school," Dale stated. "Early sixteenth century."

Gallardin nodded. The professor continued to study it.

"Ah," he murmured with satisfaction. "Yes, I would say so—Lorenzo Lotto."

"No, I think not," Gallardin contradicted. "But my dear Gallardin—that blue and silver! And note the slightly desperate curve of the mouth, so characteristic."

Gallardin shook his head. "The colors are too vigorous for Lotto, and the chiaroscuro too powerful. Also, the costume is, I believe, that of a Roman, not a Venetian. To me, it has the stamp of del Piombo. You haven't had time to study it."

"If the glaze were removed, you would see what I mean," Professor Dale went on kindly. "It was probably done in the latter part of Lotto's life when he was so closely associated with Titian."

"There is certainly a resemblance," Gallardin conceded. "The Venetian painters, after all, have so much in common! No, this, I believe, is del Piombo. In the Pitti Gallery there is a portrait of his, similar to this; the pelisse is fur, as I recall."

"It is more like a Tintoretto than a del Piombo," Professor Dale rejoined, his voice losing its kindly note. "But it is neither. It is Lorenzo Lotto."

Gallardin gave a short laugh, and the professor glared at him.

"Would it be very valuable whichever one it is?" Betty asked timidly.

"Valuable?" repeated the professor absently. "Yes, yes, of course. Certainly over a hundred thousand dollars."

"Wouldn't that dealer, Sigmund, know what solvent to use on the glaze?" Lacey inquired, after swallowing.

"Yes, that is what I've been thinking," Gallardin answered. "I was going to suggest that we get him over here. He probably won't tell, but it's worth trying. I've known the little crook for some time, and I'll call him."

Continued on Page 267

Ordinary people merely think how they shall *spend* their time; a man of talent tries to *use* it.
—SCHOPENHAUER.



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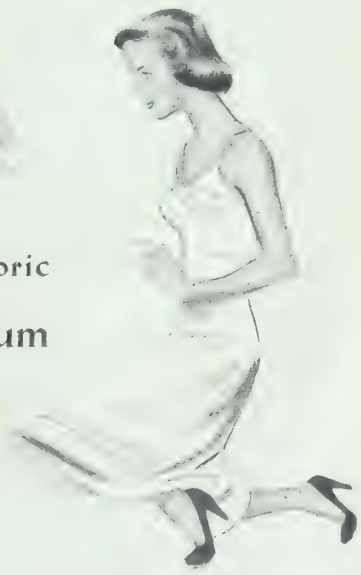


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(Continued from Page 265)

When Mr. Sigmund arrived, his manner as brisk and assertive; if he was guilty of ousebreaking and other sharp practices, it d not weigh on his conscience.

"That used to be my portrait," Lacey said ith a wave of his hand.

Mr. Sigmund stood in front of it, pushing it his lower lip. "Well, it's happened be-re," he said finally. "You have to be ready r anything in this business. An art dealer never surprised."

"What would you say it was?" Professor ale inquired.

"I'm just a dealer," Mr. Sigmund said. "I ouldn't know as much about that as you entlemen."

"I thought maybe that fellow Bonner told ou something about it in his letter," Lacey aid.

"Didn't mention it."

"Of course, Bonner knew there was an-ther painting underneath," Professor Dale bserved gently.

"Yes, I guess that's right," Mr. Sigmund greed blandly.

"And he painted over it in order to conceal and get it out of the country," the pro-essor went on.

"Ah, now you're speculating," Mr. Sig-hund said.

Gallardin entered the conversation. "Mr. igmund," he said, "these people have asked he to restore this painting. I was hoping hat you could tell me what solvent I might se to remove the glaze. I can find out my-elf by experimenting—but that takes time nd there's always the risk of damaging the ainting. Of course, we'll pay you for any elp which you can give us, Mr. Sigmund."

Sigmund shook his head ith a regretful expression. I don't know a thing bout it, so I'm afraid I an't help you." He picked p his hat. "Unless you appen to want to sell t."

"How much would you ay for it?" Betty inter-ected quickly. "It's mine, ou know."

"Five thousand dol-ars."

Betty did not do a very ood job of concealing her excitement. A low of triumph swept over her. After all, he had held out all the way from a hundred dollars.

"Of course, if it's genuine Venetian school, t's worth a great deal more," Professor Dale aid.

"*If*," said Mr. Sigmund. "If, if." He valked casually to the door. "Well, let me now." He went out into the hall, with Lacey following, to show him to the front door.

"Just about as co-operative as a rattle-nake," Gallardin observed.

"This whole business is making me nerv-ous," Betty said. "Maybe I better sell it. I once said I would sell it for twenty-five hundred dollars, and I never thought I'd get that much."

"Working on that glaze might be expen-sive," Gallardin said, nodding.

"Well, let's sleep over it," Professor Dale suggested. "We'll have a council of war to-morrow."

THE Laceys were spending the night with Lacey's parents. At bedtime, as Betty was giving her hair forty brush strokes, she said, "By the way, what was Sigmund saying to you in the hall when he left? I heard you talking."

"He wanted me to show him the bath-room."

"Oh." Betty went on brushing her hair. Then she added, "There's one on the ground floor, isn't there? So while he was there, he unlocked the window."

Lacey stared at her. "You're an intelligent woman," he said. "By Godfrey, I'll tele-phone Gallardin."

There was no answer on the telephone.

"I'm going to borrow dad's car and go down there," Lacey said. He was already hurrying out the door before Betty could de-mand to go with him.

Gallardin's street looked lonely and dark when he entered it. A car was parked just be-yond the house, with someone in the driver's seat. Lacey drove slowly past and around the corner, where he stopped and got out. There were three houses between here and Gallardin's, and the plots were separated only by hedges. As he cut through the back yards, a lap dog yapped sharply from an in-terior; otherwise, all was quiet. There were no lights burning in Gallardin's house. Lacey surveyed the grounds and then crossed to the house wall and proceeded along it to the bathroom window. The window was open.

HE drew back against the wall and con-sidered the situation; but he had time for no more than a moment's reflection, before the darkness about the window stirred, a man's arm let down a rectangular panel, and the man followed immediately. Lacey jumped forward to grab him around the throat from behind, but stumbled on a rock, so that he missed and clutched the other's waist. The man hit backward with his elbow, hitting Lacey by chance in the eye, and started to run, holding the panel by the edge. Lacey got his hand on it and jerked it away. He was about to run after the other and was confident he would catch him when there was a flash of light behind him and something struck him on the back of the head. His knees gave way, and despite the effort of his will he sat dizzily upon the ground. The beam of light was in his face and then turned off, and through his daze he heard Gallardin's somewhat breathless voice:

"What's the idea, Lacey? Trying to steal your own wife's painting?"

"No," Lacey answered. He had to wait a moment to collect himself. Then he added," Somebody else was." After another mo-ment he said, "I suppose you cracked me on the head?"

"I came home, heard a noise, walked around here—and saw somebody apparently running off with the panel," Gallardin explained. "So I hit him on the head with a flashlight. Sorry if it was a mistake."

"It's O.K. We saved the painting, any-way."

"Are you all right?" Gallardin asked.

"Yes. How's the painting?"

Gallardin picked it up and ran his flash-light over it. "It's scraped in one corner, but otherwise undamaged."

They went into the house, and Lacey told his story. "It was so dark and happened so quickly that I couldn't tell who the thief was," he concluded, "but I have a feeling it was Sigmund."

"It probably was," Gallardin said. He was examining the scraped panel with a mi-croscope.

"I wish I had socked him good just once."

"He deserves it," Gallardin said, "but there may be other and better forms of pun-ishment. That's one of the things we can dis-cuss tomorrow."

Betty was the first to arrive at Gallardin's the next day; Lacey was coming from an-other appointment. She was worried. It had taken her a long time to get to sleep after Lacey had returned from his adventure.

"This is getting to be too much for me," she declared to Gallardin, "men trying to steal my painting, and people saying that it might be worth a hundred thousand dollars—it upsets me. I guess I'm not the mystery-novel type."

Gallardin laughed. "You're beautiful enough," he said, "but the dark and tricky character of the art business probably seems a little strange."

"Billy and I don't know anything about art," Betty continued, "and, of course, we don't have any money. If I had a hundred-thousand-dollar painting hanging on the wall of our emergency-housing unit, I'd never have a peaceful moment."

Dancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of the arts, because it is no mere translation or abstraction from life; it is life itself. It is the only art, as Rahel Varnhagen said, of which we ourselves are the stuff.

—HAVELOCK ELLIS: The Dance of Life (Houghton Mifflin Company).

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When a woman looks at Life Insurance she looks at herself and she also sees the older woman she will some day be. It isn't just the facts of compound interest that persuade her toward a life insurance program but the pleasant prospect of lifetime security.

Appreciating that most women will think of these things when they look at Life Insurance, the Business Men's Assurance Company is introducing a unique new Family Security Plan—a plan that offers four times as much family security for approximately two times the usual premium and provides for Hospitalization, Doctor's and Surgeon's bills, Income Continuance and Retirement Income.

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as it is with Potatoes



A *potato salad ring* browned in the oven is a treat—especially when served with lots of Best Foods or Hellmann's *Real* Mayonnaise. This famous mayonnaise contains no starchy filler. It's flavor-rich with freshly broken eggs, added egg yolks, "Fresh-Press" salad oil, mild vinegar, and spices. It's *real* mayonnaise!

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AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MAYONNAISE

I wish this girl were single, Gallardin was thinking. "Look here," he said, "why don't you forget about these fancy prices and all this excitement and sell the painting to Sigmund for what he offered? Five thousand dollars is a lot of money."

"It certainly is," Betty agreed. She had a sudden impression that Gallardin was trying to tell her something without saying it. "Is that your advice as an art expert," she asked "or is it your advice as a comforter of nervous women?"

"It's my advice as an art expert."

"Well, maybe I will sell it," she said slowly.

"Call him up now and tell him."

"I guess I ought to talk to Bill," Betty said. "He might not want to have any dealings at all with Sigmund after last night."

"That's one of the reasons why I suggest you do it now."

"And Professor Dale will think I'm a fool to sell at that price."

"That's the other reason," Gallardin said.

Betty laughed. "All right. I'll do it." She telephoned Sigmund's shop. Mr. Sigmund responded with cautious gratification, but lived up to his previous statement that an art dealer should never be surprised at anything. He said he would send over a certified check.

When Lacey and Professor Dale arrived, Betty nervously reported her action. Much to her relief, Lacey received the news, on the whole, with approval. He was glad to have the matter settled, and as long as he was taking money away from Sigmund it wasn't so bad. And, after all, five thousand dollars ——

The professor was touched to receive, a few days later, a check for five hundred dollars from Betty for his art museum. At about that time he had a talk with Gallardin, and the conversation was so interesting that the professor asked the Laceys to call on him. Betty had a new permanent wave and was wearing a new tweed suit, with alligator shoes. Lacey looked equally prosperous in doeskin slacks and tweed jacket, of the same material as hers.

"Well, I have some remarkable news for you," the professor declared. "First of all, let me say that, as I stated at the time, my friend Gallardin was wrong in thinking that the portrait was a del Piombo."

"And you were right," Lacey said, nodding.

"Ah. No. I was wrong, too," the professor conceded. "Of course, I only saw it through the glaze. And that fellow Sigmund w wrong—he thought it was a Tintoretto. G lardin got the story from him when Sigmu went there to pick up the panel. It was s posed to be the portrait of an Italian n chant of the Renaissance, and it was kept the house of his descendants in Mantua Italy. At least, that is what your Gern acquaintance, Bonner, believed. Some G man staff officer was quartered there, and took it and sent it to Goering, who had it one of his hunting lodges in Bavaria. Af the German defeat, it was looted, and B ner got hold of it, somehow. Bonner us you to get it into the United States and se word to Sigmund that it was a Tintorett

The professor paused to produce one his irrelevant smiles.

"The last Tintoretto I read about s for a hundred and twenty thousand dollars he said.

"But you say it wasn't a Tintoretto Lacey said, trying to suppress a note anxiety in his voice.

"No. That was just Bonner's mistake. was a modern copy made by some shrew Italian painter. He probably sold it as bargain to some Fascist official who didn know anything about art and wanted to w Goering's favor."

"How did they find out it was a fake? Betty asked.

"When the painting was scraped on t night of the attempted theft, Gallardin n ticed a different color underneath. So took an X ray and found a third picture u der that one—a still life, dated ninetee thirty-seven."

"I wish I could have been present wh Sigmund was told," Lacey said gleefull "Whoops!"

"Ah," said the professor. "As you say, was indeed, 'Whoops!' Gallardin, a man no mean spirit, says it was a flaming mome in his lifetime. Sigmund even accused him knowing that the panel was a fake at t time Sigmund bought it and of urging yo wife to sell it for five thousand dollars The professor's eyes strayed innocently Betty's.

Betty hesitated for one stabilizing breat while her interview with Gallardin flashe luminously through her mind. Then she r plied with dignity, "Mr. Gallardin is too fi a man to be affected by abuse from such one as Sigmund."

"That's what I thought, too," the pr fessor answered gravely.

AMERICAN PROVINCIAL LIVING ROOM

(Continued from Page 223)

In the color photographs the sawbuck and lamp tables, as well as the fireside and tavern chair, are authentic originals bought near the Freeman home in Quakertown. The Windsor-type chair in the foreground and the desk chair are fine copies of Provincial types now being made commercially. The desk, coffee table and wall cabinet we designed and made ourselves, following faithfully the lines of the finest museum pieces.

An upholstered sofa and chair of the type shown go well in any informal setting and take their character from the style of coverings; in this instance, quaintness. Chairs were not "easy" a century ago, and of course there were no upholstered pieces in early America. It is the spirit of the room that counts, and no decoration is ever good without comfort and at least a few beauty spots for accent. Collectors' rooms take many years to complete, so don't be bothered by the stand-ins which are lacking only in romance to make them as charming as the originals.

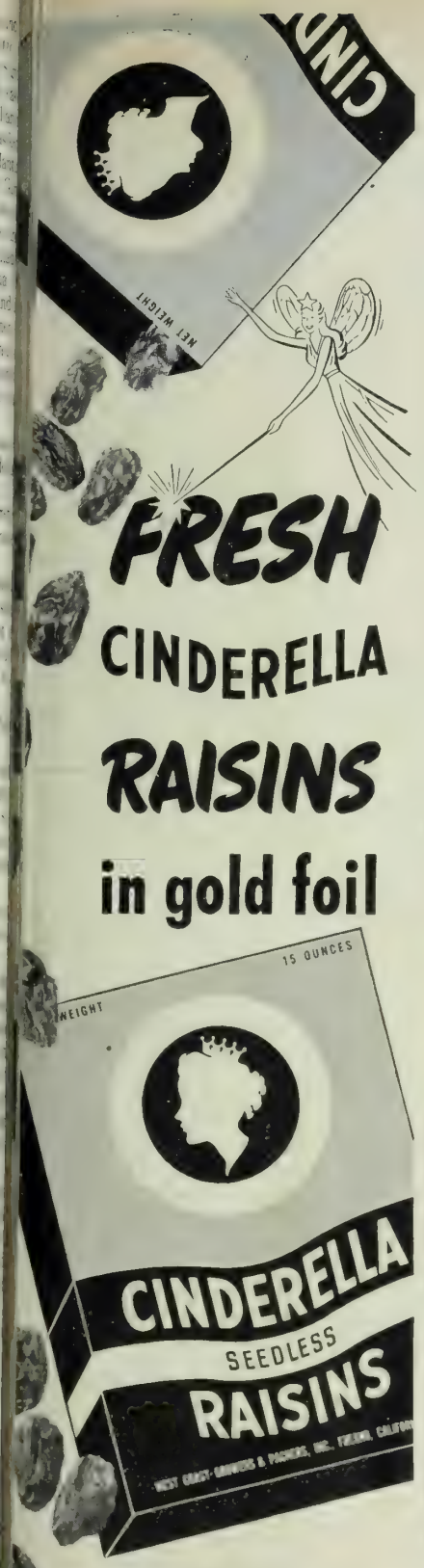
Here are a few points to keep in mind when starting or developing a Provincial American room.

Good Colors. Authentic colors of the period—in general, covering the first two centuries of American history—are India blue; Persian green (on the mossy side); brown, combined with yellow; Turkey red and mulberry. Walls were cream from age or use, and wood trim was richly weathered tan and brown. You can't improve on an approx imation of these colors for today's scheme

Printed fabrics were cotton, with design of flowers, birds, leaves and arabesque pat terns brought in as trade goods from India The fabric used in the Freeman room is glaze cotton, which is an exact copy of a century old print. The design shows a delightful pat tern of grape leaves and birds, and the pric is $1.80 a yard. The same fabric comes in red yellow and brown colorings.

Furniture Suggestions. In an earlie day, sawbuck and trestle tables were more plentiful than drop-leaf styles, which were usually made by cabinetmakers for town trade. This offers a suggestion for the handy man of the family who need be little more than an amateur to turn out a good sawbuck or trestle table. Originals were practically al amateur jobs made by the men of the family for hard, everyday use. Many such tables in antique shops today have been newly constructed out of old wood, genuinely mellowed by age. Old wood can still be found in ancient barns and other buildings being torn down.

Small tables are easily found, but you will have to make, or buy new, your coffee table, as the style is of recent origin. Benches or pews, settles, stools and a great variety of chairs are reasonably plentiful in those sections of the country where they originated. Elsewhere one must search for them in shops or at auctions.



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Superb reproductions of all types of American Provincial furniture are being made today. These are not fake antiques, but well-made copies worthy of being used along with your treasured originals.

You will find that some pieces which you really need were not made in early America because there was no use for them. For instance, we could not find a large desk for the Freeman living room, and although a few exist, they are rare and expensive. So we hunted up books of old furniture drawings and studied museum pieces of the period and finally designed a convenient desk amply scaled to John Freeman's six feet, one inch, and appearing quite at home among the authentic chairs and tables of the period. Since both design and construction of early furniture were primitive, cupboards, cabinets, shelves and tables are extremely easy to make. A good book on Early American furniture will serve as a guide in the matter of details, and the dimensions can be your own.

In case you are confused by popular classifications or sectional lingo, don't be afraid of selecting and combining what you like. It is not important to have all your old furniture come from the same section of the country. While there are regional differences in both design and materials, practically all furniture of the era goes well together.

It is often more fun to collect primitives from your own section of the country, and the supply will be more plentiful. As suggested before, country furniture was usually made at home by the man of the family or by some local craftsman who specialized in a particular style of bed, chair or table. These basic styles he varied from time to time to suit his fancy. And since early American families did not move around much, especially those in towns and villages, styles of furniture established themselves in communities and were copied over and over again, to become in later years identified with that section of the country. Local woods such as maple, pine and fruitwood were used because they were easily available, although it is surprising how often a fine board from a far section of the country found its way into a local workshop, to the confusion of antiquarians today.

Love pleases more than marriage, for the reason that romance is more interesting than history. —CHAMFORT.

Of course many families were only a generation or so removed from Europe, so that furniture designs often resembled those of England, Holland and Germany. This is why early New England furniture has a distinctive style of its own, while Dutch and Quaker communities in Pennsylvania, as well as certain regions of Virginia, the Carolinas, Kentucky and Tennessee, show characteristics of similar origin.

Accessories. Today's accessories for Provincial American rooms were utility items a century ago. Big brass or copper milk jugs, stone jars and Paul Revere lanterns make handsome lamps when wired and fitted with up-to-date shades. For the fireplace there are andirons, cranes, trivets, warmers and fenders. Delightfully ornamental are the graceful candlesticks, painted trays, spice boxes and iron stands of a century ago. Hanging shelves and corner cupboards can be used to hold your collections of old glass, pewter and pottery.

American Provincial rooms should never become overfurnished or cluttered if they are to remain effective. When small items become too numerous, put them out of sight, for extreme simplicity is the keynote of Early American rooms. If you have interesting items not wholly decorative, start a cupboard museum—which is simply a cupboard of the period, inside of which you arrange your Americana so that it can be shown to interested friends rather than be exhibited as decoration. THE END



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QUICK AND EASY *for two*

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

YOUR days take on a quicker tempo as fall turns toward winte Every day has its own busy signals. You have neither time n money to waste on elaborate dinners; gear your meals to t less glamorous groceries of the quick-to-fix variety, yet still e well. These menus are for you, whether you budget your fo money of necessity or as a means to an end.

Quick in the Skillet
65¢

*Frankfurters with Cabbage
Boiled Potatoes with Dill
Raw Carrot Sticks
*Pineapple Rice Custard
Coffee

It's no hardship to have to fall back on frankfurters while other meats are high, as there are so many good-eating dishes that you can concoct with frankfurters and vegetables. Here's one.

FRANKFURTERS WITH CABBAGE

Cut 3 frankfurters into ¼-inch slices. Sauté in 3 tablespoons butter, margarine or bacon drippings with 1 medium onion, chopped. Push onion and frankfurters to one side of skillet. Blend 1 tablespoon flour into fat. Add ½ cup water and 3 tablespoons vinegar. Mix everything together. Then add 3 cups finely shredded cabbage, 1 tablespoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt and a good dash of pepper. Mix again. Cover skillet and simmer until cabbage is tender—about 15 minutes. Reseason to taste.

PINEAPPLE RICE CUSTARD

To ¾ cup cold leftover cooked rice add ½ cup crushed pineapple and ¾ cup cold (chilled) double-boiler-type soft custard and serve in sherbet glasses.

Night After a Night
$1.02

*Sausage—Mushroom Gravy
Mashed Potatoes
Glazed Carrots
Celery Curls
*Hot Coffee Gingerbread
Cheese Wedges
Coffee

Last night you spent, if not your *all*, a good many of your dinner dollars on a bang-up dinner in your favorite resta rant. It was worth it. Tonight you a digging in—having an easy-money su per, saving up for the next night out.

SAUSAGE—MUSHROOM GRAVY

Fry ½ pound link pork sausages. you start them in a cold pan and coo them slowly, they won't be so ap to split. Drain off the fat. Cut sausag into halves. Add ½ can condense mushroom soup and enough milk t make a sauce of good gravy consist ency. Heat together, stirring unt sauce is smooth. Serve over mashe potatoes.

HOT COFFEE GINGERBREAD

Make gingerbread from a mix, usin cold leftover breakfast coffee for par or all of the water called for in the di rections on the package. If you don happen to have leftover coffee but d have a jar of instant coffee or decaf feinated coffee, this, plus water in th proper proportion, will do as well.

Courting Variety
81¢

*Bacon Fish Rolls
*Spinach with Mustard Sauce
Head Lettuce
Thousand Island Dressing
Grapefruit
Coffee

When you've come to a dead stop on a something different to do with the Friday fish special or the ubiquitous spinach, change the flavor of each and help yourself to a good dinner.

BACON FISH ROLLS

Buy ¼ to ½ pound fish fillets, depending on your appetites—flounder, if it is specialed in your markets. Split them down the natural dividing line. Wash. Season. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and just a little soy sauce. Lemon juice, if you haven't soy sauce. Both flavors are good. Wrap up each strip in a slice of bacon and secure with a toothpick. Broil the fish rolls under moderately low heat until bacon is

crisp and fish cooked through. There's a point when the fish is just done, tender and juicy. That's the point to take it out and serve. Overcooking will make the fish dry.

SPINACH WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

Cook fresh or frozen spinach until wilted. Here again, don't overcook. Drain. Add 2 teaspoons prepared mustard (to 1 package frozen or 1½ pound fresh spinach), salt and pepper to taste, a piece of butter or margarine and 1 teaspoon vinegar.

Purse Appeal
$1.10

*Ham-Sandwich Soufflé
Hot Broccoli—Russian Dressing
*Apple Tapioca
Coffee

While fresh-meat prices are high, keep canned-meat specialties in mind. Amazingly good dishes can be made from them—ham-sandwich soufflé is one. A small can of deviled ham will be your meat for dinner tonight.

HAM-SANDWICH SOUFFLÉ

Spread 3 slices bread with butter or margarine, then spread with deviled ham—you'll need most of 1 can of the deviled ham. Beat 2 eggs light. Add 1½ cups scalded milk and ¼ pound sharp Cheddar cheese, grated. Add a dash of Tabasco sauce, one of Worcestershire, salt and pepper. Put bread together in half sandwiches. Cut each in thirds and arrange the pieces in a greased 1-quart casserole. Pour the custard mixture over them and let stand 15 minutes while you wash and prepare the broccoli. Then set casserole in pan of hot water and bake 30–35 minutes in moderately hot oven, 375°F., until puffed and brown.

APPLE TAPIOCA

Use a packaged prepared tapioca pudding. Cook according to directions on package. Remove from heat and add 1 cup canned applesauce. Chill in refrigerator until serving time. When you serve it, sprinkle with cinnamon or nutmeg.

Winter Round the Corner
$1.12

*Baked Pork Chops Southern
*Acorn Squash with Apple
*Green-Bean Slaw
Sliced Oranges
Coffee

With the turn of the maple leaf, squash and cabbage are usually inexpensive. Just the thing to have with baked pork chops for a cold-weather dinner if they are sensibly priced.

BAKED PORK CHOPS SOUTHERN

Select 2 loin or shoulder pork chops. The latter are less expensive. Sprinkle them on both sides with salt and pepper and roll them in flour. Brown well in a skillet. Put in casserole. Add 1 onion, minced. Blend 1 cup hot water into 3 tablespoons peanut butter and pour over chops. Cover and bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., until tender—about 45 minutes.

ACORN SQUASH WITH APPLE

Cut 1 acorn squash in half lengthwise. Scoop out seeds. Sprinkle inside with salt and pepper. Slice 1 peeled and cored raw apple and put half in each squash half. Add 1 tablespoon water. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon brown sugar. Dot with butter or margarine and bake in same oven with chops until pulp of the squash is tender when pierced with a fork—about 45 minutes.

GREEN-BEAN SLAW

Did you know that thin, thin slivers of raw green beans taste wonderful added to your regular cabbage coleslaw? Shred the cabbage fine—cut the beans in *really* thin slivers. It really is good, if you need encouragement to venture into serving green beans raw. Tough beans won't do. Be sure they are young and tender.

Take Two Eggs
71¢

*Macaroni Special
Tossed Salad
Fresh Pears *or* Grapes
Coffee

With eggs costing ⅔ of a dime apiece you think twice before you use two for a serving when one does as well. One apiece does fine in this dish, with the help of a can of macaroni and cheese from your cupboard shelf.

MACARONI SPECIAL

Open 1 can macaroni and cheese. Pour into 2 individual casseroles. Make a depression in each casserole of macaroni and cheese. Put 1 tablespoonful canned tomato sauce in each depression. Drop a raw egg in each. Put another tablespoon of tomato sauce on top. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., just until eggs are set—about 15–20 minutes.

Chinese American
88¢

*Pork and Noodles, Chinese Style
Green Salad
Fresh Pears
Coffee

Many Chinese dishes are economical, as they start with very little meat and are usually extended with vegetables and rice or noodles. Cooking time is short, too—a decided advantage. This dish of pork, noodles and green beans is a meal in itself. Add your favorite salad and fresh fruit.

PORK AND NOODLES, CHINESE STYLE

Cook ½ package fine noodles (the kind you buy for soup) in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Rinse with cold water and set aside. In a skillet, put 1 tablespoon salad oil and ½ pound pork cut into ⅛-inch slivers (2 pork chops are easiest to buy for this). Season with salt and pepper. Let cook over high heat 2 minutes. Then add ⅓ cup water, 1 cup sliced celery and ⅓ pound green beans, sliced into very fine pieces. Cover and simmer 15 minutes. In the meantime, fry the noodles in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in another skillet, turning frequently with spatula. They won't get really brown. Have the fat hot before you add them. When meat and vegetables are done, mix the noodles in with meat and vegetables. Stir in 1½ tablespoons finely minced onion and 1 tablespoon soy sauce. Add about 3 more tablespoons water and reseason to taste. Simmer together 5 minutes.

Note. Bread and margarine are figured in cost of these menus



Fresh thought for tomorrow night

That's a mighty pretty picture you're dreaming up, young lady—tender young kernels of golden Niblets Brand Corn mixed with bright red and green sweet peppers. This gorgeous dish has all the summer freshness and color that special seed and our system of Flavor Farming can put into a can. "Packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor." Ask for Niblets Brand Mexicorn — with your old friend, the Green Giant, on the label.



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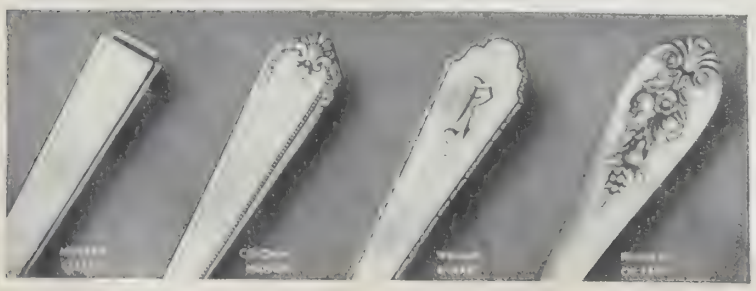
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A WAY WITH BOYS

(Continued from Page 51)

and his ma both killed in that accident, and not another living soul on earth to care for him except the lawyer that's paying for the hospital. If they'd ——" But she broke off, clamping her lips shut. Almost, she had spoken aloud the wonderful, the glorious thought that had come to her when first she saw Mike and learned that he was an orphan. "Could you just glance at your watch," Mrs. Cracker asked 3-J civilly, "and give me the time?"

At eleven-thirty-five the lamp on Miss Rumsey's neat desk at the end of the corridor was dark. Mrs. Cracker, with a quick glance forward and a quick glance back to make sure no other nurse was in sight, pushed open the door of 3-C and shuffled briskly inside.

Mike was lying straight and quiet in his high bed. At the soft sigh of the door he moved his eyes, and for an instant, the smallest part of a second, they seemed to be alive and eager, lending vividness to his small white face. Then they died again, expressing nothing, neither welcome nor annoyance, neither pleasure nor pain. This happened whenever anyone entered his room, but nobody except Mrs. Cracker had noticed it.

"Well now," Mrs. Cracker said, "you're wide awake now, ain't you, and waiting for your lunch? They'll be along with it pretty soon."

"Yes," Mike said politely. "I expect so."

He was always polite. He was the politest boy Mrs. Cracker had ever known. He had been polite at their first meeting, ten days earlier.

"Hello," she had said. "Your name's Mike, ain't it? Mine's Mrs. Cracker. Ain't that a funny name? But that's not the worst of it—my first name's Polly. Polly Cracker."

She had waited, smiling broadly, for him to show some sign of amusement. But all he said, with grave courtesy, was, "It's a very nice name."

"My real name's Mary, but when I was a little girl everybody called me Polly, and it stuck. Then I grew up and married a man named Cracker, so there I was. Polly Cracker. Like," she explained painstakingly, "Polly-want-a-cracker. Parrots."

"Yes," Mike said, and his gaze slipped away from her face, as if there were nothing there to hold it.

Mrs. Cracker had not been discouraged, although every other child she had ever known found her name highly amusing. They had this boy doped up, naturally, on account of the pain, and when you were doped up you weren't yourself.

SHE told him, that day and other days, about her own five boys, every one of them grown now, and four married with children themselves. She related how Gerald had fallen from a swing when he was five, breaking his collarbone, and how Paul was the most mischievous boy on the block, forever getting into scrapes, and how Ernie had always wanted to fly an airplane and would you believe it, in the war they took him for a pilot and he flew over Germany and got a medal!

Mike just lay there—unstirred, remote, asking no questions that would show he heard. He was always awake; he slept very little, for a child. It was as if he had moved into some separate world where sleep wasn't needed, nor amusement, nor any of Mrs. Cracker's abundant love.

He was no trouble at all. He stayed quiet as he was supposed to, without any juvenile sprawlings, submitted uncomplainingly to whatever Doctor Kinnear or the nurses wanted to do to him—the medication, the protein injections, the bandaging; and when they hurt him he set his lips and didn't cry. He didn't eat much, and when he did it was obviously from a sense of obligation to the nurse who brought his tray. Day by day he became thinner and paler.

Early in his stay in the hospital—the third or fourth day—he had asked about his parents. Miss Hawkins, youngest of the floor nurses, was the one he asked. "Where are

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JUST ENOUGH FOR Two!



Crosse & Blackwell

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or
DATE DESSERT

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Oui, oui, cherie! It's so-o easy to make *real* tasty, tempting French Dressing when you know the Pompeian secret. Use original recipe below and vary to taste by adding Worcestershire sauce, horseradish or chili sauce. It takes the Pompeian flavor to get the best out of your French Dressing! Pompeian is the genuine, imported, virgin olive oil, famous for its clear, golden color and nutty flavor.

How to make
BASIC FRENCH DRESSING
So easy to make—½ cup Pompeian Olive Oil, ¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice, ½ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. paprika, 1 tsp. sugar. Place in glass jar, shake and serve.



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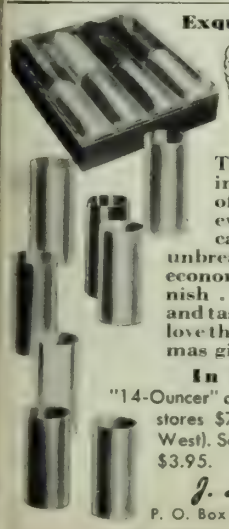
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they?" he'd said. "Why don't they come to see me?" And Miss Hawkins had answered:

"No one's allowed to see you, Mike, not until you're better."

"Not even for a minute? Not just to stand in the door so I could look?"

"No, not even that much," Miss Hawkins had said briskly, cheerfully—and, she knew, inadequately. But what else could you tell the child if you weren't to let him know his parents were dead?

He had given her a long, steady gaze, measuring her candor. "But where *are* they?" he asked again. "Are they all right?"

"All right?" Miss Hawkins exclaimed. "Yes, of course. They're fine."

"Oh," he said, and turned his head away from her on the pillow.

Miss Hawkins, telling Mrs. Cracker about it later, said, "It's doctor's orders, but I felt like a criminal, lying to him."

"And so you should," Mrs. Cracker rejoined heartily. "Never fib to a young one, Miss Hawkins. I never did, no matter what. It don't do no good, for one thing, and it's wicked for another. Doctor's orders or not, young Mike won't be any the better for not having his questions answered straight!"

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By Sara King Carleton

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Close your fingers about it;
Though I am giving it, true,
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Or carelessly throw away;
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I give it to you, my dear,
Because it was yours when I found it.

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However, Mike asked no more questions, either of Miss Hawkins or anyone else on the hospital staff. Perhaps he asked Doctor Kinnear on one of the latter's daily visits, but if so, Mrs. Cracker was not informed. Mrs. Cracker knew Doctor Kinnear very well, by sight and by reputation; but Doctor Kinnear was not aware that Mrs. Cracker existed.

Inside Mike's room, Mrs. Cracker set down her pail and advanced toward the bed, leaning forward, her head with its wispy gray hair tilted gaily to one side.

"It's a grand day," she confided. "Look, you can see the tops of the trees turning yellow and orange. Pretty soon, when Doctor Kinnear says it's okay, you can sit in the chair next to the window and look out. Every afternoon the kids from the school play football in the empty lot next door."

"Do they?"

"That they do, and one of these days you'll be out playing too."

He didn't bother to answer this, and his silence was a contradiction. Mrs. Cracker leaned closer and she said cunningly:

"I got leaves all over my front yard out in Sunnydale. Tonight when I go home I'll have to rake 'em all up into a pile. My, I just wish you was there to help me!" Mrs. Cracker's front yard measured precisely ten feet by six, but somehow her tone conjured up a vision of wide acres covered by the falling leaves of a hundred ancient elms. "We'd make a big pile this high"—she held a gnarled and mottled hand above Mike's head—"and you could run and jump into it. All the kids like to do that."

She giggled—a sound like a girl's laughter, warm and light and young. If the boy had

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AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING - U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

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been listening, he surely couldn't have helped laughing too. But he made no sound at all.

She would have to leave soon, because one of the nurses would be bringing in Mike's lunch and she had no intention of being trapped in his room. Desperately, she sent her mind back again, a score of years or more, searching for the things which had amused and interested Gerald and Paul, Ernie and Frank and John. There had been a dog, a little brown scrawny thing that followed John home one night ——

"You got a dog, Mike?" she asked him.

"No."

"I been thinking I might get one to have around the house for company, Mike. If I had somebody to help me take care of him, that's to say."

Mike offered no comment.

"My boys was always great ones for pets, dogs and cats and canaries and such. Even mice." Mrs. Cracker stopped. "Mice," she repeated more thoughtfully, then stooped and picked up her pail. "I'll be running along now, Mike," she said. "I'll see you tomorrow."

"Good-by, Mrs. Cracker."

At the door she turned and glanced back at him, but he wasn't watching her. She saw his profile against the white pillow—the unformed nose, the listlessly drooping mouth, the mussed hair that was only a little darker than beach sand—and she felt a pang of fear that tomorrow, or perhaps the next day, that bed would be empty. He didn't have any interest in living, that was the trouble. He was giving up his claim on life, and he didn't even care.

But going downstairs for her lunch, her spirits rose. You could never tell. A mouse might help. Gerald and Paul had been so crazy about those two of theirs—it was as if the sun rose and set on them. Of course, if Miss Rumsey knew about it she'd throw a fit. Mrs. Cracker didn't care. She didn't care, really, about anything except Mike's getting well again.

The truth was, Mrs. Cracker coveted Mike.

It was fantastic, impossible, not to be thought of—yet she thought of it constantly. At night, when she got home, she always went into the spare bedroom where Ernie slept on his rare, short visits from Chicago. It was a nice room, she thought, but the wallpaper would have to be changed. Mike wouldn't like pale blue with pink flowers growing up it. He'd prefer something with ships or airplanes. The bed was a good one, the same bed Ernie had used when he was a boy. She would make a new spread for it, and curtains to match, and buy a desk for the space under the window, where he could do his schoolwork.

LIKE so many fantastic notions, this one seemed less so the longer she harbored it, and she had harbored it now for ten days. Her house was in a decent neighborhood, it was as clean as scrubbing could make it, and it was her own. The boys had chipped in six years ago and bought it for her. "Ma," they had said, "you've been stuck in an old city flat long enough. What you need is a place of your own with a front yard and a back yard, where you can take things easy for a change." Mrs. Cracker had known what they were up to: they thought that once she was out there in Sunnydale, faced with the long bus ride to the hospital, she would be ready to stop working. *Me! Stop working!* she had said scornfully to herself. But she had accepted the house, knowing how proud it made them to be able to give it to her.

As it turned out, she grew to like the house, except that very often, small as it was, she felt lonely in it. And the bus sometimes was impossibly hot and slow and crowded, and her feet hurt, and no matter how dog-tired she was when she came home at night she couldn't get to sleep, and the programs on the radio Paul bought her were stupid. She knew that if she told the boys all this they would urge her again to leave the hospital, so she kept quiet. Giving up her job wasn't the solution; she didn't know what the solution was, but it wasn't that.

Then they brought Mike into the hospital, and she knew. She loved all children, but Mike she loved more than any other because he was hurt and alone.



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And why couldn't she have him? Someone must take care of orphaned boys, and the lawyer—she had seen him one morning when he came to the hospital with Doctor Kinnear and hung around outside 3-C while the doctor was with Mike—didn't look like the kind of man who would want him himself. Dry as dust, fussy, feeble. He should be glad to find a woman who knew all about boys and could prove it by pointing to five sons, every one of them strong, healthy, happy and successful enough to be able to help the others buy their old mother a home of her own.

She wouldn't ask or expect to adopt him; she was too old for that, and she knew it. But in the next block lived Mrs. Mungo, who had two foster children that the agency paid her to keep. Mrs. Cracker wouldn't expect pay for keeping Mike, although she was frank to admit that if the lawyer offered it, some money would probably come in handy. She would quit her job, because she wouldn't want it any more, and it might be hard for her and Mike to get along on her little savings and what the boys could spare her.

But Mrs. Cracker didn't, actually, think very much about the money side of it. Money had been a problem all her life, a problem that always got itself solved somehow or other with the aid of courage and optimism, both of which she had in abundance. The important thing to think about was how to bring Mike into that extra bedroom of hers. It was something that couldn't be accomplished, certainly, until he was well again. The first thing, then, was to make him well.

The following morning Mrs. Cracker behaved in an exemplary manner, aware of Miss Rumsey's eyes upon her. She gave 3-A and 3-B good, thorough cleanings, and not until they had been finished did she enter 3-C.

"There's one consolation about matrimony. When you look around you can always see somebody who did worse."

—WARREN HENRY GOLDSMITH: Crumbs of Common Sense.

"Well now," she said to Mike, "and how are you feeling this morning?"

"Fine," he told her. But then he always said that.

She put down her pail. The door was just barely ajar, and anyway the head of the bed was behind it; no one passing in the corridor could see her and the boy.

"I got something for you," she said, reaching under her apron to the pocket of her dress. "A surprise. I got it in a store out where I live."

Carefully, conspiratorially, she produced a large kitchen-match box bound round with a rubber band. She removed the band and slipped the box open, holding it so Mike could see inside. On a bed of cotton cowered a mouse, brown and white and faintly pink. You could see the life pulsing through it.

"Ain't he cute?" she asked Mike. "I got him for you. They won't let you have him here, of course, but I'll keep him until you're well, and then you can take him away with you." She waited, but Mike didn't answer. Mrs. Cracker put her hand into the box and lifted the mouse out. "See his little ears?" she urged. "And his whiskers, and the way he looks at you?" Yet she herself wasn't watching the mouse at all; she was watching Mike, trying with her eyes to pull some word or sign of pleasure from him. She opened the cup of her hand a little wider. "Do you like him, Mike?"

Mike might have said something then, in his polite way, but he had no time. The mouse gave a nervous scurry and slipped out of Mrs. Cracker's hand like quicksilver. It flashed across the bed. Mrs. Cracker made a grab for it. Mike uttered a startled cry—not a frightened cry, Mrs. Cracker told herself afterward, not frightened at all, only surprised, the kind anybody'd be liable to make—just as the door opened.

"Well!" Miss Rumsey said.

The mouse fell to the floor and went straight

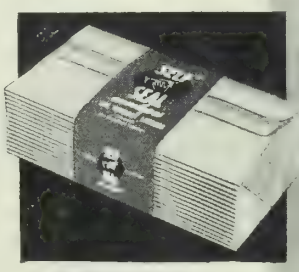


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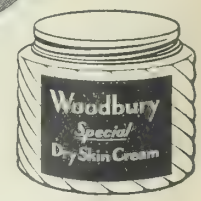
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for Miss Rumsey's feet. Miss Rumsey did not scream—she was not the screaming kind—but she side-stepped in a way that was less than dignified, and the mouse escaped into the corridor.

It was found, later on in the day, by Mrs. Cracker herself. It was hiding in the closet of another room, and she captured it and put it back into the matchbox. "Might as well take you back to the pet shop," she said disconsolately to it. For it did not seem that Mike was greatly interested in mice, and in any event Mrs. Cracker wasn't going to have another chance to show this one to him.

"You will not enter that room at any time," Miss Rumsey had said, biting the words off hard, "except when I am present. You will not speak to the patient or annoy him in any way."

"I wasn't annoying him." Mrs. Cracker had done her best to recapture her old, fine disregard of Miss Rumsey's whims, but she was shaken and her wit seemed to be paralyzed. Instead of leading the discussion gaily off at a tangent, she was apologizing, excusing herself. "All boys like pets, and it didn't do him no harm just to look at ——"

"I'm a better judge of that than you are, Mrs. Cracker. That boy is suffering from shock, and any excitement, any disturbance at all, is very bad for him. My orders to you are to leave him alone. Quite alone. Is that clear?"

It was clear. Miss Rumsey meant that she was ready, given one more provocation, to see to it that Mrs. Cracker was fired. Prior to Mike's arrival, Mrs. Cracker would have preferred being fired to letting Miss Rumsey, or anyone else, order her around. But Mike had taken away her independence. If she left the hospital she would never see him again, never even know what had happened to him.

And maybe, she confessed wearily to herself as she plodded through her day's work, Miss Rumsey was right after all. Maybe she, Polly Cracker, was only a bungling old fool, poking her nose in where she wasn't wanted or needed, causing trouble. She hadn't been able to help Mike, no matter how hard she tried. His eyes went dead when she came into his room, just as they did when it was anyone else. Whatever had made her think she could take the place of his mother?

That night, for the first time, she didn't open the door of the spare room in her house.

For two days Miss Rumsey stood guard while Mrs. Cracker did Mike's room. Mrs. Cracker would say meekly, "I'm ready for Three-C now, Miss Rumsey," and Miss Rumsey would nod curtly and leave whatever it was she had been doing and go ahead of Mrs. Cracker into 3-C. As she came in, Mrs. Cracker would steal a glance and a shy smile at Mike before she bent over her mop. With Miss Rumsey there, it never took her more than five minutes to clean the room. Nobody said a word. And Mike hardly seemed to know he wasn't alone.

He was getting worse, Mrs. Cracker thought desperately. He had stopped looking over at the door as if he expected someone; he'd lost all hope that that someone would ever come. He was getting worse, and nobody did anything about it. Doctor Kinnear came every morning and stayed with him for five or ten minutes and went away again, looking cross. Mrs. Cracker had seen that look on doctors' faces before. It meant that they had done everything they knew how to do and were angry and dismayed because they were being defeated by something stronger than they.

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Expert commentators will report voting trends and analyze interesting developments as the returns come in. Mutual's cross-country stations will stand by to report exciting happenings in pivotal states.

There is a feeling you get when you ha been around hospitals a long time, a feel that tells you when somebody is preparin die. Mrs. Cracker had that feeling now. looked into the faces of Miss Rumsey and other nurses, and she knew that they ha too. *Do something! Somebody!* But not knew what to do.

On the third morning, when Mrs. Cracker followed Miss Rumsey into Mike's room, his eyes were closed and he didn't open them all the time they were there. Miss Rumsey tiptoed across the room and lowered a shade, straightened small objects on the bedside table, peered down into Mike's face. Mrs. Cracker mopped the floor, and while she mopped a resolution grew within her.

Doctor Kinnear usually visited Mike about ten-thirty in the morning, before Mrs. Cracker had finished all her rooms. Today she let the rooms go. At ten-thirty she had her mop and pail in the corridor where she could watch the elevator doors. She went over the stretch of tiles once, and then she went over it again, and she would have started a third time if Doctor Kinnear hadn't appeared just then. He came toward her, a short, quick-stepping man whose manner said he didn't need anyone to offer him advice. He frowned when he found Mrs. Cracker in his way and heard her say:

"Doctor Kinnear—can I talk to you a minute about Mike? The boy in Three-C?"

Doctor Kinnear stopped, seeing a vaguely familiar old woman in a faded apron and cotton house dress, completely unprepossessing until you noticed the appeal in her lined face. "Yes?" he said curtly. "What about him?"

"He's awful bad, ain't he? He's not going to get well?" Mrs. Cracker's hands, deprived of the familiar support of her mop, fidgeted against her sides.

"Oh, I wouldn't say ——" Doctor Kinnear began, but something stopped him from finishing the automatic denial. "I don't know," he said, and his voice was a trace more gentle.

"You done everything you could for him," Mrs. Cracker said, "but he's getting worse all the time. Ain't he? And now he's just as bad as he can be."

Doctor Kinnear sighed. "I guess," he admitted, "that's about right. I'm sorry." He made a move to go on past her, but she moved too.

"I guess you think it ain't any of my business," she said. "But I know he's all alone in the world, and I was hoping that when he got all better he could come and live with me. I could take care of him—I've raised five boys of my own ——"

"I'm sorry," the doctor said again. "I don't have anything to do with Mike's future. You'd have to speak to Meredith—he's the lawyer for the estate."

"Yes, sir, I know." Mrs. Cracker nodded eagerly. "I only wanted to tell you, so you wouldn't think I was just butting in, like. But won't you let me talk to him? I know he ain't supposed to be bothered, but if he's not getting any better anyhow I couldn't do him any harm, could I? And maybe I could help him."

Neither of them heard Miss Rumsey coming toward them until she spoke, irritably and a little breathlessly.

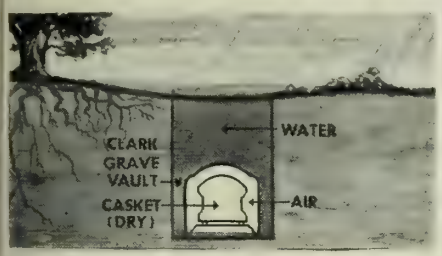
"Mrs. Cracker, will you please get back to your work?" she ordered. "Doctor, I'm sorry. But I'm afraid Mrs. Cracker is becoming something of a problem."

"No, wait," Doctor Kinnear said—unnecessarily, as it happened, because Mrs. Cracker



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was standing her ground. If she got fired—well, she got fired. It wouldn't matter anyway, if Mike wasn't going to get well. "Help him?" Doctor Kinnear asked. "How?"

How? But that was what Mrs. Cracker didn't know. "I can talk to him," she offered humbly. "Make him see somebody loves him and wants him. That's what I was trying to do all the time, until Miss Rumsey made me stop."

"Oh?" Doctor Kinnear said, and paused, considering, his eyes on Mrs. Cracker's face. They were unexpectedly kind eyes, now that they were focused on something besides his own private thoughts. "All right," he said abruptly. "Go ahead. I've a patient to see upstairs. Then I'll be back."

He turned and went away, and Mrs. Cracker and Miss Rumsey stood staring at each other. There was no triumph in Mrs. Cracker's gaze, nothing but gratitude and quite a bit of panic.

"Well," Miss Rumsey said, washing her hands of the consequences, "go on in."

Mike's room was dim with the blind drawn and very quiet. His eyes were still closed. "Mike," Mrs. Cracker said softly when she stood beside the bed. "Mike."

His lids lifted, and she saw that he recognized her, but he didn't speak.

"Mike, I've saved the mouse for you. I thought I'd take it back to the pet store, but then I figured I'd just keep it and you could make up your mind when you got well whether you wanted it or not."

No. There was no use in talking about the mouse. Mike didn't care about it.

Her head bent, her shoulders bowed, Mrs. Cracker looked down into his face. She said, "Mike, darling, you got to try to get well. Please? You see, I—everybody loves you and wants to help you, but if you won't —— And after you're well again, I thought—I was hoping—maybe you could come out to my place and live with me. We'd have swell times, Mike. We'd get a dog, and you could play with him when you come home from school ——" She stopped, suddenly frightened by the look on Mike's face. He was listening to her at last.

"Live with you?" he said. "Then . . . mommy and dad, they really *aren't* ever coming to get me!"

Mrs. Cracker hadn't meant to tell him. And yet somehow, she recognized dimly, she had known when she entered the room that she was going to have to, doctor's orders or no doctor's orders. He had a right to know.

"Mike, they can't. They're dead. That accident you were all three of you in—they were killed." She hurried on against his blank incredulity. "You mustn't grieve for them, Mike. They wouldn't want you to. They'd want you to get well and grow up big and strong, so they'd be proud of you."

"Dead?" Mike said. "They're *dead?*"

"Yes, darling. That's what I've been telling you. I sort of thought you'd guessed it already."

"No, I ——" He broke off, moistened his lips with his tongue, tried again. "That nurse—she told me, she said they were all right, and"—Mike's face twisted tragically—"the doctor wouldn't tell me anything at all when I asked him. So I thought—when they didn't come to see me—they'd gone away somewhere and left me here. I thought they didn't want me any more!"

"Ah, Mike, no!" Mrs. Cracker cried in an agony of comprehension. "Nothing like that! Nothing like that at all! They loved you, they'd never have left you only they couldn't help it."

"I didn't know," Mike said, and he was crying.

Mrs. Cracker sat on the edge of the bed. She took Mike into her arms and he turned to her, instinctively and naturally. Rocking him back and forth, she said, "There. There, there," over and over, soothingly, her old face shining softly.

That was how Doctor Kinnear found them when he came in. Mrs. Cracker looked up at him.

"He'll be all right now," she said, and she added with quiet pride, "I always did have a way with boys." THE END

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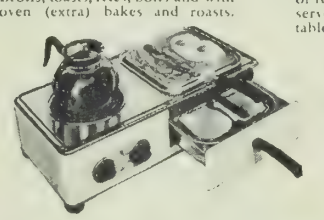
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SMALL WONDER

(Continued from Page 219)

which went unappreciated because of their light color, a dark brown mascara was applied to the lashes of the upper lids. This immediately deepened the color of her eyes. For lipstick (Frances has medium-brown coloring) we chose a bright, pinky-red shade. This was applied with a lipstick brush, and a curved lipline, almost exactly following Frances' natural lipline, was the most becoming. (Small women should never create an artificial oversized lipline which dwarfs other facial features.) A rosy-beige powder, dusted lightly and evenly over her face and neck, completed Frances' daytime make-up. Her fingernails manicured, softly curved (no long, pointed nails, please!) and polished, was the final beauty treatment to make a pretty picture.

The Trick About Clothes. No matter how pretty the dress (nor how much your husband loves the color) if it can't be altered to fit you well—don't buy it! Many's the woman who, moved by pure enchantment over certain aspects of a dress, suit or coat, buys it, takes it home, and then discovers the shoulder pads she intended to take out leave an ill-fitting bodice—when the garment is inches shorter it looks top-heavy—or certain details are just too overpowering on a small woman.

Here are some things to keep in mind the next time you are shopping for clothes:

1. Have your dress, suit or coat fitted while you are still in the store. This gives you a chance to determine whether, with all necessary alterations accounted for, the dress is still becoming.

2. If you have to shop in the junior or teenage sections in order to get your small size, look for the more sophisticated, smoother designs. Designers of mother-and-daughter clothes often allow for this need in their styling. Too many ruffles, little-girl collars and sashes will ruin the effect you want to create. Keep in mind the simpler the dress, the more success you will have with your adult accessories.

3. Consider the shoulderline. In Frances Freeman's first picture the shoulder pads in her dress give her a broad, square look which detracts from her own natural, pretty shoulders which are perfect for today's fashions.

4. Dress details are important. Note how much more flattering the small, rolled-collar neckline is to Mrs. Freeman than the mannish, tailored collar which tends to dwarf her in her "before" picture. Beware of wide belts, heavy fabrics, excessively full skirts, wide sleeves, cumbersome details.

5. Choose small and delicate accessories—leaving all large necklaces, bracelets, pins, hats and bags to taller women. Mrs. Freeman's single strand of tiny pearls is more becoming to her than the large pin she wears in her first picture.

You will discover these ideas, combined with careful self-analysis, will allow your hair-do, make-up and clothes to bring out your own special charms—and establish you as a pretty foil to any masculine partner!

CHILDREN WITHOUT NEUROSES

(Continued from Page 68)

of great ideals and a preoccupation with self which lie at the root of our personal and social neuroses.

How to transmit them to our young becomes our second problem. And that brings us to the second rule in dealing with animals; that a friendly environment, marked by affection and kindliness toward the animal, is indispensable. Every laboratory worker knows this to be true. And for the successful rearing of children, love is a prime essential.

"But surely we love our children!" you may protest. Nevertheless, this is the second way in which modern parents fail most often. It is a mark of our modern age that many parents feel hostility toward their offspring—every physician, and especially every neurologist and psychiatrist, sees it daily.

This does not mean that the parents in such cases are necessarily unnatural or depraved. The reasons are too complex and subtle for full discussion here, but two main ones are that children, once an economic asset, now are an impediment in the struggle for material advancement; and that in our society, women have been progressively masculinized.

Dad cannot enjoy as much golf, as many trips as his childless contemporaries. Mother, "liberated" by modern conveniences from much personal labor in the home and many services to her family, has in like measure been robbed of much of her indispensability as homemaker and mother. Many women have turned to the rewards of the male world, never completely satisfying to a member of the feminine sex. Adopting masculine standards and goals, they have lost motherliness.

Whatever the reasons for the upswing of parental hostility, anyone who goes deeply into the problems of parents and children realizes that, too often, youngsters are secretly or openly hated and resented. When this is the case they are neglected and ignored, or else subjected to a suffocating tyranny of restrictions, thinly disguised as parental concern. The child responds with hostility and fear. Such ideals as the parents have to give are rejected; and worse yet, the unloved, uncared-for youngster learns to look upon the world as an unfriendly place in which he never feels secure. His attitude toward his parents disturbs his relationships with other people and hinders his sexual adjustments later on. There can be no proper training in such an atmosphere, and the child's character is inevitably warped and distorted.

How different the situation when a child is loved! With nothing to fear, nothing to warrant hostility, he feels safe and secure in his friendly little world. He is willing and anxious to learn from such generous allies as his father and mother, he presents no problems except minor and fleeting ones.

If only those who truly love and want children were to have them, we should go far toward abolishing neurotics. Parents of "problem children" need to search their own hearts and attitudes. When these are changed, the "problem" often solves itself.

Thus the first two essentials of successful training and discipline are to have something to teach, and to build such a loving and friendly relationship with our children that they will gladly accept it from us. The third is example.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

There She Goes Again!

By William W. Pratt

A home is where a housewife does
A daily marathon;
It's down the stairs when doorbells buzz,
Then back to chores undone.
It's up the stairs to take a peep
At baby in his bed,
It's down to cook and up to sweep,
And still more trips ahead.

A home is where the heart is, sure!
Because of constant chase
The muscles feel too insecure
To take it anyplace.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Experimenters have found that an untrained animal, placed with one that has been trained, will learn his lessons more rapidly than if alone. In the same way, children imitate their parents and particularly their mother, with whom they have so much more intimate and prolonged contact. A mother who keeps her home in careful order will have a daughter, if love be present, who is easily trained to hang up her clothes and make her bed, and who eventually keeps an orderly mind—I vouch for it. A truthful, kindly, self-controlled and scrupulously fair father will have a son, provided he love him, who is truthful, self-controlled and fair.

But children absorb vices as well as virtues. And beware hypocrisy—youngsters have an uncanny insight into adult insincerity, and promptly adopt it as their own. As parents, we must live the virtues we would impart to our children. Preaching and pretense will never do the trick.

The fourth great factor in training an animal—or a child—is reward and punishment, which determine all behavior patterns, in animals and humans alike. The rat solves the maze because it is only when he follows the correct path that he gets the cheese. The boy masters the bicycle because only the correct movements give the exhilarating ride. Even infants react according to this law. The random movements which bring gratification are retained and enlarged upon; those which cause distress are lost or inhibited.

Social skills develop in the same way. Behavior that brings admiration and approval is fostered; that which brings dislike and disapproval usually is avoided. However, we must keep in mind that to feel important and significant appears to be one of the most primitive and powerful urges—an unconditioned stimulus, so to speak. So that while approval is preferred to disapproval, disapproval is preferred to being ignored. A child often learns to be mischievous, troublesome, even vicious, because his stupid or neglectful parents never accord importance for "good" behavior, and "bad" conduct alone makes him feel important and gives him a thrill of power.

EVERYONE is entitled to feel important and essential, but these gratifications should come in return for virtuous behavior. To undermine a child's importance by indiscriminating and hostile punishment is to make him a delinquent. To give him indiscriminating gratification and admiration is to teach him that no one form of behavior is better than another, and to stimulate an insatiable hunger for importance and affection which life can never satisfy. (Alcoholism often springs from such treatment.) To bribe him to be good is in effect to reward him for being bad, and to allow him to gain gratifications by subterfuge and falsehood is to establish habits of deceit and dishonesty.

Our study, therefore, should be to bestow praise whenever it is earned—but it should be earned. Make it a point to commend every "good" act the child performs, whether it is telling the truth, doing a job well or exhibiting generosity or tolerance. It is most important to praise the deed itself, rather than the child. In this way he is encouraged to do as well as he can, rather than to be personally admired—a distinction which, if somewhat subtle, nevertheless is important.

I might add that one of the best ways for a child to earn parental approval is through home tasks, diligently performed. Many mothers ask how this may be done in a city home or apartment, particularly where there are servants. I realize it is more difficult than where there are lawns to mow, walks to shovel, fires to tend and ashes to be carried out. However, any three- or four-year-old can be taught to hang up his own clothes, empty wastebaskets, "help" mother set the table and remove the dirty dishes. As his powers develop, regular responsibilities should be added. If the parents work along with the child and are consistent in seeing that he performs his tasks, these will be accepted as customary.

There is no better way to make a child feel he is necessary and valuable. And early in life he will learn one of its greatest lessons: that successful accomplishment of a task requires

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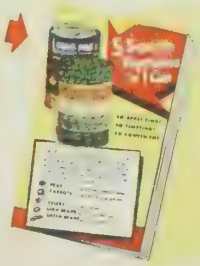
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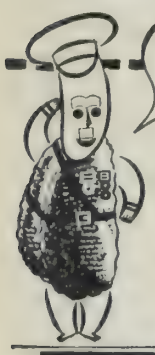
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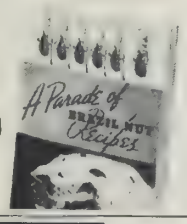
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going at it promptly, and giving one's best efforts until it is finished. These things should be taken into account in the degree of commendation offered.

Punishment, I admit, is often more difficult than reward. Ideally, it should follow as a natural consequence of the misdeed. Anything gained by deception should be taken away, play won through neglect of duty should be denied. When the child knows he is loved, quite often the disappointment and disapproval of the parent are punishment enough.

Situations arise, however, where this method cannot be used, especially when children are too young to grasp abstract ideas. For such situations I suggest spanking. But I hasten to add that the manner in which the child is spanked is all-important. Spanking has fallen into disrepute because it has been abused by vengeful guilty parents who project their own guilt upon the child, in hostility and anger. For how can a lazy father whip a lazy son except in anger and guilt? To angry, unfair punishment the child inevitably responds with anger and resentment.

Only the pure in heart should spank a child. And as with rewards, you should make it plain that you are punishing the misdeed, not the child. When it is over, consider the penalty as paid, and accept the child back into full favor again. This preserves his dignity and self-respect, as important to a youngster as to an adult. Corporal punishment administered in this way, fairly, dispassionately and out of love, is far preferable to the constant nagging and belittling which many nonspankers employ, and which to the child represent the essence of hostility.

The fifth great factor in the training of animals is consistency. Conditioned reflexes cannot be established unless the stimuli remain constant. If two experimenters are working with the same animal, they must use the same methods or the animal is hopelessly confused. "Nervous breakdowns" closely resembling human neuroses can be induced in animals by frequently changing the conditions, punishing an act one day and rewarding it the next, or by setting standards beyond the animal's power to achieve.

A child, too, must operate under standards that do not change if he is to develop consistent patterns of behavior. They must not be too high, and the rules and restrictions placed on him must not be so complicated that h cannot understand them easily. But the must increase in difficulty as he grows in ski and maturity, else he misses the chance to d velop as he should.

If parents compete for the favor of a child or dispute the way he is to be managed in hi presence, he soon learns to play one agains the other. Having no constant law to go by and finding the authority of the home di vided, he never achieves a sense of security He is inclined to reject whatever standard his parents revere, and can develop none o his own. Out of such childhoods grow the neuroses, the psychopathic tendencies and the criminal delinquencies of later years.

Most fortunate is the boy or girl whose parents have such similar cultural, ethical and philosophical backgrounds that they can agree readily on major issues. If differences exist, they should be ironed out when the child is not present. And if at times compromise seems difficult, remember that a united front is better than embattled righteousness, and that an imperfect standard is better than none at all.

There is one more factor in the training of children that we must recognize: the role played by society itself. Our youngsters soon spread their contacts far and wide, many new experimenters come upon the scene—and we would not have it otherwise, since our offspring, in advancing maturity, must meet and master the bewildering complexity of life.

Yet how shall parents combat the influence of other people's children, reared less wisely and lovingly, who lead our offspring to the dance hall, the tavern, the night club? How counteract the lessons taught by the less worthy motion pictures and radio programs, by stupid comic books? How, indeed, preserve any ideals at all in the face of the constant commercial pull toward opportunism and sensualism to which all of us are constantly subjected, and which is another mark of this frenetic age?

This question—with which trainers of animals do not have to contend—is hardest of all to answer. Yet is it not all the more obligatory to offer our children a better fare of ethical, aesthetic and intellectual food, and to exemplify in our own lives the virtues we would have them possess? If we have avoided

(Continued on Page 282)

JENNIFER



"I think our mothers are much smarter than our daddies,' 'cause they control the money!"

The Magazine Women Believe In

JOURNAL

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(Continued from Page 4)

for over 40 years. In fact, there has been a close fellowship between the two groups.

Sincerely,
REV. ARTHUR M. BALDWIN,
Church of the Brethren.
(Also signed by over 50 members of both churches.)

Texas School-Lunch Program

Austin, Texas.

Dear Miss Hickey: I read with a great deal of interest your excellent story, Hot School Lunches, in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. We appreciate your interest very much in the school-lunch program, and we are indeed glad that this article that you have written has gotten into the hands of many thousands of people and has enlightened many of them on the subject of hot lunches in the schools.

We believe that we have many good school lunches in the state of Texas and would like to give you a special invitation to come to Texas and visit some of our schools that are operating school-lunch programs.

Yours very truly,
M. F. THURMOND,
Director, School Lunch Division.

Does Joe Know About the Price of Eggs in Russia?

The Foreign Service of the United States of America, Moscow, U.S.S.R.

Dear Editors: I have found your advertisements of a great help, have ordered several items and have found them extremely satisfactory. I have translated several of the recipes into Russian and my cook does wonders with them. She will spend hours figuring out how the dishes are arranged, in the featured cooking articles as well as the advertisements, and has been able to duplicate most of them. One looks for the cake recipes that use only one or two eggs, inasmuch as eggs here are about 45 cents each and butter runs about $5 a pound at the diplomatic rate of exchange.

MRS. HOMER C. KAYE.

Oh, *That* Column!

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Dear Editors: Today when I couldn't find your magazine on the rack in a drugstore but had to go behind a counter, dig down for an old dusty issue when so many of your competitor magazines were all new on display, I thought you ought to know what a tribute I gave you.

I'd like to add this one adverse comment; I admire Mrs. Roosevelt—but—that column! If you can't get better letters for her to answer, why not have her write on some topic of interest to women on politics or world affairs? Anything but those hostile or stupid letters!

Yours truly,
DOROTHY MATHOT.

Mrs. Roosevelt has a choice of letters to answer. She likes tough questions. ED.

Bringing Up Husbands

Richmond, Kentucky.

Dear Editors: It seems to me that some men would be more happily married if they would observe reasonable precautions. They think that they are born with the right to lie down in their dirty work clothes on clean sheets or clean bedspreads. To a woman who has been working hard all day to make the little home neat and clean, this is a monstrous thing.

Can't the mothers of boys train them to be more considerate of houses? A little proper training at an early age, hard though it may be, may save some marriages and a lot of unhappiness. No woman is likely to have a surplus of energy if she is a good housekeeper. If children can be trained to put more things away, happier marriages will result—then and later when they are grown.

I hugely enjoy your magazine.

AURORA CHESTNUT.

Women Everywhere

Alexandria, Egypt.

Dear Editors: I want to tell you how much I like the JOURNAL. You may be astonished to know that although I am not American I find it familiar. I think that any woman would find in it feelings and thoughts of her own, no matter what nationality she is.

Yours truly,
AZIZ DARIVISH.

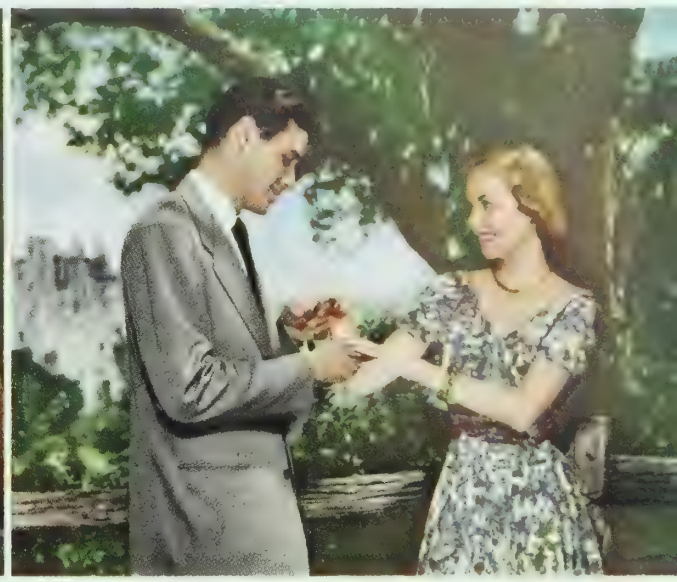
(Continued on Page 8)



"IRELAND was Thrilling after that Hand Kiss"



An Irish Hunt is exciting. Such beautiful horses—so silky. "I know what's silkier," my Irish cousin said; and—goodness, he kissed my hand. Peter (this boy from home) snorted. But...



At Blarney Castle, Peter found his tongue. "Your hands are softer than silk," he said. Jergens <u>does</u> keep my hands soft... But Peter said much, much more...



"Is it just Blarney you're talking, Peter?" I asked him. But it's all true, he says. He wants to hold my soft hands all his life.

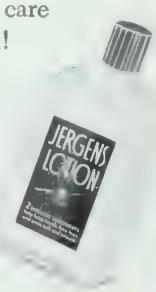
Soft, white hands...Jergens-smooth hands... are hands to be held, admired...kissed!

You can have even softer, smoother hands now with today's finer Jergens Lotion. It's two ways better, thanks to discoveries in skin care. Today's Jergens Lotion not only keeps your hands silkier, softer than ever, but it protects their loveliness so much longer.

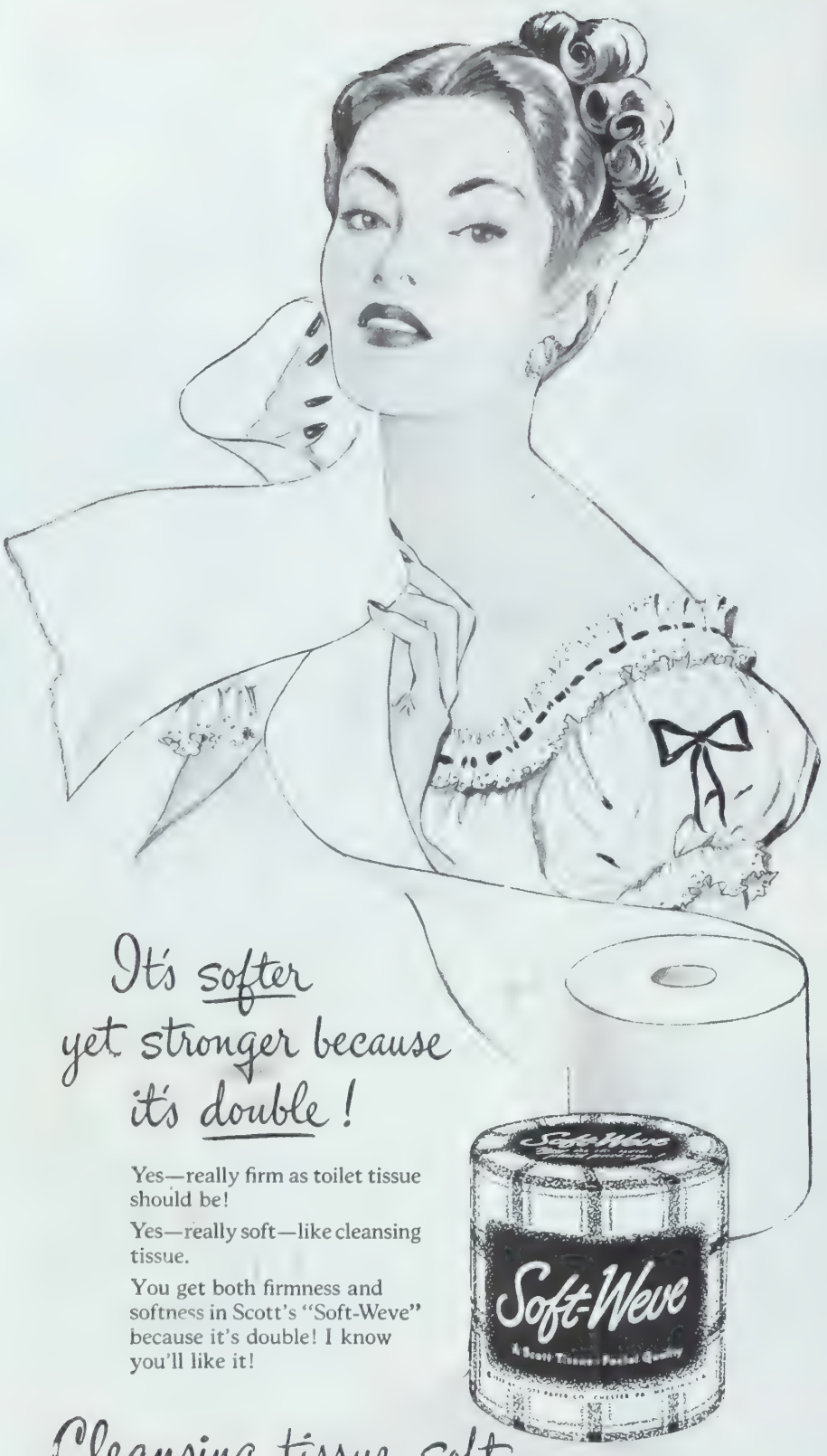
In Hollywood—the Stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 over any other hand care in the world!

Many doctors use two special ingredients to help smooth and soften the skin. Both these fine ingredients are in your Jergens Lotion. It's a joy to use, too, because Jergens Lotion is never oily... never sticky! Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for today's even finer Jergens Lotion. So if you care for your hands—use Jergens Lotion!

USED BY MORE WOMEN THAN ANY OTHER HAND CARE IN THE WORLD



For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion



It's softer
yet stronger because
it's double!

Yes—really firm as toilet tissue should be!

Yes—really soft—like cleansing tissue.

You get both firmness and softness in Scott's "Soft-Weve" because it's double! I know you'll like it!

Cleansing tissue soft
...toilet tissue firm

"Soft-Weve" "Scotties" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

P.S. a cleansing tissue by Scott



...so soft
...so firm

you'll like Scotties

(Continued from Page 6)

Teach All Religions

St. Louis, Missouri.

Dear Editors: I, along with the large majority of other so-called "atheists," would heartily approve a course on religion in our public schools *if* it were possible to find qualified, unbiased public-school teachers to give it *and* it included what *all* the religions of the world stand for. This would give the student an opportunity to form his own opinions, use his own mind and decide his own beliefs, which is the purpose of education.

It seems to me there is a vast difference in teaching children what is believed by some, and in teaching them what they themselves should believe. Herein lies the point of the Supreme Court decision—and I, for one, am for it. Sincerely,

M. S. EDWARDS.

The Trouble With Newspapers

Lake Placid, New York.

Dear Mr. Gould: Dorothy Thompson, writing on The Climate of a Free Press in the JOURNAL, seems to me in need of rebuttal, since she dismisses with pious platitudes an issue of first importance to every JOURNAL reader. I say this with due respect to Miss Thompson, who has so long been one of the ablest American journalists.

What Miss Thompson says in effect is that the American press is the best and the freest in the world, which it is without question, and that if it has any faults at all, none of which seem to her very serious, the reader must be blamed for them. That happens to be the opinion of newspaper ownership, which takes the attitude that, because our press *is* the best and the freest by comparison, anyone who criticizes it must think some other country's press, probably Russia's, is better. It is downright dangerous to criticize the press in America. The editors of the Atlantic, introducing a recent article, call it "the most difficult and sensitive assignment in journalism." Newspaper publishers look with scorn and contempt upon criticism which comes from outside those actively engaged in the business, and the criticism which comes from within their ranks is mild and pitifully inadequate, with a few notable exceptions. If any serious criticism can be made, then, what is it?

Miss Thompson first begs this question by beating the long-dead horse of advertiser influence. I don't think any serious student of American journalism really believes that advertisers corrupt daily newspapers, or even influence them to any appreciable extent in most cases. Chapter and book, however, can be cited to prove that there is considerably more influence than Miss Thompson thinks exists.

Miss Thompson goes on to postulate that our newspapers are and should be engaged only in the search for truth, as nearly as fallible humans can come to it. This is true of our best newspapers, certainly, but it is not true of a large group of family- and chain-controlled newspapers which reach an extremely high percentage of newspaper readers. Nor is it true of several of our national magazines, which follow their own party lines with the fidelity of a communist, although with a great deal more subtlety.

Of course, the magazines can always claim the right of private ownership to follow any party line they please, but the newspapers have no such excuse. Their ownership is private, but their responsibility is public. The people have a right to know, and it is not only the duty of a newspaper, but its only reason for existence, to report the news as objectively as is humanly possible. That too many of them are not engaged in this pursuit is, I think, the chief cause for alarm.

Miss Thompson seems to believe that it is only in Europe where one can paste up three different news stories of the same event and find little resemblance, but there are several cities in America where it is also true. The differences may not be quite as flagrant or as frequent, but it is distressingly true that they occur most often in stories about labor disputes and political events. It is healthy that there should be differences on the editorial page and in signed columns—diversity of opinion is essential to a free press—but in the news columns, no.

Conversely, there are altogether too many cities in which readers get a newspaper slanted in news columns and editorials alike to one view—the view of the

(Continued on Page 183)



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I would like 51 gauge Gotham Gold Stripe Nylon Adjustables*, illustrated "On A Pedestal." Please send me, through a local store, ... pairs Gotham Gold Stripe Nylon Adjustables in 30 denier, 51 gauge SHADOW, Style 4376, at $1.95 a pair. My size is ..... I enclose Check ☐ or Money Order ☐. (Don't send stamps.)

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Your Cold...

develops in many ways... requires quick attention



GERMS called the "secondary invaders," are believed to be responsible for much of a cold's misery. These are already present in the mouth or may be transferred to you if you get in the way of a cough or a sneeze.



WET FEET or cold feet may lower body resistance, and so make it easier for the "secondary invaders" to invade the throat tissue and produce many of the miserable complications of a cold you know so well.



DRAFTS, fatigue, and sudden changes of temperature may also make it easier for germs to stage a "mass invasion" of the throat tissue. Reduction of germs is an important step in warding off a cold.

ANYTHING that lowers body resistance makes it easier for threatening germs called "secondary invaders" to enter throat tissues and start trouble.

So, at the slightest hint of a chill, sneeze or cough, begin at once with the Listerine Antiseptic gargle and use it regularly.

Attacks "Secondary Invaders"

This pleasant precaution may "nip your cold in the bud," or lessen its seriousness once it has started. Here is why:

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including "secondary invaders". . . helps guard against their staging a mass invasion of the tissue. In short it gets after them before they get after you.

Germs Reduced Up to 96.7% in Tests

Remember, repeated tests have shown reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

Also remember that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily in tests had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle. . . . and fewer sore throats.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.



IT'S NEW! Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of today's Listerine TOOTH PASTE with 25% more Lusterfoam?

Celebrate the Holiday with America's Luxury Ham



Marie Gifford's Holiday-Party Ham

It's all dressed up for Christmas dinner . . . this bright-glazed Armour Ham . . . gay with a garnish of candied cherries and citron! And it's all so easy. Just bake for 20-25 minutes per pound at 325° F.—glazing the last half hour with 1 cup brown sugar and ½ cup corn syrup. Your first slice proves that its perfection isn't just glaze-deep—that it's unmistakably Armour Ham! And that means it's a hand-picked ham—mild-sugar-cured—tender-smoked! You'll have a second slice, won't you?

For other delicious ham recipes write . Marie Gifford, Dept. 333, Box 2053, Chicago 9, Illinois.



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LADIES' HOME

Journal

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WHAT ONE WOMAN CAN DO

A LITTLE girl in Europe receives a pretty yoked flannel nightie that has just come from America. She looks it over and excitedly pulls from its pocket a tiny baby doll made of stuffed pink flannel. The doll has a big smile on its round painted face. The little girl feels of the doll slowly, and smiles. She is glad to have the nightie—but the doll! She hasn't seen a doll in a long time, even a tiny little doll like this one.

Possibly this little girl, and hundreds like her, will never hear of Mary Hugg, a Quaker grandmother from Detroit, Michigan—but Mrs. Hugg knows about them, and that is what counts.

For the past seven years Mrs. Hugg has been the energetic head of the American Friends Service Committee's Detroit workroom, sending as many as four tons of clothing to Europe in one year. She is outstanding for the sense of unity she has inspired among her diverse groups of volunteers—"I have found no scheme for getting volunteers to work steadily without working steadily *with* them." So Mrs. Hugg devotes all day Monday to the workroom, other days and nights to gathering and distributing materials, packing and shipping boxes of clothing, speaking to groups in and about Detroit.

Mrs. Hugg, a widow, has never been in business, yet her workroom is self-sustaining. When a Detroit manufacturer offered her some upholstery material, she took it gratefully, designed a special jacket pattern. Flowered chicken-feed sacks are turned into girls' dresses; window-shade muslin into crib sheets and diapers; men's worn shirts into pinafores; and men's worn trousers cut down into boys' sizes.

Although the rent is free for the small room in the Merrill Palmer School, which is the Detroit headquarters, it takes money to buy knitting wool, to pay shipping costs to *(Continued on Page 105)*

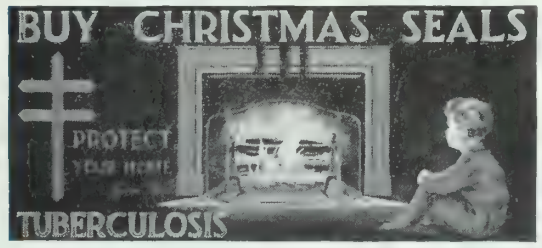
Depression and War

By Dorothy Thompson

THE tendency to consider that war and peace are fixed alternatives, involving merely a matter of moral choice, contributes nothing to the actual question of the prevention of war. So long as the major nations of the world find it impossible to agree upon a common concept of how, and in what spirit, society should be organized, and therefore to agree upon a common enforceable law to restrain even the most powerful of the sovereign states, war is a continual possibility, which all states will take into calculation, despite the rapidly increasing hazards inherent in war, as the instruments of destruction become ever more powerful and appalling.

The mere existence, however, of such weapons is no certain deterrent to war, and may even increase the chances of its occurrence. When one state can utterly destroy another state, or reduce it to such a condition that the population returns to the status of animals, living in caves of rubble where once stood great cities, and foraging for food, every serious diplomatic dispute which might result in war will tempt one or the other of the parties to strike first and obtain the advantage of the initial attack. Under such a condition, the chief preventive to war is the estimate of each party regarding the risk of defeat or the chance of victory. The leadership of no nation, however aggressive, is likely to start a war which, they believe, they have a very good chance to lose. Thus, though the Soviet Union possesses, in its 400 divisions, and exceptionally favorable strategic position, a force capable of overrunning Europe, China or India in a matter of a few weeks, no Soviet leadership is likely to take such a step so long as public opinion in the United States is firm in regarding the security of Western Europe and China as integral with the security of the United States in the Atlantic and Pacific, and so long as we possess a superior air force and the Russians do *not* possess the atomic bomb. The strategic Russian land position and vast armies are balanced for the time being by the capacity of the United States to wage long-range atomic warfare, and vice versa. The calculated risks for both are too grave to encourage either to launch a war.

When, as in October, two American air strategists, Col. Frederick L. Moore and Col. Dale O. Smith, announced that in their opinion (not that of the American General Staff) the United States could win an "atomic blitz" against any enemy with only about 300 bombers, flying from 450 to 500 miles an hour, they were, in the opinion of this writer, doing peace no good service, but encouraging, from our side, an exaggerated notion of



"Want Better Cakes?



HERE'S THE SECRET," SAYS AUNT JENNY

Spry with Cake-Improver

DON'T just *wish* you could make better cakes. Go right ahead and *do* it! Don't be afraid to tackle this luscious Christmas Tree Cake. Make it with Spry, for no other type shortening has Spry's Cake-Improver secret that gives your cakes richer flavor, finer texture—helps them stay fresh longer. Follow the recipe for Spry's easy One-Bowl method—your cake will be a beauty! And if you want to be an all-round better cook—use Spry for *all* baking and frying!



CHRISTMAS TREE COCONUT CAKE

2¼ cups sifted cake flour
1½ cups sugar
4 teaspoons baking powder (or 5½ teaspoons tartrate baking powder)
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Spry
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ teaspoon orange extract
4 egg whites, unbeaten

SIFT flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt into mixing bowl. . . . DROP in Spry (no creaming needed!) . . . ADD ¾ cup milk and flavoring extracts and beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed). Scrape bowl and spoon or beater. . . . ADD remaining milk and egg whites and beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed).

BAKE in two deep 9-inch Sprycoated layer pans in moderate oven (360° F.) 20–25 minutes.

★ FROST WITH CHRISTMAS TREE FROSTING ★

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1½ cups sugar
5 tablespoons water
1 teaspoon light corn sirup
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon orange extract
2 marshmallows, cut in sixths
Candied red cherries
Green cherries or citron
1 cup shredded coconut

Put egg whites, sugar, water, corn sirup, and salt in top of double boiler and mix thoroughly. Place over rapidly boiling water and beat constantly with rotary egg beater until mixture will hold a peak (about 7 minutes).

Remove from hot water, add flavoring extracts and marshmallows and beat until cool and thick enough to spread.

Spread between layers and on top and sides of cake. Outline a Christmas tree with pieces of red cherries. Use green cherries for base. Decorate sides of cake with pieces of red and green cherries. Sprinkle coconut on top and sides of cake.



ANOTHER FINE LEVER PRODUCT

with CAKE-IMPROVER

SAVE MONEY, GET SPRY IN THE ECONOMICAL 3-LB. CAN

the ease with which such a war could be won, and contributing to accelerate (and justify) the Russian race for atomic weapons. On the other side, when the Russians encourage themselves in the belief that all non-communist societies are on the brink of disintegration and would break up in revolution during war, they are contributing to their own recklessness and overlooking experiences of very recent history.

To repeat: When two great powers of conflicting interest and ideals face each other across a practical vacuum of power, the temptation to resort to war to end the dilemma is restrained chiefly by the calculation of risk. Anything which gives one or the other the certainty (or the seeming certainty) of victory encourages aggression, especially if one be a state dominated by aggressively dynamic and revolutionary theory, as the Soviet Union, at this stage of her development, certainly is. American military weakness would not, therefore, at this stage of history, contribute to prevent war, but would rather invite it.

There are, however, factors of weakness or strength which are entirely outside the military field but which also invite aggression or restrain it. Of these factors, the most important is the political and economic stability of the threatened nation. Even were there no great state attempting to spread its power by a combination of military strength and revolutionary fifth columns, the external influence of any state is in direct relation to its internal condition. Thus, Hitler was directly encouraged in his fateful move to occupy the Rhineland by the fact of a government crisis in France, which at the critical moment completely paralyzed action. The perennial instability of internal French politics constitutes still a serious menace to French security.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Little Dirge

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

If you should call I would not stay
To lace my shoes against the wet.
Alas, it is a long day since
We two last met.

If you should whistle I would go,
Leaving my needle in my gown.
Alas, the hill stands quiet now
Where you went down.

If you should linger at the gate
I would not close the blind again.
Alas, the only sound I hear
Is summer's rain.

If you should wake, who sleep so deep,
I would be there to touch your eyes.
Alas, how endless is the dream
That on me lies!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

And among our friends and allies in Europe, the specter of the possibility of a repetition of the great 1929 depression in the United States haunts the minds of all European political leaders, and prevents them from pinning full faith upon the United States, even though economic circumstances tie them to us as never before. The communists, of course, underline and emphasize these apprehensions, also sincerely believing that they are correct.

And, if there is anything in this world fairly predictable, it is that a collapse of the American economy comparable to that of twenty years ago would invite Soviet intervention, both political and military, and bring all pacific defense plans to naught.

THEREFORE—and I hope every political leader in America, of whatever party, puts this fact first in his mind—the United States dares not have a depression; for if she does, not only will her people be hungry, wretched and inclined to extreme measures, but the entire American foreign policy will collapse, the European Recovery Program will fail, and American security will go with it. I would therefore put the stability of the American economy on a par with, or even in advance of, military preparedness as a *defense* measure.

It is not, for instance, true that the Soviet Union does not change its policies. Though it has never abandoned its millennial ambitions, it has certainly, from time to time, considered it no time to attempt to realize them. The Soviet Union was very active in Europe from 1918 to 1923. But in 1923, following the stabilization of the German mark and the Locarno Pact between France and Germany, all Europe made a quite fantastic economic recovery, during which the Soviet Union and the communists behaved very cautiously indeed. It was the 1929 collapse, tremendously accelerated by American business' loss of confidence in Europe and withdrawal of loans, which opened the way for Nazism or communism.

NOW, the 1929 depression resulted from a decrease of industrial productivity, the diversion of investment money to stock-market speculation, and a fall in consumption. Conventional laissez faire economists treated it as though it were an act of nature—booms and depressions following each other inevitably—and preached even then that it would right itself if left alone. It is not the function of this article to argue that economic theory, but only to point out that another American depression will not right itself by being left alone, because it won't be left alone. It will bring on a political and security catastrophe.

Depressions can be avoided, but they cannot be avoided in a completely unregulated capitalist economy. Only wise measures of Government, *long planned in advance* and affecting the fields of finance, investment and employment, can redress the balance when the economy begins to sink.

It is not the purpose of this article to tell the Government what it should plan to prevent another depression. The author is not a trained economist and is incompetent to give such advice. But it is the function and object of this article to tell the American people that depressions *are* avoidable by proper measures prepared long enough in advance; that we live on the razor's edge (as many great peoples have lived before and survived); and to urge our people to demand of Government that it *have* a consistent antidepression plan.

No part of that plan can be the traditional American response to disturbed internal economic conditions, for traditionally, when the United States is in a jam at home, it cancels its commitments abroad. That is precisely what the enemies of our country hope for and pray that we shall do. The program must undertake planned and Government-supported expansion of capital investment and employment the moment that the symptoms of a slump begin to show themselves, and it must be prepared to intervene wherever necessary to keep up the basic conditions necessary to stable prosperity. We cannot have another collapse because businessmen "lose confidence."

For there is nothing on earth in which we can have confidence at all, except in the courage of our people and their capacity and that of their leadership to prevent *self-made* catastrophes by wise and foresighted planning against them. Actually, nothing would more strengthen our position in the world, and therefore our security, than the confidence of our friends abroad that our leaders knew what they would do if this economy were threatened. THE END

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a daily Florida tune-up!





FIGHT FATIGUE!

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!

FORTIFY WITH VITAMIN C!

For good health and good looks there's nothing like a daily tonic of wake-up Florida grapefruit, with that zestful, tangy goodness you'll find in no other grapefruit.

Both the fresh fruit and the canned juice are full of natural vitamin C, other vitamins, minerals, and fruit-sugar energy.

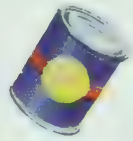
At least once a day make it a point to give yourself a tune-up with Florida grapefruit—either the delicious fresh fruit or the equally healthful canned juice.

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA



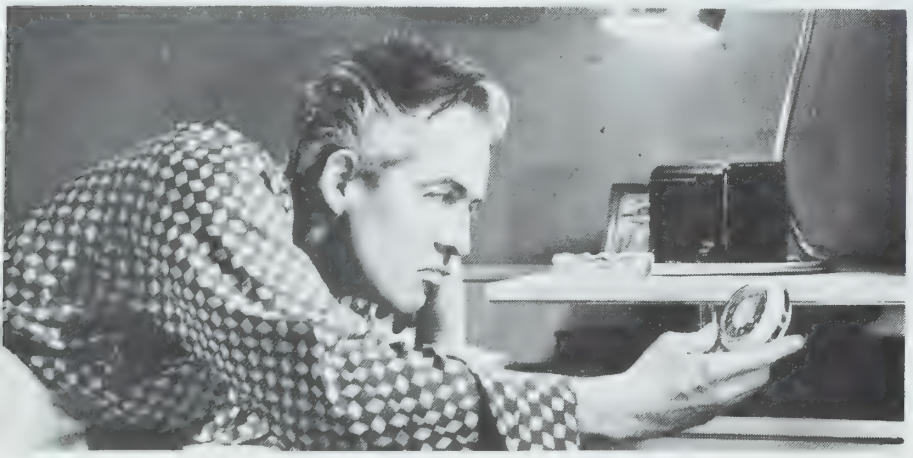


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Men like this will be

OVERJOYED!



So will all the many people kept awake, made nervous or jittery by the caffein in regular coffee! For . . .

THE NEW IMPROVED SANKA COFFEE

—the "drink-it-and-sleep" coffee—now has a new, marvelous flavor to delight lovers of fine coffee! It has a truly wonderful taste—yet it's still 97% caffein-free!



FINER FLAVOR in Sanka Coffee is due to a brand-new flavor-saving process . . . a miracle method of taking the caffein out of the coffee.

Try Sanka Coffee today. See for yourself what a great flavor-improvement has been made. Sanka comes in two forms: Ground for drip or percolator; Instant Sanka, made instantly in the cup. Products of General Foods.



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"You have to watch this fellow. Last year he brought me a baby sister."

UNDER-COVER STUFF

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

CHRISTMAS books, in our opinion, should be lasting books. Not the latest novel, however good, nor any of the very up-to-date political documents, nor the newest thing in juveniles. But a good collection of poetry that has its permanent place on the library shelf. Or an art book, if taste points that way. Or even a good cookbook, personally tested, with special recipes marked by the giver. For children, for whom hundreds of beautiful books are brought out every Christmas, we still have a conviction that the old ones, in good durable editions, remain the best gifts. The fairy tales, particularly Andersen's, *Alice in Wonderland*, Kipling's *Jungle Books*, Selma Lagerlöf's *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils;* and as they grow older, *David Copperfield*, *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, Kenneth Grahame's *Dream Days* and *The Wind in the Willows*, and possibly Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy* and *Tommy and Grizel* (or are we just getting sentimental for our own childhood?).

Fun books and funny books are good gifts to the whole household. ***Jerome Meyer,*** *creator of the best in parlor games, pencil games, games that take a bit of doing, has a new book:* **FUN-TO-DO.** *(He's the one who did* **MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S,** *writing-analysis book, and* **MENTAL WHOOPEE,** *the original quiz program for the home.)*

Among funny books, SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING, *Bennett Cerf's* latest collection of stories, will surely be popular. It is the same formula as TRY AND STOP ME, incidents centering mostly around well-known people, with amusing and sometimes serious sketches of the personalities. A neat companion piece to *Homer Croy's* WHAT GRANDPA LAUGHED AT, if you're interested in changes in humor.

(Still on funny books) **THE WHIMSEY REPORT OR SEX ISN'T EVERYTHING,** by ***Parke Cummings,*** is very restful after a workout on its prototype by ***Doctor Kinsey.*** The Professor who takes the Polls on General Domestic Behavior finds many points of masculine and feminine differences. Men, say their wives, are sneaky in their domestic habits. The same man who downtown at his office is most scrupulous in all matters of honest dealing, will at home sweep the dirt under a corner of the carpet, blow off the crumbs from the table onto the floor, and, instead of taking the leftover vegetables out of the cooking pan, putting them in another receptacle, covering them and putting them in the refrigerator, will, if left alone and unwatched, put the whole pan in the refrigerator, or even hide it in the oven. Husbands, on the other hand, claim that their wives insist on rearranging the furniture, sleeping in curl papers, interrupting the husband when he is reading the paper, and resent being interrupted themselves when they are reading. Investigations farther afield show that the American depositor's No. 1 problem is which teller's line to join when he enters a bank lobby. And still in the financial field, we learn that the average man uses up 70 cents' worth of gas driving from store to store in order to return 55 cents' worth of bottles.

Christmas ceremonies have lost something, thinks *Robert Ruark,* perpetrator of that sardonic and often very funny book: I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED. For his taste Christmas has been spoiled by cosmetics.

"Each year, when the mistletoe season sneaks closer, I find somehow that the old man's heart isn't in it. Time was," he goes on in his own particular variety of idiom, "when you could snatch a bundle of dry goods up in your arms, plaster lips on hers, and feel mildly exhilarated, as though you had just snatched a kiss from a woman. No more. Any time I purloin a peck in a dark parlor, I am kissing no woman. I feel I am kissing Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, or a similar collection of inspired trend salesmen. When I fortify my courage with a puncheon of eggnog and bear down on an unsuspecting blonde, it kills my romantic yen to

(Continued on Page 16)

MONDAY ☆ to ☆ FRIDAY

desserts from one cake!



That's what Betty Crocker offers you in this oblong version of "Chiffon"!

Betty Crocker Chiffon stays moist and fresh so long—is so delicious—can be served so many ways—that it's the world's most useful cake. It's a really new type of cake, you know—using an easy-to-measure-and-mix oil shortening and combining the best features of angel and butter cakes. It's more tender than angel food. It's unlike any cake for lightness and size . . . is easier to make than any cake by old style methods.

Softasilk—milled by the world's largest millers for cakes only—is the only cake flour Betty Crocker recommends for Chiffon Cakes. It assures that fabulous texture and volume that have made Betty Crocker Chiffon the most newsworthy cake in 100 years.

General Mills



Dozens of recipe ideas—in this first Betty Crocker Chiffon Cake recipe book!

They're here!—all the Chiffon Cakes perfected by the Betty Crocker staff (14 new recipes and variations), plus 35 glamorous icings, fillings and other serving ideas, 26 baking hints, beautiful illustrations. Many of these recipes have never been published. Gives you dessert ideas for years to come. Just published. Place your order for this sensational 20-page booklet today. Only 15c per copy. Order several copies. Write Betty Crocker, Box 1450, Minneapolis, Minnesota.





Betty Crocker Glorious Yellow "Chiffon" Cake

Use SOFTASILK Cake Flour—and no other . . . it permits eggs and baking powder to exert their full rising action—giving unusual lightness and volume. Large cake below makes 16 to 20 servings.

First preheat oven (*pan sizes and temperatures below*). Sift ample amount of Softasilk Cake Flour onto square of paper.

STEP 1

Measure (level measurements thruout) and **sift** together into mixing bowl. . . . . → **2¼ cups *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack)**, **1½ cups sugar**, **3 tsp. baking powder**, **1 tsp. salt**

Make a well and add in order. . . . . → **½ cup cooking (salad) oil such as Wesson or Mazola**, **5 unbeaten egg yolks (medium-sized)**, **¾ cup cold water**, **2 tsp. vanilla**, **grated rind of 1 lemon (about 2 tsp.)**

Beat with spoon until *smooth*.

STEP 2

Measure into *large* mixing bowl. . . . . → **1 cup egg whites (7 or 8)**, **½ tsp. cream of tartar**

Whip until whites form *very stiff* peaks . . . much stiffer than for angel food or meringue. Do Not Underbeat.

STEP 3

Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over whipped egg whites—*gently* folding with rubber scraper *just* until blended! Do Not Stir! Pour into *ungreased* pan immediately.

Bake in . . . 9x13x2-in. oblong pan at 350° for 45 to 50 min. . . . or until top springs back when *lightly* touched. This recipe may also be baked in a 10-in. tube pan, 4-in. deep, at 325° for 55 min., then at 350° for 10 to 15 min.

Immediately turn pan upside down, resting edges of oblong pan on 2 other pans, or placing tube part of tube pan over neck of funnel or bottle. Let hang, free of table, until cold. Loosen from sides and tube with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen. Serve as below:

1. **Plain** . . . with Hawaiian Fluff Topping (recipe is in the recipe folder in the Softasilk package).
2. **Fresh Orange Delight** . . . Mix grated rind and orange juice; sweeten; pour over cake, garnish with orange sections.
3. **Boston Cream Cake** . . . Split servings crosswise into two layers. Put together with custard filling; spread thin chocolate icing over top.
4. **Butter Pecan Fingers** . . . Ice small rectangles of cake with butter icing on all sides. Roll in chopped nuts. Serve with cubes of flavored gelatin.
5. **Mary Janes** . . . Spread thick butterscotch sauce over thin strips of cake. Wrap (sauce inside) around scoops of ice cream. Serve with more sauce.



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LUNT STERLING...loveliest of Christmas gifts! For someone dear, or for yourself, it's a gift of real importance, one that will bring a lifetime of pleasure, pride, and usefulness. Now is the time to match, add, or start a service in one of these distinctive LUNT designs.

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(Continued from Page 14)

think that I am going to chew through a half inch of Cherry, Cinnamon Stick, Barberry, Apple Red, Turkey Red, Raspberry, Pimento or Red Burgundy."

Mr. Ruark feels strongly about any number of modern abominations, and he finds words for them, while most of us just growl inarticulately.

"The juke box, a glittering, vulgar, electrically lit mechanical creature sired by Frankenstein's monster and mothered by a musical Medusa, is the greatest scourge to civilization since the invention of income taxes." . . . "The comic book and the radio have made men of boys and women of little girls long before they learn to spell 'puberty.' We used to entertain them with the exploits of Kit Carson and King Arthur, but now, indoctrinated in the ways of Crime-Buster, our modern small fry knows all about civic corruption, murder, robbery, arson for gain. The little red schoolhouse is a passé shack, and Santa Claus an outmoded bum—both done to death by soap opera and the singing commercial."

In fact, most writers seem to resent the new order in entertainment, fearful, no doubt, that it encroaches on their own preserves. *George Kaufman*, playwright, concedes that the presentation of entertainment on television may become more expert than it now is, but is sure that it can never become good enough to compete with the actual stage-and-audience show of the legitimate theater. But, he hastens to add, when the pin was invented, he was the boy who said it would never work.

• • •

Did you know—or do you care—that the original Teddy bear was an Australian koala? That the original is quite as engaging as the commercial

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO



Teddy bear's prototype.

variety, which is so named in honor of Teddy Roosevelt? It still lives high in the eucalyptus trees near Sydney; it never drinks, never perspires, has no lice, and it smells sweetly of eucalyptus oil.

• • •

The Germans may combat communism by street fights, the English have their Hyde Park soapbox orators, and we monkey around with congressional investigating committees, but the Tibetans pray. At Lhasa, the holy Buddhist city high up in the cloud-covered Himalayas, the peaceful Buddhists, indignant over the "terrorism and treason" of the communists in China, kneel in a three-day anticommunist prayer—one hundred "living Buddhas" and three thousand student lamas, under

(Continued on Page 18)



Are You Proud of Your Curtains?

Are they smart...crisp...sheer...lovely? They most certainly will be, if they're Queentex Washable Rayon Curtains! No matter how often you wash them, they remain trim, beautiful, luxurious. They wash like a handkerchief—no starching, no stretching, no special care in ironing. You'll be proud of them for years.

Write for free Queentex Rayon Curtain Booklet now! Queen Valley Fabrics, Inc., P. O. Box 634, Pawtucket, Rhode Island. For 20 years weavers and manufacturers of rayon curtains exclusively.

Queentex

QUEENTEX® Washable RAYON CURTAINS



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Make her Christmases bright . . . for many years to come. Give a set of Perma-Hues . . . 8 different lustrous sparkling colors . . . in an exquisite gift box. Your guests will admire their beauty, yet they are designed for rugged every-meal use. The colors are IN the aluminum and never tarnish. Unbreakable, tasteless and odorless.

2 SIZES: "14-Ouncer" and "Squatty", $7.95 a set (except far-West). Coasters to match, $3.95 set. In leading stores, or order direct.

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5 lbs. for frozen vegetables, spaghetti, custards and puddings.
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15 lbs. for vegetables, cereals, soups and dried fruits.
MIRRO-MATIC Control is indestructible and trouble-free.

You expect quick-time cooking from your pressure pan. You know that pressure cooking—and canning, 4 pints at a time—will help save money on fuel and food. But, for full speed and greater savings the *easiest* way, insist on "MIRRO-MATIC."

Just see how simple it is. There are *only* four parts. The strong, thick pan, with its roomy, easy-closing lid. A self-sealing gasket that is easily removed to be washed. And the control you can *hear* . . . MIRRO-MATIC's exclusive, selective Control that *automatically* prevents pressure from going higher than the recipe requires, 5, 10, or 15 lbs.

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WESTINGHOUSE, FRIGIDAIRE, NORGE, GIBSON and ESTATE RANGES now feature MIRRO-MATIC *Deep-Well* Pressure Cookers

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ALUMINUM GOODS MANUFACTURING COMPANY • MANITOWOC, WIS.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS

(Continued from Page 16)

the golden roof of the thousand-lamp lamasery.

• • •

A very good book concerned with the home is ***Emily Post's*** THE PERSONALITY OF A HOUSE. The noonday blonde, with white skin, golden hair, brilliant cream-and-coral coloring, says Mrs. Post, must assiduously avoid robin's-egg blue. The moon blonde, on the other hand, whose coloring is porcelain fine but pale, may indulge in it. The blue-eyed fair-skinned Irish type of brunette will do well in an orchid room, while the true brunette looks her best against a background of reds and yellows.

• • •

Not long ago the police in Portland, Oregon, investigating an automobile accident, found that the car involved had no license plates, no headlights, no brakes, no top and no gas line. One teen-ager drove while another sat on the front fender and fed gasoline into the carburetor through a hose.

Apropos of which there is a new book by a member of the JOURNAL staff: FUN, INCORPORATED: THE HANDBOOK FOR TEEN CENTERS, by *Jeanne Lenton Tracey.* It is written for teen-agers, but gives many a good hint to adults who work in community centers and are looking for the answer to potential juvenile delinquency.

• • •

THE PLAGUE AND I, by ***Betty MacDonald,*** is a cross between THE EGG AND I and THE SNAKE PIT. It is amusing but it is also factual, and gives an undoubtedly accurate account of life in a free public hospital, in this case a TB sanitarium. It is about as comparable to ***Thomas Mann's*** sanitarium novel, THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN, as a folk song is to a Bruckner symphony—and that much easier to read.

ACME NEWSPICTURES



Danny Kaye salutes Betty Mac.

If you make the first hurdle—of dipping into a book about a patient in a sanitarium—we'll wager that you will not put it down until the patient is released, as Betty eventually was. This is not fiction but actuality.

• • •

Old New Yorkers will drop a nostalgic tear over THE FAMILY ON GRAMERCY PARK, by ***Henry Noble MacCracken,*** ex-president of Vassar. It is a boy's account of 1891, the year when he was eleven. He lived with his thoroughly educated but not always

(Continued on Page 21)

Picture YOU enjoying *Upper Level Cooking* WITH A HARDWICK *CHALLENGER* AUTOMATIC GAS RANGE



UPPER LEVEL OVEN. No bending, no stooping, no peeking! Balanced heat for even baking anywhere in oven.



RITE-HITE BROILER with smokeless aluminum broiler grid glides out at a touch while you stand erect.



Mirro-Magic **OVEN DOOR.** Light off, it's a mirror, hides inside of oven. Light on, it's a large oven window.



• Everything handy to see and to reach. Floodlighted cooking top. Simmer-set burners, with stainless steel burner grates. Concealed drip pan. 305% more storage space for kitchen equipment. Automatic time clock (optional on deluxe models).

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I'VE FOUND THE SAFE, EASY WAY TO CLEAN SINKS FAST

Bon Ami cleans without grit. No dirt-catching scratches. No hard scrubbing. No red, rough hands.



SO SPEEDY
POLISHES AS IT CLEANS

Want your kitchen sinks and bathtubs to be really bright? Really *clean*? Then try Bon Ami—the cleanser that's not only fast but *safe*. Bon Ami is so fine, so white! Contains no grit or harsh caustics. Yet it lifts off grease and grime instantly. Leaves no dulling scratches to hold onto dirt and make your cleaning harder. And Bon Ami does two jobs at the same time, because it gives a bright, lustrous polish *as it cleans*. Sinks and bathtubs shine like new—without extra work.

Remember, it's quicker—easier—to clean a surface that's free from dirt-catching scratches. And the sparkle lasts longer. That's why housewives who have *compared results* choose Bon Ami over all other cleansers. It *keeps* surfaces easy to clean.

FOR SPARKLING WINDOWS USE BON AMI *CAKE*

Cleans windows and mirrors cleaner. No oily film. No streaks. *Polishes as it cleans*—and cleans 10 windows for only a penny.



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"hasn't scratched yet!"

In as little as three minutes

Amazing PRELL REMOVES DANDRUFF—LEAVES HAIR RADIANT!



Yes, your hair is *Radiantly* clean, *Radiantly* smooth every time you use this *Radiant-Creme* shampoo!

Procter & Gamble's Prell! *Exciting* new Radiant-Creme with the exclusive formula that leaves your hair more shiningly radiant than the finest soap shampoo you can buy—cream *or* liquid! And Prell removes unsightly dandruff in as little as 3 minutes—doctors' examinations proved it! In fact, regular Prell shampoos *control* such dandruff—and leave your hair *radiantly* clean, *radiantly* soft, smooth, manageable.

WONDERFUL ECONOMY!

Prell goes farther than any known shampoo—cream or liquid. Yes, you use less Prell because it's concentrated for economy. And that Prell tube is so handy—no spill or waste, no slippery bottles or jars. Get a tube of wonderful Prell today—it's the *Radiant-Creme* shampoo your *whole family* will like!

MADE BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Flattering radiance for every shade of hair—fair, dark, auburn, or gray—from this marvelous Radiant-Creme.

Handy's the word for that Prell tube—no breakable jars or bottles, nothing to spill. It's grand to take traveling!

Hair is so clean after a Prell shampoo it "squeaks." And with Prell there's no liquid to run down and into your eyes.







VISITING NURSES... New Haven, Connecticut

Care for the Ill-at-Home

by MARGARET HICKEY

SIX million persons, the U. S. Public Health Service tells us, are sick every day in our country. Since only 20 per cent of these ailing can be cared for in hospitals, 80 per cent must remain at home. A visiting nurse can care for only six to eight patients a day, and there are 22,600 public-health nurses. Multiply 22,600 by eight, and divide into 4,800,000 (the 80 per cent of sick-at-home). And what do you get? A lot of people without nursing care.

The National Organization for Public Health Nursing recommends one public-health nurse for every 2000 people; 7000 nurses are needed immediately, and by 1960 the Department of Labor says we must have 76,700. Think it's possible?

Caring for the sick in their own homes is the oldest tradition of the nursing profession. With hospital waiting lists and overcrowded wards, people desperately need more public-health and visiting nurses.

Public-health nursing must be made more attractive to young women. For those who wish to make it a career one or two years' preparation is required, in addition to three years' training to be a registered nurse. Salaries are usually slightly higher than those received by hospital nurses. The hours of work (usually 40 to 48 per week) leave evenings and many week ends free. Salaries should be better. Staff nurses who make daily visits to the sick may receive up to $3300 a year. Top administrators get up to $9000. *But only 7 per cent of all graduate nurses find their place in public-health nursing.*

In an excellent report on voluntary health agencies published by the National Health Council, authors S. M. Gunn and P. S. Platt urge that existing agencies pool their efforts rather than continue to work toward the same goal by separate directions. (This report will make excellent discussion material for your club.) Other authorities recommend greater use of volunteers.

Seattle provides an excellent example of what the "marriage" of the private Visiting Nurse Association with the official municipal health department can accomplish. The city is divided into five areas, with a local supervisor in each center. These are subdivided into as many districts as there are nurses in the area. Each nurse does preventive, curative and educational nursing in her district. She works with the family as a unit. She is prepared to do anything required for nursing care on a part-time basis.

The Attic Angel Association (no doubt their visits seem heaven-sent to many a patient) in Madison, Wisconsin, has used volunteers in community nursing for years. Other towns could learn from its experience. Each year it holds a volunteer institute with a six-hour training course for probationers. The director of the V.N.A. provides the professional side, the past officers of the association doing the teaching. Last year (1947), volunteers gave 3595 hours of service. Some of the things they did? Drove mothers and children to health centers, took children to the city board of health for immunization, mended and remade worn clothing and bedding, and made new garments for babies and young children. No telling what they saved the budget in money in hospitalization and medical care.

Home nursing will always appeal to generous, intelligent women. They find satisfaction in bringing to family after family the comfort and security of scientific care for their ill in the one-room apartment, the shabby tenement or the comfortable bungalow. But it will require the combined efforts of the nursing profession, the health authorities and volunteers like you and me *to bring enough nursing into more homes.* THE END

TROUBLE had been dogging Jim Thorington the past year. First his wife had broken her arm. Then eleven-year-old Jill had suffered a siege of pneumonia. And now this. His pretty, high-spirited daughter Mary, just twenty, was bedridden with arthritis, certainly for months, possibly for years. The men at the mill had always said of Jim, "That guy—you can't *ever* get him down." But Jim, awkwardly fluffing Mary's pillows, trying to make her laugh with little jokes about his bedside care, felt sure that if he was ever to be "down," this was it.

Jim tried to face the problem squarely. Tomorrow the doctor would start Mary on gold injections. Every day someone must give her passive massage and exercise in bed. Three times a week someone must give her a bed bath and change the sheets. But who? His wife, her arm almost healed, was still nervous about using it. He himself knew nothing of bedside care, and Jill was too young. With barely enough to pay the doctor, he certainly had no money for a nurse.

Jim was saved—saved by the New Haven Visiting Nurse Association, a non-profit, voluntary public-health nursing group which last year gave professional home treatment to 13,736 persons who otherwise would have had inadequate care, or none. Today Mary has regular visitors four times a week. On Tuesday and Thursday, Visiting Nurse Richards gives her the gold injection and a bath and exercises her arms, fingers and toes. On Monday and Wednesday, Miss Wellington, orthopedic consultant of the Crippled Children's Aid Society does the massage and has taught Mary to do her own leg exercises.

"And the other three days," Jim says proudly, "I give Mary her massage just like the nurse taught me."

New Haven today has 37 visiting nurses. Each provides an average of 140 families in her district with sickness and maternity and child-health care. Sometimes this care is routine; more often it is for serious illnesses. Sometimes the nurse continues to see a patient over a period of months; often she is able to show him and his family how to assume much of the burden themselves.

Organized in 1905 by a small group of women who volunteered time and money, the V.N.A. has become a family service for *(Continued on Page 181)*

PHOTO BY ESTHER BUBLEY



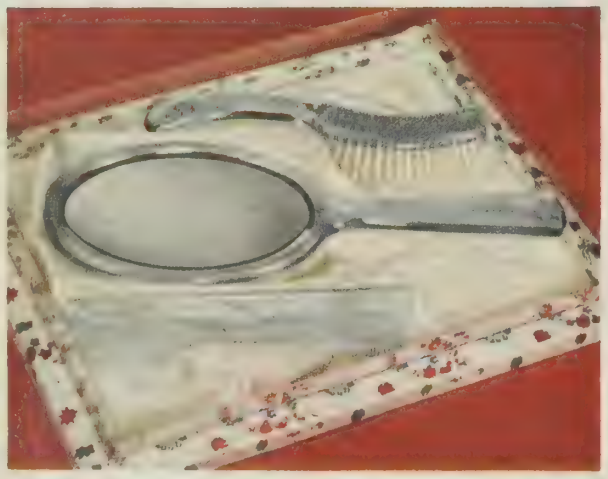
This young mother is learning firsthand how to bathe and care for her seven-day-old son. Visiting Nurse McLeod will keep in touch with her for several weeks.

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A Christmas re-lived each day

as she brings loveliness to her hair with this sumptuous Hughes DRESSER SET, Famous Nylon-bristled "Crescent" Brush in crystal, rose or blue Lucite—with dressing comb and double-faced oval mirror to match. Lavish, sateen-lined gift box. $6.50





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For Zero Hours

WHEN the weatherman says snow and colder, combine fashion with practicability and wear smart hand knits. They're lovely to look at and cozy to wear—and you can make them yourself with JOURNAL patterns. Others are listed on 1571, KNITTED AND CROCHETED PATTERNS.

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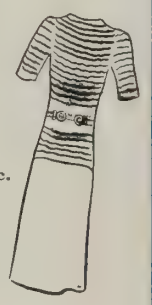
2375. KNITTED TUBE DRESS. 15c.
Made in one piece on round needle.



2409. HOOD WITH ATTACHED SCARF. 25c.
Pattern sheet includes other patterns.



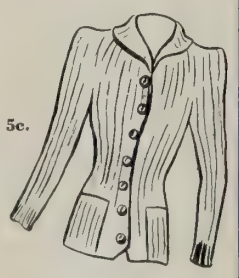
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To be made in two contrasting colors.



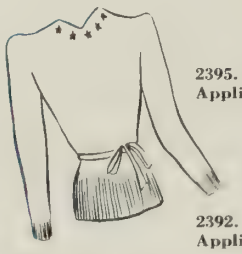
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Rib-stitch skirt, check-stitch top.



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Wear it with a belt and bright scarf.



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Ribbon is combined with knitting.



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Cable-knit; to wear with blouses.

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Before you discovered new Kotex, you never had lown such miracle-softness that holds its shape; ves greater comfort—with safety. And, Kotex is made stay soft while you wear it!

Such self-assurance is yours, too, with those special at pressed ends that prevent revealing outlines. And r bringing you extra protection, thank that exclusive safety enter. Yes . . .

Comfort, protection, peace of mind in fullest easure reward you. Either Regular, Junior or Super otex helps you meet "those" days with a smile . . . ery personally yours.



more women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins—*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

Here are ten reasons why a marriage can fail. Read them and see if any are threats to your own.

BY CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., The Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

CHANGES HUSBANDS WOULD MAKE

DURING the romantic interlude of courtship, love may be blind; but the mature love of marriage is not. Most husbands, including many happy ones, would change one or more traits in their wives if they could. Sometimes the flaws are minor, sometimes the fault really lies with the husband. Nevertheless, every conscientious wife does all she can to increase the happiness of her marriage. Perhaps you can do so by modifying some trait your husband finds unattractive.

Several hundred husbands, comprising a representative cross-section of married men, were asked this question: "What changes would you make in your wife, if you could?" Here are the ten changes most often mentioned. Note that they are reported separately for husbands who considered themselves happy, and for those who were unhappy.

Changes Mentioned	Happy Husbands	Unhappy Husbands	*All Husbands
Strength of sex desire	4%	43%	23%
Her temper	6	35	20
Tendency to scold	1	24	13
Capacity for showing affection	2	21	9
Lack of thriftiness	4	13	7
Carelessness of dress	3	12	6
Religious life	2	9	5
Serious-mindedness	2	7	4
Selfishness	1	7	4
Truthfulness	0	7	3

*(includes those of "average" happiness)

Strength of sex desire. In one out of four marriages in our study, the sex relationship is less than ideal, almost invariably because the wife is physically less responsive than her husband wishes. Under such circumstances, some husbands have little hesitation about turning to other women; others accept the situation, but nevertheless regret it. In either case, the wife cannot evade all responsibility. It is to her own best interest, as well as her husband's, to try to improve the situation.

Her temper. Though even the mildest individual has to blow off steam occasionally, here is a trait anybody can improve.

A tendency to scold, or nag, or whine, was punished by ducking in Puritan times. Now, as then, a wife may not realize she is a scold. Often she is an efficient housekeeper, a thrifty shopper, a shrewd manager and a perfectionist. Taking exemplary performance for granted, she complains of anything less. Her scolding spoils her family's pleasure in the smoothly running household she works so hard to achieve.

The capacity for showing affection, though related to sex, is distinct from it. A wife who loves her husband, and lets him know it, by word and deed and gesture, can largely overcome his disappointment if she lacks sex drive.

Lack of thrift is partly a matter of management, for nearly all husbands who discuss this trait wish their wives were more systematic in their handling of funds. Even in these days of inflation, the management of the family income is more important than its amount.

Carelessness of dress is easily corrected. Specifically, husbands object to negligee at breakfast, to careless grooming and to extremes in dress.

Religious life can be a source of conflict, even when no fundamental difference in faith is involved. Though a few husbands wish their wives spent less time on church activities, there are far more who wish their wives were more religious, believing that faith would help them overcome other faults.

Serious-mindedness—"too serious" or, more often, "too flighty." This difficulty usually results from a lack of understanding between husband and wife. Common goals and interests are needed. A husband rarely feels his wife is frivolous if she shares his objectives, and works toward them.

Selfishness in little things can destroy harmony; selfishness in fundamental matters can destroy a marriage.

Truthfulness. These husbands are not talking about "white lies," told to spare someone's feelings, but about serious efforts to conceal important facts. There is no place for deception in a successful marriage. Significantly, not one of the happy husbands mentions this characteristic.

Even though your husband loves you as your are, there still may be room for improvement. Ask yourself these questions:

- Is my lack of physical responsiveness likely to send my husband elsewhere?
- When I've had a bad day, do I tell my husband so calmly—or do I take it out on him in a fit of bad temper?
- Do I praise my husband more often than I criticize or scold him?
- What did I do *yesterday* to show him I love him?
- Am I businesslike in handling money?
- Am I as particular about my appearance as I was before marriage (making due allowance for changes in requirements and means)?
- Have my husband and I discussed our religious beliefs, and tried to work out a philosophy acceptable to both?
- Do I try to interest myself in my husband's pursuits and problems, and to interest him in mine?
- Am I thoughtful in little ways—having meals on time, keeping his clothes mended, protecting him from unwelcome social engagements?
- Do I ever, in big things or little, conceal or misrepresent the truth in order to protect myself?

Ask Yourself

ARE YOU KINDLY AND COURTEOUS?

Answer these questions with a "Yes" or "No." When uncertain, use a question mark ("I don't know").

1. Do you telephone friends before visiting them?
2. Are you gracious when admitting a mistake?
3. Do you avoid opening mail addressed to another?
4. Can you discuss a problem without raising your voice?
5. Do you get compliments on your consideration for others?
6. Are you quick to defend your friends against criticism?
7. Do you avoid sulking when your feelings are hurt?
8. Are you among the first to visit a new neighbor?
9. Do you remove your hat when attending a movie?
10. Can you discourage salesmen without being rude or impatient?
11. Do you avoid arguing with friends while in public?
12. Can you keep your temper when you are criticized?
13. Do you always keep quiet when another is telephoning?
14. Is it easy for you to introduce people without fumbling?
15. Do you always send "thank you" notes promptly?
16. Can you be courteous with a person whom you dislike?
17. At home, do you excuse yourself before leaving the table?
18. Is it easy for you to play with small children?
19. Can you conceal your feelings when you are annoyed?
20. Are you as polite to a close friend as to a stranger?

Each *yes* counts 2 points, each question mark 1 point. With a total score of 35 or more, you are probably regarded as a thoughtful and gracious person. An average score is 28. With a score of 25 or less, you may unwittingly alienate people whose opinion you value.

WHAT CHRISTMAS CAN MEAN

OF all the days of the year, the twenty-fifth of December is the most loved. To nearly everybody, it is a day of peace. Even in families upset by quarreling or constant tension, bitterness usually disappears and harmony is restored at Christmastime. Many homes, sometimes very unhappy, are united as Christmas approaches. New Year's resolutions usually grow out of the happiness and good will of the preceding days.

This isn't hard to understand. The essence of Christmas is unselfishness. A tired, hard-working husband, for days ahead, plans what he will give his wife. Her appreciation of the gift and the giver is more important to him right now than anything else. Even a frivolous wife, selfish and thoughtless most of the time, may find tremendous satisfaction in planning the Christmas tree and filling the stockings. And both husband and wife are drawn together as they share the children's rapturous enjoyment of the day.

Nearly everybody loves Christmas. The tinsel and sparkle, the busy rushing around, the greetings from friends old and new, all add zest and gaiety to the holiday season. Festivities and the observance of special customs are a cherished and pleasant part of Christmas. But some people miss the true meaning of the day because they overemphasize the forms without thought of their content. The most significant Christmas customs, whether simple or elaborate, are the family's own personal observances which have grown out of day-to-day love and consideration for one another.

This is the spirit which underlies the happiness of a family, not for just a day but for a lifetime. Happy homes are those where the affection and kindness, generosity and understanding of Christmas continue throughout the year. If an unhappy couple can forget their differences for a little while during this holiday, perhaps they can do it for a longer period. The magic that can accomplish this is self-forgetfulness.

Although happiness comes from within, it perpetuates itself only through bringing happiness to others. Forgetting self is the secret of contentment. The wife who forgoes a new dress so that her husband may have a sorely needed suit, the father who struggles with an outworn car so his son can start college, have Christmas always with them.

Yes, Christmas is a day of promise and of hope. It is *your* opportunity to renew and reaffirm your faith—in one another, in humanity, and in God.

DO YOU AGREE?

My wife insists that I am being unfair to her if I do not spend every other night with her and our small baby. Must a man give up all his freedom when he marries?

No—but neither should he expect his wife to. Arrange for her to accompany you part of the time, and keep the baby yourself so she can get out. **THE END**

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Or how to go from dolls to dates in four easy lessons

HOW are you making out on that Christmas list this year? Got me down in big red letters under the "good-little-girl" division? Well, listen, Mr. Whiskers—you'd better! Not only have I been a good gal this year, I've been smart besides. So when it comes to dealing out the goodies, I'll settle for the usual run of things—a cashmere sweater from mother, a red-leather shoulder bag from dad and the newest thriller in the Bobbsey Twin series from Aunt Nan, who hasn't seen me since I was nine—but this year *something new had better be added!* I rate a real Christmas surprise and I'd like it in the large economy size, thank you, suitable for Friday-night dating. You can skip the cellophane wrappings and the bright red ribbon, but make him about three inches taller than I am, a good dancer, and just a little on the Peter Lawford side in the face department. Sound like a big order? Well, just get these credits down in your little black book, and *then* see what you think!

One thing I've learned since last jingle-bell season was how to be a good gal pal. Remember how much trouble I used to have with the girls at school, even with the friendly characters in my own Sub-Deb club? Well, that's all over now and *I* made the first changes. First I decided that hurt feelings were all for the love-schmoes, but not for me. Now, if something goes wrong, I try to figure out what and why—and then forget about it without brooding. I don't want to give you the "dear Mr. Anthony" routine on my personal problems, but, Santa, it *did* help when I began to realize that I couldn't be invited to every party that I couldn't have dates any time I wanted and that I couldn't be the prettiest girl in the class just because I wanted to be. Had to let the other girls have a chance too! And do you know how I put the clinch on this gal-pal business? Well, shut my mouth—you guessed it. *That's just what I did.* I never was a washroom Winchell, but I *did* do my green-eyed share of gossiping about the girls. No more backbiting, no more cat chatter for me—I even *talk* like a good friend these days. So chalk one up for me, Santa—that should rate a little something extra in the toe of my Argyle!

> ***Nobody Loves You?***
>
> Having trouble with the man in your life? In between beau boys have you never *had* a fellow you could call your own? Don't let it get you down! If you're stumped for the right answer to your boy problem, just write to Maureen Daly, Sub-Deb Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Maybe we can help you find the right answer!

AND by the way, while we're patting backs, have you "looked" at me lately? My mother always told me there was nothing wrong with me that a stretch of good grooming wouldn't fix—so I tried it. I've been on a daily rub-and-scrub routine for almost a year now, and you won't catch me popping into my little white bed, come shut-eye time, without a shower, teeth brushed and a brisk session with the hairbrush and bobby pins to get coiffured just right for the morning. And though I'm still not Lanalike around the waistline, I've now got a figure neat and trim enough to rate a whistle or two around high school. Posture did part of it, a few smart exercises rearranged the grouping so that now I go in and out in just the right places, and orange juice instead of a chocolate soda for my after-school pickup at the corner Casbah helped to slow down the extra curves. Of course, "beauty is its own reward," as somebody once said to somebody, but since we're totting up "good-girl" scores for the year—how about an E for effort on that one!

WHEN it comes to men, I'm still not so smart, Santa, but for a gal who has been dating only since the Junior Prom last year—well, I'm in there trying. Take that business with David, for instance. Sure, I dated him for six weeks and even got a little starry round the eyes before I realized that he was a corny character and just not the dream stuff I was looking for. But did I give him the king-sized brush-off? Not me! I played it smart and kind. I told him one Friday night that I had a date for Saturday—but how about joining our party as beau boy for my best friend, Evelyn? Not only did those two call it love-at-first-night, they've been dating ever since, with me looking on chummily in the background—with Evie's brother, of course. So what have you got cached away in your pack for a smart Sub-Deb who learned early that a girl can have boy friends who aren't always the hearts-and-flowers kind? Don't forget to score me on the credit side for that one.

And though I don't expect my change of heart to start a national Be-Kind-to-Animals-and-Little-Sisters Week, I think I deserve credit for getting some perspective on little Annabelle. You remember, she's the seven-year-old character who claims to be my sister and then puts on a strain that even blood can't take, by using my lipstick, listening in on my phone conversations, forcing me to serve as home-front baby sitter three nights a week on a noncommission basis and making herself generally a bother. Well, Annabelle and I are very buddy-buddy these days. Maybe I should have gotten the pitch long ago from a good child-psychology book, but since my scientific reading is confined strictly to Dick Tracy and what happened to Diet Smith, I just had to figure this one out myself. Here's my theory. Little sister Annabelle just tags round after me because she *is* a little sister, and only seven, and because she's *lonesome!* She's always right there, stepping in my footprints, just about the way I'd tag around after Rita Hayworth, if she'd let me. It's a pint-sized case of hero worship, a little girl who wants to do what the big girls do! So I changed my tactics and I treat her like a big girl now, tell her where I'm going on a date and with whom, put her hair up in pin curls occasionally when I'm doing mine, let her wear my red sweater on Saturdays (well, the old one, anyway) and sort of "share" my fun when she's around. And my little-sister problem—I just don't have one now! Frankly, Santa, I don't expect orchids for that one—but if you're tucking anything sharable in my stocking, please make it two, if you can. I'm a great kid these days for divvying up with Annabelle.

So that's it, Mr. S. If he's too big to slide down the chimney, just drop him by the front door. Around eight on Christmas evening will be fine. And will I be all dressed in my party best and ready to go? You said it, Santa! I *told* you I'm a smart girl now.



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P.M.I.

If I Had a Daughter . . . I'd Tell Her This

By CONSTANCE J. FOSTER

THEY told me, the old ones did when I was young, that childbearing was a sorrow and a pain. The pain tore your body, they said, and the sorrow came when you raised your young ones and saw them turn out a disappointment to you.

Times have changed and the old wives' tales that circulated around the turn of the century have a different tempo, but they are as pernicious as ever. I heard one the other day. A middle-aged father was objecting to his son's determination to marry.

"It's not that I mind your getting married," he said. "But I don't want to see you have any children for a while. It's too risky a world to bring any more babies into. Nothing but trouble ahead for them as I see it. Things are shaping up for a fine catastrophe. If other people want to be foolish, let them. But play safe, my boy, and don't have any family."

Older people do younger ones incalculable harm by offering advice which pretends to stem from their greater wisdom, but is actually based on cynicism, pessimism and frustration. In my own youth the viewers-with-alarm were the women who felt called on to express a masculine protest against their femininity. They were the early rights-for-women fighters, and having children, to them, was too much like playing the passive feminine role against which they were mentally and emotionally revolting. To this day their daughters are confused and tormented, torn between two conflicts—careers and children. As a consequence they are our present halfhearted career women, now in their late forties, with a flock of half-rejected, half-accepted children.

Even the child psychology of the years when they were having their first babies reflected the trend of the times and was definitely sadistic toward children. Don't kiss your child—you'll give him a mother complex. Don't feed him when he's hungry—make him wait for the clock. Start toilet training when his head is still wobbly. Don't hold him or rock him—let him cry it out.

Now that sound common sense and good emotional hygiene have made today's young mother willing and ready to accept her feminine role and play it gladly, along comes this new way of sticking a monkey wrench into the machinery. The wiseacres are at it again, frightening the future mothers and fathers of the land with a very streamlined old wives' tale, as old as sin and as dangerous as the atomic bomb itself.

THE myth is especially vicious because it gathers its pretense of reliability from the field of science which modern education has taught young people to believe in and respect. Actually, however, it is based on a fear and a rejection of the life principle which science itself has always accepted as a fundamental concept, essential to survival, regardless of the threats against it from time immemorial.

Don't have children, this newest of the old wives' tales groans to us today. *It's not safe. The world is too dangerous a place right now to risk bringing new life into it. Play safe. Hide. Retreat. Dig in somewhere and expect the worst. If you can keep yourself alive you'll be lucky. But don't hand on the feebly flickering torch of life to others.*

I have been forty years getting over the effects of the pessimistic and untrue things that were told me about the dangers of having children. I'd hate to see today's young people as badly taken in by the present crop of tall tales. This is what I would like to tell my daughter if I had been fortunate enough to have one. This is what I *shall* tell my sons when they fall in love and want to be married:

Having babies is infinitely more rewarding than getting a college degree, being elected President of the United States, or making a million dollars.

If you can't have a baby of your own, don't miss out on the experience. Adopt one—the younger the better, preferably early enough to change its diapers and feed it a bottle.

There are two principles in the universe—plus and minus. Having babies around the house is on the plus side. It's like walking on the sunny side of the street. Leave the umbrellas to the timid souls. Push a pram instead. It's good exercise for your heart.

BE a believer-in-something. If you aren't, a baby will teach you. Just let him grab your finger for the first time and see what happens to you. If it makes you vow never to let him down, how do you think the powers behind the universe feel about *you?* Or are you conceited enough to figure that you're the only one decent enough to have a sense of responsibility for what you've created?

There's faith and healing in a baby for whatever ails you, if only in the sense of continuity it gives you. Before your child was born, you belonged merely to the past. Now you belong to the future.

Of *course* there will be worries. But it's like the "for better or for worse" of the marriage service. The worries are always so much better than you dared to hope and so much *less* worse than you feared. Wait until the doctor comes and says it isn't appendicitis, but just too many green apples, and you'll know what I mean.

There are two ways of sweetening your coffee—with sugar and with saccharin. To try to enrich your life with the substitutes for children—good times, vacation trips, money in the bank, new cars, pedigreed pets—is a synthetic sweetening that will fail to nourish you in the end.

If you try to get more out of your children than you give, you will be grievously disappointed. But if you set out to give more than you expect to get, you'll be amazed at the dividends that accrue.

Should the world blow up tomorrow, I'd still be glad I had contributed children to it. But it has gone on a good many more years than the scientists themselves can agree on, and today's fears always yield to tomorrow's courage and initiative. Who knows? Maybe *your* child will be the very one the universe needs to help solve its problems.

These are the things I will tell my sons and would like to tell my daughter if I had one. Life goes on. Be a part of it—not a whiner, or a grouser, or a withdrawer. Nature hasn't stopped dropping her seeds, or building her birds' nests, or foaling her young. Why should man be the only fearful one in the vast scheme of things? He really isn't that important, if he only knew it. A little more humility would serve him well.

So knit your diminutive pink wool socks and hem your bird's-eye diapers, O young ones of America! The world goes on. Go with it, not against it. For my sons' wives my dearest wish is that they may "burp" their babies over their shoulders and belong to the universe.

THE END

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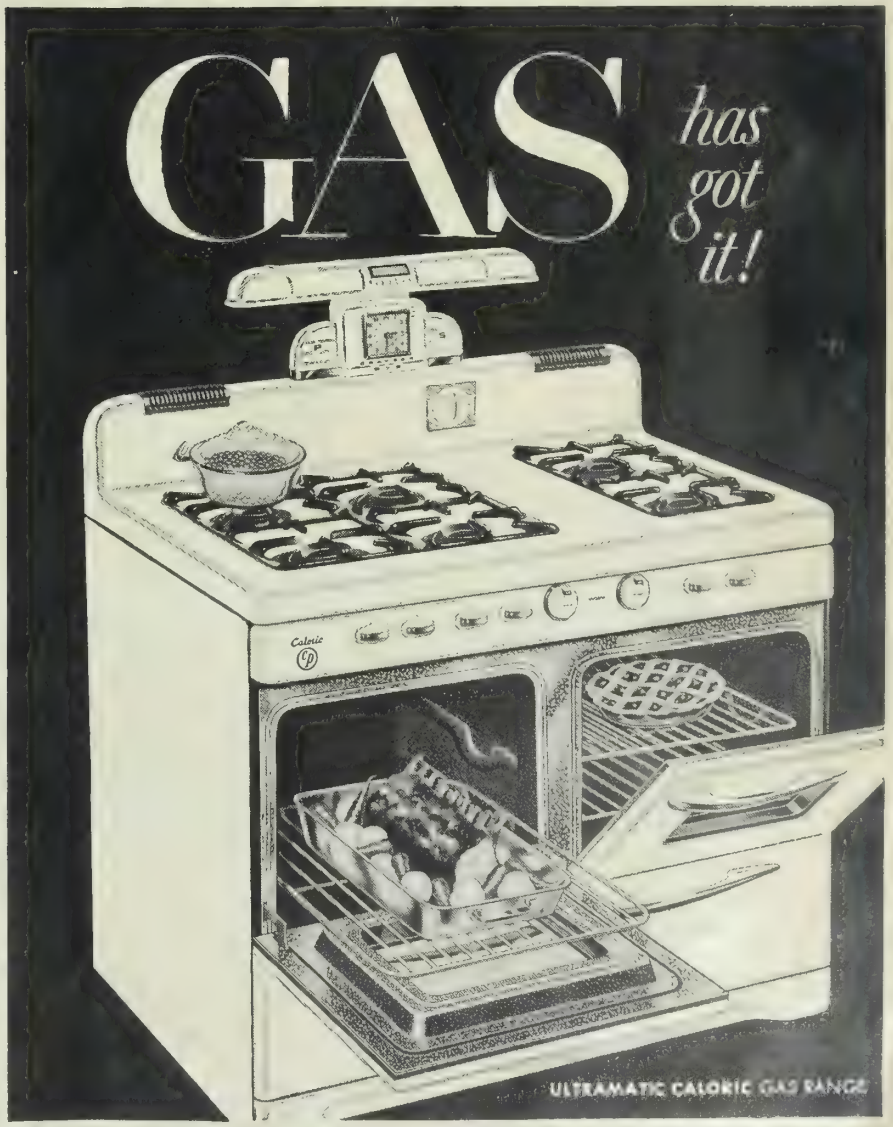
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*CERT. MARK, AMERICAN GAS ASSOC., INC.

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Point of no Return

Was marriage, like first love, to be a luxury he couldn't quite afford?

Beginning a new serial

By John P. Marquand

CHARLES GRAY had not thought for a long time, consciously at least, about Clyde, Massachusetts, and he sometimes wondered later what caused him to do so one morning in mid-April, 1947. It was a mental accident that reminded him of certain passages on telepathy in Man, the Unknown, the book by Alexis Carrel which everyone had been reading before the war. For a month Charles had read snatches of Man, the Unknown each morning on the train, after finishing the headlines and the financial page of The New York Times. In fact, he had done this while going through one of those self-improving phases that sometimes still infected him—although he had begun to doubt, even before the war, that you could materially better your general cultural deficiencies by thirty minutes' reading every day. Still he had those hopeful moods occasionally. When he looked at the sets of Conrad and Kipling around the fireplace of the knotty-pine library and at those newer books that Nancy kept buying and at the older ones of his father's that had come from Clyde, he could still feel that he, too, might become familiar with the world's great classics, provided he could get things sufficiently straightened out at home so that he could have a moment by himself without Nancy's coming in to take up some problem or without Bill's interrupting with his algebra. At least he had not yet lost his old desire to read, though Nancy said he had. He had read Man, the Unknown all the way through, sometime around 1934, and now in 1947 he could still remember that it had something in it about telepathy.

In Charles' own experience when something was about to happen to you, particularly anything rather unpleasant, something gave you a vague sort of preview of what was coming. At any rate, he did not feel the way he should have felt that morning. When Nancy woke him up, he had a slight headache—nothing that would not pass, however, when he had some coffee.

"Are you awake now?" Nancy asked.

"Yes," he answered, "naturally I'm awake. It's a terrible morning, isn't it?"

"If you'd only remember," Nancy said, "not to take anything to drink after dinner."

It always annoyed him when Nancy got on the subject of alcohol, because she invariably made it seem as though alcohol were a problem. She was always saying to people that she and Charles, when they were just quietly at home, enjoyed each other's company so much that they did not need a cocktail—which sounded well enough but was not strictly true, particularly when Nancy got started on the household bills.

"I hate sitting around with a lot of people," he said, "just talking after dinner. I can't take four hours of steady conversation after I've been talking all day."

"Now, darling, who was it who wanted to go to the Cliffords'?"

"All right, who was it?"

"I told you," Nancy said, "that we didn't have to go to the Cliffords'. They had us in January and we had them and everything was square and now we'll have to have them again."

"Well, we don't have to have them right away," Charles said. "Let's try not to think about it now. She's the one who gets me down. You know, when I see the whole picture I can't help feeling sorry for Bradley Clifford."

"Everybody's always sorry for him. I wish you'd start feeling sorry for yourself."

"I do," Charles said, "right at this moment."

"And I wish you'd feel sorry for me."

"I do. I do feel sorry for you and for everybody else in the world. That's the way I feel, at the moment."

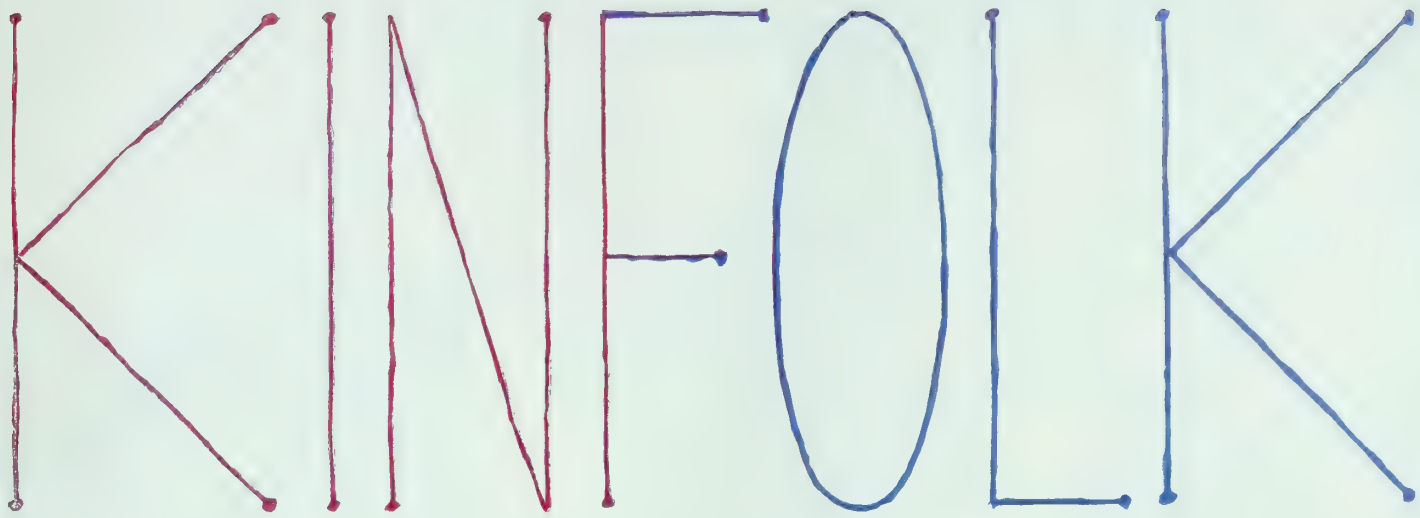
"Darling, don't be so broad-minded. You'll make me cry." *(Continued on Page 113)*

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ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS



"When I get to our village," Mary mused, "I shall make a bathhouse first of all for the women."



BY PEARL S. BUCK

LIKE chips from the wood carver's knife, the family of Dr. Liang Wen Hua had fallen into confusion and disorder. Within a year, Liang, a distinguished Chinese scholar living in New York, had seen these events occur:

Against his will, his elder son, James, had returned to China to be a surgeon in a Peking hospital—even though it meant severing all ties with the beautiful but selfish Lili Li. Then his younger daughter, Louise, had rashly fallen in love with Philip Morgan, an American who refused to marry her.

Because, to Liang, Louise has dishonored his ancestors, he sends her and his other two children, Mary and Peter, to live abroad with James in a strange, walled house—a house that also shelters an intense young boarder named Dr. Liu Chen.

At dinner one day, the children read a letter from their mother, saying she fears Liang is about to take a concubine. Actually, this is not true, but he is drifting toward Violet Sung. Although this mysterious Eurasian is the mistress of an Englishman, Ranald Grahame, she begins to see in Liang the delicacy of mind that for her must spell fulfillment.

III

THE whole thing began at the chrysanthemum market on that bright autumn day. With some delay they had gone on with their afternoon's jaunt. Indeed, they were the more impatient to get out of the house and into a change of scene, because they felt helpless.

They all agreed afterward that there was something peculiar about the day. The air was so still and clear as to seem almost solid. People were magnified by it, faces were sculptured, eyes bright. Especially beautiful were the faces of old people, for every line seemed drawn with meaning.

When James led his brother and sisters and Chen to the great square which was the market place, the scene struck him with all the force of a magnificent stage. An old palace stood in the background, its heavy roof of blue porcelain tiles reared against the clear sky. Maple trees had been planted on either side of it, centuries ago, and these were gold and red with autumn.

The whole center of the court was filled with the chrysanthemums which venders had brought to be sold. They stood in plots, hundreds together, and each owner with his wife or son watched over his own. Between the plots the people walked, exclaiming and praising until they saw one bloom irresistibly beautiful, when reluctantly they felt themselves compelled to buy. Rich and poor were here together, for all alike revered these flowers, imperial in their size and hues. Yet here, as everywhere, the poor far outnumbered the rich. They were unable to buy any flowers, and even when one by some ill chance was broken off, these poor did not dare to pick it up.

Mary stopped and gazed at a small group of common-looking men, with their wives and children, who were staring with wide eyes at the purchase being made by an old lady in satin robes. A child touched a flower and his father reproved him in a low voice. "Eh, do not touch, little heart. One flower would take a seven days' wage."

"I can't bear it," Mary said suddenly.

James looked down at her and saw tears flooding into her eyes. "You can't change what has been going on so long, Mary," he told her. He, too, had felt very often this catch of the heart, this sense of shame, before the poor here in his own land. Yet what could any of them do?

They walked away beyond the square, apart from the others. "I am not satisfied, Jim," Mary said. "I want to go farther into the country. We're still on the surface here."

He knew what she meant, but he did not answer her quickly. In his own way he had been thinking and feeling deep under the surface of his daily life. Peking was a pleasant backwater, a charming, ancient pool. But one could live here and even do some good work and yet never reach the roots and sources.

"I'd like to go back to our village," Mary said. "Let's ask for a week away and see where we came from. Then I think I shall know what I want. Maybe you will too. As we are now, we are almost as far from our people as we would have been in New York."

James felt that with her usual directness Mary had chosen the next step. "I think it a good idea," he told her. "Let's keep it in our heads for a few days and see if it holds. And now we must go to Louise. Do you see that she is talking to an American soldier?" So indeed it was. Louise, wandering alone, had attracted the eyes of a fair-haired young man in uniform. He had drawn gradually nearer to her as she paused to admire a pale lavender flower, huge in its size, and with petals curled loosely inward.

"Do you like this one best?" he had asked boldly.

She answered in English. "It's nice."

He moved to her side. "I'm in luck—you speak English. But somehow I knew you did."

(Continued on Page 64)

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ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER



The Gift That Mattered

BY JOSEPH AND ADELINE MARX

JONNO had not meant to mention it to Agnes again, but as he woke up it slipped out, through his sleepiness. He said, "Has he come yet?"

Agnes was standing by his bureau, taking out the clothes he was to wear that day. She said, without turning around, "Has who come yet?"

"My dog."

"Dog, indeed," Agnes said, and closed the bureau drawer with a snap. And that was even less than she had said last night, when he had first dared to mention the dog to her. She had looked surprised, and then annoyed, and then she had sniffed and said it was mighty funny, people thinking about bringing a dog into the house and not telling her about it.

He knew he was going to get it, though. Today was the day before Christmas, and tomorrow morning, surely, as soon as he woke up, his



The dog had to be his... it was all the Christmas he wanted!

puppy would be there. Just because his father and mother had forgotten to mention it, it didn't mean they had forgotten all about it. They had promised him a puppy; of course he was going to get it. It was only a question of waiting till tomorrow; of getting through this day.

It was a long morning to get through. There didn't seem to be anything in particular to do, though everybody else in the house was busy—everybody except his father and mother, who were still asleep. The Christmas tree was already trimmed; Agnes and Daniel, the butler, had trimmed it the day before because his mother had said she wanted it to look festive for the dinner party she was giving. It was a beautiful tree, with an amazing number of lights. He spent a long time counting the bulbs, getting a different total each time. It would have been easier to count them if they had been lighted, but he was not allowed to turn them on. He asked Agnes to do it, but she only said, "What do you want to do, burn them out before it's even Christmas?"

The way he felt right then, it didn't seem as though it ever would be Christmas.

He put on his snow suit and went out in the yard to swing, but swinging got tiresome even faster than it usually did.

After a while he went, as he often did, to stand at the gate and watch the people going by. Several of them, as they went, smiled at him and said hello, and even added, "Merry Christmas." But Agnes had told him never to speak to strangers, because it might be somebody who wanted to kidnap him, and so he could not answer them. And besides, the words just did not seem to come. They were all hurrying, anyway; many of them carried packages, and several cars went by with Christmas trees tied on the running boards. Everybody had a lot to do, except him, and all he had to do was wait.

Tomorrow morning, though, it would be different. Tomorrow when he came out his dog would come with him, and he would start in right away teaching him tricks. He could teach him how to bring back a stick, and sit up and beg, and how to jump through a hoop—there was no end to the things you could do with a dog. And when the people going by spoke to him, he could answer; you didn't have to worry about kidnapers if you had a dog with you. And they would ask him the dog's name, and he would tell them. There'd be a lot to talk about, if you had a dog.

And, of course, he was going to get the dog. Just because Agnes didn't know about it ——

He turned away from the gate and wandered back toward the house, looking up at the shuttered windows of his *(Continued on Page 77)*

ILLUSTRATED BY

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

You described Russia in the Ladies' Home Journal as the virile adolescent among nations, hence difficult to deal with, and said that we must show patience and wisdom. Having a teen-age daughter, I know what you meant. Now the Russians talk and act as if they won the whole war singlehanded. How far should adolescents be allowed to boast and brag and take all the credit?

I think it is very good for adolescents to be told the exact truth, whether they are our own youngsters or whether they are a country like the U.S.S.R. People who brag know when they are bragging, and the U.S.S.R. knows quite well that singlehanded she could not have won the war. Just as youngsters need a firm hand, I rather think the U.S.S.R. needs a firm hand, but a just one.

I was disappointed in your answer to the lady who asked you to name ten books which one should read in order to be well educated. Those of us who married young and have spent our time cooking, cleaning and patching for a family are at a loss to know at this late date what to read to become more nearly on a mental level with our friends. We don't want to be quite so humble as to ask their opinion and create the very attitude we are aiming to prevent. It seems to me that there are some books without which one is not educated at all. One, of course, is the Bible. Can you tell me any others?

I can give you a list of books to read, but when you have read them, you will not be educated. All that a list may do, if you read the books, is to whet your curiosity and start you reading more. If that happens, it will have served a purpose and you will be on your way to an education. Most of us feel we never are educated, we are just acquiring a little more knowledge all our lives.

I do not know what you read as a child. If you have never read Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, I suggest you do so and then pick out one or two plays of Shakespeare and read them. If you have never read any of the classics, I would read one or two of the old Greek plays like Oedipus in a good translation, and perhaps you might read Plato's Republic. In the field of fiction I think you could read two of Thackeray—Vanity Fair and Henry Esmond; two of Dickens—David Copperfield and Oliver Twist; two of Scott, though you might want to skip some of the long descriptions, which most of us did as children, and I would choose, I think, Ivanhoe and The Talisman. This may lead to your reading many more by these same authors.

If you are interested in history, it is a good thing to read biographies and also historical novels which are based on fact. I cannot name for you all the people, but some of the more recent biographers are Carl Sandburg, Claude Bowers, Arthur Schlesinger. Carl Carmer has written several interesting historical novels. There are also many good translations of foreign writers, and among the great novels of the world are War and Peace and Anna Karenina, by Tolstoy. I happen to like the French author Anatole France's books, but I don't know whether there are good translations. There are, of course, German writers that one should know, in the translations if not in the original, particularly some of the poets like Goethe and Heine. Everyone should read Dante's Inferno. In the Home Book of Verse you will find that you have many poems by different authors chosen by a gentleman who selected very well, and this may lead you to get full volumes of poems by the authors you like.

One could go on giving a list of books which would keep you busy, but what I have given you here, I hope, will prick your curiosity and start you off on a search of your own.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the Ladies Home Journal. *It cannot be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's views are right, and not open to question, and are not necessarily the views of the Editors of the* Journal.

What is your opinion of the idea of teaching religion in the public schools?

I do not think that religion can properly be taught in public schools. We decided long ago to separate church and state. The public schools, being financed and run by the states, should not teach religion to children. That should be the responsibility of the home and the church primarily, though it may be possible in certain cases to work out some form of spiritual expression which is acceptable to all the children in a school. I feel, however, this should never be forced upon any of them.

What is the reason men of the North seemingly show lack of respect for women? Men do not tip their hats to women whom they meet on the street, neither do they rise from their seats when women come into the room. Southern men are more courteous. Why are Northern men not so?

You surprise me in your estimate of men in the North. I have never had a man greet me in the street without raising his hat, nor do I find that they do not get up when a lady comes into the room. In informal gatherings when people are coming and going all the time, it might happen that a man did not notice that a woman had entered or left; but on any formal occasion, I have never known a man to remain seated.

On streetcars and busses, since women have begun to work under much the same conditions as men, I think the men feel that the women want to be treated in exactly the same way and there is no longer the feeling that they must treat them as though they were meeting on a social basis. Of course, I realize that there are young people who are not trained at home to have good manners and who may not be taught to raise their hats to ladies, or to get up when a woman comes into the room, and our schools do not teach manners as a rule; but it takes a very short period of contact with good manners to bring about a knowledge and understanding of the things which are expected of well-brought-up people. I have always found that the people of this country learn quickly.

Southern men, of course, have a tradition of chivalry toward women. Many of my forebears came from the South, as well as the many who came from the North, but as I go back through the family history, I find that, on the whole, the Southern men did not treat their women any better than the Northerners, and so while there may be more of a veneer attached to Southern manners, I think the basic kindliness which is the root of all good manners exists both in the North and in the South.

I am seventeen years old and my problem is that I live with my grandmother, who disapproves of my going with boys. The girls I chum with notice this, but I always say I don't care to go out with boys. What should I do? How can I show my grandmother that I can be trusted and that, like other girls of my own age, I enjoy going out with boys?

Talk the situation over with your grandmother. She is probably anxious to keep you from temptation, and conscious of the fact that you may not perhaps feel free to come and tell her how you feel and what you are thinking about, because there is a great difference in age between you. If she knows that you are telling her all about what happens and that you will talk over any problems that occur and that you will not do anything without talking it over with her first, I think you will find that she is quite willing that you should have the normal relationships that should exist among young people.

I have often heard it said that behind every great man is a great mother or wife. I am wondering to what extent that was true of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt. Did he have an inborn ambition to become the great leader he was, or to what extent were his aspirations nurtured and inspired by his mother and by yourself?

I think his mother had a great influence upon my husband, but his father's influence was very marked also. They did not specifically train him in leadership, but they gave him an all-around education and a great deal of general knowledge. His father gave him a sense of responsibility about the place in which he lived, the people in the neighborhood, the land, the stock and the employees with whom he worked.

His mother and her family had traveled a great deal, too, and had been in many parts of the world, and she stimulated him to interests in other countries. As far as I am concerned, I learned a great deal from my husband. I doubt if my influence was very important, except that I had a tremendous interest in certain concepts of social justice and I think our mutual play on each other was valuable in keeping before him the ideals which he held and which might have been obscured by his surroundings at certain times in his life.

I am a frightened and bewildered mother. Frightened because the radio and newspapers give us nothing to look forward to but atomic warfare. I cannot understand why this nation, founded by men fleeing from a government they thought wrong, can tell other countries what kind of government to set up. Isn't keeping communism from spreading in this country a big enough fight?

I think it would be well for all of us to stop talking about keeping communism from spreading and talk about making democracy a success. If it is going to succeed, your part in its success will be in making your own surroundings thoroughly successful in the use of the democratic processes, both in everyday living and in the political and economic life of your environment. If enough people do this, the success of democracy will be self-evident.

We must bend every effort to create a successful democracy here, because we believe people have greater control themselves politically under a democratic system, and we are convinced that from the economic standpoint a capitalistic system with proper democratic controls can give people more opportunity and greater satisfaction than can a communist system.



REPRODUCED COURTESY CHESTER DALE COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Mother and Sister of the Artist, by Berthe Morisot

Biographical sketch of Berthe Morisot
appears on Page 72

Letters

In June, 1905, Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt sailed for Europe. Jointly, to his mother, they pictured their escapades on the Continent, the people they met, the things they bought, their enthusiasm and their happiness.



NSTER
ight-seeing was done casually, with Münster Cathedral aking little of their time.



"Franklin's furs," of finest mink, add the finishing splendor to the young bride's Paris gown.

RIS
awed by the interior of a famous dress shop, nklin dozed peacefully while his wife bought dozen or so new dresses."

PARIS
A fortuneteller peered into their future. "You will be President of the United States," she told the bridegroom.

From Our Honeymoon

By ELEANOR and FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Two young people in love—destined with the passing years to become America's most famous couple.

IN order to finish the spring term at Columbia Law School, Franklin Roosevelt and his young bride postponed their honeymoon trip for several months. Early in June, 1905, the young couple sailed for Europe and in the morning of the second day at sea commenced to inform his mother of their whereabouts and daily activities. Marriage did not sever the close tie between mother and son. Nevertheless, the tie was altered somewhat, now there were two persons who addressed Sara Roosevelt as "Mama." Jointly they pictured for Sara Roosevelt their escapades on the continent of Europe, the people they met, the things they bought, their happiness and enthusiasm. Following are excerpts from the honeymoon letters of two young people, in love, who were destined to become America's most famous couple. ED.

S. S. OCEANIC, JUNE 7, 1905

Dearest Mama: I am all unpacked and settled and F. is now getting his things in order. Thank you so much, dear, for everything you did for us. You are always just the sweetest, dearest Mama to your children and I shall look forward to our next long evening together, when I shall want to be kissed all the time!

So far we have seen nothing of our fellow passengers, but Franklin will tell you about them the end of the trip when I won't be able to write!

Ever and ever so much love my dearest Mummy from your devoted ELEANOR

"When I won't be able to write" refers to A.E.R.'s (Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, hereafter designated by her initials) fear of seasickness, an ailment that has always plagued her.

POSTED AT QUEENSTOWN, R.M.S. OCEANIC
JUNE 11, 1905

Dearest Mama: So far we have had an almost perfect crossing. Eleanor has been a *wonderful* sailor and hasn't *missed* a single meal or *lost* any either.

Our fruit is delicious, but it is a case of "embrasse de riches" as we got six baskets of goodies, and are trying to do our duty to them even at the expense of chronic dyspepsia.

We expect to reach Queenstown tonight and Liverpool by 1 o'clock tomorrow, and shall see the Bullochs and Maxwells and take the 5 P.M. train to London, going straight to Brown's, where we hope to be welcomed by Aunt Kassie, P.C. and Muriel.

Loads of love from us both.

Ever your affectionate F.D.R.

"Aunt Kassie" was F.D.R.'s maternal aunt, Katharine Delano, whose first husband, Charles A. Robbins, had died in 1889. In 1893 she married Hiram Price Collier, whom F.D.R. refers to as "P.C." "Muriel" was Muriel Delano Robbins, Aunt Kassie's daughter by her first marriage; she married Cyril Martineau and lives in London.

BROWN'S HOTEL, LONDON. W.
(DOVER ST & ALBEMARLE ST)

JUNE 16, 1905

Dearest Mama: I will go back to tell you what your infants have *(Continued on Page 95)*

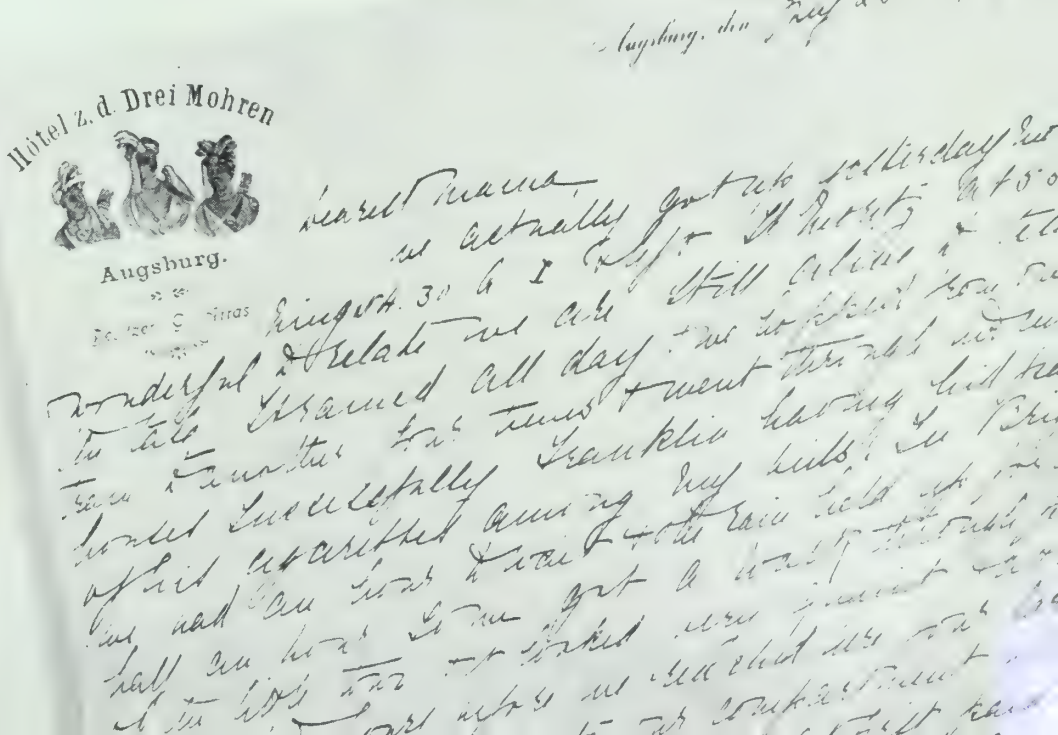
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Sedate in traveling clothes, and with piled-up luggage, Eleanor and Franklin wait to board their train.

AUGSBURG

Searching for old books, German beer and antique shops was among the pleasant ways the Roosevelts spent their time in Germany.



Security



How long can lovers wait for the moment which should be NOW?

By ALEC RACKOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

IT was just five-thirty when Ed Carlin finished the brake job on Doctor Mostyn's convertible. He got the grease off his hands, though he would have to do a more complete job later on, shucked the grimy coveralls and got into a clean wrapper with "Froelick's" in red cotton on the back.

John Froelick was ringing up a gas sale at the register in the little office. He was six-one and broad all the way through. He had iron-gray hair, though he was still this side of forty, and serious brown eyes.

Ed gave John the work sheet. "I'm going to try her out," he said. He stood a good four inches shorter than John. With his wavy blond hair and fair skin he looked younger even than his twenty-two years.

John nodded. "You take her over? Doc wants the car tonight."

Ed hesitated. He said at last, "All right, Sarge, but I've got to be out of here by six-thirty."

"Big date?" John asked and Ed said, not smiling, "Big."

He hooked the three-wheeled motorcycle to the rear bumper of the convertible and spread a pad on the rayon seat cover before he climbed in and got behind the wheel. The service station was at the end of Maple Street where it ran into the state road between Fall City and Carlisle. It stood clean and bright in the early-November air, and the little cottage behind, that some previous owner had built as the first of a projected series of overnight cabins, looked snug and warm.

It was. Ed thought of that as he sent the big car up the state road, gave a flicking glance in the rear-view mirror to *(Continued on Page 192)*

She said brokenly, "I don't want to wait."
Her eyes were closed, the lashes sooty
against her skin.



UNITED STATES: In the spacious Presbyterian church of Glidden, Iowa, the Pratt family sing the closing hymn. Their minister is a firm internationalist, who on this occasion preached a sermon calling for good will toward the oppressed peoples of Europe.



GERMANY: The Stieglitzes adhere to the strict faith of German Protestantism. This is the church in which they were married in the village of Wollau fifteen years ago. At Christmas they will sing the hymn heard round the world: *Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht.*



ITALY: Four young Guercinis kneel at High Mass in the twelfth-century church which rises above the hilltop village of Montefioralle. Women and children go faithfully, but male attendance has slipped. The village priest blames "modern ideas" (meaning Communism).



FRANCE: In Sunday best, the Redouins attend Mass in the ancient church of the village of St. Bohar. Their own village is Fossés, but owing to the shortage of priests the two churches alternate services, every other Sunday. The Redouins contribute a thousand francs to the church each year.



EGYPT: Mrs. el Gamel never a tends the mosque with her hu band, and proper Moslem wom do not show their faces pu



THIS IS THE WAY

THE people on these pages are indeed people. But, being people, they do not know all the answers. So each in his own way seeks his peace with himself, with his fellow man, and with eternity.

The Pratts of Glidden, Iowa, are Presbyterians, although Mr. Pratt was born a Methodist. The Hiatts of Hook Norton, Oxfordshire, are High Church Anglicans. The Guercinis of Tuscany practice the Catholic faith of their Roman forebears; the Redouins of France and the Gonzalezes of Mexico are Catholics also. The Stieglitzes of Germany follow in the footsteps of Protestant Martin Luther. In Egypt the el Gamels hearken to the words of the prophet Mohammed. In Japan and China the Okamotos and Hos bow quietly to Buddha. In mid-Africa the Zamba Alumas are mission Christians. And in their Slovakian village, the Baloghs walk each week toward the Byzantine spire which marks their church as Greek Orthodox.

Faith finds its common expression in prayer. On Egyptian Fridays you will find Hag Zaki el Gamel and his sons in the mosque, bowing toward Mecca in submission to the will of Allah. On the hard pews of the sixteenth-century Hook Norton church,

EQUATORIAL AFRICA: The mission church at Lujulu, close to the Congo border, is packed each Sunday with tribesmen from the vicinity. Sermons are in three languages: Bangala, Kakwa, Kaliko. Hymns are sung with fervent rhythm. Sexes are segregated; small children sit with their mothers.



JAPAN: There are no regular services in the Buddhist church and people worship as they wish. Here the Okamoto family pray

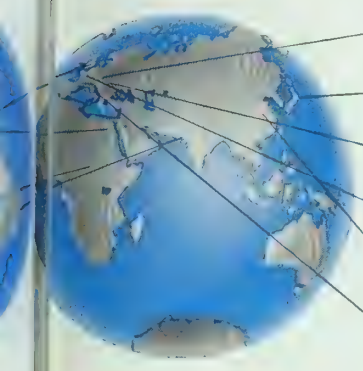




This is the scene on Fri-
when men and boys (over
kneel on rush prayer
and pray toward Mecca.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA: The Baloghs belong to the traditional Greek Orthodox Church of most Slavic peoples. Joseph and Anna Balogh sit in the first pew, their children behind. The Greek Orthodox Church calendar is slightly different from that of western Christianity; festivals are gaily celebrated.



- *Germany*
- *Japan*
- *Czechoslovakia*
- *France*
- *China*
- *Italy*

by JOHN GODFREY MORRIS

THE WORLD WORSHIPS

the Hiatts read the Book of Common Prayer. Across the world, Ho Fu-yuan pauses in the rice fields to pray for the souls of his illustrious ancestors. And in the Presbyterian church in Glidden, the Pratts pray in unison with the congregation to "Our Father which art in heaven." Around the world, faces are earnest with humility.

The mission church in Lujulu, in the heart of Africa, is so popular that the congregation overflows onto the grass outside. But in other parts of the world church attendance has slipped. Ho Fu-yuan considers himself a good Buddhist, but seldom goes to temple. Grandmother Guercini and the girls attend Mass faithfully, but the men are lax. The Hiatts, tied to the farm by animals and children, get to church only on Easter, Christmas and Harvest Thanksgiving. And in Germany, the Stieglitzes' church services were interrupted while the local minister was a prisoner of war.

Neither the knowledge of Science nor the ignorance of Superstition has provided the answers to the eternal mysteries of the universe. Invoking their separate gods, these twelve families seek understanding through faith, and in Religion find a common creed: Love, and the international expression of Love: Peace.

e Buddhist temple in Shi-
. They also have family
rs to the spirits of their an-
rs each morning at home.



MEXICO: Serapes over their shoulders, Luis and Pablo Gonzalez wait for communion with their parents. Little Rubin Gonzalez peeps from the side and baby Maria is held by her father. In Mexico the long, hard battle between church and state has settled into acquiescence on both sides.



PHOTOGRAPHS for the Journal by Horace Bristol (Japan and China), Larry Burrows (England), Robert Capa (United States and Czechoslovakia), Marie Hansen (Italy), George Rodger (Egypt, Pakistan and Equatorial Africa), Phil Schultz (Mexico), David Seymour (France and Germany).



CHINA: Bowing before the grave of his father, Ho Fu-yuan and his sons pause in a typically Chinese gesture of reverence for ancestors. Though avowed Buddhists, the Hos' religion is blended with superstition; each morning incense is lighted to the Kitchen God.



PAKISTAN: In the mosque, Mohammed Usman, himself named for the prophet of Islam, bows low toward Mecca. Like many of his impoverished neighbors, Mr. Usman is not particularly devout, and attends mosque faithfully only during the Moslem month of Ramadan.



ENGLAND: The Hiatt family (except for Joan, who is too small to go) stand up front in the nave of the Hook Norton church. Mr. Hiatt's mother, a regular churchgoer, frowns on the "Easter-only" churchgoing habits of the Hiatts, but their farm chores tie them down.

She whispered to herself the six magic words and waited for them to cast their spell.



The Incantation

When the moment comes that luck takes over, sit tight and maybe THIS will happen to you too. ★ By Marjorie Carter

CHANCES are, when anybody says "incantation," you think of abracadabra, or open sesame, or one of those old, solid numbers. They were all right too. Did good work, in their time. But for smooth pickup, quick getaway when the lights change, nice handling in heavy traffic—oh, we were speaking about incantations? Well, come back and check on this when you have finished the piece!—for those things, it would be hard to beat a simple little six-word item Gail Thompson learned, in the most casual way imaginable, one rainy November morning. And work? Say, it worked like a charm!

(The only reason I bring this up at all is to warn you against it. It can be hard to handle, so take my advice and don't monkey with it.)

Gail? Oh, she was very nice, if you happen to like them small, slim, blond and with brown eyes. Her trouble was reconversion. She was especially good when the summer sun turned her a honey tan, and she wore one of those gasp-and-look-again bathing suits. This costume is seldom worn by a file clerk in November.

Gail was leaning against a file cabinet there in the outer office of Caruthers, Burt, Barton and Pruett, with a handful of papers in case Miss Moran, her boss, or Mr. Pruett, everybody's boss, happened to heave into view. She had a face about four feet long. She was staring absently at the rain sluicing down, and telling herself bitterly how lucky she was.

Lucky, lucky Gail! She had a good job, a nice apartment which she shared with her mother and her older sister, who also had good jobs. They all looked nice whenever they went anyplace together—and whenever they went anyplace, it was together. They just did not seem to meet interesting men. Mom felt pretty relaxed about it, but sis kept putting those advertisements in the Personal column of the Saturday Review. Gail sighed.

Her disillusioned brown eyes left the windows and moved slowly over the serried rows of desks in the big office. Her mind's eye went even farther, into the small cubicles where the Medium *(Continued on Page 164)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



HINING AND SHORT *hair waves away from smooth bangs to a cluster of curls in back. Combs and a ribbon hold curls in place. (Glistening locks, courtesy regular shampooing!)*



CRISP VEILING. *Shape ⅓ yard veiling to fit back of head and attach beribboned bicycle clip. Add own flower*



EVENING CHIGNON. *1½ yards of 15" veiling ties around a chignon and ends in a wide bow.*

HEAD START... *for the holidays and New Year*



SOFT WAVES *begin from a center part which goes down the back of the*



A BANDEAU *of folded veiling (or wide silk ribbon) goes over the head and pins in place over each ear. Allow two inches on each side for crisp, perky ends.*



…NING AND SIMPLE *for an elegant touch. Center part, wide …ie waves. Ends are looped up and pinned in knot effect in back.*



HOLIDAY HAIR-DO'S *take to flowers for evening. Front hair combs into bangs from a side part—the rest of the hair brushes into back curls.*



… AND BRUSHED *away from face, the short hair-do takes on a new look …w new year. Hair is cut 2½ to 3 inches all over the head. Easy and versatile.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



FOR ANY LENGTH *of hair 1 yard of 15" veiling goes over the head …*

…oose from these nine new hair arrangements the one that will turn you …o the prettiest girl at the holiday parties . . . and give you a brand-new …ok for 1949! **THE FUTURE** *for short hair is a gentle winging away from …e face to a fetching back interest.* **THE FASHION** *for long hair lies in …e silken-smooth, close-to-the-head arrangements highlighted (and held in …ace) with veiling, combs, jewels or flowers.* ★ *By Dawn Crowell Norman*

Beauty Editor of the Journal

LOVELY EVENING . . . AT HOME

Mrs. Nancy Hawks, of Beverly Hills, California, in a greatcoat house coat of flame-red flannel with big saddlebag pockets. A fringed taffeta scarf is knotted under the collar, caught with a jewel.



Mrs. Henrik de Kauffmann, wife of the Danish ambassador in Washington, loves the ease and grace of a hostess robe for informal dining at home. Antique-white moire, embroidered in gold . . . designed by Joseph Whitehead.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

Gossamer tulle, banded with metallic ribbon, by John Frederics. 2534.





Evening stole, black net, velvet ribbon, by John Frederics. 253

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Streamer stoles: long satin ribbons, twisted, fringed, by Mr. John.

Double satin triangle, fringed border, by Hattie Carnegie. Piguet's satin-and-velvet stole from Paris, 2535.



Christmas at Whitman's Mission

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER



Editorial Note: The story of the Oregon Trail has often been told in terms of the heartaches, hardships and triumphs of the men and women who headed the emigrant armies of a century ago. But children were also there. What became of the orphans in a region where the struggle for survival left little margin of comfort for the weak and homeless?

One of the wagon trains of the '40's left a family of orphaned children at Whitman's Mission, at Waiilatpu, on a minor tributary of the Columbia east of the Cascades range. Dr. Marcus Whitman had no choice but to take them in. Their parents had died on the trail, and the dwindling resources of the train could no longer support them.

There were seven of these children. The two oldest were boys: Johnny, age fourteen, and Francis, age thirteen. Next to the boys was Catherine, age eleven. Then came the four "little" girls, including a baby six months old.

Catherine—or Cathy—was crippled. Just before their mother died east of Laramie, Cathy had fallen and broken her leg, and the constant jolting of the wagon had kept it from healing properly. Yet the two older boys depended on Cathy, and to the four little girls she was the mother of the family, now that their parents were gone.

It was a tremendous load for a girl of eleven years. Re-created here, by the author of *The Empire Builders*, is the manner in which little Cathy bore her burden when the loneliest night of all came to Whitman's Mission: Christmas Eve, 1845.

THE stars were like bright jewels that night above Whitman's Mission. It was bitterly cold. The storm that had raged all day was over, but surface snow still screamed across the whitened plateau. Long streamers hung from the chimneys of the big Whitman house inside its log palisade, and tiny particles swept across the roof like processions of fairy footsteps. Sometimes, when a big puff of wind came, the chimneys moaned together: *Who-o-o . . . wo-o-o-o.*

It was only nine-thirty, but everyone in the mission was in bed. Mrs. Whitman had seen to that. She was a big, capable, beautiful woman, but very strict. Doctor Whitman had had a hard ride that day—fighting the storm all the way back from Fort Walla Walla—so he had been glad to get to bed early.

It did seem to Cathy that on this particular night she and her brothers and sisters might have been allowed to stay up a little longer than usual. But Mrs. Whitman had been pretty short about it. The minute the clock struck nine, she had come out into the kitchen where the orphans were, looking like a big, severe angel with her yellow hair in braids and the candlelight glinting in her blue eyes.



"Well, children," she'd announced briskly, "it's time for bed. It's bedtime or all of us. Take the little girls up and tuck them in, Francis. Mind they say heir prayers now. You, too, young man!"

"Yes, ma'am." Francis was a shy, sensitive boy, and it had taken him a inute to get up his courage. "Have we got to go to bed now, ma'am?"

"Why not?"

But Francis couldn't go on. "You tell her, Johnny. You're the oldest."

"Not me," Johnny said, scowling. Johnny hadn't smiled once since the agons had gone off and left them here. "She'd say I was arguing with her."

"Johnny!" Cathy reproved. "You should be more polite to Mrs. Whitman."

"You tell her, then."

So Cathy had to do it after all. She said, "We thought we'd like to sit in here by the big fireplace for a while before we went to bed, Mrs. Whitman."

"Oh, no," Mrs. Whitman said. "We've got a lot to do tomorrow. It's Christmas, you know."

(Continued on Page 89)

MAKE IT A DRESS TO REMEMBER . .

A lovely pink lace to dance in . . .
a figure-flattering, ballet-length mauve jacquard satin . . . a stenciled velveteen skirt with a jersey top to wear at home . . .
all to be remembered.

By Nora O'Leary



Softly draped mauve jacquard satin makes a figure-flattering dinner dress; wear your prettiest jewel on the cuffed neckline. Vogue Design No. 6639, 12 to 20.

PHOTOS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



Beautifully simple plaid taffeta; tremendous four-gore skirt, low, scooped-out neckline. Lovely, too, in black velvet; long sleeves. Vogue Design No. S-4892, 12 to 20.



For glamour at home . . . leopard velveteen skirt; simple blouse, brilliant cummerbund. Vogue Designs, skirt No. 6609, 24 to 32, blouse No. 6513, 12 to 20; "Easy-to-Make."

GLOVES BY VERA WEINBERGER. JEWELRY BY SEAMAN SCHEPPS.



A dress you'll never tire of! Pert tie-neckline and a shaped cuff on a button-front bodice; full, six-gore skirt. Vogue Design No. S-4915, 12 to 20.

The prettiest girl . . . the prettiest dress. Lovely pink lace with graceful skirt for dancing. Covered shoulder, low shaped neckline. Vogue Design No. S-4883, 12 to 20.



©VOGUE

Slimmest of velvet dinner dresses with bare shoulders, a draped hip line. The covered-up short jacket makes it a perfect theater costume. Vogue Design No. S-4937, 12 to 18.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order*, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 21 Dundas Square, Toronto, Ont.

Connecticut residents please add sales tax.

Back Views and Prices are on Page 164

Merry Christmas all

OPEN HOUSE
(Serves 25)
Triangle Sandwiches Cheese Daisies
Chocolate-Mint Wafers
Hungarian Nut Sticks Sultana Cake
Cranberry Punch
Orange-Nut Balls Coconut Chips

You needn't wait for New Year's to have an "open house" going strong. It's a whole week to New Year's. Any day is a good day for a party.

CHRISTMAS FAMILY BREAKFAST
Christmas Grapefruit
Ready-to-eat Cereal
Milk and Cream and Maple Sugar
Cottage Eggs Broiled Peach Halves
Bacon
Cinnamon-Biscuit Ring Jam
Coffee Milk

"Wait until after breakfast, children. Eat your cereal, Abby. And then we'll look at the tree." The big hour of the day: breakfast with the children.

day long

BY ANN BATCHELDER

I NEVER knew how many tried-and-true friends one can collect through a long space of years, until I knew *you*. All of you. Do you realize that I've been wishing you a merry Christmas for over fourteen years? And that unnumbered wishes for the same have come from you to me, year after year after year? When you stop to think of it, it's *something*. And I want to thank you, right now. It has meant a lot to me. I can't write each of you even a card. (How I love to think of Christmas cards. And stamps? Yes, *stamps*. All stamped and everything.) If I could I would, and I'd say from the heart, by which my pen would be guided, "A merry Christmas," and you would know I meant it. So take this "open letter" instead, and take it as meaning every one of you who have been and are my friends. And know that *I'm* your friend too. For it's Christmas all day long, and *my* day lasts all the year through. Just as you've made me feel yours does too.

Well, shall we start the day? Christmas breakfast is apt to fade into insignificance beside the rest of the festivities. But for those who go to grandma's on Christmas, let's start the day right. Up they get, the moppets whose stockings bulge with those *(Continued on Page 187)*

PHOTOS BY STUART - FOWLER



Line a Day

BY ANN BATCHELDER

1 Can it be that winter is shutting the doors and latching the windows against the somnolent world? Why, it was only a moment ago—it seems—that it was summer. Time is a gay deceiver—don't believe a word it says. Get out the woollies. December is here. Also—darn those socks!

2 Creamed celery isn't too glamorous, but wait a second. Add cheese to your creamed celery, season it well, then fill the hollowed out shell of an Edam round or pineapple cheese (not too hollow). Cover the top with buttered cracker crumbs and brown quickly in the oven. Get the idea? It's quite a dish.

3 Going to surprise everybody with squash croquettes? Go on and do it. And remember that I told you *not* to forget to add plenty of finely chopped walnut meats to the squash. The "marriage of true minds" has nothing on this.

4 Now, as to nuts, *I* ate a choice bit the other day at a sort of stylish place in town. And this was it. A ball of vanilla ice cream crammed full of peanuts all ground up to powder, covered with chocolate sauce littered with the same. Was it good? It was.

5 A first course for a bridge luncheon might be—and *will* be, once you get to it—a ring of tomato aspic filled with chicken or tuna-fish or crab-meat salad. In case the old tried-and-trusty fish cocktail needs a face lift, this would be it.

6 Griddlecakes for breakfast, for supper or for one of those exotic desserts. Let's take up the luncheon or supper dessert kind. Look into the heart of the matter, as it were. Are you with me so far?

7 Make a batch of thin griddlecakes. (When I get grown up and sophisticated I'll call them *pan*cakes. So far, they are baked on a griddle.) Have ready a thick, delicious blueberry or raspberry sauce. Encase large spoons of the sauce in each cake, rolling them up. Cover with more sauce, heat for a few minutes and serve quickly on hot plates. Pass heavy, plain cream.

8 *From an old cookbook:* "To select a proper chicken to cook and set before your family is an accomplishment to be desired. Twist the wing of the chicken to determine its age. Be sure the butcher hasn't twisted it first." Can't you trust *anybody?*

9 An old receipt that may be new to you, anyway, and that is stuffed oysters. Delicious too. Chop a dozen large oysters very fine. Mix them with the yolk of an egg, thicken with bread crumbs, add a tablespoon of heavy cream, salt and pepper to taste. Fill shells with the mixture, rounding the top. Brown in a hot oven.

10 Oysters are one thing you mustn't miss. Stews are superb if they *are* superb. Roasted, they're gorgeous. In a scallop you are safe and sure. If it's a two-layer scallop, of course. Done in a deep pie plate. And there are many other ways of cooking oysters, all delicious.

11 Scallopini of veal sound like something you hear about and never make? Try this one; it will bear repeating. Cook a sliced onion in salad oil until it is brown. Add three or four sliced tomatoes or a can of tomatoes with some sliced green peppers to make a sauce. Salt and pepper to taste. Take out the skins from the tomatoes and peppers as they cook. They'll loosen, so it's easy.

12 *Canto II:* Have the veal sliced almost paper thin. When the sauce is hot and ready, lay the veal slices in the sauce and cook them until they are *very* tender. Careful now. Don't break them. You can do chicken the same way. Sort of à la marengo, you know. Serve with mashed-potato puffs or croquettes.

13 Got one for you on the subject of—guess what? Corn-meal mush! Yes, the old familiar corn-meal mush with an Italian background. Make, then, corn-meal mush quite thick. Spread a layer in a casserole. Add bits of butter or margarine and a layer of Parmesan cheese. Add some very hot spaghetti meat sauce.

14 *Chapter II:* Continue, now, with layers of mush, butter or margarine, cheese and sauce until you come to the top, which will be the bits of butter and—generously—the cheese. Brown in the oven—about 400° F. Let the diners dip. They'll *dip* deep.

15 *Surprise item, hors d'oeuvres dept.:* Cream half a cup of butter or margarine. Add grated Cheddar cheese and keep on creaming until it's very thick, like butter again. Spread on bread rounds, small ones. Into the oven or broiler until cheese melts and browns. Very chi-chi.

16 And for the same dept. pops up another, to keep 'em happy and guessing. Take slices of white bread—cover with thin slices of Cheddar cheese. Then over this lay fillets of anchovies. Sprinkle with chopped capers. Grill them and serve instead of the usual cheese sandwiches. Nothing usual about these. But *good.*

17 Pumpkin pie topped with whipped cream sweetened with maple sugar and dusted with chopped toasted walnut meats is pumpkin pie de luxe.

18 You'll think I am nuts about cheese—and you're right. I love it. And it's just right in baked potatoes done this way: Bake, scoop out the insides, mash and for each potato add salt and pepper to taste, a generous dab of butter, two tablespoons condensed tomato soup and a good tablespoon sharp grated cheese. Mix well—stuff potato shells and brown under the broiler.

19 A dessert that is both simple and delicious is spiced applesauce, served with a ball of vanilla ice cream, lightly sprinkled with cinnamon. A recommended item.

20 Ever hear of English trifle? It's really spongecake at a fancy-dress ball. That's all. But for a dessert it's *something.* Now to make it the American way. First, have small, thin slices of spongecake. Put a layer in a shallow serving dish. All done, it should be about an inch and a half deep.

21 *Chapter II:* Saturate the cake generously with strong, heavily sweetened coffee, flavored with vanilla—but don't pour it on. Add a thick layer of vanilla-flavored boiled custard. Keep going and have the cake slices on top. Cover with wax paper and let it chill in the refrigerator. When ready to serve, heap it with whipped cream and garnish with crystallized preserved cherries cut into pieces.

22 Well, to get back to earth, take a can of peas and drain them so they are pretty dry. Chop a slice or two of bacon *very* fine, and add to the peas. Put in a frying pan and cook the peas and bacon together until the peas are puckered and the bacon done. Season and serve.

23 There are two things I want to mention that are wonderful to go with ham and chicken dishes. In case you've overlooked anything, cranberry jelly is good with both, apple butter is especially good with ham. Beach-plum jelly or jam is the perfect touch for chicken or guinea hen.

24 There's more to broccoli than boiling it and let 'er go. Cook until tender and purée the inner leaves and stalks, bind the purée with a beaten egg over low heat. Season with salt, pepper and a little nutmeg. Cool. Shape in cubes. Bread the cubes, put into the oven to heat and brown. Cut hard-cooked eggs in half, crosswise, press one in each cube. Serve with cream sauce.

25 Don't lay it up against me if I've told this one twice. Twice-told tales are twice as good the second telling. This one, as you'll see, deals with squash and oysters. You will thank me if it's a reminder and cheer me on if you haven't heard it before.

26 Make a cream of squash soup. Take two cups of cooked Hubbard squash, puréed, one quart of rich milk, salt and pepper to taste and a large piece of butter or margarine. Cook in a double boiler, stirring all the time, and when smooth add a cup of scalded cream. Now put in about two dozen small oysters with a little strained oyster liquor. Heat until the oysters curl. Serve in a tureen if such is in your cupboard.

27 Apricots à la Royale are rightly named. Royal indeed and one of the cook's gifts to the higher life. Bake little tartlets. In each one put half a chilled apricot, fill the shell with partially set apricot jelly. When it sets, mask the tartlets with currant jelly and cover with chopped pistachio nuts.

28 For a beginning at luncheon, add to clear chicken broth an equal quantity of clam broth. Season to your taste. Heat to hot and *hot*, and serve in cups with salted whipped cream on top, sprinkled with paprika. This is heart-warming.

29 Don't misuse an alligator pear by serving it with mayonnaise. The idea is to cut the pear in half lengthwise, take out the stone and present each half with half a ripe lime and let the guests do their own squirting.

30 Of the making—and I reckon, eating—of sandwiches there is no end. For a corned-beef sandwich—which, I understand, men go for in a big way—add a touch of curry to the salad dressing you use as a spread. It really does wonders—if one likes curry.

31 December finds me about to do my Christmas shopping as usual. Yes, ma'am, my cards are all done and gone. Merry Christmas!



DRAWING BY R. C. ATHERTON

Let Campbell's help with your PROBLEM MEALS



Lunch on Saturday

On Saturdays in many a home, lunch is when you get there—and everybody sets his own time! That's when a dish like Campbell's Vegetable Soup comes to Mother's rescue. She sets it a-simmer on the stove and everyone helps himself. She knows this well-liked soup of good beef stock and 15 garden vegetables is "almost a meal in itself." With hefty sandwiches, it's a lunch to satisfy. Try this plan!

CAMPBELL'S VEGETABLE SOUP

Supper on Sunday

Here's a delightful tip for that "oh-dear-what-shall-we-have?" supper on Sunday night: steaming plates of Campbell's Green Pea Soup. It's a smooth and nourishing purée of tender green peas—a soup to make any appetite sit up and take notice. With it serve, for instance, crisp crackers, a salad and a beverage. Try it. See if this soup isn't a real help to a lady as busy as *you!*

CAMPBELL'S GREEN PEA SOUP





Dinner on Monday

Dinner on Monday night is often a bother. Perhaps you will be serving a casserole of Sunday's leftovers, or an omelet. Anyway, here's something to give the meal a lift—fragrant plates of Campbell's Chicken Soup. Folks like the gleaming chicken broth, delicate rice and tender pieces of chicken.

CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN SOUP WITH RICE

Whenever "problem meals" occur
On certain noons and nights,
Wise mothers find that Campbell's Soup
Will spur folks' appetites!



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

"Indigestion"

ften is only a minor discomfort due to

mproper habits of eating and drinking,



nervousness, fatigue, and emo-

ional strain.



Sometimes, however, "indigestion"

nay be a warning sign



of certain

iseases.

So, if you have "indigestion" fre-

uently, you should see your



octor. Remember... *better digestion is*

step toward better health!

Good living habits can be an aid to good digestion

The digestive system has been likened a chemical factory. Here, innumerable gland cells manufacture juices which act chemically upon the food we eat, so that it can be absorbed and used by the body.

When the system fails to function properly, "indigestion" usually results. Fortunately, this condition can generally be corrected by following a few common sense rules, under the guidance of your physician. He may suggest changes in your diet, eating moderately, keeping in good physical condition, and avoiding mental or emotional tensions.

Whatever may be the cause of your "indigestion," prompt diagnosis and any necessary treatment offer the best chance for cure. Today, new drugs and new surgical methods hold promise for better control of physical diseases of the digestive system. In certain types of cases, some doctors are finding psychotherapy increasingly important.

If you have frequent attacks of "indigestion," don't try to be your own doctor. The continued use of home remedies may do more harm than good, and may delay the start of proper medical care.

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

KINFOLK

(Continued from Page 37)

"How did you know?" Louise asked him.

"There is something American about you," he declared, and knew that he had pleased her.

After that it was easy to talk. They exchanged names and ages, and she told him that her real home was in New York, and found that he, too, had come from New York. This was a miracle for them both, and they had just discovered it when James and Mary, Peter and Chen converged on them from different directions.

Louise introduced the uniformed boy, "This is Alec Wetherston, and he comes from New York, not terribly far even from where pa and ma live."

They bowed, Mary somewhat coldly and then she said in Chinese, "Now we must buy what we want and go home, Louise. It is nearly sunset and the best flowers will be gone."

Somehow or other their backs were all turned toward the American. But he was not to be discouraged. He said loudly to Louise, "Where do you live, Miss Liang? I'm coming to see you if I may."

She gave him the name of the hutung and the number of the house, and he tipped his hat.

"I'll be there one of these days real soon."

"Louise!" Mary cried. "How can you?"

Louise shrugged. "I didn't do anything." But all of them saw that her eyes had changed in this short time. The despondency was gone and instead there was a look of life and even of triumph.

"Come," James said, "let us buy this white one, this yellow one and this fine red one."

"I will choose also this red-and-gold," Mary said. She was too indignant to speak again to Louise.

Young Wang came forward and dickered over the price with the vender, then they gave him handfuls of paper bills and set out for home.

They walked along resisting the pleadings of ricksha men to ride. The evening was settling upon the city in a mist of color. Along the street near them a blind violinist walked, playing as he went. He was a tall fellow, stalwart and strong, and his whole heart spoke through the vibrating strings under his bow.

"See that man?" James said. "I wonder if he can be cured." He stepped a little nearer and then shook his head. "No hope. The eyeballs are quite gone."

"I cannot bear so much that cannot be helped," Mary said.

"You are getting too tense," James said. "And I think that idea of yours is good. We need to go back to the place from which we sprang."

Neither felt like talking more deeply. Thoughts were going very deep indeed, and speech must wait.

When the chrysanthemums were arranged to her liking, Mary went to find Louise. She was in her own room, experimenting with a new way of combing her hair. Mary sat down and, seeing her sister's face only from the mirror, she said, "James and I have decided that we ought to pay a visit to our ancestral village."

"Why?" Louise asked.

"We want to see the village so as to understand ourselves better."

"I don't need to see it for any such reason," Louise declared. "It has taken me long enough to bear this place and if I see more it will be too much."

"You cannot stay here alone."

"Peter will stay with me," Louise said. "Peter won't want to go."

So it proved. After the evening meal when they sat about the table in a pleasant mood of satisfied hunger and good exercise, Mary in her dogged fashion brought up the village again. Peter said that he would not be able to leave the university for so much as a day.

"What is going on at the university?" James asked.

"We have been studying our own ancient history," Peter said earnestly. He had grown taller since he came, and his looks had changed. He had a student haircut—and his hair was clipped close at the sides and stood upright on top. Moreover, he had stopped wearing his American clothes and wore instead a blue cotton Sun Yat-sen uniform, such as all the poorer students wore.

"Well, what has history to do with you?" James inquired.

"Scholars in our history have always undertaken the reform of the government," Peter said in a firm voice.

James was alarmed. "I hope you will undertake nothing so dangerous! I would fail in my responsibility if I let you get into trouble. You might even lose your life if you go too far."

Peter looked with disgust at this cautious older brother. "How do you propose to help our country?"

"I don't know," James said honestly. "But I think it would be no help if I were killed before I can do anything at all."

Mary listened, torn between her two brothers. She admired Peter's fire and forthrightness, and yet she held James in love and respect. "Peter, you would learn more about the people if you came to the village with us," she said.

(Continued on Page 67)



"Dr. Brown calling Freddie Gohman, Dr. Brown calling Freddie Gohman! Hello! Here are your orders. Proceed to stay in bed. Take medicine as instructed——"

THE MAGIC THAT IS YOU—— LIVES IN YOUR FACE



Mrs. Astor's beautiful skin has the clear, smooth look of faultless grooming

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor

You *see* her, and you *feel* the special quality of her charm. For her lovely face brings you the glamour, and distinction, and warm responsiveness that are so much a part of her inmost self.

So much that is *You* speaks for you in *your face.* It is the out-going expression of *your* inner-self—the *you* that others see first—and the *you* they remember best. Do help your face, then, to look clear and bright and lovely—so it can *express you happily.*

She uses Pond's!

"To my mind— there is just no better face cream," Mrs. Astor says

YOUR FACE has a fascinating way of telling the story of *You.* And—your face is what *you* make it! Never let your skin lose its soft color, get a grayed look. *Always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) do this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with your Pond's Cold Cream. *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream—*lots* of it—all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.

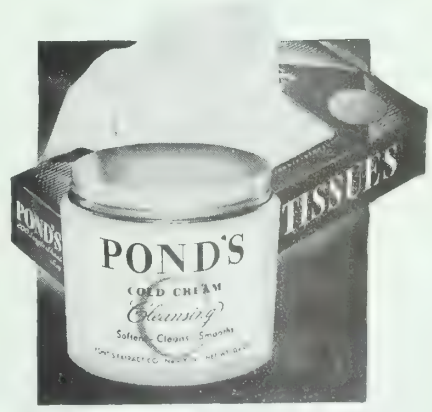
Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This *rinses* off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—give face a tonic cold water splash.

See your face *now!* It looks and feels *re-made!* So clean and rosy! So *very, very* soft!

Literally, this Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment acts on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream wraps around surface dirt, as you massage—sweeps it *cleanly* away, as you tissue off. *From the Inside*—every step quickens beauty-giving circulation.

Don't ever believe it's just vanity to develop the beauty of your face. *Look lovely* and you'll find it slips over into how you think and feel and act. It gives you a happy confidence—brings the real Inner *You* closer to others.



Pond's—used by more women than any other face creams. Ask for this big, dressing-table size of Pond's Cold Cream today.



Inches deep in Alençon-type lace. Snow White, Pink Angel or Midnight Black. About

Winter beauty frosted with lace...

IN YOUR OWN DRESS SIZE

Soft as the first snowfall—Textron's newest slip of finest rayon satin in a drift of lace.

Beautifully Textron-tailored... with a waist slim as an icicle, new, longer, fuller skirt.

Of course Textron's slip is dress-sized—fits exactly like your dresses at bust, waist and hips.

Just ask for your dress size 12, 14, 16, 18 or 20. Also in finest rayon crepe, at leading stores throughout the country.

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TEXTRON

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BLOUSES • HOSTESS COATS • MENSWEAR • TRICOT & WOVEN LINGER

(Continued from Page 64)

he people!" Peter exclaimed impatiently. "You and Jim are always talking about the people. It is their fault that the country is so rotten. Had they had even a little energy, things could never have come to this pass. I tell you, reform must be from the top."

The end of it was that some weeks later, before the cold weather set in, James and May, having received a leave of twelve days, set out for their ancestral village, Anching. Chen, after much indecision, stayed with Peter and Louise, but young Wang was faithful for his master's welfare and with many curses and threats to Little Dog and his mother, he went with James. The baggage he had prepared for the journey was formidable. Insisting that no one could sleep on the beds in the village inn, he had three rolls of bedding, a small portable earthenware cookstove, poker and tongs and teakettle, earthenware pots and dishes, chopsticks, several pounds of tea, two loads of charcoal, mosquito nets and foreign flea powder. The journey was by muleback and May wore Chinese trousers and jacket and James, too, put aside his Western garments.

The approach to an ancestral village is one of the spirit. Mrs. Liang had told her children a great deal about the Liangs who lived in it. There she had been taken as a young bride, less than twenty years old. To her children she could not, of course, tell the agonies of marrying a proud, discontented, even scornful young man. So she told them about the Liang village and the gentry into which she had married.

"The Liang village, your ancestral home," she had often said, "does not lie on low ground where it can be flooded. True, there are no high mountains such as those to the north of Peking. But the ground swells and the village stands upon the swell. A mud wall, strengthened with crushed brick, stands around it and there are four gates, east, south, west, north, studded with brass nails. The house lies to the north, and there are sixteen rooms, four to each court. When I went there the old parents were still living. Ah, my mother-in-law, your grandmother, was very severe. I cried every night. When-ever your father coughed or sneezed, I was blamed."

Doctor Liang, hearing this tale often, always smiled at this point.

"Yes, Liang," his wife would insist, "it is true. You do not know how much I suffered." She turned again to the children. "When he had cold feet I had to rub them warm with my hands. I tell you, to be the wife of a learned man is not easy. Your father's father, on the other hand, was kind to everybody. When he came into the room I must go out, but he always said to somebody else, 'Tell her not to hurry herself.' I wept when he died, I can tell you, because that left me alone in that house with my mother-in-law. But when she died, there was only Uncle Tao left. He is still there. Eh, that Uncle Tao!"

"WHAT about Uncle Tao?" the children would demanded.

At this point Doctor Liang always stopped her. "I forbid you to talk about Uncle Tao." She covered her face with her hands and laughed behind them until Doctor Liang began to grow angry. "I cannot tell you about Uncle Tao," she told them. "But someday you must go to your ancestral home, and then you will see."

"But suppose he dies first?" they had clamored.

"Uncle Tao will not die," Mrs. Liang had said. "He will live for one hundred years at least." And she would say no more.

Uncle Tao at this moment was sitting on the inner side of the spirit wall, impatient for his supper. The house was in a turmoil, for his third daughter-in-law, who was in charge of the kitchens, had mistaken his pronunciation of chicken noodles for *lichen* noodles. The sun was over the wall before the mistake was discovered, and then Uncle Tao declared that he would wait until midnight before eating *lichen* noodles. He sat down firmly in the large speckled-bamboo chair which some ancestor had once brought from Hangchow, and there he waited, smoking his yard-long pipe with ferocity. Meanwhile the *lichen* noodles were hastily fed to the children and the three daughters-in-law devoted themselves to the chicken, which was hiding in the cabbages.

THEY were further frightened to discover when the fowl was dead that by some mischance they had killed their best laying hen. The one due to be eaten was a yellow hen that laid eggs only occasionally, but this good hen laid at least three eggs a week and had for several years hatched and cared for flocks of chicks, whereas the yellow hen could never be kept on the nest long enough to hatch anything.

Behind the spirit wall Uncle Tao now rolled his head round and round and shut his eyes tight, preparing to shout yet another time that he wanted to eat. Before he could get up his wind, however, a tenant sauntered in from the street. He had been at the wineshop when two strangers and a servant stopped to ask the way to the Liang house. He had purposely misdirected them in order to warn Uncle Tao that he was to have visitors.

Uncle Tao opened his eyes when he heard this news. "Who are they?"

"They look like foreigners," the tenant replied. "A man and a woman. The woman has her hair cut."

"Tell them I am dead," Uncle Tao said, shutting his eyes. In a family of country gentry known for its courtesy and breeding, Uncle Tao showed these qualities only when he was in good mood.

Three things are known only in the following way—a hero in war, a friend in necessity, and a wise man in anger.
—ARABIC PROVERB.

It was too late to obey him. At this very moment young Wang appeared around the spirit wall. Uncle Tao opened his eyes and stared at the dapper young fellow in a strange uniform.

"What man are you?" Uncle Tao demanded.

"I am my master's head servant," young Wang began glibly. "He sends me to say that he and his sister wish to pay their respects. They are son and daughter of the Liang family, children of the Honorable One's elder brother's son."

Uncle Tao heard this with stupefaction. "Where are they now?"

"At the gate, Honored One," young Wang said.

He could scarcely keep back laughter. This old gentleman was of a sort he knew very well. Every village had someone more or less like him. True, he had never seen any country gentry so huge, so fat, so dirty as Uncle Tao, so like the Buddha in a forgotten temple. His great belly creased his soiled gray silk robe and his bare feet were thrust into old black velvet shoes. Upon the vast yellow face were a few sparse white whiskers, and the head had a handful of hairs at the back which were actually braided into a tiny queue. This queue should have been cut off more than thirty years ago when the revolution came, and that Uncle Tao had kept it was a sign of obstinacy, for he hated all governments alike.

"At the gate!" Uncle Tao exclaimed. "How inconvenient!"

"May they come in, Honored One?"

"I have not yet eaten," Uncle Tao replied.

Young Wang began to grow angry, and turning his back abruptly, he went back to the gate.

"Old One," the tenant said apologetically, "it is none of my business, but after all they are the children of your elder brother's son, who is the first in the next generation after you."

Uncle Tao lifted himself up by his hands on the arms of the bamboo chair and made as if he were about to heave himself at the tenant, who fled at once around the spirit wall



I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

You're a nimble number in a do-si-do, Honey. But it's not just your fancy footwork he admires; it's the daintiness you guard so well with Mum.

Remember—*never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum.* For your bath only washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come.* Get Mum today.



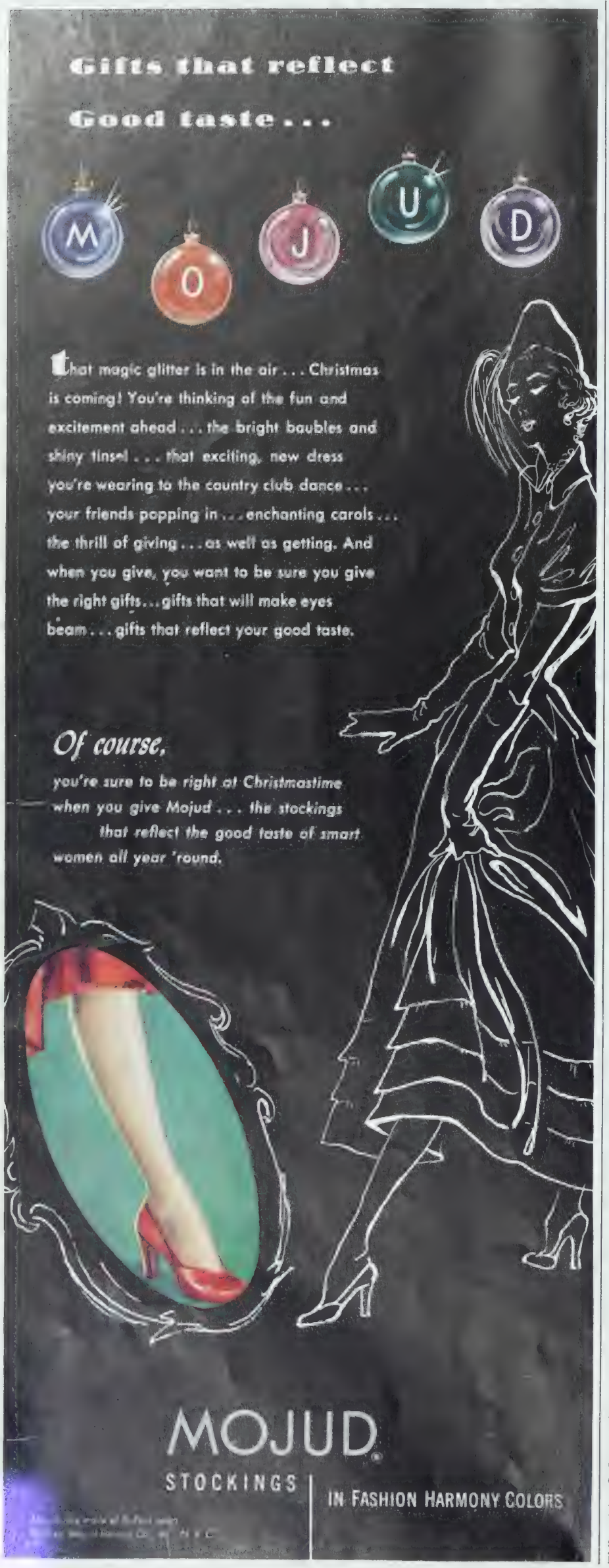
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Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

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and out the gate. There the miserable man saw the guests, who stared at him in surprise. He smiled in a sickly fashion, and jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"The old man is getting his anger up."

A hearty red flew into Mary's sunburned cheeks. "Why should anybody be angry with us?" she demanded of James. "I'm going straight in. We belong here too." So saying, she walked briskly up the two cracked marble steps of the gate, went under the portal and around the spirit wall, where she came full upon Uncle Tao. She knew at once that it was he. No one else could have looked at the same time so absurd and so formidable.

"Uncle Tao!" Mary said.

Uncle Tao did not reply. He continued to stare at her.

"My elder brother and I have returned to our ancestral home," Mary said. "We are Liangs, and our father is Liang Wen Hua."

"Little Bookfool I always called him," Uncle Tao said suddenly. "Go away. I never talk to women."

As he spoke James appeared at Mary's side. He bowed slightly. "Uncle Tao, you must forgive us," he said in his best Mandarin. "We have rudely come here. But we think of ourselves as your children also, and of this as our home."

"Where have you come from?" Uncle Tao asked, and James told him respectfully:

"From Peking now, but some months ago we came from outside the seas, from America."

"I heard that the Bookfool had gone there. How does he earn his rice?"

"He teaches school," Mary said.

"Do they pay him well?"

"Well enough."

At this moment Uncle Tao remembered again that he was hungry. "I have not eaten," he announced.

"Neither have we," Mary said.

"We can eat at the inn," James said quickly. He was a little ashamed that Mary talked so much.

Before Uncle Tao could answer, his eldest daughter-in-law came briskly to the door. "The fowl is ready, Old Father."

Uncle Tao heaved himself out of his chair. He pointed a long and dirty thumbnail at the two guests.

"These are my brother's grandchildren," he told his daughter-in-law. "It is very inconvenient that they have arrived without telling me. Now we have only the thin yellow hen."

The daughter-in-law felt that this was the moment to confess the grievous mistake that had been made. She began smoothly, "Old Father, the gods have guided us. We chased the thin yellow hen under the cabbages and the youngest one among us reached her hands under and caught and twisted her neck. When she brought out the fowl, it was not the thin yellow hen but the fat red one. We longed to die when we saw this, but now I see the meaning of it. There is enough chicken flesh with the noodles and some eggs we found in the hen to make a meal for these two also."

Uncle Tao heard this and he glowered for a moment, but he did not speak. He turned to his daughter-in-law. "I suppose you have filled those rooms of my brother's with your children and that we have not an empty bed in the house."

"There is no truth in what you say," the daughter-in-law retorted. "I can brush the children away like flies."

"We have brought our own bedding," Mary said gratefully.

"Ours is clean," this kinswoman replied, somewhat hurt. "We have no lice in this house."

"Do not be offended," James said. "
are only glad to be under the roof of our
cestors."

"Then come and wash yourselves
eat," the woman said, and she led them i
the house.

The next morning began with a quarrel
tween James and Mary. When they met
the big central room of the house there
only the eldest daughter-in-law there.

"The outside persons," she said, mean
the men, "have gone to see to the planting
the winter wheat. Uncle Tao does not get
early. One of the children is by his door
tening, and when Uncle Tao begins to ru
ble he will come and tell us."

Mary said impulsively, "Don't treat us
guests. Let us come to the kitchen with y
and fetch our own food."

The kinswoman laughed and did not
fuse, and so they followed her through t
courtyard to the kitchen.

Mary looked at James with meaning, a
James said in a low voice and in Englis
"Never mind, most germs die with heat."

There was plenty of heat. The kinswom
opened the wooden lid of the great caldro
and steam poured from fragrant millet. Th
heaped their bowls and went outdoors in t
sun to eat. The house was quiet, for t
other kinswomen and the older children h
gone to the fields a
to the ponds to wa
clothes.

"Let us go to t
fields, too," Mary sa
to James, when th
had eaten and wash
their bowls.

Now it was th
the quarrel began.
near were brother a
sister that their min
came together oft
as one, and Mary d
not doubt that Jam
felt as she did th
morning. She turne
her glowing face
him as they walke
along the stree

"Jim, let's com
here to live!"

It was a small vi
lage and there we
only two main streets with a few alleyway
running back to the foursquare wall. In a
there were perhaps two dozen houses, mac
of home-dried brick with roofs of black til
Here and there was a poorer house of earthe
walls under wheat thatch. The children we
cheerful and dirty.

James looked at them and saw adenoic
and tonsils, reddened eyes and bad die

"What would we live on, Mary?"

"We belong to the Liang family, don
we?" she retorted. "I suppose we can ge
our food and our rooms."

"We could not do with only food and shel
ter," he said prudently. "I would want to se
up a hospital and you, I suppose, would wan
to do something about these children. Tha
takes money."

"It wouldn't take much," she said, re
luctant to grant that he was right. "I coul
run the school in an empty room and i
wouldn't cost anything to get these childre
clean, at least."

James did not answer for a moment. The
had reached the south gate in the villag
wall, and as far as eye could reach the leve
land stretched brown and shorn under th
brilliant blue sky. The harvests had bee
cut, and only cabbages and onions showe
green. A flock of white geese, strolling acros
a field to pick up lost grain, lent an accent o
snow.

"Why don't you say something, Jim?"
Mary demanded.

"I am thinking," he replied. "I know very
well that we have to do something abou
this, Mary. I felt it coming over me in th
night, as you did too, I suppose. It's a strang
thing. We exiles coming home seem to tak
two directions. Some want to ignore and es
cape. Then there are those like us. We ar
stunned—because nothing is like what w

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Misunderstanding

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

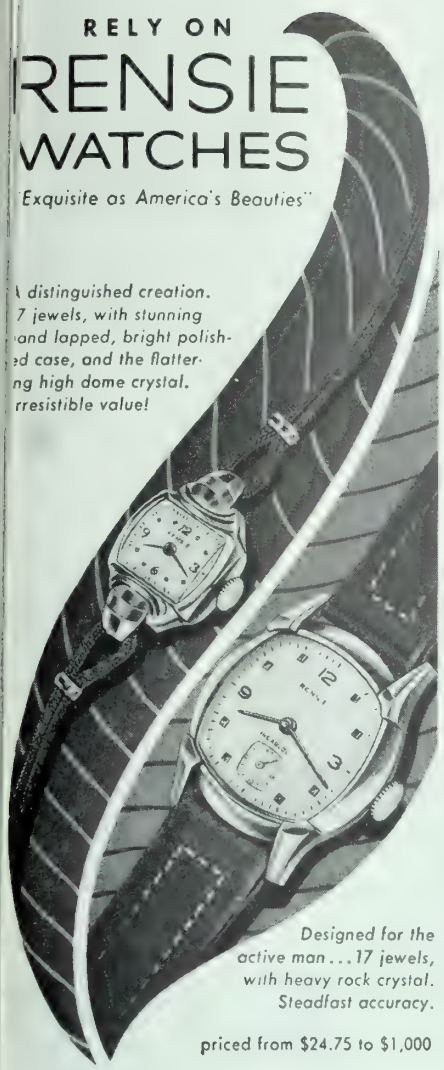
Of course I said that you must go;
That we were through for aye.
When true love prances on my pride,
What else is there to say?

I vowed we should not meet again,
But darling, how absurd
That you should bow, put on your hat,
And take me at my word!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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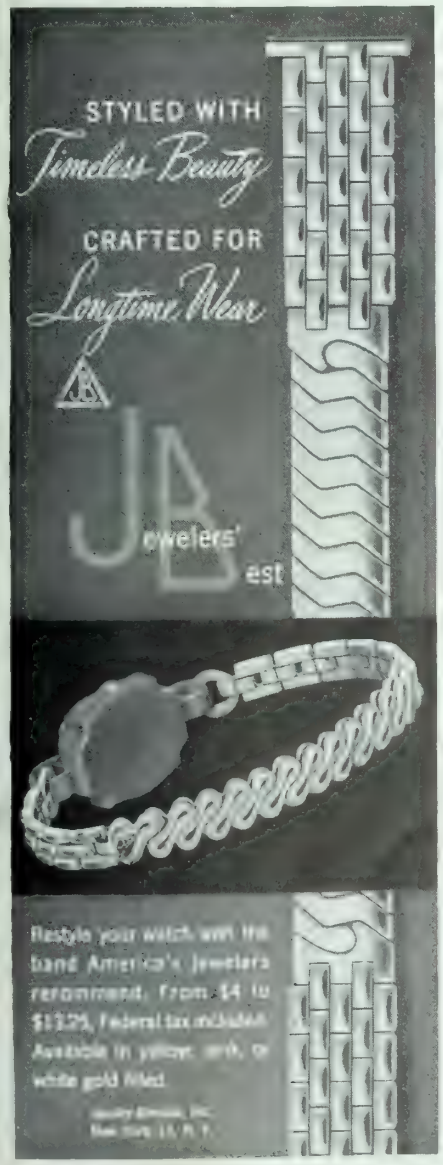


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thought it was—but we can't separate ourselves."

"Do you suppose pa knew it was really like this?" she asked.

"Like what?"

"Well—to put the worst of it—dirty," she said frankly. "Dirty and the children filthy and the people ignorant."

"I don't think pa thought any of this was his business. What makes us think it is ours?"

Here the quarrel began. While Mary argued, James resisted, until at last in a passion she stood her ground and refused to let him walk another step.

"But why are you so angry with me?" he protested.

"Because you know, and I know that you know, that you are not saying what you really think."

They had reached a wall temple to an earth god, a tiny dwelling scarcely taller than she was herself. Within, looking through the opening, were the little god and his wife. Behind this temple were grave mounds.

"Our ancestors, I suppose," James said. "They put them anywhere in the fields."

Mary looked at them for only a second and returned to her quarrel. "Jim, if you don't come, I shall come alone."

He looked grave at this. "My dear, I am sure you would," he said. "But I am not saying I won't come. I am only asking how—and perhaps when—and with what. We don't want just to bury ourselves—with our ancestors."

His gravity, his gentleness quieted her. He was right, perhaps. There was a world of difference between themselves and these kinspeople.

James went on. "I want to talk with Uncle Tao. If he were against us, we could do nothing. He'd have to understand."

"Do you think he understands anything except his food and his sleep?" Mary demanded.

"Underneath that mountain of flesh I think he understands a great deal."

The quarrel faded away like a mist.

"As long as you are thoroughly discontented with everything, as I am," Mary said, with a twinkle of laughter.

"I am quite discontented."

Mary laughed. "Then let's enjoy ourselves." She got up and peered into the tiny temple. "Poor little gods. They look terrified!"

When they got back at noon Uncle Tao was awake and walking slowly up and down the courtyard, digesting his late breakfast. On the table in the main room were a plate of persimmons and a square sweetmeat dish divided into compartments which held watermelon seeds, pumpkin seeds and some stale sweets.

"How are you, Uncle Tao?" James asked.

"Busy, busy," Uncle Tao said, putting his fat hands to his stomach. "Where have you been?"

"Out in the fields," James replied. "But we saw none of our kinsmen."

"They were to a distant part of our land," Uncle Tao said carelessly. "I sent them there to measure seed wheat. These old men of the earth will cheat the landlord every time if they can."

"How do you decide the rent?" James asked.

"We take half. Half the seed we furnish, half the harvest we get. The land is ours, the oxen are theirs. They have the easy work, we have the hard."

"How is that, Uncle Tao? You look easy enough sitting here."

"Ah, you don't know the truth of life here," Uncle Tao said with vigor. "Had it not been for me, the Liang family would have no place on the earth today. Your grandfather, my older brother, was nothing but a scholar. Full of good talk he was, and anybody could cheat him by agreeing with him. I suppose your father is the same way."

"Perhaps," James said.

"How so does he make his living over there?" Uncle Tao inquired with lively interest. "I send him so much of the rent each year, but I suppose it is not enough."

(Continued on Page 71)





Peggy and Bart's "first taste" of wedded bliss. Reception in Lloyd home, Beverly Hills.

Mr. & Mrs. Harold Lloyd
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SHE'S ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB



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'A beauty!" . . . the circlet-of-love that adorns [illegible] finger. Ah, girls, the quicker you win [illegible] dream-lovely complexion, the quicker [illegible] that treasured ring to *your* finger! "Yes, Bart reacted to *mine*," testifies Peggy.



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(Continued from Page 69)

"You send him rent?" Mary exclaimed.

"His share," Uncle Tao said. "Before New Year each year I divide everything in exact proportion, to each his share according to his place in the family."

"Pa never told us that!"

"Eh," Uncle Tao said. "Now why not?"

"I suppose he didn't think of it," James said reasonably. "What he earns at teaching is a good deal more."

"Is it?" Uncle Tao said. "Does he teach the foreigners how to read and write?"

"They know already," Mary said.

"Not our language."

Mary seized this change. "Uncle Tao! Do you believe in reading and writing?"

"Not for women," Uncle Tao said firmly.

"For men, then." Mary swallowed her pride for the moment.

"It depends upon what men," Uncle Tao said. "For men like me and my sons, certainly we all read and write."

James looked at Mary with warning in his eyes. *Go slowly, leave it to me,* they said. She rose. "I will go and see if I can help in the kitchen."

Uncle Tao looked slightly in the direction of her voice. "Very good," he said, "very right, entirely proper." He waited until she was gone and then he looked at James. "You must get this sister married quickly. To allow a female to run hither and thither is tempting the devils."

"She wants to teach school," James said boldly.

"Now you see," Uncle Tao said triumphantly. "I told you no reading and writing for women! Your father, I remember, would have your mother read. Well, I suppose she runs about everywhere. Never at home, eh? How many children?"

"Four of us."

"Do you teach school too?" Uncle Tao asked.

"No, I am a doctor."

"A cutting doctor or a treating doctor?"

"Cutting," James said, "although sometimes I treat first."

"Cutting," Uncle Tao said darkly. "I don't believe in it."

"Have you ever seen anyone at all who was cut?"

"No," Uncle Tao said flatly. "I don't believe in it." He yawned, fell silent for a moment, and then began to rub his belly slowly round and round with his right hand.

"What is it?" James asked.

"Nothing, nothing," Uncle Tao said. But without further warning he pulled at his girdle and jerked open his robe. His enormous belly sat revealed. "Feel this."

JAMES bent over him and pressed the huge soft mass.

"What is it?"

"A lump, and it should not be there."

"Crabs," Uncle Tao said dismally. "I ate too many crabs one year, and soon afterward this began."

"It is not crabs."

"Then what is it?"

"I do not know. I should have to look at it through a special glass."

"And then what?"

"I should probably have to cut," James said very gently.

Uncle Tao wrapped himself up again. "I don't believe in cutting," he said. "Let us talk of something else. The men of earth, for example ——"

But James was not listening. Everything seemed to fall quite clearly into place. The future, which had been confused this morning when he talked to Mary, came near, and he saw it step by step before him.

Mary and James had talked very little in the days they had spent in their ancestral house. Both were fermenting with ideas, and until these were clear they kept themselves separate. Mary had joined in the life of the kinswomen. She had worked with them and sat with them, answering their constant questions about herself, her clothes, her parents, her education, about America and all the strange folk there and their strange ways. Wherever they had got it, the women had heard something of the outer seas and the farther lands, but their information was woven upon dream and myth and imagination. Thus they thought that in the outer lands children were born with white hair which grew dark with age, and they thought that men and women did not mate and produce children in human ways—that is, their own ways—but in some unaccountable mystic fashion. The food in the outerlands horrified them, for they had heard that it was raw meat and cow's milk, which disgusted them. They had heard that the people were covered with hair from head to foot, and that their skin was of all colors and that their eyes were blue and purple and yellow like the eyes of wild beasts.

WITH the passion of one born to teach, Mary told them what she thought was the truth, and in her turn she asked questions. She learned that the eldest daughter-in-law alone dared to speak to Uncle Tao, and then only since the death of Uncle Tao's wife, a mild, gentle, small woman whom everybody had loved and who had disobeyed Uncle Tao in everything without rousing his anger.

It was a merry household, and the fear of Uncle Tao's anger only added liveliness to the days. He was a god under his own roof; and even his sons boasted of their father's rage and fatness, of his bellow and his roars of laughter. They loved him well, while they cherished their fear of him, and he gave direction to their lives. All this Mary saw, but she herself did not like Uncle Tao.

"For example, Uncle Tao," she now said to James as, the week over, their mules jogged homeward along the narrow footpath. "What is he but a mountain of ignorance and dirt? He despises women, but I despise him. I shall go my own way and do what I plan to do."

"What do you plan to do?" James asked, smiling at his downright sister.

"I am going back to the village to live."

"On what?"

"On pa's rents," she said calmly.

James was mightily amused at this, but he kept his face grave. "How do you think you will get the rents out of Uncle Tao?"

"I shall tell pa to write to him that I am to have them. If Uncle Tao doesn't listen to pa, I will make him miserable until he listens to me. After all, I have a right under that roof."

"You are declaring eternal war against Uncle Tao," James said.

"Yes."

They pulled their mules aside for a few moments, for they had met a long line of farmers carrying their grain to the city. Although the air was cold, the men were already sweating and they had thrown open their cotton jackets, showing brown bodies rippling with muscles.

"We are a handsome race," James said as he watched the men.

"We are wonderful," Mary agreed. They exchanged a long look of pleasure in themselves and then they went on again.

"You know," James said thoughtfully, "Uncle Tao is also wonderful, in his way."

She refused to be moved. "Jim, please don't pretend you really like Uncle Tao. You know that he will be your chief obstacle and enemy when you go there to live."

"Who said I was going there to live?" James demanded.

"I know you are. You may say even to yourself that you haven't decided. But I can feel it in you."

James yielded gracefully. "You are right, Mary, though I don't know how you know."

All Mary's good humor returned. "And how do you think you will make your living?" she asked with loving sisterly malice.

Judging others is a dangerous thing; not so much because you may make mistakes about them, but because you may be telling the truth about yourself.

—PHILEMON: Views and Vagaries (Fenland Press).



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"I don't know. But I have an idea that somehow Uncle Tao will help me."

Mary shouted with laughter. "Oh, Jim, oh, Jim!" she cried. "Jim the Dreamer!"

It was night when they drew near to the house in the city. At the gate they had got off their mules stiffly, shouting for Little Dog to come and fetch the baggage. Little Dog came running and then Peter and Louise, and lastly Chen came out to meet them. Chen was glad to see James home again. A strange thing had shown itself at the hospital and he was disturbed by it. But he said nothing of it now.

"Eh, you two," he said amiably, his spiky hair standing on end about his big honest face, "you've come back safely from your ancestors, have you?"

"We'd have to come back for a bath if nothing else," James said gaily.

In a very few minutes the hot water was brought in great steaming buckets and poured into the tub in the washroom. This was for James, and Little Dog's mother fetched a wooden tub and put it in Mary's room for her, so that the meal need not be held back too long. How good was the hot water, and what a blessing the soap!

When I get to the village, Mary mused in the midst of this comfort, *I shall make a bathhouse first of all for the women.*

In his tub James sat cross-legged like a smooth young Buddha. *A bathhouse for the men,* he thought. *That will be the first thing for the village.*

They came to table with monstrous appetites, eager to tell everything, and to hear all. "First to hear," James said, "and then to tell."

But it seemed there was not much to hear. Louise was very silent. Questioned, she said that she had read some books Chen had brought her from the hospital library, and she had gone to a party Mrs. Su had given, where there was dancing.

"I want to talk to you alone about the college," Peter said abruptly to Jim. "There's stuff going on there that I don't like."

Chen made a brief report of the hospital. "The healthy season is coming in, and we have had no more cholera. We've had the usual number of childbirths already half ruined by stupid old midwives ——" He hesitated and then went on, "Later, Jim, when you have time, I want to tell you something."

"Why have each of you secrets?" Mary demanded.

"I have no secret," Louise said quickly. She glanced at Chen, who did not look at her or speak, and James, sensitive to some entanglement here which could not now be unraveled, began to speak of the village.

"I don't know how to explain to you Uncle Tao ——" He began to laugh and everybody laughed with him as he went on.

James talked well. Sitting around the table lit by candles, they all listened to him, and Chen was deeply moved. He opened his hands upward upon the table.

"All that you say is as known to me as the palms of these two hands," he said when James had finished. "Yet I never understood before that it had anything to do with me."

"We can do all that I have said," James went on, "but we must move in ways that seem slow at first. The people must be with us."

"Slow!" Peter cried. "So slow that we'll all be dead before we see the change."

Only Louise was not moved. Her face was set in its lines of prettiness. "It all sounds horrible," she said and she wiped her hand daintily on the napkin which, to the astonishment of Little Dog's mother, she insisted on having fresh at every meal.

Alone that night for a few minutes after the others had gone to their rooms, Chen said to Jim, "Do you remember the child that was born while you were away in Shanghai, whose mother died?"

Jim nodded.

"That child," Chen said with peculiar emphasis, "is not all Chinese."

"No!" James cried. "But you said the mother ——"

"The mother was certainly Chinese. She was a young girl—not a student, but one of these moderns—you know them, Jim. She had left her family. Well, that's not too strange. But ——" Chen pressed his lips together.

"Go on," Jim said. "How can there be anything you fear to tell me?"

Chen said, hesitating very much and turning red, "Here it is, then. After the dance, late that night, Louise went to see this child."

"But why?"

"I don't know why," Chen said. "She came alone and she asked the nurse in charge to show her the child. She used your name to get in."

The winter was drawing on in New York, and for Doctor Liang the best part of the year was at hand. Now that he had got used to a quiet house, he was beginning to like it. Moreover, the presence of the children in China gave him protection. When some of his enemies mentioned their surprise that he continued to stay abroad when his country so obviously needed all well-educated citizens, he could smile rather sadly and say, "I am supporting four young citizens now in China."

The fact that he had not yet sent them any money was beginning to weigh on his conscience. Mrs. Liang had asked him about it several times.

"Even though James and Mary have jobs, I am sure it is not enough," she said. "Besides, we should support the younger ones at least enough to pay for their rice."

"Certainly you are right. As soon as the lecture season begins, I intend to double my engagements and send them a generous amount."

"Meantime?" she asked.

"Well, well," he replied impatiently.

The end of this was that Mrs. Liang began another private savings account. One she already had. She had begun it aimlessly, merely for her own comfort in case she should decide someday that she could not bear America any more. She had put it thriftily out to loan in Chinatown, and a cousin of Billy Pan's managed it for her.

The second savings account she merely put into a box which she kept behind the towels and sheets in a closet. She thought of it as the children's money, though she had no idea how to get it to them. Yet the important thing was to have the money in hand. Mrs. Liang got it by charging Doctor Liang more for everything she bought. This, she told him, was the high cost of living, and she followed the price lists closely and made a new rise whenever they did.

Thus Mary's letter could not have reached them at a better time. It was written to them both. After some thought Mary had decided not to try to explain any of her feelings. She would merely say that she and James thought they ought to do something for the ancestral village, where the people were very poor. "It made me sad to see the children growing up with no chance to go to school and no one even telling them to wipe their noses. Really, pa and ma, you should have told us what things here are like, instead of letting us think that our country is one beautiful cloud of Confucianism."

Her father was displeased with this. "I don't see what Confucianism has to do with wiping children's noses," he said.

But the end of it was that Doctor Liang sat down and wrote a letter to James, which he was to show to Uncle Tao, asking that the rent funds be given to his son. "I have been stirred by my daughter's letter," Doctor Liang wrote. "She tells me that the village needs repairs and so on. I make my contribution thus to our ancestral family. Let the land keep its own."

"I hope Uncle Tao does not think that you mean for him to keep the money," Mrs. Liang said, taking the letter.

But Doctor Liang would not change what he had written. It sounded too well.

Nevertheless, the whole transaction made him melancholy. He went into his study, sat down in a deep leather chair and held his head in his hands. He was not pleased that his children had seen the village as he was sure it must be now. All these years since his childhood had passed doubtless without any improvement or repairs. As young men in the Liang family grew up they had simply gone away if they did not like the village and its ways. The ones who had stayed were the ones like Uncle Tao, who, although they belonged to the gentry, were very little above the coarse peasants. People, he reflected, must live at these different levels. Some must

(Continued on Page 74)

Berthe Morisot—1840-95

The question is constantly asked, "How should my son (or daughter) learn to be a painter?" When Madame Morisot put this question to Guichard about her daughter, Berthe, then aged fifteen, the painter answered, "The first thing to do, madame, is to get your daughter permission to work in the Louvre, where I shall give my instruction in front of the Masters." The answer was not surprising, for the Louvre was the traditional art school of all French painters of ability. There, as Ingres said, they sought to draw out from the Old Masters *"le suc de la plante,"* that quintessential quality, which is in all great art. This intelligent use of the Louvre explains to a large extent the superiority of French painting in the last century.

Berthe Morisot was an assiduous copyist. She began with the Old Masters and ended with Corot, whose work she had the advantage of discussing with the artist himself. In the Louvre she often saw Manet, the brother of her future husband. During the winter before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, when she was just twenty-nine, she completed the portrait of her mother and sister (Page 41) and asked Manet to come to her studio to give her a criticism. He was delighted with the picture, but suggested a few changes and then seized a palette and laughingly gave the painting several brush strokes himself. These are still visible in the somewhat heavier touch around the eye and mouth of Madame Morisot and the thicker impasto of her dress. While Manet was working, the van to take the picture to the Salon arrived, and Berthe Morisot, though she was angry, could do nothing but send the portrait as it was. Fortunately, the canvas was received with enthusiasm by many artists, especially by Fantin-Latour, and the painter herself became reconciled to the changes.

Among women Mary Cassatt was Berthe Morisot's only peer, and they had much in common. Both tried to fashion a modern style from a lifelong study of the masters of the past, one with the guidance of Degas, the other with the help of Manet. Mary Cassatt showed a mastery of formal design combined with good taste; Berthe Morisot, a piquant delicacy joined to a Parisian chic. It is remarkable that the nineteenth century should have given us two women of such genius in art. How many, one wonders, will the twentieth century produce?

—John Walker,
Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art.



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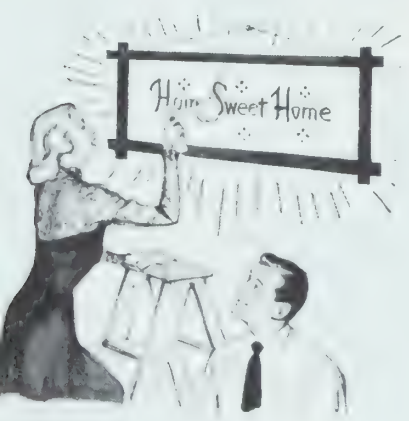
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(Continued from Page 72)

work with the hands, some with the mind. The peasants should not be lifted from their place as workers with the hands, or the higher ones would starve.

At this moment he began to distrust his daughter Mary. Surely there was no reason for a peasant to know how to read and write. This would give him the means of rising out of his class. What would happen if the whole world were scholars? Who then would provide the food? He began to regret his generosity in the matter of the rents and he got up impetuously and went to find his wife.

But she was already gone. Doubtless she had already mailed the letter.

Later, in a remote corner of a small French restaurant, Doctor Liang met Violet Sung. Some vague feeling of revenge against his family had prompted him to call her and Violet was at home, feeling, she said, at loose ends.

"So am I," Doctor Liang said. "Will you lunch with me?"

She had hesitated a moment. Then she said delicately, "Are you sure you want me?"

"Quite sure," he said.

So they had met in the restaurant she suggested, a place where she often went when she was alone, because Ranald did not like French food. They were quite reconciled, the mutual bond between them stronger than ever. But she knew now that there were arid stretches in his mind.

With Doctor Liang she felt an intimacy that had nothing to do with the flesh. She was deeply attracted to the handsome, tall Chinese gentleman, whose black hair was silvery at the temples. Physically he pleased her without rousing desire and his approach was different from any she knew. Chinese men, when they noticed women at all, gave them a grave courtesy which implied the conviction of equality.

When Doctor Liang had telephoned her today it had been almost telepathy. She had been sitting alone in her room in one of her long fits of musing which were trancelike, and she had been thinking of him, as she thought of many men and women who interested her. She could sit motionless for hours at a time when she was alone, merely thinking over one person and another, remembering, probing, hearing again the sound of a voice, seeing the trick of a gesture. Thus was her inner solitude peopled.

Now seated opposite him in the restaurant, which at this late hour was almost empty, she felt a deep sense of peace. She had little wish to talk at any time and she floated upon the restfulness of the moment.

Doctor Liang looked at her with appreciation. She had slipped her brown mink cape from her shoulders and the deep violet velvet of her simply fashioned gown and small hat melted into the richness of her dark hair and eyes and her creamy skin.

"When I am with you I always feel like speaking only truth," he said. "So I will tell you that you are entirely beautiful today."

"Only today?" she asked, half smiling.

"Always, but today with an aura."

"Let's speak Chinese, shall we?" she said. "I can't very well, but I long to be able to."

"I also prefer our own tongue," he replied. "It has been spoken so long by human beings that it is shaped to human need. Had your father one of those hand pieces of jade or amber?"

"He held always a piece of onyx."

"And it became shaped to his own hand," Doctor Liang went on. "It was polished by his flesh until it shone in the light of a candle, did it not? It lay in his palm and he felt never empty-handed."

"He did find comfort in it," she agreed. "When I was a child I never knew why. I said to him, 'Baba, why not hold my kitten or some flowers? Why always the same thing?' And he said, 'I like it because it is always the same.'"

"Yes," Doctor Liang replied.

He murmured a few words to the waiter without asking her what she wished to eat, and she had confidence in his choice. When a delicate broth appeared, a sift of crisp croutons upon the clear surface, she drank it well



"that's why we both chose a

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KVP Household PAPERS

tent, and in silence; the small fresh fish, owned in butter, she enjoyed. She liked his inese carefulness about food, that every outhful might be savored.

They talked very little during the meal, l this was Chinese too. But when tea came —and he was very firm in his directions t the tea leaves should be brewed without cloth bags—they looked at each other oss the table and Doctor Liang felt the pulse, rare indeed, to speak from his heart.

"My wife is jealous of you," he said with hint of a smile. "But that to you doubtless is no new thing in wives."

"I like your wife," she replied. "She gives a feeling that is good."

"What is it?"

"It is like firm hard earth under the feet," told him.

"You see what she is," he said. "That is y I am always faithful to her. I do not etend to be better than I am. My thoughts e to play sometimes, I own it. Ours was an d-fashioned marriage, made by our parts. I would have her read and write and met once before the wedding day."

"What a moment!" she murmured in ench.

"Yes, was it not?" he replied in the same nguage. Then he went on in Chinese. "I oked at her—short, even then a little fat, sy-cheeked, and frightened of me."

"So she is now."

"I did not love her," Doctor Liang said, but I knew that she would be a good wife."

"A good wife," Violet repeated. "It is hat a man like you must have."

Something naughty gleamed in the deure lines of Doctor Liang's smooth face. At the same time, there are other sides to y nature. A man's mind, if he be intelligent, eeks also female companonship. Yang and Yin are ot made of flesh alone. Mind and spirit are in the ircle too. That is why I elephoned you today."

He had never been so aring before. He had nade clear to her that he had no wish for passionate relationship. Nevertheless, he ad said boldly that he wanted a female mind o complement his, a female spirit to fulfill is. Whatever she was to the Englishman, he ad implied, had no more to do with him han Mrs. Liang had to do with her. They ould ignore such persons. She understood nd was entirely pleased. Now these long musings of hers need not be silent or lonely.

Doctor Liang leaned toward her slightly. "I should like to penetrate your mind with ny own," he said. "I should like to pierce he mysteries of your soul."

Mary knew that her father's letter had been mailed by her mother, for she had written a postscript. "While your father agrees to let you have his share of the Liang rents, do not think it came out of him easily," she wrote. "I stood at his side and I took the letter at once and now I hasten from this foreign pagoda house in which we still live to put it in the box. I will not give it to the man in the up-and-down because doubtless he will steal the stamp. For myself I am glad you and your brother will have this money."

But Mary's pleasure in being thus one step nearer to the village was tempered by two events which were not so much events as something still going on. Louise was excited, and Mary recognized certain signs within a few days after the return from the village. Her sister's eyes were bright, her cheeks pink, her voice high and she was easily angry, as she had been in the Vermont summer. This could mean only one thing: Louise was falling in love again.

"What have you done all day, Louise?" she asked each evening when she came home.

The answer was always idle. Louise had made a new dress, or she had washed her hair, or she had read a book or she had slept half the day away. Several times Mary, perceiving her sister's excitement, wondered if she had had a secret visitor. She was sorely tempted to inquire of young Wang, but antipathy forbade it. Young Wang disliked a mistress in the house he served and often he pretended not to hear what Mary told him. Of Little Dog no one could inquire, for he would lie as the moment demanded. Therefore was Mary constrained to wait until such a day as James came home with the cheerful look on his face which meant that he expected no one in his care to die at least before morning.

On that evening after they had eaten and Louise had gone early to bed and Peter had gone to a meeting at the college, Mary found herself alone with James and Chen. She pondered whether she should speak in Chen's presence, since she imagined him half in love with Louise secretly. When he left them for a moment, therefore, she took her chance and said quickly in English:

"Jim, I am sure Louise is in love with somebody again."

James lifted his eyebrows. "This time with whom?"

"Who knows?" Mary replied. "Unless it is with Chen?"

James shook his head. "Not with Chen," he said. At this moment Chen came back, and James went on easily. "Chen, Mary thinks that Louise is in love with someone." Chen looked thoughtful at once, as though he knew more than he wished to tell. "I can see that Chen agrees with you."

It was an evening too cold to sit as they used to do in the court, and they were gathered in the main living room of the house. The oil lamp burned on the table and gave a soft yellow light to the walls. Mary had cut a stalk of Indian bamboo with its scarlet berries, and this stood upon the table in an old brown jar. The room looked cheerful and warm to the young people in it.

However far a man goes, he must start from his own door.
—ENGLISH PROVERB.

To Chen this was exceedingly precious. "I do not like to see any change in this house," he said, "but we all know Louise is not here with her heart."

"Yet I never see her with anyone," Mary said.

"Young Wang has already told me that she leaves the house every afternoon," James said quietly. "He says she meets an American."

"An American!" Mary echoed, stupefied at Louise and her deception. "But why does she hide it from us?"

"I suppose she thinks that since pa sent her here to get away from Americans, we would prevent her." James looked weary.

"We shall have to stop her!"

Now Chen began to talk, still rather sadly. "Several things begin to be plain to me," he said. "That boy child at the hospital. Mary, have you looked at him lately?"

"He is quite well," Mary said with surprise. "Every day I pass his crib and he is sleeping or eating or lying awake. I think he never cries."

"Louise went to see that child," Chen said cautiously.

James took the pipe from his mouth. "There is no reason why you should shield Mary," he told Chen. They were still speaking in English, lest a servant should overhear them.

But it was no servant who overheard. Louise, always sensitive to Mary's watchfulness, had seen her sister's eyes follow her thoughtfully as she left the room that night. She had thrown her good night gaily at the three who sat on after Peter had gone, and when she herself said she was sleepy Mary had not answered. Mary had only looked at her with large quiet eyes, too full of thought. Therefore Louise knew she would not be able to sleep. In a few minutes she had stolen with noiseless feet along the corridors and had hidden herself behind the curtains which divided one room from another.

Now she heard what was being said and, filled with horror, she fled back to her room. There she put on a coat and outdoor shoes and, still silent, she slipped through the dark court, passed the lattice door of the living room, closed against the sharp night air, and went on through the gate.

(To be Continued)



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- ½ tsp. chili powder
- ¾ cup syrup from Del Monte Sliced Pineapple
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 tsps. cornstarch
- 3 tbsps. lemon juice
- ½ cup salad oil

Add chili powder to ½ cup of the syrup; boil down to half volume. Mix rest of syrup with salt and cornstarch; stir into hot mixture; add lemon juice, oil. Cook, stirring constantly, till thickened. Chill. Makes about 1 cup dressing.



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THE GIFT THAT MATTERED

(Continued from Page 39)

rents' room. He was not supposed to go up ere until his mother had her coffee, and netimes, especially when she had been up e, it was noon before she had it, and before got a chance to see her it would be almost ne for his nap. Then she would let him get to bed with her for a few minutes, and she uld tease him and sing him a little song e had made up: "*Jonno Taylor is a sleepy-ad; when it's time to get up, he goes to bed.*" e was used to waiting till noon to see her, it this morning he did wish she would wake . As soon as she was awake, he could ask r. Not ask her, exactly—just sort of hint ound and see what she said.

Not that he was worried about it, or any-ing. Of course he was going to get the dog. st because they hadn't mentioned it lately, at didn't mean anything. Just because gnes didn't think so ——

He turned around the corner of the house d went up on the back porch. And there, rled up in a chair, was his dog.

Betty Taylor was sitting up in bed sipping r black coffee; she looked grimly over the n of the cup at Glen as he came out of the ower.

"How you have the effrontery," she said, to come in here whistling at this unearthly ur, I do not know. Stop it at once."

"This unearthly hour," Glen said, bending er and kissing her dark, soft curls, "hap-ns to be nearly noon."

"It could be six in the evening," Betty id, "and I still wouldn't have had enough eep."

"Your trouble, my dear madam," Glen id, "is that you take this Christmas busi-ss too seriously. Did you ever stop to think at you don't really have to see every single iend you've got and wish them a Merry hristmas personally? That nobody's Christ-as would actually be ruined if you didn't t their present off on time? That nothing tal would happen if we didn't have an egg-g party every Christmas Eve?"

They both heard the noise at the same me; they stopped and listened, looking questioningly at each other, while the front door slammed, while Jonno's feet went pounding through the downstairs hall, came pounding up the stairs, came pounding toward their room.

"I seem to hear," Betty said, "the patter of tiny feet." And then she put her coffee cup down hastily as the door burst open and the boy and the dog came tumbling through it.

Jonno threw himself on her, for a moment too excited to do anything but hug her and bury his small face against her. Then he was off again in a flash, grabbing for the dog, letting the dog lick his face, holding him up so that he might lick her face too—half anxious to have her hold the dog, half unwilling to let him go.

He said, "Oh, mummy, he's exactly the one I wanted, he's the very kind I was hoping you'd get me. Look, he even knows his name already—here Spot, here boy, here Spot—look at him come, daddy."

They were both staring, in thunderstruck silence, at the dog. He was an enchanting pup: he had long soft ears and a smooth coat and a perpetually waving tail; his feet were many sizes too big for him, and he bumbled around the room with all a puppy's clumsiness and enthusiasm. But his eyes were brown and gentle; you could tell he was going to grow into a good steady dog. He was a small boy's dream of a puppy.

"Where," Betty said slowly, "did you get that?"

"He was asleep on the back porch." He looked at her anxiously. "You don't mind, do you, that I saw him before Christmas? It's almost Christmas anyway." He threw himself on her again. "Oh, mum, I don't care if I never get another thing, I wouldn't care if there wasn't another single present! He's the only thing I wanted!"

"But Jonno," Betty began. "Jonno, dear ——" Over the top of his head she saw Glen signaling to her, and she stopped.

Glen cleared his throat. "He's just a pup, Jonno," he said. "Sometimes pups don't have very good manners. Er—perhaps you'd better take him out for a while."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mary . . . BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

Before the Journey to Bethlehem

Now I am blessed with patience
these last days
More than my meet, it seems, and
Joseph says
All things indulge me: every stick
and stone
Now shares the end that once was
his alone.

Such talk recalls Elizabeth once
more:
Months gone I bode with her and
taxed her sore
By being always curious to know
Why we two cousins might be
favored so,
Till she said softly, "Dwell not on
this thing.
None come to praise the robe that
cloaks the king
And so the cup where golden wine
brims high
Bears, and forbears to think on
whence and why."
Sweet, wise Elizabeth: She could not
stir
But my admiring eyes must follow
her.
I thought I glimpsed her but the other
day
And though I knew that she was far
away
So lost was I in what I wished might
be,
I called her thrice before it came to
me
It was a stream I gazed in, I alone,
And the joyous face I saw therein,
mine own.

I must make Joseph's supper, it
grows late.
Dear Joseph, how he bears with my
foolish prate.
Once I said even if I did not know
My son would shine, I still would
know it so,
For not as other men, so it is told,
Is the son of a mother young and
father old.
And he said, "What older Father
could there be
Or mother younger and more fair
than thee?"
And touched my hair so gently that,
with surprise,
I felt unbidden tears start in my eyes.
Perhaps for such as this, I do not
know,
Or perhaps again I only think it so,
But it seems to me beneath the
rustling trees
That never have shone so starry
nights as these.



Christmas Snowballs—Frost cupcakes or balls of angel food cake with fluffy white icing, then snow them under with Baker's Coconut. Set a gay Christmas candle in each glistening snowball.

(Look for coconut holiday excitements in bakeries and fine food shops, too. Make 'em or buy 'em—or both! Then maybe you'll have enough to go around.)

Whe-e-ee! There's coconut this Christmas!

DAZZLING, snowy Baker's Coconut! It looks like Christmas—and this year it's here in old-time Christmas plenty!

Drift its luscious whiteness in a bowl filled with fresh-cut orange slices! Swirl it high on lavishly iced cakes for your Christmas table.

Fold it into your macaroon batter . . . for moist, tender macaroon wreaths to hang on the tree! Fill gift boxes with your own home-made candy . . . crunchy-sweet and chewy with tender-fresh Baker's Coconut!

Tint your Baker's Coconut. Toast it! Sprinkle it—always luscious and freshly-moist—on a horde of holiday surprises! Want some ideas . . .?

Send for new Glamour Recipe Book! Full of beautiful ideas for parties and every day. Send 10¢ to Baker's Coconut, Box LHJ22, Battle Creek, Mich.

Quick Coconut Macaroons—Combine 1½ cups Baker's Shredded Coconut and ½ cup sifted confectioners' sugar and mix well. Beat 1 egg white with a dash of salt until stiff but not dry. Add to coconut mixture and blend. Drop from teaspoon on greased baking sheet, bake at 350° 15 minutes, or until golden brown. Makes 12 tender, flavorful macaroons.

BAKER'S COCONUT

Grocers have two kinds of Baker's Coconut—Baker's Southern Style (so good it seems like fresh-shredded coconut, sweetened) and Baker's Premium Shred (more moist and tender than ever before). Both superb coconut . . . and both delicious!



FLUFF-DRI CLOTHES

Sweet as fresh-cut Clover

in minutes—not hours!

You'll *breeze* through washday when you get your Hamilton Automatic Clothes Dryer. You'll save *hours*. You'll not have to struggle with heavy baskets, nor cope with clothespins, clotheslines and props.

What'll *you* care if the weather's rainy or murky, or the air's dusty or smoky? You dry *indoors!*

Your Hamilton will be waiting to tumble your clothes fluffy-dry in a matter of minutes, ever so gently and quietly. Put them in right from your wringer—flick the switch and—go read a poem, or phone to Myrtle. Your Hamilton will turn itself off when the drying's done.

Your clothes will dry wrinkle-free (towels and such won't need the touch of an iron!). They'll be sanitized, too, by a powerful ultra-violet sun-lamp, and sweetly freshened with sunshine-and-breeze *ozone*. They'll smell like the very breath of Spring.

You'll vote the whole deal the smartest step you ever made—or almost. Don't you want to hear more about it? Then *do* see your Hamilton dealer. (For his name, call Western Union—Operator 25.) HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CO., TWO RIVERS, WIS.

Dry clothes indoors, automatically, any time!

In Canada the Hamilton Dryer is known as the Coffield-Hamilton Automatic Clothes Dryer, and distributed by Coffield Washer Co., Hamilton, Ont.

Hamilton Automatic CLOTHES DRYER

GAS AND ELECTRIC MODELS

Jonno picked the dog up and started to run out; at the door he paused. "I told Agnes I was going to get him!" he said triumphantly. "I told her you wouldn't forget about him!" Then he went tearing out and down the stairs almost as noisily as he had come up.

Glen walked over and closed the door; then, for a minute, they stared at each other helplessly.

"Good heavens!" Betty said at last. "But I didn't even know he wanted a dog!"

"He did mention it," Glen said, "but I didn't think he meant it." He lit a cigarette, shaking the match out angrily. "You and I, Mrs. Taylor," he said, "deserve to be paddled."

"And to think how I shopped," Betty said, "for some toy he didn't already have! And all the time all he wanted was a dog."

"You haven't yet taken in how bad this is," Glen said. "Don't you realize that dog must have an owner?"

Betty stared at him, her eyes round and dark in her distress.

"It's a good dog," Glen said. "A beagle, and a nice one. A good hunting dog. And just how are we going to explain to Jonno when the owner turns up and claims him?"

"Oh, no!" Betty said. "Oh, no, it couldn't happen! Glen, we should have explained right away! I tried to, and you stopped me. Oh, Glen, it's terrible! Why didn't you let me explain?"

"I couldn't," he said miserably. "He was too happy."

"I know," Betty said. She looked away; she said, a little hesitantly, "He was acting the way a little boy should act."

"Yes," Glen said, and touched her shoulder gently. They were both so friendly, so much at ease with the world; they had never been able to understand why Jonno was not—why he lived as he did, shut up inside himself, afraid to come out. It was something that they seldom mentioned, and, most of the time, tried not to think about. "Maybe the dog will help," Glen said. He turned away from her suddenly and started dressing hastily.

"What are you going to do?" Betty said.

"I am going to find out who owns the dog," Glen said, "and offer him everything I own, almost up to and including you, my dear, if he will let us keep the dog."

When Lincoln Steffens tried to explain to Judge Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, why workers do not always appreciate welfare work and prefer to get all that is coming to them in cash, he asked the judge for the privilege of living in the latter's apartment in the Waldorf the next time the judge took a vacation.

"What will you do?" asked the puzzled Gary, thinking of the works of art and expensive furnishings.

Steffens explained that he would replace the furniture with pieces more to his taste, do over the walls and floors and discard the paintings. "When you return," said he, "you will be amazed. It will be a costly change because I will be spending your money. But I will do it for your good, and better than you could possibly do it."

The judge interrupted, "I see. That's it, is it?"

"Yes," said Steffens, "That's welfare work."

It wasn't hard to find out who owned the dog; not many people around there had beagles. He belonged, it seemed, to a family named Slater who lived a few miles out of town, and Glen felt a great deal better as soon as he heard that. The Slaters were poor, and they owned a lot of dogs. Surely they would be more than glad to sell one.

The Slaters lived in an enormous, crumbling old house that once had been a show place; a driveway a quarter of a mile long, lined with dogwood trees, led up to a white-brick Georgian house with many chimneys. They once had owned the land for miles around the house, but most of it had been sold now, a small lot at a time. They had kept just enough to farm in a casual sort of way, enough to make them a meager living. There was always a lot of life around the old Slater house; there were chickens and geese and a cow and four children, and yet as you drove by you got the impression that the place was part of something that was dead and gone.

Glen did not bother taking the dog with him when he drove out to see Mr. Slater. In the first place, he would have had to explain it to Jonno; in the second, he was certain that the Slaters would be willing to sell. He had been ready to pay a quite unreasonable amount for the dog, if necessary; now that he knew he was dealing with the Slaters he realized that he could offer quite a small sum. Twenty-five dollars would be a fair price for the dog, and it would seem like a lot of money to the Slaters.

As he turned into the driveway the dogwood trees, without leaves or blossoms, looked scrawny and sad; on this cold day neither chickens nor geese were there to flutter out of the way of the car, and everything about the place seemed dreary and deserted. *What a way to live*, Glen thought, and he stood whistling, his back to the door, after he had thumped the ancient knocker.

Mr. Slater himself answered. In Glen's mind the entire transaction was going to take place right there on the doorstep; he was going to explain what he wanted, turn over the money, and start for home. It was as simple as that. But Mr. Slater's courteous, almost stately greeting changed it entirely. Looking at him, you could see why the farming was done in so careless a manner; this man should have been sitting in his study writing his memoirs, not trying to farm. He was a tall, thin man, rather stooped, with beautiful, delicately boned hands. His eyes were blue and keen, but his mouth was kind and humorous.

He said, "Come in, sir, come in. No need to stand in the cold."

It was exactly as cold inside the house as out. Glen followed Mr. Slater through the wide hall; his eyes took in, without meaning to, the gracious curve of the stair rail and the beautifully proportioned stairs. Surprisingly, everything was clean and in perfect order. There was little furniture, but what there was would have made Betty, who loved antiques, quite speechless with envy.

"I hope you don't mind," Mr. Slater said, "coming back to our sitting room. Mrs. Slater has not been well; she doesn't often come as far as the drawing room."

Glen did not mind at all; in three minutes in that drawing room, he felt, a man could easily freeze to death.

The sitting room was, actually, only one end of the enormous kitchen. It must originally have been the cooking, or business, end of the room; there was a large fireplace with an iron crane in it, and a Dutch oven. A merry fire was burning, and beside it, her feet on a stool, sat a lady. Once you had said that, you had described her. Her hair was quite white now, and she looked thin and tired, but as you looked at her clear-cut features you knew you were looking at all that was left of a great beauty. Glen bent over her hand, feeling that he should raise it to his lips.

She said, smiling up at him, "You will forgive our informality. There is so much to be done, and we like to be back here while it is going on; it gives us all a chance to be together."

She looked across, smiling, at the other end of the room. A coal stove was going full blast, and a pretty girl stood at a large square table, rolling out piecrust.

"My oldest daughter, Catherine," Mrs. Slater said, and the girl smiled and said, "How do you do," as graciously as though she were in evening dress, and had no flour on the tip of her pretty nose. She had a surprisingly deep voice; just hearing it, you guessed that she could sing. "And Bradford and Victoria," Mrs. Slater said. "Children, up, please—and Kevin."

(Continued on Page 80)



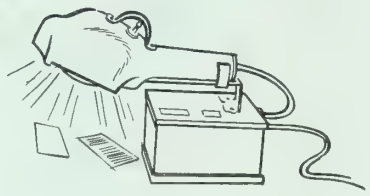




VISI-FLECTS

—a great boon to women!

BY MARY McCAY



Who would think that an invention used in sweeping mines during the war would prove a great boon to every woman who ever does any laundry? Not I.

BUT IT HAS. It's called Visi-flects and it brings a brand-new principle to the old problem of laundering clothes. Different from soaps, or detergents, or bleaches, or blues, or water softeners, or what have you. It's wonderful. Let's see how it works.

To a physics professor (and to you and me, though we may not know it) white clothes are white because they reflect light. Colored clothes are bright because they reflect light. The more reflection, the whiter or brighter.

But not all light is visible to the naked eye. Ultra-violet and infra-red, for instance... two names every sun lamp owner or camera fan knows. Those are kinds of light you can't see.

But what if you discovered a scientific compound ... one which would turn invisible light into visible light? Wouldn't it make white clothes brighter than they were before, by adding whiteness? It would.

And wouldn't such a compound make colored clothes brighter than they were before, by adding brightness? It would.

A European chemist asked those questions, came up with the answers and invented the compound. It is called Visi-flects because it makes invisible light reflect so you can see it. It was used in the war by both sides. Minesweepers used it, for example, to make the flags on their floats easier to see at a distance. If you have a navy son or brother, he'll tell you.

But after the war some General Foods chemists asked themselves a question. Would it be possible to find a method of application for Visi-flects, so simple any housewife could use it?

If so, any woman could keep white clothes as white as new, or even whiter ... could keep colored clothes as bright as new, or even brighter! This would be entirely apart from soap's function of removing dirt, entirely apart from bleaches' function of removing stubborn stains.

They found the answer! They perfected a compound of Visi-flects which they called Luminess. And they added Luminess to an old established bluing product called La France, which millions of women were familiar with, and which was as easy to use as adding salt to a recipe or putting sugar in coffee.

Whee!—say I, who have hated washing all my life. And hated the way clothes kept getting dingier and duller.

All you have to do to use Visi-flects in improving the appearance of your wash is to add a little La France to your soap or detergent. It takes 10 seconds to do. It's harmless to fabrics. It works perfectly in washer or washtub. Presto! Your whites are whiter, your colors are brighter! Luminess — it's wonderful!

Remember, this is not a matter of splitting the fine points of difference in the cleansing power of two soaps or detergents. This is a brand-new principle. This is a radical departure. This is whiter and brighter clothes with almost no effort ... clothes which keep on improving in whiteness and brightness over the same clothes right off the store shelf.

Praise to science, say I. Hail to New La France with Luminess! Every woman who wants to better the looks of her wash should try it for a month. You'll see a great difference, I promise you.



And all it costs is 2 to 3 cents a week. Try new La France with Luminess! A product of General Foods.

Richer Cream Style Corn -you can eat it with a fork





Del Maiz Brand Cream Style Corn is taste-fun by the forkful. (It's not the soupy kind—you can actually eat it with a fork.) Tender, golden kernels in their own rich cream. Same fine freshness in every can. Look for the Green Giant on the label.

Listen to the Fred Waring Show on NBC every Friday morning for the Green Giant

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Del Maiz CREAM STYLE **Corn**
BRAND

The Minnesota Valley Canning Co., headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota; Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont.
ALSO PACKERS OF GREEN GIANT BRAND PEAS

(Continued from Page 78)

Two children, possibly ten, both equally blond and handsome, scrambled up from the floor where they had been sitting cutting out strips of red paper; and a lanky boy of sixteen unfolded himself, with amazing slowness, from the floor near the fireplace.

"Kevin, a chair," Mrs. Slater murmured, "and one for your father."

Barely moving from where he stood, the boy shot out one long arm, picked a chair up as though it weighed nothing, and put it near Glen. It was a fine old ladder-back, almost entirely held together by string. It was as complete a patching job as Glen had ever seen, and when he sat down on it he was relieved to see that the patching job was also successful.

"Let me see, now," Mrs. Slater said. "You live on . . . Pine Street, is it?"

"Oak Street," Glen said.

"Oh, yes," she said, gently apologetic, as though she should have known, although both of them knew that there was no earthly reason for her knowing. "I used to have such a dear friend who lived on Oak Street," she said. "Long before your time, I'm afraid. . . . You remember, Theodore, the Russells—her mother was a Calhoun ——"

Her voice, so soft and clear it was almost like music, went on with an inconsequential story out of the unimportant past. Glen knew he should have explained what he wanted and brought the visit to a close, but for some reason there did not seem to be any hurry. Mrs. Slater created her own atmosphere around her, an atmosphere of leisurely courtesy; she wore it as gracefully, and almost as visibly, as the Paisley shawl she wore around her thin, straight shoulders.

"Kevin, another log," she murmured, and the boy, again almost without moving, took a log from the pile and threw it on the fire. It blazed at once, with a small rush of sweet-smelling smoke.

The first art of being a parent consists in sleeping when the baby isn't looking.

"Cherry wood," Mr. Slater said. "The sweetest-burning wood there is."

Glen looked more closely at the woodpile. He could see that wood around here was a precious commodity; along with the few cherry logs there were pieces of broken fence rails, the leg of a chair, and even small twigs that somebody had laboriously picked up. He thought of the logs that went into his own fireplace—long, massive logs, almost too heavy to lift, ready to be fed into a fireplace that was seldom, if ever, used. The house was warm without it, and the huge logs threw off too much heat.

"Chekhov," Mrs. Slater said suddenly.

Glen looked around, wondering if it was the name of another child or if she had simply taken leave of her senses; she saw his start of surprise and smiled at him.

"The Cherry Orchard, you know," she said. "I always felt so sorry for them, having to destroy their cherry orchard because they needed money. And now here we sit, destroying our own orchard because we need to be warm." She did not say it in a complaining way; she seemed rather to be stating an interesting, academic fact.

"But we still have plenty of cherries, mamma," Kevin said.

She smiled at him. "Yes, dear, we do." She turned to Glen. "Do let us send you some next summer," she said. "We have so many."

It occurred to Glen that it would have been more sensible to say that they would like to sell him some of the cherries; if they sold enough cherries they might be able to buy some firewood, and so save the cherry trees. He did not suggest it. For one thing, it was none of his business. For another, he knew without thinking about it that it was impossible. You could not imagine Mr. Slater selling cherries from door to door. For Mr. Slater it would be far more important to give the cherries away, a cordial gesture, and to burn up his trees if he chose to.

The question of selling, though, had come back into Glen's mind, and he told them about the dog. They listened courteously to the whole story about Jonno's thinking the dog was his Christmas present; they smiled sympathetically as he tried to describe the child's delight and excitement. When he came to the end and said he would like to buy the dog, he was upset to see that Mr. Slater looked both disturbed and thoughtful. He took off his glasses, blew on them, and polished them before he answered. Then he said:

"The trouble is, sir, the amount the dog is worth."

Glen was prepared for that. "The price really isn't important," he began.

"He's not worth a great deal," Mr. Slater said. "And so I'd far rather give him to you."

"But that's not what I meant at all!" Glen said.

"You see," Mr. Slater said, "I don't have papers for the sire. I have papers for Brownie—that's the mother—but the pups can't be registered. A dog without papers doesn't bring much money. And for a small amount of money, sir, it's silly to do business. It's better to keep things on a friendly basis."

Glen could only sit and look at him, not able to answer for a minute. It was a nice philosophy, certainly. It was also the philosophy that was reducing the house to ruins, and was changing a cherry orchard into firewood.

He looked at Mrs. Slater. Her beautiful face was as placid as ever; it expressed nothing except quiet agreement. He understood then, a little, the complete repose and serenity in her face. Her orchard might be going, but she still had all she believed in.

He looked around the shabby kitchen. He thought of the Christmas preparations that were going on at home: of the big tree with its many lights; of the yards of garlands strung all through the hall; of the closets bulging with presents—presents for everybody, even the milkman and the postman, because that was what Betty liked to do at Christmas. He thought of all that, and compared it with this poor house, and he felt an overwhelming urge to change things here. These people, in their queer way, were far too nice to be having a dreary Christmas.

He said, slowly, "I see what you mean, Mr. Slater. I like to have things on a friendly basis too. But I must ask you to consider my feelings."

The Slaters looked startled. It was obviously surprising to be accused of being inconsiderate.

"You see," Glen said, "the dog is worth a great deal to me. There isn't enough money to pay for what that dog did for my little boy this morning. And if I let you give me something that's so important to me, then I would always be indebted to you. And I hate to feel indebted."

Mr. Slater nodded. "I hadn't thought of it that way," he said. "I know how you feel."

"So, if you don't mind, I'd rather pay you for the dog," Glen said. He opened his wallet and took out some money; he handed it to Mr. Slater without counting it, and Mr. Slater took it without counting it or looking at it. "You have no idea," Glen said, "how much better I feel now," and Mrs. Slater smiled and said:

"I'm glad."

He stayed only a few more minutes after that, wrapping himself up for the cold trip home.

"It was a pleasure to have you come in," Mrs. Slater said. "You must come again, and bring your little boy to play with the children. Bring his dog too. We can supply companions for both of them."

"He doesn't usually like to go to new places," Glen said, "but I think, if he could bring his dog with him, he'd probably come." He bent over her hand again. "Thank you, Mrs. Slater."

Mr. Slater took him to the door; the two young Slaters waved from the kitchen win-

(Continued on Page 82)

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF A JANE PARKER FRUIT CAKE

M-m-m... U-m-m! Imagine!
Over 2/3 of every cake is fruit and nuts—
M-m-m... U-m-m... Yummy!



Jane Parker
AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR
FRUIT CAKE
AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES
MADE BY THE BAKERS OF QUALITY-RICH MARVEL BREAD

A&P

An open letter about Perfume

Many women and men are not sure of the right perfume to choose for themselves or for a gift.

It is easy to choose a good and refined perfume.

The first guiding rule is simple: be discriminating, and be sure that the fragrance is a genuinely pleasant one to you.

Anyone can recognize a pleasant odor. Be sure the fragrance you select would please you, even if it were not a "perfume",—for instance, if it were a flower. Moreover, be guided only by the feeling of well-being, delight and luxury the fragrance gives you.

A perfume should be lasting, but more important yet, it should be refined—a PLUS, not a MINUS to your personality. A good perfume should be lasting yet refined.

A refined and good perfume will add to your personality and charm; it will give you a feeling of well-being, delight and luxury, and will create an atmosphere of happiness around yourself.

Never forget that you will be remembered by your perfume.

PRESIDENT
COTY, INC.

(Continued from Page 80)

dow as he got in the car, and even Kevin actually moved far enough from the fireplace to stand beside them and wave a little too.

It didn't seem nearly so cold as it had when he came. Maybe that was because of the way he felt; he felt warm and good, and really like Christmas. He didn't know exactly how much money he had given them, but he knew it was well over a hundred dollars. A hundred dollars in that poor house on the day before Christmas—he could imagine what they would do with it. The biggest tree that money would buy, and boxes of bright new ornaments. Presents for everybody, of course, where there had been no presents before. And food—a turkey, of course, and sweets of all kinds for the children. He could picture it all; he only wished he could be there to see it. Just thinking about it, and telling Betty about it, would make their own Christmas better.

He stopped whistling suddenly. They would have a big Christmas, of course; they always did. There would be people coming and going, and many presents, and a big dinner, and all the excitement and fun that Betty loved to pack into Christmas. But, except for a lucky accident, it would have been a terrible Christmas for Jonno. He had wanted a dog more than anything in the world, and they hadn't even known about it.

We ought to do better than that, he thought. The trouble was that there was so little time; always so much to do and so little time. But when you got to the point where you didn't even know what your own child was pining for—then you had to stop and do better.

Jonno had never been an easy child to get close to, but it had never been this bad before. They would have to find the time now to see more of him; to play games with him and take walks with him and read books to him. They would have to see to it that he saw more of them and less of Agnes. They would have to get much closer to him. It was important.

It was important, and he was certain they could do it. He thought of all the things they had on their side—they had youth, and money, and Betty's wonderful, brimming vitality. He thought of Mrs. Slater, who had neither youth nor money nor even health, and it made him almost humble to think of how much he and Betty had, if they just knew how to use it.

HE remembered what Mrs. Slater had said: "We like to be back here, it gives us all a chance to be together." That was the thing about them; they were together. That was something they had shown him that, in the end, might be just as important to Jonno as the dog.

He was more pleased than ever to think of the wonderful Christmas he had given them.

Back in the kitchen, Mr. Slater lifted the old sugar bowl down from the high shelf and put the money in it. "He gave us a lot too much," he said, "but I know it made him feel good."

"What are you going to do with it?" Mrs. Slater asked.

"I don't know," he said. "Things keep coming up. There's nothing special right now." He looked across at her. "How about you, my dear? Is there anything in particular you'd like?"

She studied the fire, frowning a little in her concentration. "There really isn't anything in particular," she said at last. "Just little things, that don't really matter. I'd like to have the piano tuned, Theodore, it's really dreadful—and—oh, yes!" She smiled, suddenly pleased that she had thought of it. "I would like to have that dent taken out of my silver teapot; it's such a little thing, but it always annoys me."

"We'll do it," he said. "You shan't be annoyed any longer."

"We don't have to think about it now," she said. "We've got enough to think about, today and tomorrow."

SHE sat on by the fire, thinking of what had to be done, checking the things off in her mind. The twins had finished stringing the popcorn and the cranberries for the tree; they had made yards and yards of chains out of red paper and silver, and they had made tiny paper lanterns, as her mother had taught her to do when she was little, to hang on the tips of the branches. The goose—a good fat one—was already killed and plucked; it was in the cold closet now, just ready for the stuffing. Catherine was nearly finished with the pies, and she could tell by the smell that they were going to be good; the mincemeat had turned out especially well this year.

Later in the day they would all start out, in their heavy boots and their warm coats, and walk into the woods to cut the tree. Every year until this one she had been able to go with them; perhaps she would be able to next year. Whether she went or not, she knew just how it would be; she knew the way the light crust of snow would crunch under their feet, and how bright and clear all their voices would be in the sharp stillness of the woods. She knew how the tree would smell when they brought it in, fresh and sweet, so that just smelling it seemed invigorating. Their tree was always so fresh that they dared to burn candles on it, using the little clip holders that she had used when she was a little girl. When the candles were all lighted, on Christmas Eve, the whole tree seemed to be alive with light, and by its brilliance the whole family would stand around the square piano and sing Silent Night.

Everything was ready; everything was just the way it should have been at this hour of this day: the way it had been every year before, and the way it would be again. The only thing that had been different about it had been the call from the strange young man, and he was gone.

"Who did you say that young man was?" she said. "I didn't quite place him."

"You know, mamma," Catherine said. "They're the ones that bought the Duvernoy place. They have that little boy that stands there at the gate all the time, and looks so lonely, but if you say hello to him he's too shy to answer—you know the one."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Slater said. "Those people." She looked thoughtful for a minute. "Well, I'm glad he got his dog, at least," she said. She looked at the pie Catherine was sliding out of the oven: brown and crisp, a small circle of perfection. "I wonder what people like that do for Christmas, anyway?" she said.

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Song by Night Light

By Gladys McKee

Who can cling as soft, as tight
As a small child wakened, scared at night?
Who can lie as still, as warm
As close to your heart, curved to your arm?
Who quiet so quickly into a dream
And leave you waking, binding a seam
For the sly tomorrows that slit the sky,
So swiftly do nights such as these go by?
How shape a haven to last the length
Of the way he must go, to match the strength
He will need for world faring, how still the fears
He must know and face down the road of years?
Faith is the seamstress, stitching a part
Of this love and light . . . bright shield for his heart.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Look what a woman can do with a Christmas present like this!

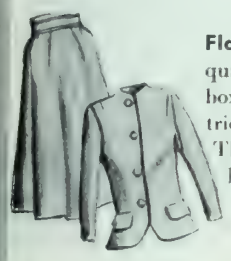
She can iron up to half the clothes without dampening when she has a General Electric Combination Dry and Steam Iron. She can *whizz* through light cottons, crepes, silks and synthetics *without first sprinkling!*



A crisp chambray dress, for instance, is a real pleasure to iron with the G-E Combination Dry and Steam Iron. With the steam control turned on, wrinkles simply disappear as the iron glides over the fabric.

Woolen suits can be ironed to tailor-like perfection without a pressing cloth. And there will be no shine, either! The General Electric Combination Dry and Steam Iron permits ironing with as much steam—*or as little*—as is wanted.





Flannel skirts and jackets can be quickly and easily renewed to bandbox freshness with the General Electric Iron. *No sprinkling necessary.* The fabric is simply steam-ironed at low temperature.

Cotton suits are ironed best with a dry iron after dampening. The G-E Combination Dry and Steam Iron becomes a dry iron when the steam control knob is turned off. *You can switch from steam to dry ironing and back again without removing the water.*





Expensive silks and sheer fabrics need not be an ironing *worry*. The General Electric Combination Dry and Steam Iron has the famous "Dial the Fabric" control that gives the *correct temperature for each fabric* when ironing dry.

Even marked velvets and velveteens become fresh, downy soft! Just place the material next to a turkish towel, and iron ever so lightly with full steam on the back of the velvet. It fluffs up like *new!*





This Christmas, present her with the remarkable

G-E COMBINATION DRY AND STEAM IRON

$17.95

She can iron with ease...press like a tailor...

WITH THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMBINATION DRY AND STEAM IRON!

WHEN SHE SEES this remarkable General Electric Combination Dry and Steam Iron, you will know from her enthusiasm that it is one of the *finest* gifts you could have chosen.

This gleaming, streamlined beauty is *two* irons in one . . . a *dry* iron and a *steam* iron. It cuts ironing time, makes ironing a real joy.

She can iron with as much *steam*—or as little—as she desires. Or, she can iron perfectly *dry*. All she need do is turn the steam-control knob!

And note this: There's no bulky boiler on this streamlined beauty. Instead, this iron has a small reservoir from which water—*one drop at a time*—instantly turns into steam as the iron is used.

So drop in to your G-E retailer's for this *timesaving* gift. We predict she will thank you all year long for being so very, very thoughtful!

General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut. Price subject to change without notice.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Christmas Table Topper-the Fir



SWANS DOWN FIR TREE CAKE

Eyes will glow like Christmas candles . . . as your cake knife lifts out the first tender brown slice, shows the luscious, light inside that's Swans Down's own miracle!

No lingering long in the kitchen away from fun—it's a Swans Down "Mix-Easy." Guaranteed—but not with any other flour!

Preparations. Have the shortening at room temperature. Line bottoms of two deep 9-inch layer pans with paper; grease. Start oven for moderate heat (350° F.). Sift flour once.

Measure into sifter:

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1⅓ cups granulated sugar, or 1½ cups firmly packed brown sugar

Measure into mixing bowl:

½ cup shortening

Measure into cup:

*Milk (see below for amount)
1 teaspoon vanilla

Have ready:

2 eggs, unbeaten
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted

*With butter, margarine, or lard, use ⅞ cup milk. With vegetable or any other shortening, use 1 cup milk.

Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part!

(Mix by hand or at a low speed of electric mixer.) Stir shortening just to soften. *No creaming!* Sift in dry ingredients. Add ¾ cup of the milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then be *2 minutes.* Add eggs, melted chocolate, a remaining milk and *beat 1 minute* longer. *Bea ing cut in half! And fewer dishes to wash!* (Cou only actual beating time. Or count beatin strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minut Scrape bowl and spoon often.)

Baking. Turn batter into pans. Bake in modera oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes. Spread seve minute frosting between layers and on top ar sides of cake.

How to decorate the Fir Tree Cake

Cut Christmas trees out of slices of citron an color green with vegetable coloring. Inse toothpick stems and arrange on cake. Or us Christmas tree-shaped lollipops or gumdrop

Bake a better cake with Swans

...ree Cake!



First-Time Offer! Featuring Wear-Ever Pans!

2 Wear-Ever aluminum cake pans!

50 waxed paper pan liners!

1 Rubbermaid bowl scraper!

1 set of aluminum measuring spoons!

ALL YOURS FOR ONLY

$1.00

and picture of Swans Down package cut from recipe folder insert.

Here's an offer a cake-fancier like you will want to snatch up!

It brings you a just-what-you've-wanted cake baking set—inspiration to tie on your apron and start cake baking!

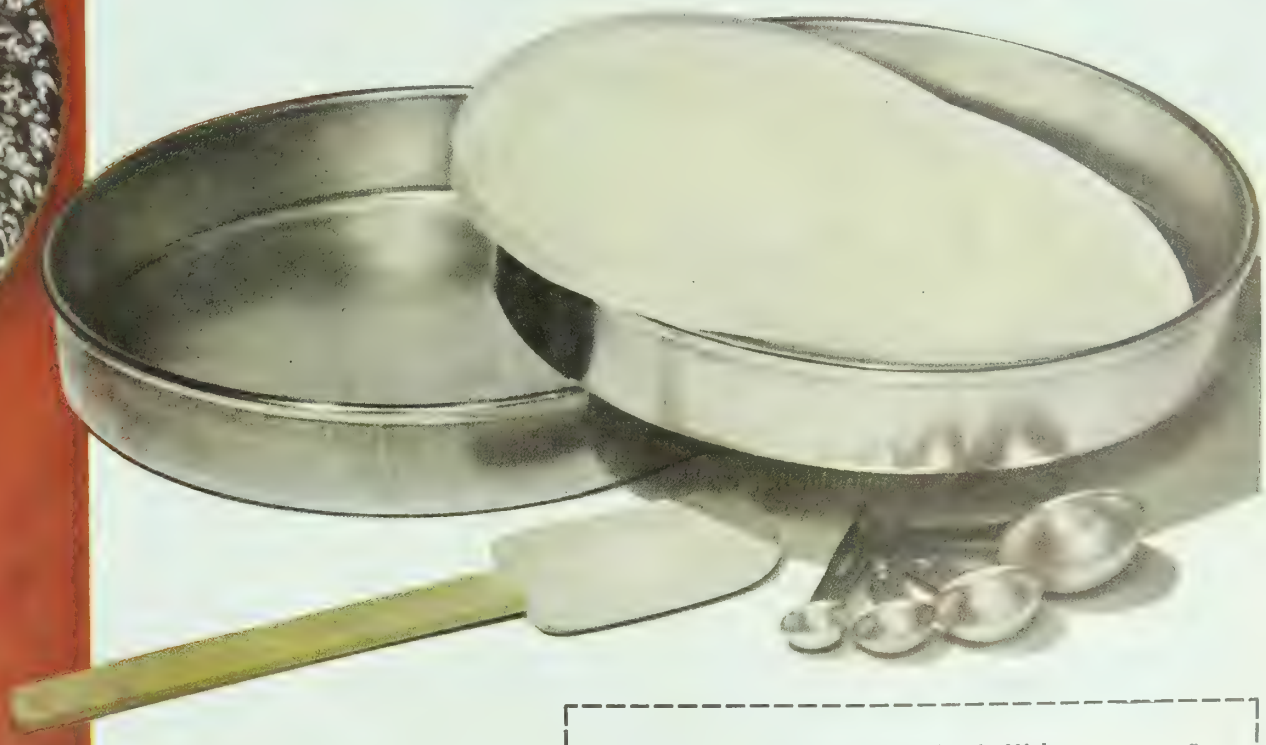
Always a pleasure when you use wonderful Swans Down. More women use Swans Down than any other packaged cake flour in America!

Look! Two Wear-Ever Aluminum 8-inch layer pans—made of lifetime heavy-gauge aluminum that conducts heat fast and evenly, assures just-right crust and even texture!

Plus 50 pan-size waxed paper pan liners—no greasing needed—your cake *floats* out without sticking!

PLUS a Rubbermaid bowl scraper and set of accurate aluminum measuring spoons!

Simply get your package of Swans Down and tear off the picture of the Swans Down package on the recipe insert. Mail with a dollar. *Allow three weeks for delivery.*



...Down!

HURRY!

GET YOUR CAKE BAKING SET NOW! MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Swans Down, Dept. R, Battle Creek, Mich. L

For the enclosed dollar and picture of Swans Down package cut from recipe insert, please send me my Cake-baking Set, consisting of 2 Wear-Ever 8-inch layer pans, 50 pan liners, 1 Rubbermaid scraper, 1 set measuring spoons. (Offer may be withdrawn without notice if supplies are not available. Good only in the U.S.A. This offer void in any state, municipality or locality where prohibited, taxed, or otherwise restricted.)

NAME_____

STREET_____

TOWN OR CITY_____ STATE_____

Allow 3 weeks for delivery. Offer expires February 1st, 1949



ARVIN
Lectric Cook

GRILLS! FRIES!
BAKES! TOASTS!

$27.95







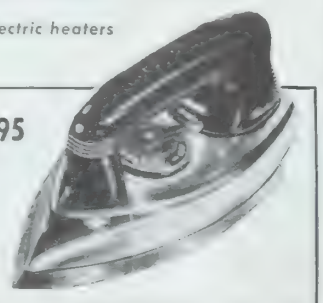
Here's the gift of gifts for everybody who cooks! Arvin Lectric Cook is beautiful to look at, useful for all occasions. Its double cooking area equals 3 ten-inch skillets — big enough to serve a hungry family or a large party without keeping anybody waiting. Converts in seconds to a fully automatic waffle baker. Built for years of dependable service. Underwriters' listed. See the Arvin Lectric Cook at your dealer's!

NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, INC., COLUMBUS, INDIANA

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Top quality at a low price!
ARVIN AUTOMATIC IRON $10.95

Less weight, less effort—the even heat does the work. Faster heating, faster stepdown saves ironing time. Plain-view heat control for all fabrics. Cool comfort-grip handle. A modern iron at a money-saving price!



Homemade Christmas . . .

BY NORA O'LEARY

Amusing **BEANBAGS** *with clown faces in three different sizes. Felt makes eyes, ears, nose, mouth; yarn for the hair. 2516.*





Easy-to-make **RAG DOLL** *dressed in peasant clothes. Made in two pieces, stitched at joints for movement, cotton-stuffed. 2517.*

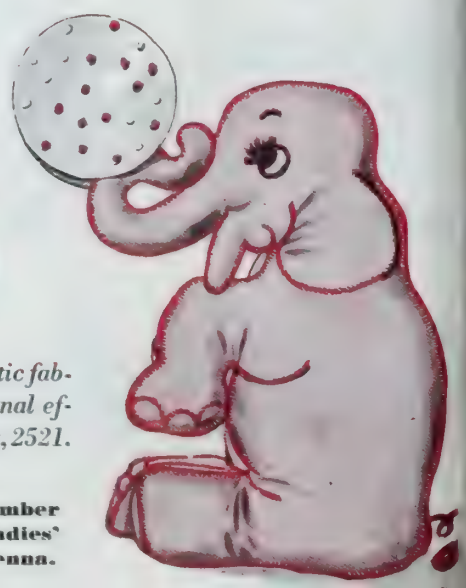


Oilcloth **BLOCKS** *buttonhole-stitched together, cotton stuffed. Each a different size, color. Transparent drawstring bag. 2518.*



Terry cloth **BABY BIBS** *trimmed with rickrack. One has baby's name, other a ship design, crisscrossing in back. 2519.*





Amusing **ANIMALS** *in durable plastic fabric. Yarn embroidery gives dimensional effect. They sit up! Dog, 2520; elephant, 2521.*

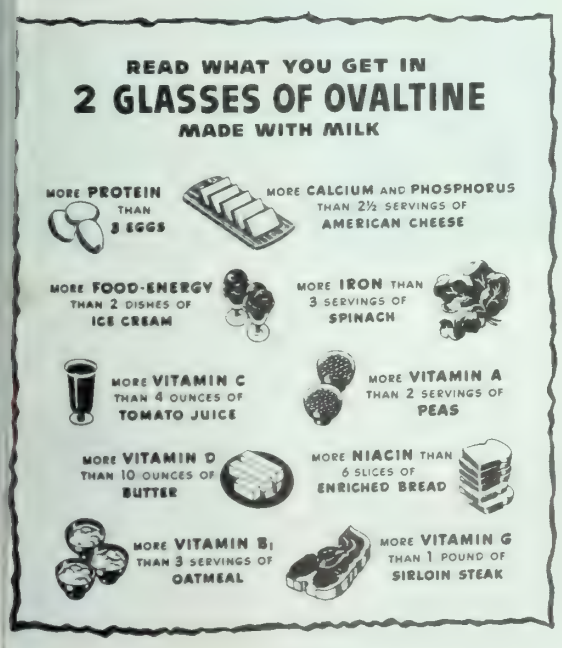
15¢ for each pattern. Order by number from the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Penna.



Mother's Love IS NOT ENOUGH

WHEN A CHILD IS FRAIL AND NERVOUS

Here's something practical you can do to help him—today!



The more you love him, the more desperately you want him to be tall, strong and happy. So it is well to remember, when a child becomes frail and nervous or underweight, the most common *correctable* cause is faulty nutrition. And this cause is one which you, the mother, can do something about.

In situations like this, many mothers are now turning to Ovaltine. Because Ovaltine contains a very wide variety and scope of food elements, both common and rare. Particularly those elements that are most apt to be lacking in the daily diet.

For Ovaltine, mixed with milk, is a rich supplementary food that fills in the gaps, the chinks, and the loopholes of an otherwise "good" diet. It contains, in addition to essential high-quality proteins and quick-energy foods the important vitamins A, B_1, C, D, G, Niacin, and the valuable minerals Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus.

It is also important to know that Ovaltine is specially processed to make it very easy to digest. A child with a "delicate" stomach will usually digest and absorb Ovaltine very readily. Ovaltine even makes milk more easy to digest.

So when you give two to three glasses of Ovaltine a day, plus normal meals, you can be certain that you have done just about everything *you* can do to improve your child's nutrition.

A New Flavor

Ovaltine is available in plain and in an improved, sweet, chocolate flavor which children *really like* —an important consideration in getting children to take the nourishment they need.

So, why not give your child Ovaltine every day for 30 or 60 days and carefully note the results. When you consider all the food values which Ovaltine supplies, you will find it economical.

OVALTINE

SWEET CHOCOLATE FLAVORED AND PLAIN

let's give a party!





Come and get it!

Party-giving's fun, when lighthearted furniture welcomes gay gatherings. Like this graceful table, topped with plastic for easy care and hard wear. That smart mother-of-pearl pattern's brand-new. So are the richly padded dining chairs, with their comfortable spring cushions. Upholstered in Duran, pertly piped for sheer cheer! (Did you know every inch of Daystrom furniture is washable?)

Restful as a yawn!

Pamper your guests (and yourself, too!) with the lazy luxury of these lounge chairs. There's comfort in those spring cushions, and a long-wearing future in the colorful upholstery. All Daystrom furniture is designed for comfort and real livability, in sleek, clean-lined *electroplated* chrome.

The heart of the party!

The kitchen, of course! And lucky the lass with a kitchen table like this, that doubles for heavy duty and cheerful beauty. That plastic top is Daystrom's own. It begs for hard wear—shrugs off scratches and stains—swishes clean with a damp cloth. Be sure it's *Daystrom.* At furniture and department stores everywhere.



-it's DAYSTROM furniture!

DAYSTROM
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furniture for casual living—featured by stores from coast to coast

Daystrom Corporation, Olean, N. Y.; Daystrom Pacific Division, Pasadena, Calif.

Don't worry! All Daystromite table tops are laminated plastic—resist heat, scratches, stains! They're even cigarette-proof!



CHRISTMAS AT WHITMAN'S MISSION

(Continued from Page 57)

Cathy nodded. "We know," she said.

"The doctor's going to preach a sermon at oon, just for us," Mrs. Whitman went on. I'm sure it'll be beautiful. Then we'll have big dinner. After dinner, the doctor's going o baptize some Indian children. Won't that e nice?" But they all just looked at her, so he said, a little impatiently, "All right, let's o in by the fireplace for a few minutes. I'll ead you the story about the three wise nen. . . . *Now* what, Cathy?"

"We—we meant just *us*," Cathy explained. "Just us orphans. We could sit there nd pretend that mommy was there too."

"No, no," Mrs. Whitman said. "That won't do at all. It isn't good for you to sit here and brood. It isn't healthy. Just remember that your dear father and mother are in heaven now. Someday you'll see them again, if you're good Christians, but meantime we have to make the best of it. It's God's will. Now, let's all just go to bed, eh?"

"You see, Cathy?" Johnny said. He mimicked Mrs. Whitman: "'It isn't good for you. It isn't healthy.' . . . Oh, I know we're not her kids. *She* didn't invite us here."

"Johnny!" Cathy said. "You better apologize to Mrs. Whitman."

"Oh, all right. I'm sorry, ma'am."

"I do the best I can, young man," Mrs. Whitman said. "I try to do my duty."

No, you couldn't argue with Mrs. Whitman. She was doing the best she could. She was doing her Christian duty. And still ——

Cathy just couldn't seem to get to sleep. She knew the boys weren't asleep, either, up in the attic. Cathy's bed was on the first floor, under the stairway. Her leg was better, but she couldn't climb stairs yet. The baby's crib was beside her, and the baby was asleep.

Cathy felt sorry for the boys and the three little girls, away up there in the east gable. They were right under the roof, and the wind sounded just like it did that night at Laramie when their mother died. Like it was blowing from beyond the desert where nobody lived—from beyond the high, cold mountains. Yes, from beyond the lonely stars.

Suddenly the stairs creaked above Cathy. She thought at first it was Doctor Whitman wrapped in a blanket, but it was Johnny. Francis was right behind him.

JOHNNY whispered, "Cathy! Are you awake?"

"Of course, Johnny. Quiet! Don't wake the baby."

"Come on. We're going to sit by the fireplace for a while."

"Oh, but we musn't," Cathy said. "Mrs. Whitman doesn't want us to."

"She's asleep up there. The doctor's snoring. Come on!"

"All right," Cathy said. "But take the baby too. And Francis, you go up and carry one of the little girls down. Johnny'll help you get the other two."

"But suppose they wake up?"

"They won't. They're too sound asleep. We've got to have all of us together, don't we? Wrap them all in blankets. Be careful with Helen. If she wakes up, she's liable to cough."

They were soon gathered by the fireplace. It was in a big alcove, just opposite the foot of the stairs. The doctor had hung two blankets over the opening, so it was like a warm cave even when the rest of the house was cold.

The coals left from some big logs were still glowing on the hearth. Cathy sat in a rocker at one side, holding the baby. There was a bench on the other side, against the wall, and they put the three little girls in a row there, still sound asleep. Then Johnny sat in one corner by the fireplace, his back to the wall, and Francis sat in the other. Boys were funny that way. When they were lonely—real lonely—they liked to sit in dark corners.

"WELL," Johnny said, clearing his throat, "we're all here. Just a mess of orphans, without any home. Now what?"

"Sh-h," Cathy said. "We musn't let the Whitmans hear us. Don't feel badly, Johnny. We're all together. They take care of us. They give us food. They give us a place to sleep."

"Just like the horses," Johnny said. "But what do they *care* about us?"

"Wait, Johnny," Francis said in a low voice. "We're gonna do some pretending. Aren't we, Cathy?"

"Yes, but sit quietly first. Let's think about mom and what she said to us that last night at Laramie. The wind was blowing just like this, remember?"

It had been dark in the wagon, too, with the end flaps drawn. Just the three of them had been in there with mom when she was ready to die. She had already said good-by to the little girls, and had touched the baby's cheek with her fingers, and the woman from the next wagon had taken them away. Now she was saying good-by to the big ones—Johnny and Francis and Cathy.

It was easy to remember what she said. All you had to do was close your eyes, and you could almost hear her whispering in the dark.

"*You're going to be hungry sometimes, my dears. You'll be thirsty and cold. But don't be lonely, will you? I'll be near by, wherever you are. Remember that, won't you, Cathy?*"

"Yes, mother."

"*Poor Cathy! Your leg will get better.*"

"It's getting better. It only hurts when we go over rocks."

"*You'll help Cathy with the little girls, won't you, Johnny?*"

"Yeah. Sure, mom."

"*Somebody will look out for you. They'll learn to love you. You're good boys and girls. . . . Cathy will have to be the little mother for a while. She's so little yet—and crippled—to do it alone. You'll help, won't you, Francis?*"

"Yes, mother."

"*There's so much to say. There's so little time. . . . Cathy! Can you hear me, Cathy?*"

"Yes, mother."

"*Cathy . . . they're liable to be pretty lonely on Christmas Eve. It'll be the first time we weren't all together. But I'll be there with you. I'll be near by. Remember that, Cathy . . . wherever you are.*"

Yes, it was easy to remember. In fact, it seemed to Cathy, as the embers died slowly—and glowed again, when the wind roared in the chimney—that her mother *was* there, close by. But the coals slowly turned to ashes on the hearth, so that only a pale glow

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Come Home, My Love

By Elizabeth McFarland

When winter winds about you storm,
Come home, my love; I'll keep you warm,
And I shall shelter you from harm.

When gardens of the world have died,
It will be summer by my side.
Come home, my love; I am your bride.

There is a fire in my breast,
And on that hearth your flame burns best;
For you are love, and loveliest

Are harbor days—no more to roam—
When love comes home.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Please address requests for Booklet to Dept. 612

Several times a day— this gift will say— *Merry Christmas!*



Yes, this is an ideal gift — a year 'round time-saver — for with only a few strokes, your Wagner whisks up all surface litter from any rug thickness. It's the only sweeper with Mov-O-Matic Combs that move in and out of the brush to keep it clean! Remember — only a clean brush *can* sweep clean. See your dealer. E. R. Wagner Mfg. Co., Dept. J, Milwaukee 9, Wis.



WAGNER KOMB-KLEANED SWEEPER

Better, Easier "PICK-UP"

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Better, Easier "PICK-UP" of thread and lint.

Better, Easier "PICK-UP" of litter and crumbs.

Better, Easier "PICK-UP" of hair and dirt.



lighted the walls and everybody was sitting in the darkness on each side.

"She isn't here," Johnny said suddenly. "She isn't here, I tell you!"

"Sh-h," Cathy whispered. "I think she is, Johnny."

"All right, then. . . . Mom! Where are you, mom? . . . There, now!"

"Don't, Johnny," Cathy said. "Don't cry."

"I can cry if I want to," Johnny said fiercely. "I'm not too big to cry! And have you got anything to say about it, Francis? You better not!"

"He won't," Cathy said. "He's crying too."

"I can't help it," Francis said, and suddenly he blubbered out loud. "Cathy—*where's* mom?"

"She's here, all right," Cathy said, rocking a little and holding the baby tight. "She can't answer us, of course, but she's here. You bet she is, Francis! . . . Aren't you, mommy?"

Upstairs in the big bedroom, Mrs. Whitman was awake. She had always been a light sleeper, and even after seven years in this wilderness she had never quite trusted the Indians. She knew the doctor had barred the big gate and locked all the doors. And still, between gusts in the wind ——

"Mark!"

"Eh? What?" The doctor sat up. "What's wrong, my dear?"

"There's somebody downstairs. I'm sure of it."

"Nonsense! It's just the wind."

"No, I distinctly heard voices."

"It's probably one of the boys. Or Cathy talking to the baby." The doctor groaned. "All right, I'll go see."

In difficulty you understand your friends.
—CHINESE PROVERB.

He got up quietly, wrapped himself in a blanket and went softly down the stairs. He soon located the voices in the alcove, and paused by the blankets to listen. He didn't like to spy on them, but what were the orphans doing here?

"We can't *see* the stockings in the dark," Cathy was saying, "but they *could* be hanging up there, couldn't they? All seven of them in a row? Of course they could, just like they did back in Missouri."

"All right, all right." This was Johnny. "Go on with the show."

"It isn't a show, Johnny. We have to pretend about the stockings, maybe ——"

"And pretend there's presents in them for the baby, and the girls! And for you and Francis!"

"Give her a chance, Johnny," Francis said, in a low voice.

"Oh, all right. Sure, there's seven nice stockings hanging in a row. Then what?"

"Don't pay any attention to him, mom," Cathy apologized. "You know Johnny. . . . Now then, mommy wants to know how we've been getting along since she left us at Laramie."

DOCTOR WHITMAN backed away quietly as an Indian and tiptoed upstairs and into the big bedroom.

"Get up, my dear. All the orphans are down there by the fireplace."

Mrs. Whitman was astonished. "What? After I told them ——"

"Sh-h. Get your wrapper on. Where's that bundle I brought back from Walla Walla? Here it is." The doctor chuckled. "D'ye know what's in it?"

"Just some new shirts, wasn't it?"

"*And* some things for the children. I was going to surprise them at dinner tomorrow."

"And I've got some apples for them," Mrs. Whitman whispered. "And some brown-sugar taffy. They're up on the shelf. . . . Oh, Mark—I thought you resented having the children thrust upon us. I thought they worried and bothered you."

"And *I* thought, my dear—but never mind. You've got some of the children's stockings here, haven't you?"

"Why, yes. In the sewing basket. But ——"

"Pick out seven of them. Hurry!"

They soon stood together outside the blanket that hid the alcove. It was completely dark in there now, except for the faintly illumined arch of the fireplace. The children were hidden in the black shadows at either side.

"They're pretending their mother's with them," the doctor whispered.

"That isn't good for them, Mark. I told them ——"

"Sh-h. Listen."

CATHY was talking. "So you can see that the baby and the little girls are all right, mommy. Don't you worry about them. They cry for you sometimes, but Mrs. Whitman lets them sit beside me for a while before they go to bed, and I tell them stories."

"*She* doesn't tell them any stories," Johnny said. He mimicked Mrs. Whitman: "'Run in to Cathy now, children. . . . Put them to bed, Francis. . . . Get them up, Johnny. . . . My, it'll be *such* a relief when we get rid of these orphans!'"

"Johnny! She didn't say *that!*"

"She thought it, didn't she? What's the difference?"

"Well, she didn't invite us here. Of course she'll be glad when we're gone. We're not her children. Mommy understands *that*."

"Oh, Mark!" Mrs. Whitman whispered. "I've tried to do right by them."

The doctor squeezed her hand. "I know. And still we haven't given them what they needed the most, my dear. . . . Listen. Let's go back upstairs—and walk right down again, making plenty of noise, just like we didn't know they were in there."

"And then what?"

"Go right in and hang up the stockings. It's dark in there. They'll sit quiet as mice. We can do some pretending, can't we? I mean—pretend we have real affection for them?"

"But we do!" she told him.

The doctor chuckled. "Exactly. Only *they* don't know it. Come on!"

Cathy went on talking: "All right, Johnny, before we take the stockings down she'll want to know about you and Francis and me. Tell her we're doing fine."

"Not me!" Johnny said.

"At least you could tell her how the Whitmans have fed us and given us a place to sleep and ——"

"Like they do the horses. We work for it—like the horses."

"But Johnny, if they didn't take care of us, wouldn't we all *starve* to death?" Cathy asked.

"Sure. And when I'm big enough, and earn some money, I'll pay them back. But don't pretend we've got a *home*. Don't pretend anybody *cares* about us."

Cathy was a little discouraged. "Francis—can't you tell her something?"

Francis waited, then said, "I guess you better, Cathy."

"Well," Cathy said, and thought for a minute. "My leg is better, mommy. It's true they don't want us, I guess. The little girls are all right." It got hard for Cathy to talk too, but she went on: "The baby's . . . all right."

"Sh-h!" Johnny warned. "Someone's coming. It's the doctor and Mrs. Whitman!"

"Oh—what'll we do?"

"Maybe they won't come in here. Everybody keep perfectly quiet."

The Whitmans walked right in, and the doctor kept on talking. "Nonsense, my dear. They should have been asleep long ago. We'll just hang up these stockings and hurry back to bed." He led the way directly to the fireplace. "Here we are—we don't need a light. Let's hang up the baby's stocking first."

"She's such a sweet baby," Mrs. Whitman said. "Where *did* you get that rattle, Mark?"

"Over at Fort Walla Walla. From an Indian medicine man. There—I hope these pins hold 'em. Now for the three littl

Tied to a greasy skillet?



Don't slave over messy, crusty skillets with a limp dishrag! Use a metal-fiber Brillo *pad-with-soap!*

Shine 'em quick with BRILLO



A Brillo pad-with-soap whisks crust off pots and pans. *Shines* 'em fast. Use Brillo every day!

GREEN box—pads and cake soap
RED box—soap-filled pads



Shines aluminum fast!

girls. . . . D'ye know who made these rag dolls? Stewart's wife, over at the fort. I spoke to her a month ago. I told her what fine little girls they were. . . . What's all this in the bottom of the stockings?"

"Sh-h," Mrs. Whitman said. "Some nice big apples, all the way from Fort Vancouver. I've been saving them. And some brown-sugar taffy."

"There! . . . And now—Cathy! A *china* doll for her. With a silk dress and bonnet. It came all the way from London. There was only one at the fort, but Stewart let me have it when I told him about Cathy. . . . She isn't too old for a doll, is she?"

"A *china* doll? Don't be ridiculous. I'd like one myself. . . . Oh, Mark, Cathy's such a good little girl. I don't know what I'd do without her!"

"And now—Francis. There's a boy for you!" The doctor whispered, "As a matter of fact, my dear, just how *did* we get along before the children came?"

"Mark—they won't take them away from us, will they?"

"You bet they won't," Doctor Whitman told her. "No, sir!"

"I'd be so lonely without them. They've made all the difference in the world. This has been a *home* since they came."

"Don't worry, my dear. Look—what d'ye think I got for Francis over at the fort? *A muskrat trap!* Remember how he'd been wishing for a trap? He thought nobody noticed, but I made a note of it. He's a trapper now!"

"Good. He's a fine, dependable boy, that Francis."

"We couldn't get along without him," Doctor Whitman said. "Now, here's Johnny's stocking. I don't know whether the pin will hold it or not. There! . . . D'ye know, my dear, there isn't a better hunting knife than that in the whole country? It's a real *Nor'wester!* Wait till Johnny sees that knife in the morning!"

"But is Johnny old enough to carry a knife as good as that?"

"Certainly he is. He's our oldest boy, isn't he? Nothing's too good for Johnny! . . . Well, let's get back to bed. Quiet, now."

"Oh, Mark, I can hardly wait till morning!"

"Neither can I. It'll be our first real Christmas in five years. . . . Listen to that wind!" The doctor chuckled again as he held the blankets aside. "It's a kind of cheerful sound, isn't it, on Christmas Eve?"

After they were gone it was quiet by the fireplace. Then Cathy said, "Well! Mrs. Whitman would be lonely without *us!* What do you think of that, Johnny?"

Johnny whispered, "*Boy!*"

"They didn't forget any of us!" Francis said. "Even a rattle for the baby. And I've got *a muskrat trap.*"

"And a hunting knife," Johnny said. "A *Nor'wester!*"

"And a *china* doll!" Cathy said. "And rag dolls for the little girls—and taffy and apples ——"

"Shall we look at them now?"

"I should say not!" Cathy said. "We've got to be surprised in the morning, Francis."

"No, let's go to bed," Johnny said. "Tomorrow's Christmas! Come on, Francis—we got to carry the girls upstairs."

But Cathy kept on rocking a little. "Wait," she said. "Johnny."

"Yeah?"

"Those aren't *pretend* stockings, are they?"

"Nope." Johnny laughed. "You're a regular magician, Cathy!"

"Isn't there something you want to tell mother now? About us?"

"That's right," Johnny said. He was quiet for a minute, then he cleared his throat and said, "We're getting along all right, mom. Don't you worry about us. We're doing fine." Then he said in a lower voice, "Merry Christmas, mom . . . wherever you are."

"Why, Johnny," Cathy said, "she's right here! She's smiling, I betcha! . . . Good night, mommy."

THE END

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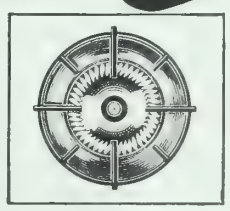


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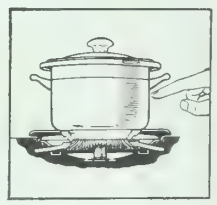
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Children in the Kitchen

A planned space for children in the kitchen
saves young mothers worry and steps.
Later, the space can be used for other activities.

BY GLADYS TABER

"IN sheer desperation, to keep a roof over our heads," wrote Mrs. E., "we've recently bought a house ——" Many American families are in just this predicament, especially if there are small children. A couple can get along in a two-room flat or a fold-up apartment, but the children need something that is a home. The house in Denver which Mrs. E. chose was typical of the kind built before the war—not a new house, just a *house*, period. It wasn't bad on the whole, but the kitchen was maddening. It was the "steproom" of the house.

"You should try to get a meal ready in it with two babies underfoot"—you could almost hear the tension in her voice, even if she was writing. "We have three children, the youngest is just learning to crawl. That means we need a place for the baby's play pen, so he will be within sight as I work, and room for a high chair at mealtime." *(Continued on Page 94)*

PHOTOS BY STUART-STEPHENSON



While the children are small, the eating area for the family is limited but adequate. Later a larger table can be used in the corner window. Here, too, will be room for a sewing center. The seldom used back porch, now in the kitchen, teems with activity preparing for Christmas.

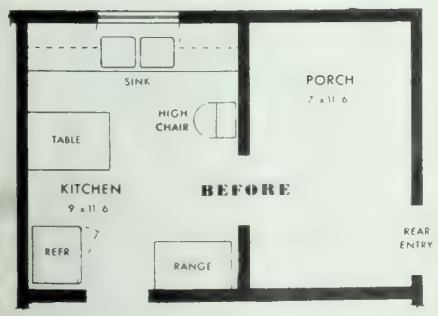


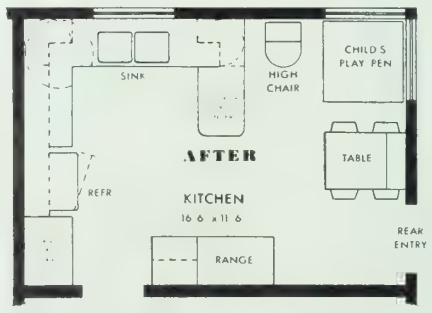
Separating the children's corner from the rest o



Space at the end of counter has shelves for children's toys and folded play pen. Later, this space can be used for bridge table and electrical appliances.

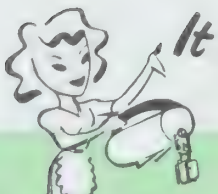
...en, a lower counter open from both sides with a stool that pushes underneath. This provides a comfortable working area for many sit-down jobs.





With no small children to consider, an L-shaped kitchen could have been planned, bringing the range to the right of the sink. For the mother of small children, space for play pen, high chair and storage for toys was more important now and useful later.

Lazy-Susan storage in corner cabinets provides easy accessibility for cooking supplies, baking utensils, china and glassware.



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5 ICINGS, CREAMING	10 ATTACHMENTS

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SEE THE NEW HAMILTON BEACH at your dealer's. Test it—see for yourself why this is the easiest mixer for you to use. *Hamilton Beach Company, Division of Scovill Manufacturing Co., Racine, Wis.*

the New **HAMILTON BEACH** Food Mixer

Beats Everything for Saving You Work!

(Continued from Page 92)

Now in the Early-American Tearoom period in which this house was built, a model kitchen consisted of a sink under the window with cabinets on either side. The range was dropped in one corner and the refrigerator in another (sometimes they even were pushed into an entry). Then a table was moved into the space that was left, placed so it was neatly in the path from sink to refrigerator.

It makes my feet ache just to think of the running around in a kitchen like this, and when you add young children with nothing to do but swing on mamma's skirt, you are really in trouble.

In all the JOURNAL kitchens, we try to have one area which may serve as eating center, place for homework or mending, room for father to drop down for a chat while supper cooks, or a neighbor to share a quick cup of tea.

In this kitchen of Mrs. E.'s the flexible area was planned as a place for the children. And the thing I like best is that the kitchen looks ahead to the time when the children are older, for the space that holds the folded play pen will accommodate a card table later, and the corner will be just right for a larger eating table, and a sewing machine will fit against the wall where the table is now.

It seems to me too many young mothers work so hard that they don't have a chance to enjoy the children when they are at their most lovable age. All too soon they are grown up and gone. Babyhood is the time to store up precious memories, and to have fun with them every day. If the little folk are penned up in a far-off room, the mother has to run back and forth constantly just in case someone is eating the paint off the chair rung. And cooking, dishwashing, cleanup jobs are pretty nervous things when you cock an anxious ear for a possible wail.

And truly then it is that sense shines with the greatest beauty, when it is set in humility.

—WILLIAM PENN.

Good planning and the use of the old back porch made a kitchen that is a real family room in the house the E.'s bought.

The isolated refrigerator was brought up near the sink, with work surface and storage between them. A cabinet and counter were added by the range, and utensils hang above it within easy reach. Under the counter a wheeled table can be rolled out for step saving in serving.

A cleaning and storage cabinet fitted in where the refrigerator once stood—wonderful to have a place for the vacuum cleaner.

Roll-around shelves behind closed doors in the corner cupboards provide accessible storage space, and make less work too.

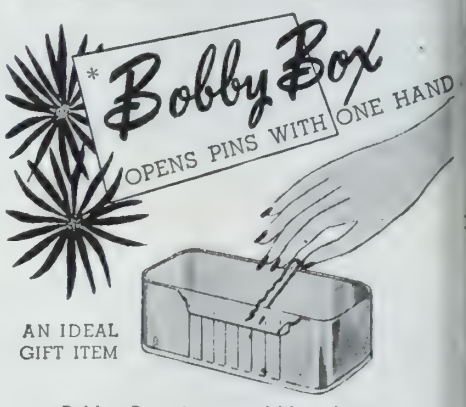
Near the sink a counter at sit-down height with a pull-out wooden cutting board was built, and this is the handiest feature imaginable. The stool can be pushed under the counter when not in use. There are a host of kitchen tasks that could be done sitting down and resting your feet—if you had a place to sit! Not only shredding and paring and chopping—but sandwich making can be fun if you sit comfortably while you do it.

A table near the window gives the family a place for breakfast, and above it go the cookbooks, recipe file and radio—out of reach of young Michael and right where Mrs. E. can reach them.

This kitchen is full of two-way affairs, and they are wonderful step savers. Every step saved is an extra dividend for the mother of bouncing children. The tray racks open both ways. Doors open from both the washing and the eating side of the dish cabinet with roll-around shelves.

The color in the kitchen is practical and gay. Red, washable wall covering makes gray days cheerful, and the windows are easy to take care of with Venetian blinds and bands of the washable wall covering in a flower design for trimming. Blinds are especially good for baby's eyes, which need to have light carefully regulated. Mottled green plastic





Bobby Box, in crystal-like plastic, opens pins with one hand. Saves teeth and manicure. Holds large supply of bobby pins. Cover keeps pins dust free.

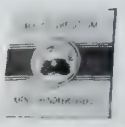
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UP OR DOWN?

Little Jimmy refused his morning cereal.
"It's Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal," coaxed his dad. "It tastes so good I'll bet if you taste one spoonful you'll eat it all up."
Jimmy took one bite, stopped, and then sneaked another. Two minutes later his bowl was empty, and Jimmy was sitting there looking sheepish.
"You see!" said his dad triumphantly. "I knew you'd eat it up."
"I didn't either eat it up," said Jimmy, defiant to the last—"I ate it down!"

(Advertisement)

JOLLY TIME FOR YOUR HOLIDAY FUN ALWAYS POPS
JOLLY TIME POP CORN

tile for floor and green linoleum for counter surfaces are practical and attractive too.

At this season, Christmas preparations are in full swing. Mrs. E. can bake the Christmas cookies while Michael plays in the pen, and take time for the fancy decorations she loves. The packages can be wrapped while she watches him haul his new Teddy bear back and forth. The older children can have a pickup lunch at the counter or the table, and father can check the Christmas list while he has an extra cup of hot coffee.

Christmas comes but once a year, but I think every day will be a holiday in this kitchen!

LETTERS FROM OUR HONEYMOON

(Continued from Page 43)

been doing for the last three days. We had a comfortable night in Liverpool, leaving at 8 yesterday A.M., getting here at 12. We were ushered into the royal suite, one flight up, front, price $1000 a day—a sitting room 40 ft. by 30, a double bedroom, another ditto and a bath. Our breath was so taken away that we couldn't even protest and are now saying, "Damn the expense, wot's the odds"! Aunt Kassie met us and it was so nice to see her again.

Today we have shopped wildly—saw the Reids yesterday in the palatial Dorchester House, and Eleanor's schoolmate Miss Bennett has come up to spend two days with us. Tomorrow P.M. we go down to Allenswood and Sunday to the polo match at Ranelagh. We go to Paris Tuesday and to Venice on Friday night. We have ordered thousands of dollars' worth of clothes, and I am going to send you several cases of champagne, as I know it is needed at Hyde Park.

Ever your devoted
F.D.R.

The young couple "were ushered into the royal suite" because they had been identified with Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States and A.E.R.'s uncle. F.D.R. enjoyed teasing his mother with a pretense of wild spending. Whitelaw Reid was at this time United States Ambassador to England. "Allenswood" was the school where A.E.R. received her formal education.

LONDON, JUNE 19, 1905

Dearest Mama: Franklin wrote you our doings up to Friday so I shall begin on Saturday. In the A.M. we did a little shopping and then went to the Royal Academy, which was interesting as far as the Sargents went, but seemed to have a good deal of trash also. After lunch we paid a number of calls and in the evening dined at Prince's and went to see a play called "Lady Madcap" which was most amusing. Nathalie and a Mr. Welch went with us and he afterwards took us to supper at the Carlton, where we saw a great crowd and were much entertained by some of the English women. It is quite out of date over here to appear with your own face or hair. In fact it really looks immodest!

Sunday A.M. we rested and went to lunch with the Reids. I sat next to Mr. Reid!

This A.M. Franklin had to go to Baring's so I went out to Allenswood. Afterwards I went and tried my habit and rough suit on at Nicoll's and I think they will be satisfactory. At 1:30 F. and I went to Mrs. Carter's for lunch, and had a very pleasant time. F. then went to his tailors and Jean took me driving and left me at Lady Bridge's at 5 where F. joined me for tea. The charming English women are more of a surprise to me than the uncharming ones even, for they *look* frumps even when they're not.

Tonight we are packing as we leave at 11 tomorrow for Paris. Tissie has gone to St. Moritz so I doubt if I will see her until the autumn!

Hall's coat can stay hung up till the autumn, as it is to be given away and I think the autumn is a better time unless you think it will bring moths.

Everyone says F. is looking *so* well and I think he is feeling finely and so am I. Don't



Fair Trade Price $21.50

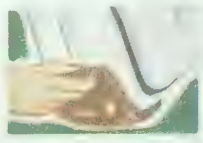
Your gift of the new "Toastmaster" Toaster says Merry Christmas . . . and means it! For most everyone knows it takes a bit of doing to snare this widely sought-for prize. Your efforts can't fail to be remembered. Neither can the name that identifies America's finest toaster escape attention. So when you buy—look for the "Toastmaster"* name on your toaster . . . others will!



JUST PRESS THE KEY
—and the Superflex toast timer automatically delivers perfect toast every time.



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worry about us and take good care of your own dear self and write us *all* the news.

Best love from us both,

Your ever devoted

ELEANOR

37 AVENUE DE L'ALMA, PARIS
JUNE 22, 1905

Dearest Mama: Here I am writing in Aunt Doe's apartment, but I will go back and tell you first that we had a very comfortable journey leaving London at 11 A.M. and getting here at 7. The channel was perfectly smooth I am glad to say.

Yesterday A.M. Aunt Doe went with us to Hugon's where Eleanor ordered a cloak and one dress, a cloth skirt and coat, very dressy. Then we went to Combe & Levy and ordered thousands of dollars' worth of linen, 8 doz. tablecloths, 6 napkins, ½ pillowcase and a handkerchief, all very attractive and full of holes or *à jour*, as they say here. Then we lunched with Aunt Doe and she took Eleanor out afterwards to buy Sarey Gamps and chests of drawers and other unmentionables. I went on a book hunt and spent all I owned in the first shop I went into and had to quit.

We went to see "Manon" at the Opera Comique—very delightful and well rendered. We didn't get back till nearly 1 A.M. and were dead this morning. Today we went to various dressmakers, at one of which I distinguished myself by going to sleep. Eleanor got a dozen or so new dresses and two more cloaks. We haven't been to the fur place yet. I am getting Eleanor a long sable cloak and a silver fox coat for myself. We go to Milan tomorrow night and continue to Venice Sunday, getting there at 6.30. After that we may take a shot at the Damnation Coast or the Passion Play, according to the state of our feelings.

Ever your devoted

F.D.R.

Don't believe *all* this letter please. I may be extravagant but—!! E.R.

"Aunt Doe" was F.D.R.'s maternal aunt, Deborah Perry Delano. In 1903, several years after the death of her first husband, Willa Howard Forbes, she married his young brother, Paul Forbes. Aunt Doe moved to the French capital and her apartment soon became the Roosevelt family headquarters in Paris.

Although it was true that A.E.R. purchased the linen for her new home on the occasion mentioned, it was not in such quantities as F.D.R. describes. "Sarey Gamps" was another name for underclothes.

HOTEL DE FRANCE & CHOISEUL
239-241 Rue St. Honoré (Place Vendôme)
JUNE 23, 19[illegible]

Dearest Mama: Franklin wrote yesterday so this is just a line to tell you that we were delighted to get your letter at Aunt Dora's last night. We dined with her and afterwards went to the Alcazar on the Champs-Élysées. It was very funny and very vulgar, but as we couldn't hear very much the vulgarity didn't matter and the crowd was most amusing.

You would have laughed if you could have heard Mme. Howland flatter Franklin yesterday. It made him cross but I thought he most appreciative as she kept repeating *"Qu'il est beau, qu'il est charmant!"*

This isn't true—Eleanor got buttered on both sides! F.D.R.

Aunt Dora has been an angel and trotted from shop to shop with us every day. This A.M. we went out and Franklin got me such lovely furs. I don't think he ought to give them to me but they are wonderful and of course I am delighted with them. He has found some lovely books here too and has spent most of this afternoon rummaging round an old shop, while poor Aunt Dora and I were trying on clothes! She is dining with us tonight and seeing us off for Milan.

Much, much love dearest from both your children.

Ever devotedly

ELEANOR

HÔTEL BRITANNIA, VENICE, JUNE 26, 190[illegible]

Dearest Mama: Here we are, quite overcome by the wonders of Venice, and settled comfortably for ten days.

American Dinnerware of Distinction

SALEM CHINA CO.



GODEY PRINTS

Add beauty to your table . . . enhance every meal with Salem Dinnerware. Choose from Salem's many lovely patterns . . . all moderate in price . . . to match period or modern interiors. Ask for Salem at your favorite store. For the unusual gift at low cost, also see Salem Fancy Plates, Demitasse cups and saucers, and Salt and Pepper sets.

THE SALEM CHINA CO.
SALEM, OHIO

We left Milan at 1 P.M. and got here at 7, stepping from the station into a gondola, and got to the hotel which is on the Grand Canal and but a block from the Piazza di San Marco. I had telegraphed ahead for an excellent gondolier recommended by Cousin Julia Delano and this morning at 10 we went out with him and explored the Piazza and the buildings around it. After lunch we went the whole length of the Grand Canal, examining the wonderful palaces along it.

I think I had expected to be disappointed in Venice, but the reality is far more wonderful than the pictures I had made. We are glad that our stay will be long enough to let us assimilate the beauties of it.

Ever your devoted

F.D.R.

Loads of love from us both.

CORTINA, JULY 12, 1905

Dearest Mama: Here we are at Cortina and a more simple and charming place it would be hard to imagine. The scenery is magnificent and there are any number of lovely walks and difficult ascents to keep even energetic folks busy.

Conceit, God's gift to little men. —BRUCE BARTON.

Yesterday morning after breakfasting outside, we wandered down through the fields to the village and poked about till nearly lunchtime. This morning we have again been to the village and I have bought six of the peasants' handkerchiefs to make a kimono! They are rather brilliant colours but Miss Van Bibber has just made one so I thought I would try and see the result.

This afternoon we are going to walk to the Belvedere where I hear one gets a lovely view. This is only about a three hour walk and we get tea up there so it sounds very easy and pleasant.

Franklin wants to add a line so I will stop. My very best love dear ——

ELEANOR

Just a line to say that we are just able to sit up and take a little nourishment. This hotel is too angelic for me. I am even afraid to swear and have "queered" myself with several old ladies already—in fact this is an old lady's Paradise Regained and I feel like Satan all right—TaTa. Lots of love.

F.D.R.

TRAFOI, ITALY, JULY 15, 1905

Dearest Mama: On Thursday morning I got up at the UnChristian hour of 7 and started at 8 with Miss Gandy to climb the Faloria, about 4000 feet above Cortina. It took us nearly four hours up but the view was well worth the pull, and gave an idea of the wonderful colors of the Dolomites—pink and yellow rocks, and white slopes of pure limestone—and the clouds were magnificent. We came down a landslide (it happened before we came down it, don't be worried)—almost perpendicular—and got back late for lunch.

After supper the lady who runs the hotel and who is our bosom friend, and an intimate of indeed all her guests, gave us a dance in the dining room. The hotel maids, cook, etc. and some of the villagers did a "Schutplatten"—the native dance. It beats a cake walk and a court quadrille and a Robinson Virginia reel all to pieces and smacks of all three. We are going to introduce it next year. I danced with Mme. Menardi and talked to the cook and smoked with a porter and had the time of my life.

This A.M. at 7:30 we started in the landau we shall have for four days and drove up a picturesque valley with many ruined castles on the eminences. It was very dusty and the horse flies were so bad that I had to get out my revolver and shoot several brace. I only skinned the horse once and shot one fly off the end of the driver's nose without scratching him. Next winter I am going to take a job at the Hippodrome.

We left the main road to Landeck at about 4, started up hill towards the Stelvio pass,

(Continued on Page 99)





For you...a real "FRUIT FESTIVAL" in every can of Libby's Fruit Cocktail!

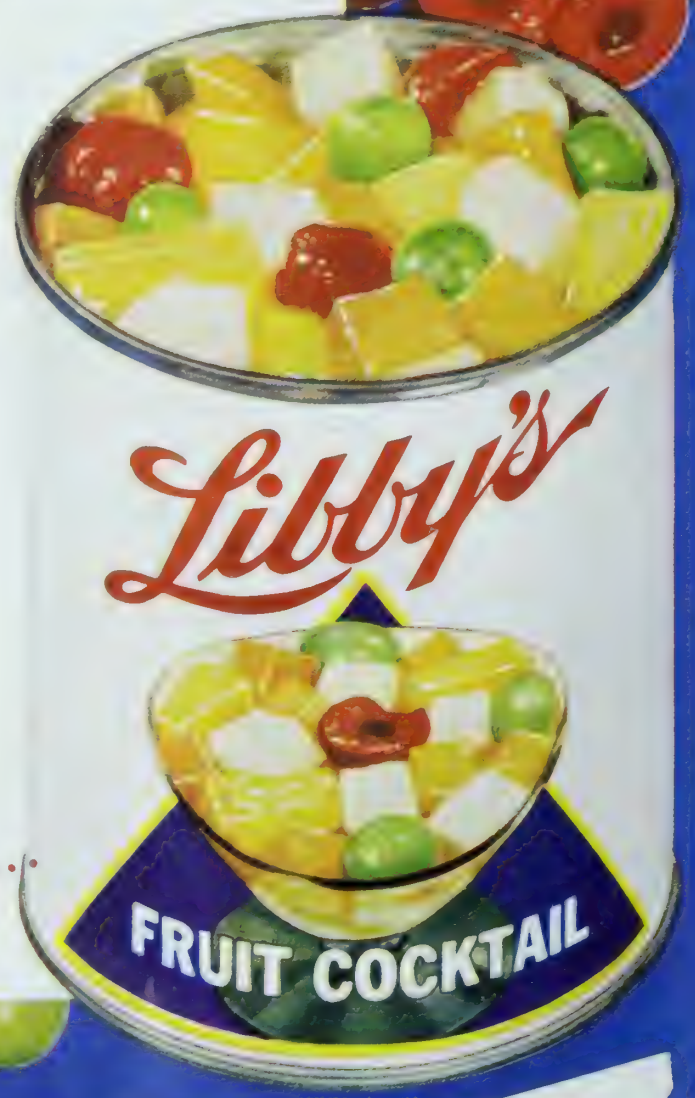
● That can of Libby's you open for cocktail, for sparkling salad or dessert—it truly *is* a "festival" of glorious fruits!

Just the *right* fruits in the right proportions for a perfect flavor-medley! Lush peaches and pears . . . sparkling pineapple . . . delicate green grapes . . . rich maraschino-style cherries! In Libby's they're always uniform, always luscious . . . "little jewels" cut from the very same quality of whole, hand-picked fruits that Libby packs individually!

Yes, every can of this de luxe cocktail is a real *feast* from pick-of-the-crop fruits! Just taste Libby's to discover how *extra* luscious canned fruit cocktail can be! Do that real soon.
Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 9, Ill.

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"MY TRUE STORY"—mornings,
Mon. thru Fri. 10:00 EST, 9:00 CST,
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Look to Libby's for Perfection . . .



(Continued from Page 97)

l passed through a very narrow valley, ting here at 7. Tomorrow we actually ss the Stelvio—the highest wagon road in rope—9200 feet—four hours up to the top e boundary between Austria, Italy and itzerland meeting there) and they say re is ten feet of snow on each side of the d—indeed the pass was opened only two eks ago. Tomorrow night we spend on the lian side, and on Tuesday cross the Ber- a down into St. Moritz.

Lots of love from us both—All well.

Ever your aff.

F.D.R.

ST. MORITZ, JULY 19, 1905

Dearest Mama: Could you find out whether e house in town is for rent and if it could had for two or three years at $2500. If it n be, will you try to get it for us as it is st about the size we want, near you and I ppose in good order which would make it rth the extra $500.

Now I must go back to Monday morning d our wonderful drive over the Stelvio. We arted at about 8 A.M. and climbed steadily l lunchtime. Franklin sent you a post card om the top, but of course it could give you idea of the marvelous snow peaks all ound us. We had a lovely day and Franklin imbed to the highest peak d took some photographs hich I hope will be good. took us about two hours drive down to Bormio, here we spent our second ght, and the views all- e way were enchanting. Even very near e top there were beautiful wild flowers nd as Franklin walked a good part of the ay up he picked a number of them and e wild jasmine smells sweeter than any- ing I have ever had. The hotel at Bormio as comfortable and we both went to bed arly after a good dinner and a little piquet. have actually been beating Franklin lately t the game and I feel so proud that I know must soon have a fall!

Tuesday we started at 7:30 A.M. and limbed almost to the top of the Bernina ass before we stopped to lunch. (You can nagine how Franklin loves now to arise with he lark after so much practice!!) The scenery as beautiful over this pass too but I don't hink it is as fine as the Stelvio. Unluckily ranklin's panorama got out of order so he nly got little photographs of this last day's rive, but as it was rather cloudy and show- ry in the afternoon he could not have got- en very good ones with the big camera any- way. Just as we were driving up the last hill o St. Moritz, we saw a trap coming down vith Auntie Tissie. We yelled and a more urprised and bewildered person you have never seen, for she had no idea what time we would arrive. She had got our rooms for us, but her ideas of the necessities of life nd ours differ, so I was a little anxious as to what we would find awaiting us. However, we are surviving her extravagance and find our- selves very comfortable in rooms which look over the lake and have a nice balcony where we have breakfast and tea. After unpacking our belongings we dressed and went down to dinner. I felt very shabby in my old black dress with wonderfully dressed ladies all about, but what does it matter. We found our rooms full of flowers which Auntie Tissie and the children had picked for us and I also found my wedding presents here from them. Auntie Tissie has given me a really lovely old French pendant which I think is going to be very nice under my dog collar. It is small diamonds with two emeralds and Franklin loves it and says he knows you will too, so I am crazy to show it to you! Uncle Stanley gave me a white ostrich-feather fan with light tortoise-shell sticks and my initials in dia- monds and the children gave me a dear little chain with a little pendant parrot, very pretty and original and their own choice.

This place is lovely. Franklin says the loveliest place we have seen yet but I can't make up my mind.

Much much love dearest fr... us both.

Every ... devoted

... ELEANOR

I'm afraid parts of this letter sound quite mad and I must apologize for the tear but I can't rewrite it so please forgive me!

ST. MORITZ, JULY 22, 1905

Dearest Mama: We were so glad to get your letter and *delighted* to hear about the Draper house. We had been told that we couldn't get it—and though the price is a good deal more than we want to pay, yet we want a house for two years and you say that for $2400 Mrs. Draper will do a good job for us. It is just the right size and our one hope is to hear very soon that you have got it for us. Today we had another excursion—this time to the Fexthal. After lunch we climbed quite high up and got over a dozen edelweiss. It was too lovely and I am convinced that for an all-round place this is by far the most attractive I have seen in the Alps.

Sunday July 23rd—

This morning Eleanor went to church with Tissie, and I climbed a hill to recover my gold pencil which I had left there and luckily found it safe.

Now we are packing and leave at 6 A.M. (This is a yawn) and get to Augsburg at 7 P.M., a long day, but better than stopping at a stupid place. There we stay two days and go to Ulm for another two, then to Titisee and St. Blasien, where we shall have a quiet week; then up to Feldberg to see the sunrise, to Freiburg for a day and to Strassburg and Amiens for a day each, getting to Paris about August 12th.

Kissing don't last. Cookery do. —GEORGE MEREDITH.

By the way, I don't suppose Mrs. Draper will want to start the work on the house till we get back and of course we want to choose the papers. I want the plumbing examined, even if it was put in two years ago, and of course the woodwork etc. will need redoing. Eleanor says that *if* you happen to see in the paper of any sale of servants' cotton sheets, towels, etc. and happen to be in town that day or could write and get us some, she would be very grateful. Loads love from us both.

Ever your loving infants.

F.D.R.

It was "the Draper House" (125 East 36th Street), located only three blocks from Sara Roosevelt's home that became the residence of F.D.R. and his bride until Sara Roosevelt purchased the plot on East 65th Street.

AUGSBURG, JULY 25, 1905

Dearest Mama: We actually got up yesterday morning at 4:30 A.M. and left St. Moritz at 5:55 and wonderful to relate we are still alive to tell the tale! It rained all day and we hopped from one train to another four times and went through two custom houses successfully, Franklin having hid part of his cigarettes among my veils. In Brigens we had an hour to wait and the rain held up for about half an hour so we got a walk through part of the little town and it looked very quaint and attractive. About two hours before we reached here, four large and burly Germans got into our compartment while Franklin was getting some beer and as they at first paid no attention to me, I thought Franklin would find no seat on his return. However, by dint of piling coats and cameras up opposite me I succeeded in keeping it, but to my horror the train began to move and there was no Franklin and I had no ticket and no money! You can imagine my feelings but luckily we returned to the station and Franklin reappeared. Of course the Germans proceeded to make themselves comfortable and at one time I thought Franklin would burst and a duel would ensue, for one of the Germans, after pulling the blinds across *our* windows, leaned across Franklin and closed the window without so much as saying "by your leave"! However, we arrived here safely at 7:30 P.M. and the place looked very attractive even last night so we were glad we came through in a day. This is said to be the oldest hotel in Germany and it is very comfortable. We dined and went straight to bed and slept until nine o'clock this morning! We just went out and wandered up the principal street to

(Continued on Page 102)



SMALL-FAMILY GINGERBREAD
with the sun-rich flavor of
real New Orleans molasses

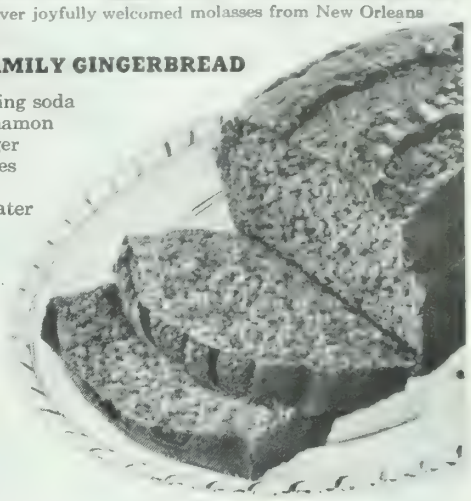
In early Mississippi steamboat days, folks up-river joyfully welcomed molasses from New Orleans

Brer Rabbit's new, quick SMALL-FAMILY GINGERBREAD

¼ c. shortening
¼ c. sugar
½ c. Brer Rabbit Molasses
1 egg
1¼ c. sifted all-purpose flour
¾ tsp. baking soda
½ tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. ginger
¼ tsp. cloves
¼ tsp. salt
½ c. hot water



Slowly melt shortening in saucepan; cool. Add sugar, molasses and egg; beat well. Sift together flour, baking soda, cinnamon, ginger, cloves and salt; add alternately with hot water to first mixture. Line 9¼" x 5¼" x 2½" greased loaf pan with greased waxed paper; pour in batter. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., 45 min. Cool 5 min. Remove from pan. Delicious served warm with ice cream.



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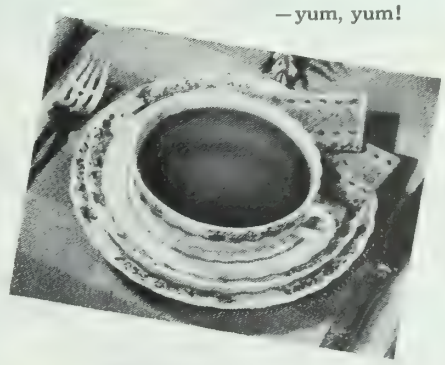
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Quick-trick Soup Recipe

To serve 4, put 4 cups of Herb-Ox Chicken Consomme in a pot. Chop and add ½ cup celery, 1 tablespoon onion, 1 cup fresh mushrooms, 1 oz. egg noodles. Cook about 10 minutes . . . For free menu book, write The Pure Food Company, Inc., Dept. LHJ-12, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

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Herb-Ox
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Casserole of Candied Sweet Potatoes
Baker's Coconut

Drift snowy, tender-moist Baker's Coconut on candied sweet potatoes a few minutes before removing from the oven. You never *knew* such heavenly eating! Keep Baker's Coconut handy—use it often. With peaches and cream, with puddings, on bread n'butter tea sandwiches. Your grocer has both Baker's Premium Shred and specially moist Baker's Southern Style.

BAKER'S COCONUT

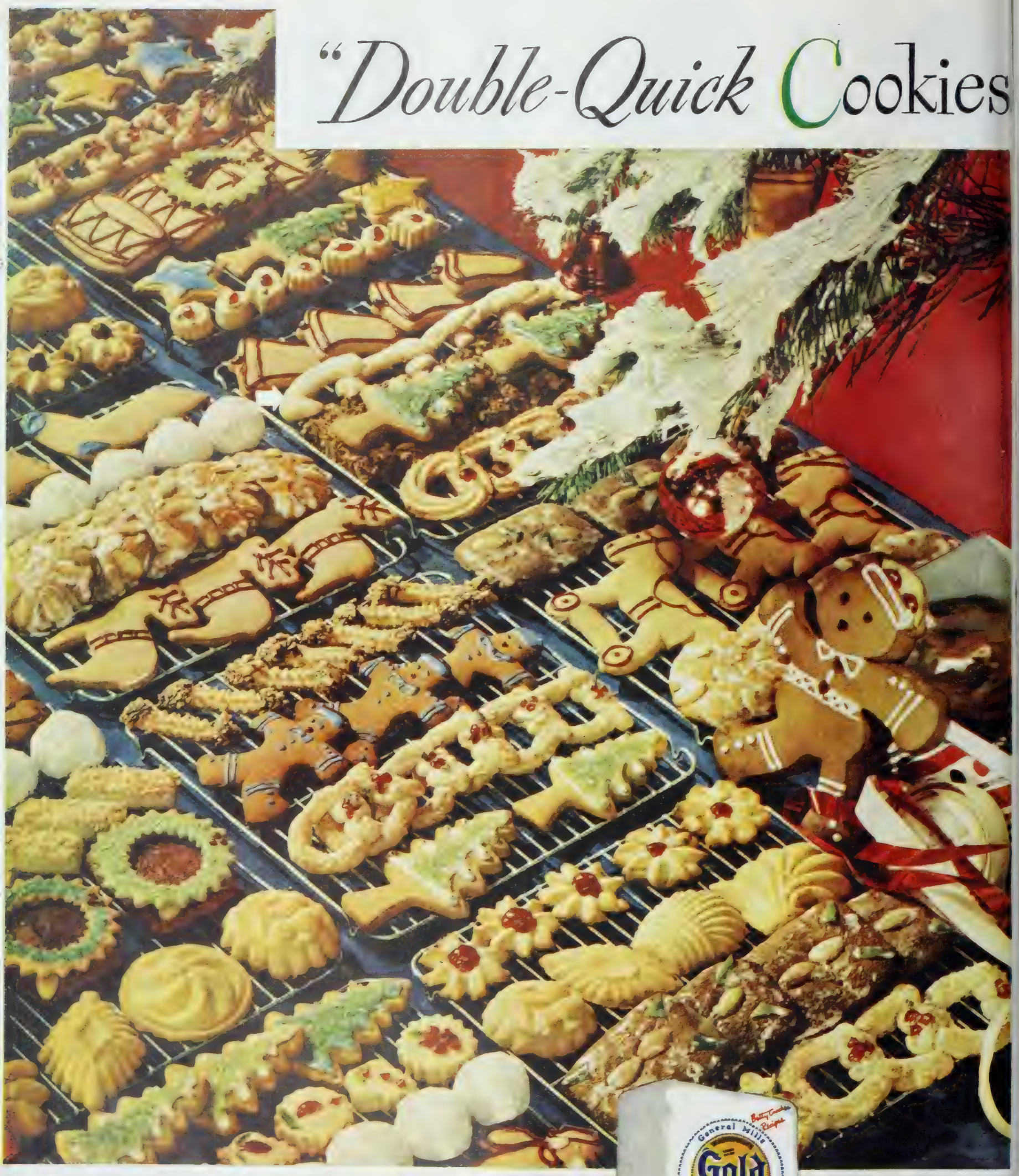
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A finely-balanced recipe collection for every possible occasion. Includes best type cookies for lunch box, gifts, midnight snacks, parties, mailing to youngsters at school, etc. A truly sensational collection of cooky recipes!



Betty Crocker "Chiffon" cakes, butter cakes, pies, pastry, biscuits, bread . . . you'll find Gold Medal good for *everything* you bake . . . and everything you bake with Gold Medal *good!* In every ack—a colorful folder with a wide va- of Betty Crocker "success recipes." your

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...are happy Holiday News!"

says

Betty Crocker



What is holiday-time without cookies? For parties, for gift boxes, to hang on the Christmas tree! Our new Cooky Book will enable you to delight the family and friends with cookies that are traditional at holiday-time . . . make tempting treats all year 'round!

Any day's a holiday when you make cookies easier, faster by this *double-quick* method! The recipes in the new Betty Crocker Picture Cooky Book (below) will make you a cooky wizard!

"Now . . . cookies in less than *half* the usual mixing time! Without creaming, separate egg-beating! . . . Our Picture Cooky Book introduces *another* grand new idea of our Staff—'key' recipes. Master the 'key' recipe and automatically you're able to make several different kinds of cookies.

"The Merry Christmas cooky recipes at right are an example. You use just one basic dough, varying the recipe ever-so-little to make light cookies (for some shapes) or dark cookies (for others). Ten different-shaped cookies in the photograph are made from either this light or dark dough. So festive . . . ideal for decorating your Christmas tree!

"Whenever you make cookies, be sure to use Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour! Next to the recipe, flour is the biggest factor in baking success. We've tested these cooky recipes with Gold Medal Flour, and know they work. Gold Medal gives the moist, full-flavored eating quality everyone wants in cookies.

"Gold Medal is the favorite of more women because it makes possible failure-proof bakings. Testing from wheat to sack makes Gold Medal uniform, dependable . . . for *all* bakings. Millions have learned it's a flour you can trust! *Why don't you try it too?*"

Betty Crocker
of General Mills



New! Features *double-quick* cooky method!

Step-by-step pictures tell how to save ½ your mixing time . . . make cooky-making simple as A-B-C! Has 175 helpful and how-to-do-it illustrations . . . 120 success tips . . . 128 prize recipes (each complete on one page).

Yours for only 25¢! An ideal Christmas gift . . . send convenient dollar bill for four

"Tells all" in clear, easy-to-follow pictures. Tells and shows how to make *all types* of cookies, the faster Betty Crocker DOUBLE-QUICK way. How to make *many* cookies from one "key" recipe.

The most complete, up-to-date, illustrated selection of Betty Crocker cooky recipes and tips ever offered! Cream of her incomparable collection. Simplified and speeded up for modern busy cooks!

Betty Crocker favorite recipes marked with star—so you can try them first. Contains every hint, short-cut, and trick of cooky-making Betty Crocker has found useful. Striking color photographs. "Method" pictures galore!

Ideal for the holiday season—and all-year use. It's worth many times the price. You'll probably want several for Christmas gifts—mail a convenient dollar bill for four! *Only limited printing*—so order today! Order blank at right.

Use GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour only, for the Betty Crocker recipes below . . . any other flour would risk a failure. These recipes have been perfected and tested for Gold Medal.

MERRY CHRISTMAS COOKIES (Key Recipe)

Soft, cushiony cookies, dark or light . . . a Christmas delight!

DARK DOUGH for animal and toy shapes and boy and girl figures in photo:

Mix together thoroughly . . . . . ⅓ cup soft shortening; ⅓ cup brown sugar (packed in cup); 1 egg; ⅔ cup molasses

Sift together and stir in . . . . . 2¾ cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour; *1 tsp. soda; *1 tsp. salt; 2 tsp. cinnamon; 1 tsp. ginger

Chill dough. Roll out thick (¼"). Cut into desired shapes. Place 1" apart on lightly greased baking sheet. Bake until, when touched lightly with finger, no imprint remains. Ice and decorate when cool.

Temperature: 375° (quick mod. oven).
Time: Bake 8 to 10 min.
Amount: 4 to 5 doz. medium sized cookies.

*If you use Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour (sold in parts of South) omit salt and reduce soda to ¼ tsp.

LIGHT DOUGH for bells, toys, stars, etc. Follow recipe above for Dark Dough *except* substitute honey for molasses and granulated sugar for brown. Use 1 tsp. vanilla in place of cinnamon and ginger.

DECORATIVE ICING
Into 1 cup *sifted* confectioners' sugar stir just enough water (about 1 tbsp.) to make an icing that will hold its shape when forced thru a pastry tube. Tint if desired with a few drops of food coloring. (Pile into pastry tube and squeeze thru narrow opening to make lines to outline cookies.) For spreading on cookies thin icing with a little water.

STARS
Cover with white icing. Sprinkle with sky blue sugar.

STOCKINGS
Sprinkle colored sugar on toes and heels before baking. Or mark heels and toes of baked cookies with icing of some contrasting color.

TO HANG ON CHRISTMAS TREE
Just loop a piece of green string and press ends into the dough at the top of each cooky before baking. Bake with string-side *down* on pan.

CHRISTMAS TREES
Spread with white icing . . . then sprinkle with green sugar. Decorate with silver dragées and tiny colored candies.

TOYS
(Drum, car, jack-in-box, etc.): Outline shapes with white or colored icing.

ANIMALS
(Reindeer, camel, dog, kitten, etc.): Pipe icing on animals to give effect of bridles, blankets, etc. Delights youngsters!

BOYS AND GIRLS
Pipe figures with an icing to give desired effects: eyes, noses, buttons, etc.

BELLS
Outline with red icing. Make clapper of red icing. Very picturesque.

ALMOND CRESCENTS

Rich, delicious, buttery *(top third of picture—marked with white arrow).*

Mix together thoroughly . . . . . 1 cup soft shortening (half butter); ⅓ cup sugar; ⅔ cup ground blanched almonds

Sift together and work in . . . . . 1⅔ cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour; ¼ tsp. salt

Chill dough. Roll into pencil-thick rolls. Cut in 2½" lengths. Place on ungreased baking sheet in form of crescents. Bake until set . . . but not brown. While still warm, roll in 1 cup confectioners' sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon mixed.

Temperature: 325° (slow mod. oven).
Time: Bake 14 to 16 min.
Amount: About 5 doz. cookies. 2½" in diameter.

Do not use Self-Rising Flour with this recipe.

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Send 25c to Betty Crocker, Box 1024, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your new PICTURE COOKY BOOK. I enclose 25¢ in coin *No stamps please!* Send convenient dollar bill for four.

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1. AFTER 3 DAYS SEE WHICH KEEPS BREAD FRESHER! Cut-Rite really protects expensive foods—it's waxed-through, not just surface waxed! Wrap leftover meats, vegetables in extra-heavy Cut-Rite when you whisk them off the table. Flavor-robbing air stays out, fresh flavor stays in. More compliment-winning meals all week with food that's flavor-saved with Cut-Rite!

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Cut-Rite's famous cutting edge makes it extra convenient, easy to use. **A Scott Paper Product.**

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All's Copr.

(Continued from Page 99)

the cathedral which is nice but nothing wonderful.

We found only one antiquity shop where Franklin got a book of prayers in a very nice binding, the queerest old compass, broken, but in a nice old wooden case and two little boxes. Then we came back for tea and Franklin is now studying Baedeker and trying to settle our future route! He has hives again and I cannot understand it, as he seems quite well and we have been leading a very quiet life in a very cool and healthy climate since we left Venice, with the exception of yesterday! I think it may be white wine which we had in St. Moritz and now that he doesn't drink it, I hope the hives will depart.

I am reading a French book by Anatole France but he occasionally disgusts me so that I have to stop, and yet it is a mild and proper book for French, devoted so far to the problem of our future life!

We start at ten tomorrow for Ulm so I thought I had better finish to-night as we are usually hurried in the morning!

Poor Mama, I am afraid we've given you lots of work about the house. Much, much love from us both,

Ever your loving
ELEANOR

ST. BLASIEN, AUGUST 1, 1905

Dearest Mama: We are having such a nice lazy time here that I'm afraid my letter is bound to be unbearably dull!

Our room has a small balcony and after breakfasting out there yesterday morning we sat there and read and wrote until lunchtime. Then we went down to the Tusculum waterfall and up to Gross-Herzogin-Lusien-Ruhe where we sat most of the afternoon. Several people came up there but the only people who stayed at all were an English and an American couple who sat down back of us and conversed in loud tones much to our amusement. Needless to say the Americans were common and the man had evidently been a German at no very distant date. They were impressing the English couple with their wealth and after explaining that in America there was no such thing as a season for eatables, that strawberries were much better in January than in June and that of course the price was no consideration, they proceeded to discuss the government of the country and finally the negro question while Franklin and I pretended to do accounts and in reality nearly expired with suppressed laughter! In the evening we returned to our balcony and played piquet and watched the most wonderful pinky clouds I've ever seen and listened to the band which plays every night in the Kloster garden but which sounds far nicer from here, I think. Franklin has been doing accounts all this morning and he is really marvelous for he always comes out exactly right!

A fault denied is twice committed.

Wednesday afternoon. Dearest Mama, we have just had a dreadful shock, in the shape of several letters, among them yours of July 2nd! Where they have been all this time I don't know. Well, we are glad to get them at last. Also we have only just heard of your present to us, you dear, dear Mama. It was too sweet of you to send us such a wonderful present and I shall enjoy spending my share in London or Paris. Franklin is going to add a line at the end so I'm not thanking for him! How I would like to kiss you and *tell* you instead of writing my thanks. You don't know how pleased we both are and I can't half express the pleasurable thrills I have when I think of the fun I shall have in Paris!

Now I must answer the questions in your first letter about clothes, furs etc. though as I haven't tried any of them on I can't say how they will look. Franklin's furs are lovely, a long stole and big muff of the softest, finest mink I've ever seen. Aunt Doe helped us choose them as well as everything else and of course she was a great help as she knew so much about furs compared to our ignorant selves. I am ashamed to tell you how many clothes I ordered but as you will see them all soon perhaps it is as well to prepare you! We got a white cloth evening cloak and I had my old white fur lined and arranged so that in winter it buttons into the cloak and keeps me wonderfully warm. Then I got a very grand three quarter coat and a whole dress for the afternoon in pastel blue with a short skirt to wear if I want to be a little less grand. For the evening I got a white net dress with a collar so I can have it high or low necked and black gown which Aunt Doe ordered after I left for the same kind of use. Then a pompadour silk low neck gown, a pale mauve crepe de chine high neck gown and a pale blue tea gown complete my list except for a rough tweed coat and skirt and a riding habit I ordered in London. Are you horrified at my extravagance? I am, but Franklin hasn't begun to complain as yet.

And now for your letter of the 20th which caused us great excitement! You are an angel to take so much trouble about the house, but I am so glad you are going to see it and I do hope you will take it if it is possible! What a wonderful thing it would be if you could work the extension but we hardly dare hope for such luxury and will be quite happy if the plumbing is good and the paint and papers fresh and new.

It rained hard all yesterday so we spent the day on our balcony, reading, writing, sewing and playing piquet. Today has been cloudy too and it rained this morning, so I finished up the family mending and Franklin read and this afternoon we had a good walk through the woods up to the Sandboten and down by all kinds of *wrong* paths which lengthened our walk and did us lots of good! This hotel has afforded us lots of amusement for they have all kinds of strange rules and regulations! Notices such as "Türe Leise Zumachen" are everywhere and in consequence we always slam the doors. You are also requested to make no noise after 10 P.M. in your room and Franklin is not even allowed to *light a cigarette* after dinner on the piazza! I think we may be thrown out before Sunday, but we hope for the best!

I will leave the rest of the paper for Franklin, so good-by dearest and a thousand thanks and kisses. I feel as though we would have such long arrears of kisses and cuddly times to make up when we get home! Lovingly,
ELEANOR.

Dearest Mama: You must have thought it very queer indeed that we did not thank you before this. With your belated letter came also one from the Barings saying £100 had been credited to my account. It is really too sweet of you and all afternoon we have been talking over what we shall get with it. Indeed we had decided not to *look*, even, at anything pretty or go near any more antiquity or book shops, but now we shall sail around Strassburg and Amiens and Paris like a "Pierp" Morgan. I shall certainly take the driving lessons unless it is frightfully hot—and you know what Paris can be the middle of August.

Ever your loving
F.D.R.

STRASSBURG, AUGUST 8, 1905

Dearest Mama: We arrived here about half an hour ago and found your two letters with the good news that you had taken the house! We are so glad and think you have done wonders for us, in the way of a good bargain. I am looking forward so much to getting it in order with you to help us. I am afraid my unaided efforts would not be very successful!

After Franklin wrote you yesterday we went out and walked round the "Munster" which I think lovely in spite of its many different periods of architecture and then we found a book shop. This morning we returned to the book shop and Franklin got a few volumes on Maximilian in Mexico, two of which are in French, so I am going to begin my education on the subject by reading them! Franklin says I am ruining him, I read so much trash in such a short time, so he is quite pleased at the thought of a few days spent on "The Letters of Maximilian's Private Secretary!"

Nancy—August 10th. Franklin sent you a post card yesterday so you saw that we had

(Continued on Page 104)



Want to go fancy without too much fuss?

here's the way—with DIAMOND WALNUTS

budget-wise

WALNUT-APPLE SALAD BOUQUETS

SURPRISING HOW tempting your thrifty dishes can be—when you add *Diamond* Walnuts for good looks and flavor.

Here's Waldorf Salad, a bit different with slices of sweet pickle, and better than ever with plenty of chopped *Diamonds*. Arrange on apple slices as shown, top with a golden *Diamond* half—and it's a party salad!

easy-going

THREE-DECKER WALNUT DELIGHT

TAKE A VACATION from your oven and make this delicious dessert from store-bought cake. A real treat for your family! But be sure to use *Diamond* Walnuts! Those plump, crisp, golden kernels will make your cake as pretty as this picture.

- 1 small loaf plain cake, bought or homemade
- ½ pound (32) marshmallows
- ½ cup syrup from crushed pineapple
- Dash of salt
- 1 cup drained crushed pineapple
- ½ cup whipping cream
- ½ cup coarsely chopped *Diamond* Walnuts
- *Diamond* Walnut halves
- Maraschino cherries

Cut cake into 3 layers. Melt marshmallows with pineapple syrup in double boiler, stirring occasionally. Add salt. Cool until partially thickened, then beat with rotary beater. Fold in the pineapple and whipped cream. Spread between cake layers and sprinkle generously with chopped *Diamond* Walnuts. Use the rest to frost cake. Decorate with plump *Diamond* halves and cherries. Chill. This recipe makes enough filling and frosting for a 7x3x3-inch loaf. Serves 6 to 8 delighted people.

branded
DIAMOND WALNUTS
California's finest



To get the most for your walnut money—buy *Diamond* Walnuts. Sold in bulk and 1 lb. cellophane bags (red bag for large-size, blue for medium-size walnuts). The *Diamond* brand on every shell is your guide to more perfect, *usable* kernels per pound. Available also ready-shelled: Plump halves and pieces, mixed, in 8 and 4 ounce vacuum tins—keep fresh and crisp for months.

SAVES food money every day!



SAVES money on baby food! Makes delicious food for baby from same foods you serve your family!



SAVES money on meat! Grinds meats for croquettes; makes *jar* of spread from 2 wieners, 1 pickle!



SAVES money on vegetables! Makes soups from leftover vegetables. Cost? Only a few pennies!



SAVES money on fruit! Makes pint of juice from one orange; delicious drinks from all fruits.

K-M Liquidizer



PAYS FOR ITSELF IN NO TIME AT ALL!

Here's how! You need never throw aw one bit of food! Almost magically, yo Liquidizer turns bits of meat, cheese, ve tables into sandwich spreads; mak inexpensive mayonnaise; grinds, cho grates—blends bar drinks; does countl chores *no other appliance can do!*

Does every job—in seconds!

Easy as 1-2-3! One, flip switch; two, put in ing dients; three, pour out the delicious results!



Modern Magic—here's some more! See them at your K-M st



K-M Corn Popper—Completely automatic! Pour in oil (measuring cup comes with it), watch corn pop! Ovenproof glass top, aluminum base. For deep-fat frying, too!



K-M Quad Waffle Baker—Makes *4* waffles in any of 3 shades. Signal light, current go off when waffles are ready. New grid (sold separately) fits baker... makes *4* sandwiches!

Knapp-Monarch

ST. LOUIS 16, MISSOURI

Makers of Sparklets, Repel-A-Mist, Magik Mist. K-M Appliances also

(Continued from Page 102)

tea in a very pretty place! In the morning we really saw the Munster well, watched the wonderful self-regulating clock (which is already half an hour slow!) strike the quarter, whereupon a few of the figures performed, but they don't all work except at twelve o'clock and we could not wait as we wanted to climb the tower. We only went up 383 steps to the platform but that is very high and the view marvelous. Franklin got several pictures from there which ought to be good.

This A.M. we came on here and have spent the whole afternoon walking around. The town is attractive and there are several fine

Warren to marry a foreigner—not of his religion—and will live to be 105 in the shade and I am to be President of the U. S. or the Equitable, I couldn't make out which!

Forgive haste, writing and uninterestingness, but we are having a scrumptious time.

Loads of love,
F.D.R.

PARIS, AUGUST 22, 1905

Dearest Mama: Our stay in Paris is nearing an end, for we leave for London on Thursday and we shall both be sorry, for our two weeks here have been very delightful. Last Friday I began taking driving lessons of Howlett—two lessons with a pair last

rags, etc., and after lunch at Aunt Doe's, she and E. went to the dressmakers, and Warren and I went to the bankers and various book poster and liquid refreshment shops! We met LeRoy King and George Burnett and Jack Minturn and Stuart Preston have also turned up.

Sunday morning we went to the Sainte Chapelle and to Notre Dame, St. Étienne and the Panthéon! In the evening Warren and I joined LeRoy and George at 7 and went on a prolonged bat. I got back at 1:30 A.M.

Tuesday—Yesterday morning Aunt Doe took us for a drive in the Bois and in the afternoon Warren, E. and I went to Mme. de Noël, the clairvoyant lady. We were told delightful things. E. is to inherit a fortune:

night journey. The country is too beautiful, hills all around and a lovely firth below us. The house is run casually but comfortably and such a dear old place and Mrs. and Miss Ferguson are both very sweet. Miss Chamberlain and her aunt came to lunch.

It was so nice seeing Muriel in London and I hope we will see her again though the family all go to Leamington this Saturday. Muriel gave me a dear little fan in London and brought F. from Russia a very pretty cigarette box of colored wood. She told me you had sent her such a wonderful present and she thought it so sweet and dear of you.

She has decided not to marry a lord. She says she "has seen too much of them and their ways!" A statement which made me gasp!

Thursday. This morning I went for a drive with Mrs. Ferguson and we visited various people, first a Mrs. Munro who sat on the edge off her chair and trembled with excitement, then an old widow, and finally the gardener at Novar showed us the garden. Mrs. Ferguson to my surprise talked of "peace" to them all and they all seemed to know about it and take an interest. It is nice news isn't it? We had really begun to think it would not be and I think Uncle Ted must be gratified to have done so much towards it. To return to Novar, we did not go to the house but the garden is quite lovely, full of flowers, with the old sundial in the middle, a pond, a few big trees and lovely paths. Mr. & Mrs. Webb (they write books on sociology) came to lunch and Franklin discussed the methods of learning at Harvard with the husband while I discussed the servant problem with the wife! Incidentally, F. worked on law all the morning and this afternoon he and Hector went on a long tramp over the hills and saw some of the queer little crofts "en route." Miss Ferguson and I drove in a two-wheeled cart called a float (isn't it a lovely name?) to Strathpeffer, 14 miles off.

We got home here just in time for dinner and since then Miss F. has been showing us her political cartoons which are very amusing though I miss half the point as I don't know the people. Mr. Hector F. gave me the sweetest little blue enamel box this evening. It is very old Battersea and I believe very rare nowadays.

Good-by dearest, and much love from both.

Your devoted
CHILDREN

A sister of Neville Chamberlain, Miss Chamberlain was a graduate of Allenswood. "Novar" was the Ferguson family home for many generations; the head of the house was traditionally known as "The Novar." The "nice news" refers to the fact that several days before the writing of this letter Japanese and Russian peace plenipotentiaries had reached an agreement that brought hostilities to an end. The luncheon guests who "write books on sociology" were the noted British sociologists and economists, Beatrice and Sidney Webb.

KIRCALDY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1905

Dearest Mama: Just a hurried line before the post goes to thank you for the three letters of the 19th, 21st and 22nd. F. is busy watching a bowling match or he would write.

We opened the flower show at Novar last Saturday and F. made a very good speech. I will bring you the local paper in which it was reported, though *he* says no one is to see it! We had tea with Miss Chamberlain and on Sunday we tea'd at Novar, otherwise we were quiet walking and driving. This place is wonderful but the country not as beautiful as the north. Today Mr. F. took F. and me to St. Andrews and we saw the old town and they played one round on the links.

Love from both your devoted
CHILDREN

The "Mr. Ferguson" of this letter was the older brother, Sir Ronald Ferguson, who lived in the family's other home, "Raith" near Edinburgh on the Firth of Forth, and who later served for seven years as Governor-General of Australia.

OSBERTON-IN-WORKSOP, SEPTEMBER 7, 1905

Dearest Mama: The visit to Novar was delightful and quite restful as we had five days there. Eleanor has written you about the flower show. She opened it very well and wasn't a bit rattled and spoke very clearly and well—but I had an awful time of it and wasn't even introduced. I had to wander up to the front of the platform and the foolishness of my smile was only equaled by the extreme idiocy of the remarks that followed. You can imagine what a speech on gardening, and the raising of vegetables in general, by your son must have been like.

Yesterday A.M. I had a long ride and E. a quiet morning and we left at 7, getting here at 8:30 P.M. after many vicissitudes, for we got out at the wrong place, got the wrong tickets and had a generally exciting time. We got to this house at 9 and Mr. Foljambe and Lady Gertrude are *just* the same, Mr. F. of course a little older and more feeble, but most delightful, and Lady G. hasn't altered one scrap. I have had many long and interesting talks with Mr. Ferguson on forestry, and with Mr. Foljambe and Mr. Kaye on farming and cattle raising, and the plans for Hyde Park now include not only a new house but a new farm, cattle, trees, etc.

Friday morning—By the way, before I forget it, will you bring down to the dock when you come to meet us a small sum of gold? I have ordered a most wonderful tandem harness and we must pay on that as well as on the linen. I think $300 will be enough.

Everyone is talking about Cousin Theodore, saying that he is the most prominent figure of present-day history, and adopting towards our country in general a most respectful and almost loving tone. What a change has come over English opinion in the last few years! Even the French were quite enthusiastic, but the German tone seemed to hide a certain animosity and jealousy as usual.

This afternoon we are to drive over to Welbeck Abbey, the Duke of Portland's place, to tea, and tomorrow we leave early for London. I cannot tell you how delighted we shall both be to get home again.

My exams are on Thursday and Friday and then we can go to Hyde Park for a few days' good rest.

Au revoir for a very little while.

Ever,
F.D.R.

F.D.R.: His Personal Letters, Volume II: 1905–1928, edited by Elliott Roosevelt, is published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $5.00.

THE END

WHAT ONE WOMAN CAN DO

(Continued from Page 11)

Philadelphia, and other incidental expenses. But ever since Mrs. Hugg thought up the button business, real financial worry has been a thing of the past. Seven years ago, when garments came in minus buttons, Mrs. Hugg sent out an SOS. As she received more and more unusual-looking buttons, she realized there might be financial value in buttons, and joined local, state and national button collectors' organizations. Now she's an authority—and has made more than $1500 on the sale of buttons.

Her Button Teas, which particularly appeal to collectors, bring in the most profit and are "the most fun." Thousands of buttons are carded on uniform white cards, then placed on huge pieces of wallboard—browns, tans and golds on one; turquoise and gray on another; black and red on a third. At one tea in Birmingham, two rooms were filled with tables of all sorts of buttons. The result: $53 from buttons, $25 in contributions. One button sold for $10—the highest price so far.

Volunteers in the Detroit workroom sew, knit, furnish buttons, chauffeur, collect and pack clothes, mend, and even wash and iron. None is paid. They include forty church groups of many denominations, women's clubs and sororities, and hundreds of individual volunteers. They each pledge one day a year to the workroom, but many come more often, and work at home and in their groups.

This, then, is the story of one woman working with a strength of conviction and concern reflected in hundreds of women. They are working for a cause common to us all. *You* can help by sending contributions of clothing and money to your local American Friends Service Committee, or to the central warehouse at 23rd and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. You can help further by sending old buttons to Mrs. Mary Hugg, 8448 Yale Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. For buttons become money, and money becomes material, and material becomes clothes. Clothes are an important pointer on the path to peace.

THE END



The original cream-filled chocolate cookie!



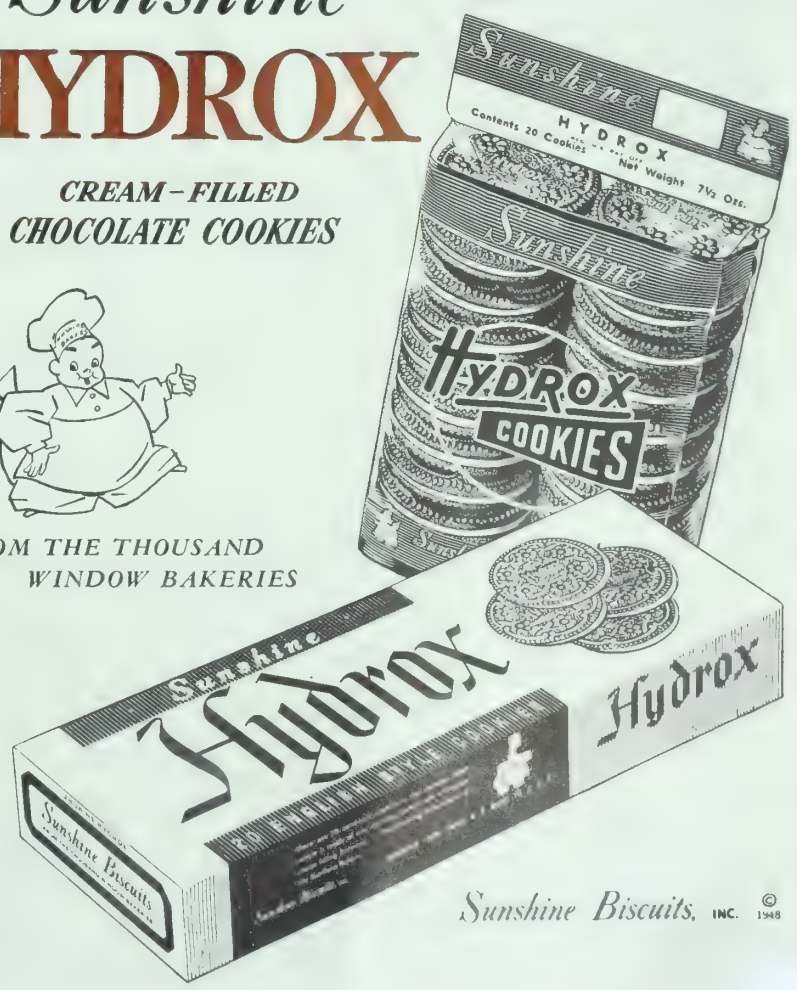
NO ONE but the Sunshine Bakers has ever succeeded in creating a cookie exactly like HYDROX. There has never been a cream filling quite as smooth as this, and those two chocolate cookies have a fresh chocolate flavor and tenderness that can't be matched. That's why HYDROX has always been first choice...with milk, desserts or between meals. Order HYDROX from your grocer today... in the pantry package or the handy cellophane bag.

Sunshine
HYDROX

CREAM-FILLED CHOCOLATE COOKIES



FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES



Sunshine Biscuits, INC. © 1948

The happiest brides have *Community*



Make it a Community Christmas . . . give a gift she'll love for keeps!

There's MORNING STAR! That's the latest Community pattern—hailed with delight by decorators, artists, experts in good living, happy choice of thousands of first family brides.

There's MILADY—How *your* favorite lady will love it! Dainty floral design, quiet, enduring charm—it's a pattern to live with . . . for keeps!

There's LADY HAMILTON—Sophisticated simplicity, traditional distinction, good line, good design, good taste!

There's CORONATION—That's the all-time favorite—fluted columns, costly-looking piercing, elegance for any table!

They're all Community—all correct—all protected with Community's own long-life "Overlay"—all at budget-thoughtful prices. Sold by your town's best jewelers!

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If it's Community*. . . it's correct!

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Homemade Christmas . . .

BY NORA O'LEARY

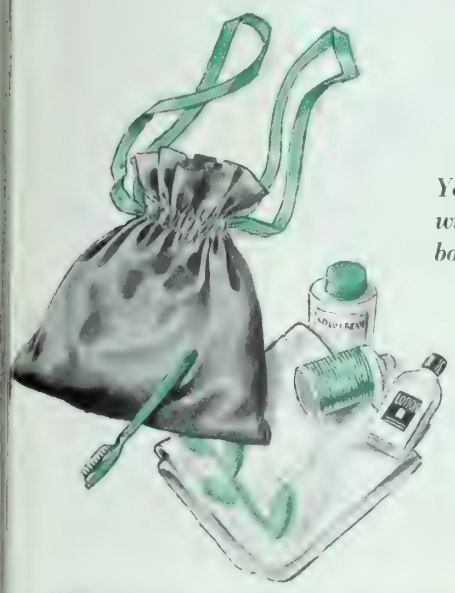


For **BABY:** *drawstring ribbon sachets. Hang on hangers. Grandmother will love bow sachets with favorite scent. 2522.*



SISTER *could wear this black velvet ribbon and ermine-tail belt. Tiny pearls cover bowknot, hooks underneath. 2523.*





Your favorite **AUNT** *would be enchanted with two-color ribbon scarf with double bow at neck, especially if you made it. 2524.*

Week-end **GUESTS** *love small carryall bags in taffeta, lined with waterproof fabric. Fill with toilet articles. 2525.*



Delight **MOTHER** *with quilted satin slippers and drawstring bag for packing. Sized by tracing around her foot. 2526.*



The whole **FAMILY** *will love a soap mitt for the shower! White terry-cloth soap mitt with a color pocket-palm. 2527.*



The **SUB-DEB** *will be delighted with a peplum belt and mittens made from stenciled leopard velveteen. 2528.*

15¢ for each pattern. Order by number from the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pa.



Cape Cod hand-crafted crystal
. . . for yourself and to give.
It is the finest, the loveliest, most wanted,
most useful table crystal service
made in America.

The smallest piece a brilliant gift
. . . holding enchantment . . . unending pleasure
to the eye . . . rare durability!

It is a pattern of heirloom beauty to which
you can add and match in the future.

IMPERIAL GLASS CORPORATION
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PATENT PROTECTED CAPE COD CRYSTAL IS SOLD IN AMERICA'S FINE STORES. OPEN STOCK



"A Joy to give — A Jewel to own"

● Give Revere Ware this Xmas. Here's why.

It's a gift of beauty. Every woman loves these "Kitchen Jewels."

Revere Ware is a useful gift. Revere "waterless" cooking makes food easier to prepare, more enjoyable to the taste, more healthful to eat. It saves fuel, guards against kitchen heat and odors, is easy to keep clean and ever new-looking. It is a lifetime gift. Revere Copper-Clad Stainless Steel Ware is practically indestructible. We've never heard of one of these cooking utensils wearing out!

But, in selecting your gifts, make sure you get Revere Ware. Like all good things it has been imitated. So look for the trade mark in the extra-thick copper bottom.

Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated,
Rome Manufacturing Company Division, Rome, N. Y.

3-qt. Pistol-Grip Whistling Tea Kettle . . . 6 and 8-cup Coffee Percolators . . . 1, 2 and 3-qt. Covered Sauce Pans . . . 1½ and 2-qt. Double Boilers . . . 4-qt. Covered Sauce Pot . . . 5½-qt. Dutch Oven . . . 8, 10 and 12-in. Covered Skillets.

PS. *New items are constantly being added to the line. Look for them at your dealer's.*

Conversation Piece

Beforehand preparations and careful planning will make your Christmas Day feast as serene and gay as your holiday spirit.

BY RUTH MILLS TEAGUE



A spiced cider punch, piping hot, begins the festivities.



Christmas fruit *torte* iced with hard sauce gives a light and delicious conclusion to Christmas dinner.

Any heart that's in the right place will just naturally overflow with hospitality at Christmastime—I don't see how the season's warm tide of good will could be resisted even if one tried. So I won't spend time rhapsodizing on the theme that the Christmas dinner, that special come-but-once-a-year event, should be as memorable as the occasion. How to make it so is the problem: sufficiently traditional to be appropriate, Christmasy but unexpected; bountiful but not cloying; and above all, a gastronomic experience worthy of the day.

Let's see if we can put together a menu that will meet these specifications. And it will be one that can be prepared almost entirely in advance of the great day.

(Continued on Page 110)

PHOTOS BY STUART



The goose, poached and browned, is served with a fine caper sauce, bright mounds of sweet-sour beets and string beans—as good as they are beautiful.

Aspic-coated liver pâté makes a rich and satisfying appetizer, with sharply seasoned, frappéed tomato juice the perfect accompaniment.



ECONOMY CUTS
are fit for a King when you add Heinz Tomato Ketchup
Many a thrifty meat dish... or leftover combination... takes on a world of luxurious flavor by the simple addition of spicy, wonder-working Heinz Tomato Ketchup!
Makes Low-Cost Meals Delicious!
HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP
57 VARIETIES MADE BY H.J.HEINZ COMPANY
H.J.HEINZ CO.
HEINZ Tomato Ketchup
57

As a welcome, to put everyone in a fine mood for the festivities, we'll have Christmas cider punch, a spicy hot drink to enjoy while the crowd gathers. It can be ladled from a punch bowl or poured from a big pitcher—the important point is that it should be piping hot.

And now to the dinner proper, with goose as the focal point. All the other dishes of the menu are designed to glorify that luscious bird. First there will be an aspic-coated *pâté*, made from the goose liver and some other things. This is a rich appetizer—any *pâté*, to be good, must be rich—and for contrast and a perfect supplement we'll have frappéed tomato juice, seasoned to the hilt, and crisp unbuttered Melba toast. This combination provides appetizer and first course all in one, and it can be served in the living room if you like, which will make the dining-room service so much easier.

Our main dish, stuffed poached goose with caper sauce, is something I can't resist. Not that I do much resisting where food is concerned, but this is truly a chef-d'oeuvre. If you can't get a goose, a young turkey can be prepared in the same way—I've done it many times and we love it—but for Christmas I want goose if I can find it. I'll save further comments about the sauce and the special stuffing until I get around to recipes—and I'd better hurry. On the platter with the goose there will be leaves of flaky piecrust filled with currant jelly or Bar-le-Duc.

We'll have two vegetables—sweet-sour beets and string beans with drawn butter. They will provide a pleasant variety of tastes and their bright red and green colors will be in the Christmas spirit.

A beautiful dish of relishes, pickle fans and carrot boats and celery, the two latter stuffed with cheese, will substitute for salad. A real salad would be too much, I think—capacity has to be considered—but we shall want something crisp and tart. For bread, a sliced toasted loaf already spread with butter will be just right, and no strain on the cook.

The dessert, Christmas fruit *torte*, will be definitely on the light side compared with most of the traditional Christmas puddings, which suits me perfectly. The *idea* of a rich plum or fruit pudding brought flaming to the table is most exciting, but when it comes to eating same at the end of a hearty meal, I bog down. Heresy, I know, but there must be a lot of people who feel as I do on this subject, and if you disagree you don't have to listen to a word I say anyhow. Christmas fruit *torte* is a ring of spiced spongecake, cut in two the round way, with loads of candied fruits, nuts and sauce between the top and bottom layers. It is iced thickly with hard sauce mixed with candied cherries. For decoration—and they're mighty good to eat too—we'll put a rim of frosted grapes around the *torte*.

We'll plan for eight people.

CHRISTMAS CIDER PUNCH

In a saucepan put 1 quart sweet cider, 1 cup orange juice, ½ cup lemon juice, 3 cinnamon sticks about 4 inches long, 1 teaspoon whole cloves with heads removed, candied ginger to equal about 2 tablespoons, and light brown sugar to taste. Bring to a good boil, lower heat and simmer 15 minutes. Strain through a sieve lined with cheesecloth into a preheated punch bowl or pitcher and serve. You can substitute a dry red wine for the cider if you like. The punch can be prepared in advance and brought to the boiling point just before serving, but be sure to strain it after the first 15 minutes' simmering or it will be too spicy.

GOOSE-LIVER PÂTÉ

Calling this goose-liver *pâté*, when only one goose liver is involved, is stretching the facts a bit, but who has a pound of those precious articles to play with? Not I, and anyhow, this *pâté* tastes as if it were full of them.

When your goose is cleaned have the fat on the inside and around the neck saved for you. Boil neck and gizzard in a very little salted water until tender. A pressure cooker speeds up this job, and it doesn't make any difference if they are overcooked. They must be *very* tender. Grind together, using finest blade of meat chopper, t meat from neck and gizzard, ½ pound r calf's liver, ½ pound smoked liverwur ¼ pound goose fat and 1 clove garlic. M thoroughly and grind two more times. Se son with salt, freshly ground black pepp 1 teaspoon dried sweet basil, ½ teaspo marjoram and 2 dashes Tabasco. Taste f seasoning. I won't eat raw liver, so I put little dab of the mixture in a skillet a cook it a minute or two for tasting. C rect seasoning if needed, add 3 tablespoo broth from neck and gizzard and, if y like, a little Madeira. Pour boiling wat over goose liver, let stand 5 minutes a cut into thin slices.

This is to be a molded *pâté* with a coatin of aspic, and it should be cooked in som thing the same shape as, but smaller tha the dish that will serve as a mold. A shape is okay. Put a layer of *pâté* in the bo tom of the dish in which it is to be bak and cover with some slices of goose live Continue with these, alternating layers u til you run out of materials, finishing wit the *pâté*. Put on cover or fasten a piece parchment paper over top, set dish in pan of hot water and cook in a 350° oven for 3 hours. When cool, put in refrige ator. Do this much several days in advanc and fill the mold at least a day before it wi be needed.

To make aspic, soak 2 envelopes un flavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water an add 2 cups highly seasoned hot bouillon Set bowl of aspic in cold water. Now we' ready to fill the mold. Remove *pâté* fro dish in which it was cooked. It will be quit stiff, and if its shape needs improving thi can be done easily with your hands or spatula. Cut some thin rounds of stuffe olives and some strips of pimiento. Pour thin layer of aspic in the bottom of th mold and set it and the rest of the aspi in the refrigerator. As soon as aspic in bot tom of mold begins to congeal, arrange th olive rounds and pimiento strips on it i an attractive pattern. Press them down s they will stick in place and put mold bac in the refrigerator. When the rest of th aspic has become slightly thick, put *pât* into the mold. There must be room for a layer of aspic all around the sides and over the top of the *pâté*. Spoon aspic in care fully until the mold is full to the top and return it to the refrigerator. Pour remain der of aspic in a flat-bottomed pan or dish and dot here and there with olive slices and bits of pimiento. This will be used as decoration around the *pâté*.

To serve, unmold *pâté* in center of serving dish and surround with water cress or other greens and little piles of chopped aspic.

FRAPPÉED TOMATO JUICE

To 2 quarts tomato juice add 1 tablespoon mixed whole spice tied in cheesecloth, 3 cloves garlic cut into chunks, a little vinegar, and salt, pepper and sugar to taste. Boil ½ hour, but remove spice bag after first 15 minutes. Strain and chill. Two or three hours before serving put into freezing tray of refrigerator, and just before serving beat with rotary beater. The tomato juice should be frothy and slightly mushy.

POACHED GOOSE

Get a young, especially fattened goose that has been raised in confinement for the table, weighing about 14 pounds. You can be sure the bird is young if the bill is pliable and the feet are soft to the touch, and it should be *very* fat and meaty; if it meets these specifications it will also be tender and succulent. An old goose that has had the run of the barnyard may have a very fine taste, but its texture may closely resemble rubber. Pull the skin of the neck down and cut the neck off close to the body.

***Stuffing*. For the base of the stuffing you will need 3 cups wild rice, boiled until tender and dried for a few minutes in a low oven. In a skillet melt a piece of butter or margarine the size of a big egg and add 2 cloves garlic, finely minced, 4 medium-sized onions, chopped, and 1 cup finely chopped celery. Sauté until golden brown. Drain juice from 3 small cans minced clams, add clams to skillet and cook 1 minute, stirring constantly. Fresh clams can be used, of course, but the canned ones are delicious, inexpensive and no trouble at all. Mix contents of skillet with rice and add ½ cup milk, 5 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon rosemary, 1 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper and salt to taste. The little pieces of clam have a chewy texture**

nd their taste is delicate and does not ominate the stuffing. If you're an ardent am fan, ½ cup clam juice may be subituted for the milk.

Fill both neck and body cavities with uffing and sew up openings with string. ush legs and wings tight against the body nd fasten with string. Now enclose the hole bird in a piece of muslin. The muslin an be sewed or pinned with safety pins. his makes the goose easy to handle and iminates the danger of tearing the skin hen it is turned. Put it, breast down, in a ettle that has a tight lid, cover with cold ater and add 2 carrots, 1 medium onion, handful of parsley, 1 teaspoon whole epper and 2 teaspoons salt. Bring to a oil, lower heat and skim. Put on cover nd cook gently until goose is tender, addng boiling water from time to time to keep ater level at its original height. Cooking me varies with the size of the goose, but will be around 3 hours.

When tender, take goose from pot, remove muslin wrappings, and put it, breast p, in a roasting pan that has a lid. Strain roth, cool as quickly as possible and skim ff grease. I never hrow away goose rease. It's wonderul for cooking—eseially for frying ashed-brown potaoes or potato pankes. Pour enough roth over goose to eep it moist and oil the rest, uncovred, until it is reuced to 3 or 4 cups. This much can be one the day before, that suits your onvenience—and if here is no one to elp you in the kitchn, I should think would. However, it ouldn't be a great hore to do the oaching on Christmas Day. A fowl ooked this way requires very little atching. Once the eat is regulated to immer you can go bout your other usiness and take nly an occasional eek to see if more ater is needed. Compared with oasting, and the onstant basting hat dare not be negected, this is child's lay. Before serving ut the goose, covred, in a 300° F. oven o get it piping hot. Remove cover; let kin brown to a golden color under broiler.

Caper Sauce. Melt 5 tablespoons butter r margarine, add 1 clove garlic, minced, ook for 1 minute and blend in 7 tablepoons flour. Cook over low heat 2 minutes, tirring constantly. Add 3 cups broth in hich goose was cooked, 1 cup cream or unluted evaporated milk, ⅛ teapoon cayne pepper, 1 teaspoon gourmet or other hinese seasoning powder and ¼ teaspoon affron, and cook over low heat until sauce s smooth and boiling. Add salt cautiously ntil the taste is right, and stir in 6 or 7 ablespoons drained capers. Make sauce head of time and reheat in double boiler. ust before serving, remove from heat and tir in 4 well-beaten egg yolks. (You'll have gg yolks left from the dessert.)

PIECRUST LEAVES

Roll piecrust as for a pie and cut it in the hape of leaves. I make a paper pattern and ut around it so that all the leaves are the ame size and shape. No matter how many ou make, they'll all be eaten—at least hat's my experience—so suit yourself as o quantity, but make enough to go all round the edge of your goose platter. Brush outside edges of leaves with beaten gg and fasten a rim of piecrust all around ach leaf, fluting the rim as you would for pie. This isn't at all hard to do, and if the esult looks homemade and not at all as f you'd bought the jobs at a bakery, that's ne. Put leaves on a lightly floured cooky heet, prick centers with a fork and bake in 50° F. oven until nicely browned.

To arrange the platter, remove all sewing and binding strings from goose, place it in center of platter and, if you like, put paper frills on the ends of the legs. Pour about a cup of caper sauce over the bird and serve the rest in a bowl. Put a good spoon of Bar-le-Duc or currant jelly in each piecrust leaf, arrange the leaves around the edge and garnish with lots of parsley. The wings of the bird won't look pretty, so tuck big bunches of parsley between them and the body so that they are practically covered.

SWEET-SOUR BEETS

I like to use the tiny bite-size whole beets for this dish, but if you can't get them, cut large beets into squares or strips. Melt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and blend in 2 tablespoons flour. Add ½ cup orange juice, ½ cup beet juice, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons light brown sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Cook until thick, stirring constantly, and add the drained beets. This is enough sauce for 2 No. 2½ cans of beets.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Keep Me the Country

By Cora Wilcox Dreyer

Keep me the country, for I shall be coming;
Stay me the summer, for I shall be there;
Save me the singing, and hold me the humming
Of birds and of bees in the soft-moving air.

Here at my window the gray fog is trying
Harder to enter than ever before;
Down on the cobbles the city makes crying;
Winter and hunger stand watch at my door.

But I shall elude them and I shall come running
Back to the thatch and the spread of the tree;
Guard me the green where the white lambs are sunning;
Keep me the country, for I shall be free.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

STRING BEANS WITH DRAWN BUTTER

Use fresh or frozen beans, either whole or Frenched. My favorite is the Kentucky Wonder. We grow them every summer and I watch like a hawk until they are four or five inches long and still very slender, then off the vines comes a big batch to be frozen for the next winter. I don't cut these, but I do tie them in neat little bundles, each bundle enough for one serving, before I put them in the boxes. I don't do this with all the beans I put up—heaven forbid—but these are special-occasion beans and I like them to look neat when they are served.

Cook the beans in a very little water until barely tender. To make drawn butter, melt 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, add 1 tablespoon flour and stir in 1 cup boiling water to which 1 tablespoon bouillon powder or 1 bouillon cube has been added. Bring to a boil and add salt to taste.

To serve, arrange the two vegetables on a hot platter and pour the drawn butter over the beans.

RELISHES

Cut long peeled carrots in half and split them down the center. Gouge out the centers with a sharp knife or apple corer, and round the ends to make them look like little boats. Cut strips of celery about the same length as the carrot boats, and store the two vegetables in ice water in the refrigerator.

Get some fairly large sweet pickles and make 5 or 6 long slices in each one, almost but not quite through the stem end. Gently press the pickles into fan shape and store in refrigerator.

Blend together until smooth 9 ounces cream cheese, 3 ounces Roquefort-type cheese and ⅓ cup cream. This will be the stuffing for the carrot boats and celery; and if you're going to use a pastry bag for this job, you might as well put the mixture right into the bag and store in refrigerator ready for use. The cheese will harden under refrigeration and should be left at room temperature for a while before it is used.

Fill the carrots and celery an hour or so before dinner and arrange them with the pickle fans on a relish tray.

Now you see 'em... now you don't!

FOLKS MAKE BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES DISAPPEAR QUICKER THAN YOU CAN SMACK YOUR LIPS!



It's *NEW!* It's a *PIP!* IT'S BORDEN'S PIPPIN ROLL!

ANOTHER NEW one from Borden's . . . for folks who like American cheese with a *bite!*

Borden's PIPPIN ROLL is just the finest *natural* American Cheddar Cheese . . . aged more than one year then ground for you, making it smooth and easy to spread.

Sharp, rich, and satisfying—a superb cheese for snacks and appetizers.

Look for Borden's 3-oz. PIPPIN ROLL at your favorite dairy counter today.

Mild and Sweet as a Nut—Borden's Gruyere!



Now, for the first time, Borden's is making famous Gruyere Cheese from the finest Wisconsin Swiss.

Even folks who seldom get worked up over cheese rave about the delicate, nut-sweet flavor of Borden's Gruyere. No cheese tray is complete without it.

It's a smart and delicious dessert, too, with crackers or fruit. Six individual 1-oz. foil-wrapped portions in each circular box.

Borden's Fine Cheeses

IF IT'S BORDEN'S — IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!



Icing . . . snowy white! Cake . . . so heavenly light! A perfect dream of a Chiffon Cake . . . raised to perfection's peak by the gentle, even, double-action of Calumet Baking Powder.

GETS NICER RESULTS THAN MISTLETOE!

Christmas Tree Chiffon Cake

Go ahead and be his Christmas angel. Try this lovely Chiffon Cake.

It's easy to make really superb chiffon cakes if you depend on Calumet's double-action to help you. For Calumet raises your batter twice . . . first in the mixing bowl, later on in the oven . . . protecting your cake all the way.

And what happy results! Chiffon cakes so high, even, and light. For this cake —for all the new chiffon cakes which specify double-acting baking powder —depend on Calumet.

It's wonderful what Calumet does for all your cakes and muffins, waffles and biscuits, too!

CHRISTMAS TREE CHIFFON CAKE

Preparations. Sift flour once before measuring. (To measure lift sifted flour lightly by spoonfuls into measuring cup. Level off, but do not pack into cup.) All measurements are level. Start oven for slow heat (325°F.).

Measure into sifter:

2¼ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
3 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
1½ cups sugar

Measure into mixing bowl:

½ cup salad oil (Mazola or Wesson Oil)
5 egg yolks, unbeaten
¾ cup water
2 tablespoons grated orange rind
1 teaspoon vanilla

Measure into large bowl:

1 cup (8 to 10) egg whites—at room temperature
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cream of tartar

Now you are ready to mix

1. Sift flour mixture into mixing bowl over oil, egg yolks, water, rind, and vanilla. Beat about 150 strokes, or until smooth.

2. Beat egg whites, salt, and cream of tartar with rotary egg beater until mixture will stand in *very stiff* peaks—stiffer than for a meringue or angel food cake. (Takes 5 minutes with a good egg beater.) DO NOT UNDERBEAT.

3. Fold egg whites thoroughly into batter (about 150 strokes). DO NOT STIR OR BEAT. (Use rubber scraper or wooden spoon for this and strokes that cut down through mixture, lift it up, and roll it over in one motion.)

Baking. Turn into ungreased 10-inch tube pan and bake in a slow oven (325° F.) 1 hour and 5 minutes, or until done.

Cooling. Invert pan until cake is cool (about one hour), propping it up to avoid pressing rounded top of cake against table. Place tube part of tube pan over neck of funnel or bottle. To remove cake, loosen from sides of pan with spatula or knife.

To Decorate. Spread with seven minute frosting. Cut slits in tops of 12 large red gumdrops and insert a green paper Christmas tree in each. Place gumdrops around cake on serving plate.

Note. This cake may also be baked in two ungreased 8 x 8 x 2-inch pans in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes, or until done. When cooling, rest corners of each square pan on two other pans.



CALUMET BAKING POWDER

Double-acting... for Double-sure Success!

Calumet is a product of General Foods

TOASTED BREAD LOAF

Remove all crusts from a loaf of bread and cut bread into thick slices almost through bottom of loaf. Spread both sides of slices with butter or margarine, wrap loaf in brown paper and tie with string. This can be done the day before if you like. Shortly before serving, put the package in a low oven to heat, then remove paper and toast loaf on all four sides.

CHRISTMAS FRUIT TORTE

This recipe will fill an 11-inch ring mold. Beat 6 egg yolks until light, add gradually 1 cup sifted sugar and beat until creamy. Add 1 cup flour sifted with ¾ teaspoon baking powder, 3 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cloves and ½ teaspoon allspice. Beat until smooth. Beat 10 egg whites until stiff but not dry, adding ⅓ teaspoon salt and ¾ teaspoon cream of tartar. Mix 1 cup coarsely chopped English walnuts with batter and fold in egg whites until thoroughly blended. Grease and flour ring mold and spoon the batter in carefully, almost to the top. Bang the ring on the table occasionally as you fill it and smooth the top of the batter with a spoon. Bake in a 325° F. oven for 50 minutes, lower heat to 250° and bake 10 minutes more. As it bakes the cake will rise above the pan. When baking time is up, take ring out of oven, let stand on top of oven 5 minutes and invert on a turkish towel. When cool, remove cake from ring and cut through middle with a sharp knife to make two layers.

You will need 4 cups chopped fruit for the filling. I use 1 cup dates, ½ cup citron, ½ cup dried apricots, ½ cup candied cherries, 1 cup candied pineapple and ½ cup candied grapefruit peel. Add ½ cup coarsely chopped nuts to fruit. Soak 1½ envelopes unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water, add ¾ cup boiling orange juice, stir until gelatin is dissolved and add 1 cup cold orange juice. Pour this over fruit and nuts, mix well and set in refrigerator. When thick enough not to run, spread the fruit mixture on the bottom layer of cake ring, cover with top layer and set in refrigerator.

Cream together ⅓ cup butter or margarine, 3 cups confectioners' sugar and 1 raw egg. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and, if you like, 3 tablespoons rum or brandy. Beat until very smooth and creamy. Stir in 1 cup candied cherries cut into pieces, ice the cake with this hard sauce and return it to refrigerator.

FROSTED GRAPES

These will make a lovely and edible decoration for your *torte*. Cut some Malaga and Tokay grapes into small sections, leaving a piece of stem on each little bunch. Boil 1½ cups sugar and ¾ cup water for 5 minutes and cool to lukewarm. Using stem as a handle, dip each little bunch of grapes into the sirup, sprinkle at once with granulated sugar and put on a greased platter. When all grapes are frosted, put some confectioners' sugar in a fine sieve and shake just a tiny bit over them and store in refrigerator.

Both the Christmas fruit *torte* and the grapes should be done the day before. To serve, put the *torte* in the center of a round platter and arrange the frosted grapes in a border around it. If you have a tall compote, it will look lovely in the center of the ring, filled to the brim with grapes.

Service. If you take advantage of all the preparation possibilities of this meal, you need spend very little time in the kitchen Christmas Day. And that's as it should be. I think it's fun to cook practically any day in the year except Christmas, and yet I don't want anything casual about Christmas dinner. It must be a real feast and as nearly perfect as I can make it—and I don't think for a minute that I have a corner on such sentiments.

But this dinner is only one of the many responsibilities of Christmastime, and to swing them all with equal success and still have fun with your dinner guests—that calls for organization of the first order. I'm always talking about organization, it seems, but Christmas Day provides the supreme test of your capabilities along that line. If the dinner hour finds you unhurried, serene and gay, and if the dinner itself appears as if Santa Claus had brought it, then yours will be a Merry Christmas. And that's what I wish you all. THE END

Best new food idea in years!

Delicious beef gravy in cans . . . ready-to-serve

Delicious brown beef gravy, all ready to serve, *in cans!* As good as any you ever made in your own roasting pan.

Meat, bread, potatoes, left-overs, economy foods . . . all taste better and *look* better with plenty of good, rich gravy!

No mixing, no stirring! Just open, heat and pour. Keep a few cans always handy. *Costs pennies . . . helps save dollars on your monthly food bill.*



A LIFE-SAVER FOR MEAL PLANNERS!

- Adds taste and glamor to economy foods
- Livens up left-overs
- Enriches slim meals
- Wonderful on bread for children's snacks

Franco-American BEEF GRAVY

One of the famous Franco-American "Meal Makers"
Spaghetti • Macaroni • Beef Gravy



The gathering of Vermont maple sap starts with a rush when frosty early spring nights are followed by brilliant, sunshiny days.

Gives you real maple sugar flavor

The delicious taste of real maple sugar—it's a downright mouth-watering treat! And it's a treat you get in every bottle of our Vermont Maid Syrup.

Our skilled blenders take maple sugar with a full, rich flavor, then blend it with cane sugar. This blend gives you, at moderate cost, uniformly rich and delicious real maple sugar flavor. At your grocer's.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.
Burlington, Vermont



Vermont Maid Syrup

POINT OF NO RETURN

(Continued from Page 35)

"Is Bill awake?"

"Yes," Nancy said. "There's no excuse for you to lie there. You'd better get up or there'll be the usual morning marathon."

"Is Evelyn up?"

"She's up and she's studying her geography," Nancy said. "And besides, she doesn't use your bathroom."

"All right," Charles said. "All right."

"And don't go to sleep again," Nancy said. "I have to go down and cope with the coffee."

"What's happened to Mary?"

"She went to spend the night with her sister in Harlem. She won't be back until this afternoon."

"Are you sure she's coming back?"

"Oh, yes, she's coming back," Nancy said. "She's left everything in her room."

"All right," Charles said. "All right. Is it raining?"

"Yes, it's raining hard, and the windshield wipers on the car hardly ever work."

"Well, that makes it swell," Charles said. "It's nice it's come to your attention."

"I thought that might wake you up," Nancy said. "You'd better wear your herringbone suit. It came back from the cleaners yesterday. I've put your ruptured duck on it."

She was, of course, referring to the gold emblem which had been issued to ex-soldiers and sailors by a grateful Government, but there was no reason why she had to call it by its G. I. name, as though she had been in the service too. Also there was no reason why she should keep inserting it in his buttonhole. The emblem placed him in a youthful category in which he did not belong. He was not sure how well it looked at the bank either.

"Never mind it," Charles said. "I'm not running for any office." Then he checked himself because he knew exactly what she would say before she said it.

"Oh, yes, you are," she said, "and don't you keep forgetting it. You're right in there polishing apples."

"All right," he said, "I'm not forgetting." There was no way to forget, since most of his life had been spent polishing some apple or other. If you had to earn your living, life was a series of apples.

"And don't forget"—and Nancy shook his shoulder—"to put two hundred into the housekeeping account. It's down to twenty dollars and I'm going to draw on it today."

"What," Charles asked, "again?"

"Yes, again and again and again. I thought you'd like some cheerful news, darling."

"All right," Charles said. "It's a terrible morning, isn't it?"

"And don't forget that herringbone," Nancy said, "and don't take that thing out of the buttonhole. No matter how well Roger Blakesley looks, he hasn't got a duck."

"No," Charles said, "that's right. He was too bright to get one."

"And remember we're going to the Burtons' Friday night," Nancy said. "Don't forget to tell Mr. Burton you're looking forward to it when you see him." Nancy was good at putting details into useful order. She hardly ever forgot things like that.

When Charles was in the bathroom shaving he disassociated himself from the acitvities of the moment, and though he had always heard people say that you had your best thoughts while shaving, all that he usually thought about at such a time was that he was in a hurry. Now that he looked in the plate-glass mirror in the baked-enamel medicine cabinet—the expensive cabinet that Nancy had induced the architect to install instead of a cheaper fixture—the brushless cream on his face, the battered safety razor he was holding, and in fact the entire bathroom gave him a transient feeling. He had been moving about in the last few years from one set of plumbing appliances to another, in Pullmans, hotels, in ships' heads and in Quonset huts, and he was still paying for this unfamiliar bathroom.

The house had been a thirty-thousand-dollar house before the war, not including extras—and there had been a number of extras. It had been more than they could possibly afford, but then the house itself had never looked expensive. He should have felt at home in that bathroom because the architect had drawn and redrawn it, and he and Nancy had quarreled over it twice. But now, although the building of the house and the bathroom and all those struggles with copper pipes and automatic gas heaters were a part of the comparatively recent past, the memories seemed as hazy as those of childhood. The whole house now seemed to belong to him only vaguely. It was the same way with the branches of the oak tree that he saw outside the window.

It was, as he had said, a terrible morning. The sky was leaden and the air was full of the pervasive, persistent sort of rain of early spring. The water was soaking into the frostless ground and was dripping from the bare twigs of the oak tree, giving them a purplish-silver tinge, and the buds on the branches were already swelling. He was thinking of the family bathroom in Clyde, Massachusetts, which everyone had used before his father had added others in 1928. He was thinking of its white walls and its varnished floor, its golden-oak-framed mirror. For a second this recollection had been so vivid that the tree and the rain had not seemed right. Trees and the rain were different in Clyde, particularly at that season in the year. April rain was colder in Clyde. It generally came with the east wind, so it would beat hard on the windows; and the house, in spite of the hot-air furnace, was always damp and chilly. There were more elms than oaks in Clyde, and in April there was hardly a hint of spring.

The only way to regenerate the world is to do the thing which lies nearest us, and not hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

His herringbone suit had a slight benzine odor, which showed it as just fresh from the cleaners. He had worn it very little, though it was five years old and now it was tight in the waist and shoulders, but not too tight. It was not a bad-looking suit, and in fact it made him look rather like one of those suburban husbands that you saw in advertising illustrations, a whimsically comical man who peeked naïvely out of the corners of his eyes at his jolly and amazed little wife who was making that new kind of beaten biscuits.

There were ten minutes left for breakfast and it was important to keep his mind on the immediate present, yet when he went downstairs that memory of Clyde hung over him in a curiously pervasive way, almost like a guilty secret, not to be discussed. Clyde had always bored Nancy and he could not blame her much. Nancy had come from upstate New York and he seldom wanted to hear about her home town either.

"Darling," Nancy used to say, "we never saw each other in either of those places, and thank heaven we didn't."

She was absolutely right. Thank heaven they hadn't, or they might have misunderstood each other. He had first seen Nancy in a partner's outer office in a law firm downtown on Pine Street. He could remember the exact, uncompromising way that she sat behind her typewriter and the exact amount of attention she had given him, not a bit more than was necessary—and that was not much.

"Mr. Jessup's in conference and he won't be free for half an hour," Nancy had said. Nancy was always able to keep track of time as readily as a railroad conductor. That was the way he and Nancy had met and that was all there had been to their meeting.

"You needed a haircut," Nancy told him later, "but not very badly, and the way you

(Continued on Page 115)



he Meat page

ow to get 3 resh-cooked meals rom a pork oin roast



Select the more economical rib cut of pork loin. The larger your family, the larger the cut you will need.



Ask your meat-man to saw off backbones leaving an inch-thick layer of meat on them, then to chop backbones into serving-sized pieces.

Meaty Barbecued Backbones



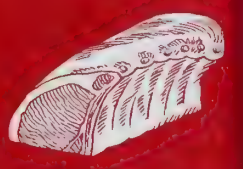


You can easily cut chops for another meal from the remaining piece by slicing between the ribs. The drippings make good cream gravy.

2 Sizzling Pork Chops



Roast the chunky piece that's left for your third fresh-cooked meal. Don't forget, dressing extends the good meat flavor.



3 Easy-to-Carve Pork Roast



Well-planned use of meat and careful buying can help you cut the cost of individual meals . . . keep them "squared up" with the nourishment that makes meat such a valued food. Remember meat's complete protein for sound bodies, meat's essential B vitamins for that extra spark of vibrant well-being.

Illustrated booklet, showing six "thrifty use" ideas like this, yours for 5¢ in coin sent to Box 1133, Chicago 77, Illinois.

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE *Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.*

(Continued from Page 113)

held your brief case showed you weren't one of those bond boys, and you didn't have a handkerchief in your breast pocket."

"Well," he had told her later, "you didn't look so lovable either."

"Darling," Nancy said, "that's one of the nicest things you've ever told me. I spent a long time cultivating just that look."

When he came down to the dining room, Nancy was sitting in much the same posture, very straight in her bleached-oak chair. Instead of a typewriter she was manipulating a toaster and an electric percolator, and there was a child on either side of her—their children.

His son Bill rose from the table and pulled out his chair for him, a respectful attention on which Nancy insisted and which always made Charles nervous.

"Well, well," Charles said. "Good morning, everybody. Hasn't the school bus come by yet?"

"It's not the school bus," his daughter Evelyn said. "It's the school car. Why do you always call it a bus?"

"It ought to be a bus," Charles said. "You kids ought to be going to a public school."

NANCY was looking at him critically, as she always did before he went to town. "You've forgotten your handkerchief," she said.

That idea of hers that every well-dressed man should have a corner of a handkerchief peeking from his breast pocket, he often thought, must have been a hang-over from Nancy's earlier days; but then perhaps every woman had her own peculiar ideas about male dress.

"Now listen, Nance," he said, "never mind about the handkerchief."

It surprised him that she let it pass. "Evelyn, pass your father his coffee," she said.

"And don't look cute when you're doing it," Bill said.

"Mother," Evelyn said, "won't you tell Bill to stop that, please?"

"Yes," Nancy said. "Stop, Bill, and go and put the eggs in and watch the clock."

There was no necessity for listening carefully to the voices of Nancy and the children. He could go on with his orange juice, toast and coffee as though the conversation were a background of words issuing from a radio. He had heard the program again and again.

"You've got to leave in five minutes," Nancy said. "The roads will be slippery. And remember, you'll have to go and get the car out. Something seems to be wrong with the automatic choke."

"Didn't you send it down to be fixed?"

"Yes, but you know what they're like at that service station. They just look at the carburetor and don't do anything. I wish you'd go to that new Acme place."

"Acme. I wonder what 'acme' means exactly," Charles said.

"Why, daddy," Evelyn said, "don't you know what 'acme' means? It means the top of everything."

It startled him to have Evelyn tell him something which he should have known himself and which, of course, he would have known if he had put his mind on it. The trouble was that he had not been back long enough for broken links of habit to be wholly mended, and everything at home still seemed to have sprung ready-made out of nowhere. Before the war, Bill had been nine and Evelyn had been six, and now Evelyn was able to look up "acme" in the dictionary.

He was in a ready-made dining room, though he had been responsible for its having been built in 1940. He and Nancy had bought the bleached chairs and table and sideboard and had agreed that the walls should be done in pickled pine because they had wanted it to look light and modern. The glazed-chintz draperies still had their original luster and the begonias and ivy and geraniums in the bow window looked as though they had just come from the florist, because Nancy had made an intensive study of the care and feeding of household plants. There were no finger marks or smudges on the table or the chairs and the light carpet was just back from the cleaners without a smudge on it either. It was amazing how beautifully Nancy could keep a house with only one maid to help her.

"You'd better get the car now," Nancy said. "There's no use killing ourselves getting to the train."

The rain gave the blue gravel near the garage a metallic sheen. The water on the lightly whitened brick of the house—he believed it had been called Southern brick—made the variegated color look like new plastic, and the leaves of the rhododendrons and the firs near the front door glistened like dark cold water.

The car started easily enough, though it was a 1940 model. It reminded him of a well-preserved old gentleman with an independent income, cared for by a valet, and he did not see how Nancy could have kept it looking so well considering all the bundles and the children it had carried.

"Move over," Nancy said. "I'll drive."

WHEN they were out of the drive and safely through the gates marked "Sycamore Park," he glanced at her profile. The rain had made her hair, where it showed at the edges of her green felt hat, moist and curly. They always seemed much more at peace when she took him to the station than at any other time, and for some reason it was always the friendliest moment of the day. He and Nancy were alone together, undisturbed by all the rest of the world.

"You didn't forget your reports, did you?" Nancy asked.

"No," he said. "I've got them."

"Have you still got that headache? There's an aspirin in the glove compartment."

"It's all right," he said. "It's gone."

"Well, that's good," she said. "Darling."

"What?" he asked.

"It's nice driving you to the train again. It's sort of like coming back to where we started."

He looked at her again. She was glancing straight ahead of her, but she was smiling. "Yes, I know what you mean," he said. "It's funny, when I came down there to breakfast this morning the whole place seemed ready-made."

"Ready-made?" she repeated.

"Yes," he said. "Just as though I'd never done anything about it."

"I know," she said. "I'm too efficient."

"That isn't what I mean."

"It's all right, as long as you don't mind."

He was never nervous when she was driving. She had a peculiar gift in being able to divide her concentration, which permitted her to drive and at the same time balance the household budget or quarrel artistically or give intelligent answers to the children's questions about God and the life hereafter. The casual way in which she spoke told him that she was thinking very carefully about what she was saying.

"I wish I could help coaching from the side lines, but I can't help it, can I?"

There was no use answering, because of course she knew what he would say, but still he answered. "Of course you can't."

"Someday you're going to say you don't like it. I'm afraid of that."

There were drawbacks, he was thinking, to knowing anyone too well, and yet there was no way to help this. There was no actual chance for decent concealment when you knew someone's voice as well as he did hers. It was all part of the relationship that was known as love, which was quite different from being in love, because "love" had a larger and more embracing connotation. It was a shadowy sort of edifice built by habit, without any very good architecture, but still, occasionally you could get enough impression of its form to wonder how it had been built.

"Darling," she was saying, and her voice broke briskly into his thoughts, "why don't you ask Burton what the score is? Aren't you tired of waiting?"

The question made him edgy because that phrase about the score was as out of place as her allusion to the ruptured duck. She might just as well have said, "Why not go and ask Burton what's cooking?" and he was very glad she hadn't. The car had stopped at the Post Road for the red light. They were almost at the station.

"That would be stupid," he said. "Naturally he knows I want to know."

"Well, can't we get it over with?"

"It will get over. Everything does."



"John, I was just thinking, you won't need a pillow when you play Santa this year!"

IT'S SUPER! says SUE BEE

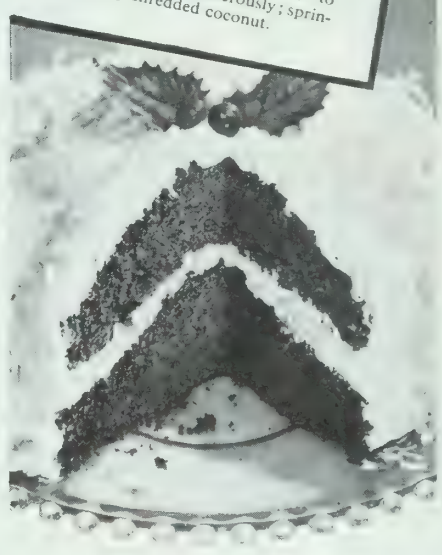


SNOWBALL FUDGE CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour
1½ teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup shortening, softened
1¼ cups Sioux Bee Honey
⅔ cup water
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2½ squares (2½ oz.) unsweetened chocolate, melted

Sift together dry ingredients. Blend into softened shortening. Add ½ cup of liquid and eggs and mix until flour is dampened; then beat one minute. Add remaining liquid, vanilla, and melted chocolate and beat two minutes longer. (Batter is thin.) Pour into 2 greased 9" layer pans and bake in moderate oven (350°-375° F.) about 30 minutes.

Frosting: Beat 2 egg whites with ¼ teaspoon salt until stiff enough to hold up in peaks. Pour 1 cup honey in fine stream over egg white, beating constantly until frosting holds shape (2 to 4 minutes). Frost cake generously; sprinkle with 1 cup shredded coconut.



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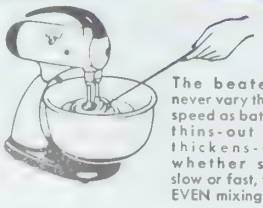
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"Well, if we just had the cards on the table. If you just said to him ——"

"Now don't tell me what to say to him," Charles said, "because I'm not going to say anything."

The light turned green and the car moved forward.

"Well, I hope Roger Blakesley likes it. Do you know what Molly told me yesterday?" Nancy asked. "She said Roger's so glad you're back and settled down."

"Well, that's swell," Charles said. He had observed that Roger Blakesley had lately been assuming the attitude that Charles had only just returned from the service and was still getting adjusted. He was glad they were reaching the station. "If the officers and directors want him, they'll take him."

"And you'll have to resign," Nancy said.

"The next thing," Charles said, "you'll be asking me to think of the children." Charles began to laugh. "'He hears thy voice above the drums that beat the battle where he stands, thy face across his fancy comes and gives the battle to his hand.' Alfred Lord Tennyson." They were stopping at the last light and the station was just ahead of them and there were still three minutes before eight-thirty. "This whole business sounds like Tennyson. It's exactly as contrived."

"All right, why is it so funny?" Nancy asked.

"I didn't say it was funny," Charles said. "I said it was contrived. The little woman kissing her husband good-by. Everything depends on this moment. He must get the big job or Junior can't go to boarding school. And what about the payments on the new car? Good-by, darling, and don't come back to me without being vice-president of the trust company. That's all I mean."

Nancy threw the car into gear. "Don't say that."

"Why not?"

"Don't say it," Nancy said, and her voice was louder, "because maybe you're right."

"Now wait a minute ——" he began, but she did not let him finish.

"Because if you say that," she said, "if you mean that—maybe it isn't much, but it's all we have. Maybe it isn't much, but then maybe we aren't much and if you feel that way then there won't be anything any more."

It was a discordant instant of revelation and it broke unpleasantly into the morning. He thought of Clyde again, and Clyde was suddenly more real to him than the car in front of the station. He was thinking of peaceful voices saying that you often had moments of doubt or disappointment, that you often wondered whether what you were doing was worth while. The solution was to continue doing the best you could and everything would turn out all right in the end.

"Now listen, Nance," he began, and then for some reason he felt as deeply moved as if he were saying good-by to her for good. "Let's not get so emotionally involved."

"Involved with what?"

"With each other. Let's get some sense of proportion."

"Don't talk about proportion," Nancy said. "There isn't any time."

It was only one of those minor partings, but he was leaving her again.

"If you're not taking the five-thirty," she said, "call me up. Good-by."

"Good-by," he said. "I'll make the five-thirty all right."

SHORTLY before the outbreak of the European war, Charles had begun taking the eight-thirty. This was a privilege that had raised him above the ruck of younger men and of shopworn older ones who had to take the eight-two. It meant that he was no longer one of the salaried class who had to be at their desks at nine.

The eight-thirty train was designed for the executive aristocracy, and once Mr. Guthrie Mayhew, who was president of Mayhew Brothers at 86 Broadway, had even spoken of getting an eight-thirty crowd together who would agree to occupy one of those club cars with wicker chairs and card tables and a porter, to be attached to the eight-thirty in the morning and again to the five-thirty in the afternoon. Mr. Mayhew had suggested the idea first to Tony Burton. That car would be a sort of open forum, Mr. Mayhew said. They could talk about the Chinese war and about Hitler and Mussolini and the whole European mess. It ought to make the ride to New York a real occasion to which everyone could look forward, because there were a lot of interesting people going to New York if you only got to know them. That was Mr. Mayhew's idea, but naturally it had evaporated after Pearl Harbor. Charles remembered Mr. Mayhew's idea vividly, if only because it had come up at the same time that Mr. Burton had suggested that Charles call him Tony.

Husbands are awkward things to deal with: even keeping them in hot water will not make them tender.
—MARY BUCKLEY.

CHARLES could still recall the glow he had felt on this occasion and the sudden moment of elation. Mr. Burton had just made one of his favorite remarks, which Charles had heard often before. It had happened, Mr. Burton had said, that when he was a sophomore at Yale he had studied Greek.

"Now you'd think, wouldn't you," Mr. Burton said, "that the order of Greek verbs would be a long way from banking. Well, I can only tell you that Greek verbs have taught me more about corporate figures than anything else I ever learned at Yale. You see, banking basically is only knowing how to use extraneous knowledge. I like to think of banking as being not only the oldest but, well, the most basically human business that there is in the world. In fact, I don't like to think of banking as a business or even as a profession. Banking—it may startle you a little that I say this, but I know I'm right—banking, for a good banker, is an art. The last of the arts, perhaps, but the oldest of the professions."

Charles had heard Mr. Burton advance the idea several times before, but he did not interrupt.

"Now you may remember," Mr. Burton had said, "that Mrs. Burton and I took a little trip in nineteen-thirty-three. You hadn't been with us long then, but I don't believe that you or anyone else will forget how tense things were then, and now and then I found I was getting a little taut, so when things eased up I decided to go away somewhere to get a sense of perspective. That was when Mrs. Burton and I went to Bagdad."

Charles could not imagine what had ever made Mr. Burton want to go to such a place, unless it had something to do with Burton's Arabian Nights, and he wondered also what connection it had with all the reports that lay on Mr. Burton's mahogany roll-top desk. Mr. Burton had placed his elbows on the desk, had linked his fingers together and was resting his narrow chin on them, and there had been nothing for Charles to do but listen.

Well, it appeared that it had been a very interesting trip to Bagdad. The cruise ship had stopped at Beirut and from there everyone who wanted to take the side trip, including Mr. and Mrs. Burton, had embarked on busses right across the desert to Bagdad, and there it was at dawn—a city on a muddy river, spanned by a bridge of boats.

The first morning he and Mrs. Burton had gone to the museum to see the treasure from Ur, parts of which looked like something in a case at Cartier's. There had been a man in the museum who showed him some mud bricks that were actually parts of an account book. You could see how they balanced their figures; and on one brick, believe it or not, there was even an error in addition. This had meant a great deal to Mr. Burton. That clerical error in mud had given him an idea for one of the best speeches he had ever written, his speech before the American Bankers Association. Mr. Burton had opened a drawer and had pulled out a deckle-edged pamphlet.

"Take it home and read it if you have the time," he said. "I dashed it off rather hurriedly, but it has a few ideas. It starts with that mistake in addition."

"Why, thanks very much, sir," Charles
d said. "I certainly will read it." It was
t the time to say that he had read the
eech already, or that for years he had made
oint of reading all Mr. Burton's speeches.
"Look here, feller," Mr. Burton said, and
had blushed when he said *feller*, "why not
t out this 'sir' business? Why not just
ll me Tony?"

That was in 1941, but Charles still re-
embered his great joy and relief, with the
ief uppermost, and that he could hardly
ait to hear what Nancy would say.

"You know, Charles," Mr. Burton had
ntinued, "Guthrie Mayhew and I have
ite an idea. We're going to get hold of
ommy Mapes on the New Haven and see
he can't get us a special car on the eight-
irty. How about getting aboard? My idea
to call it the Crackerbarrel."

"Why, thanks," Charles had said. "I'd
e to very much, Tony."

He had worked late that night and he
uld not remember what train he had taken
me, but Nancy had been asleep when he
t there.

"Nance," he said, "wake up. I've got
mething to tell you. Burton's asked me to
ll him Tony." And Nancy had sat bolt
right in her twin bed.

"Start at the beginning," Nancy had said.
Exactly how did it happen, and don't leave
t anything."

They must have talked for a long while,
ere in the middle of the night. Nancy had
own what it meant because she had worked
wntown herself.

"Now wait," Nancy had said. "Let's not
t too excited. Who else calls him Tony?"

"I don't think anyone else does," Charles
d told her, "except the officers, and old
ke when he speaks of him."

"Who's old Jake?"

It surprised him that Nancy did not know,
r she usually kept everything straight, but
hen he told her that old Jake was the day
atchman in the vault, who had been there
hen Mr. Burton had first started at the
nk, Nancy had remembered.

"Darling," she said, "I knew it would
appen sometime. I'm pretty proud of you,
harley."

T was only a week later that they found
t that Mr. Burton had also asked Roger
lakesley to call him Tony and they never
uld find out whom Mr. Burton had asked
rst.

Tony Burton always boarded the eight-
hirty at Stamford and it occurred to Charles
hat it might be a good idea to walk through
he cars and to sit by him if the seat beside
im should be vacant. He had nothing par-
icular to say to him, but it might be a good
dea.

The station was crowded and damp, but in spite of the crowd the atmosphere was restful. You had a feeling that the rush of commuters was nearly over for the day and that of the whole army that had marched to the city only the rear guard was left. As Charles moved to the newsstand to buy The New York Times he nodded to Courtney Jeffers, of the New York Life, and to Rodney Bishop, in the General Foods sales department, and to Bill Wardwell, in Eckert and Stokes. He had just turned away from the newsstand when he saw that he was face to face with Roger Blakesley.

ROGER was wearing a blue pin-striped suit, double-breasted and carefully pressed. His dark brown hat went very nicely with his cheviot overcoat. He was polishing his rimless glasses with a fresh handkerchief and his face, which had grown plumper and more rotund lately, was fresh and shining.

"Why, hello, Charley," Roger said.

"Hello," Charles answered, and then he went on because one had to say something. "Are you still using that electric razor, Roger?" It must have been the smoothness of Roger's cheeks that made him say it.

"Frankly, yes," Roger said. "My beard is just the thing for it, and besides"—he put on his glasses and laughed—"it makes me feel like a putting green." It was just the sort of thing that Roger would have said, and his broadening smile showed he was pleased with it.

"Or a bowling green," Charles said.

"All right, a bowling green, as long as you don't cut it too fine. That was a swell party last night, wasn't it? I couldn't tear myself away."

"Neither could I," Charles answered, and they both smiled.

"Listen, Charley," Roger asked, "will you have any time on your hands today?"

"Not much. How about lunch?"

"I can't make it," Roger said. "I have a date with Tony at the University Club. After that Mapes is coming in, but we've got to check up on that Catlin thing sometime before we meet the attorneys."

There was a roaring sound outside and everyone was moving. The eight-thirty was coming in.

"We can go over it on the train if you want to," Charles said. "I've got the papers here."

Roger Blakesley patted his shoulder. "Boy, I simply can't," he said, close to Charles' ear because of the roaring of the train. "Tony wants me. He's saving me a seat."

Charles also raised his voice. "There's a lot more to banking than you think, isn't there? It's an art, isn't it?"

Roger laughed and linked his arm through Charles'. "Charles, you're always subtle in the morning."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.,

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946, of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, published monthly at Phila., Pa., for October 1, 1948.

TATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } ss.
OUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Bruce Gould, (h), having been duly sworn according to law, deposes nd says that he is the Editor of the Ladies' Home ournal and that the following is, to the best of his nowledge and belief, a true statement of the owner-hip, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication or the date shown in the above caption, required by he Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts f March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (embodied in section 37, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the re-erse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, ditor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Inde-pendence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Editors, Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould, Hopewell, New Jersey

Managing Editor, Laura Lou Brookman, Philadel-phia, Pa.

Business Manager, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immedi-ately thereunder the names and addresses of stock-holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

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BRUCE GOULD,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of September, 1948.
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"That isn't subtlety. I'm just saying banking's an art."

"That's so," Roger said. "It is. Well, I'll see you in the studio."

"All right," Charles said. "Don't mix your colors wrong, Roger."

But Roger had not heard him. He was already bounding up the steps of the third coach. Roger was always quick on his feet and this sort of thing had been going on long enough for Charles to understand its shades of meaning. He was reasonably sure that Tony Burton had not asked Roger to sit with him, and he was not even entirely sure that Tony Burton had asked Roger to lunch at the University Club, even though Tony Burton tried to lunch there when he could on Tuesdays.

Charles found a seat by a window and opened The New York Times to the financial page. There was nothing like competition. His mind was working more alertly since he had met Roger Blakesley and everything assumed a new significance. They were both assistant vice-presidents in the trust department now. Either could handle customers about as well as the other. They both were very bright boys, but he had never worried about Roger much until lately. There would have been no reason to do so now if Roger had gone to the war instead of using that period to make himself useful. The financial page was dull, but Charles put his mind on it. His mind was working smoothly now that he was on the train.

When the train pulled into the lower level of the Grand Central Station, habit made Charles move instinctively to the broad stairs on the right, up which he ran for no good reason except that he had always taken them at a run. On the upper level he turned, walking past the parcel checkroom to the ramp on the left and past the heaps of newspapers by the doors and out to the corner of Forty-second Street and Vanderbilt Avenue.

An average man who lives to the age of fifty spends 6500 days in working, 6000 days in sleeping, 4000 days in amusements, 1500 days in eating, and 500 days in being ill.

Whenever he emerged from the station and set foot on Forty-second Street, he experienced in varying degrees a sense of coming home. Sometimes this feeling was one of deep gratitude and more often only one of boredom. He was always able to lose himself in the city's abstractions. The place was changing—new stores, new façades, new plastics—without his being able one jot to influence that change, but still the changing place belonged to him.

The only institution in the neighborhood that had not been altered much was the Stuyvesant Bank, which had been given its name when Murchison Brothers had first started the business on lower Broadway in the early 1800's. It had moved uptown long since then, but almost from the beginning of its history the Stuyvesant had been what it still was, a family bank. It was a bank in a former private dwelling, a big New York corner house of somewhat sooty brick and brownstone. Year after year there had been talk about a new building, but the directors had always in the end turned down such proposals. It paid to keep the Stuyvesant in that ugly old brownstone mansion with its floor plan about the way it had been when the Stuyvesant had first moved there. It paid to keep everything looking essentially the same. It paid to keep the open fire that burned real logs and to encourage tellers and investment counselors to be patient with confused old ladies and genial with arthritic old gentlemen. The employees of the Stuyvesant understood rich clients and knew all the pains and drawbacks of being rich, although they were not rich men themselves. They had to deal familiarly, almost jovially, but always scrupulously with large sums of money, while living usually on modest salaries.

If you were successful at the Stuyvesant you ended by developing a priestly, untouchable, ascetic attitude. If you did well enough to become an executive in the Stuyvesant—and this required a long time and an arduous apprenticeship—you found yourself solving the problems of individuals who had difficulty living within incomes approaching a hundred thousand dollars a year. You found yourself spending the working day discussing the investment of huge sums of money only to get home yourself and to worry because the butcher's bill had risen nine twenty dollars above the month before. In time this gave you a split personality, so you had to toss your own problems completely aside and never allow them to meddle in any way with those of clients and depositors when you reached your desk at the Stuyvesant.

Charles was already forgetting Nancy and the children, already assuming his business character, when he said good morning to Gus, the doorman, on the sidewalk outside the Stuyvesant.

"Is it wet enough for you, Mr. Gra[y]" Gus asked.

"It has to rain sometime," Charles said. "Are you a grandfather yet?"

"No, not yet, but any minute now."

When Charles said good morning to [Gus] inside the door. The bank was scrupulously neat and cleared for action. He could hear the click of the adding machines in back and he could see the new pens and blotters on the depositors' tables as he walked past the tellers behind their gold wickets and turned to the right past the foreign department to the coatroom. When he had hung up his coat and hat, he looked at himself in the mirror. He automatically straightened the knot and adjusted his tie. His slightly freckled face was moist from the rain, and his sandy hair, though it was carefully trimmed, needed brushing, so he went to the washroom. He had learned long ago that if you did not neglect external details when you sat near the vice-presidents' desks by the front window.

Though you seldom talked of salaries at the Stuyvesant, your social status was obvious from the position of your desk. Charles occupied one of the two flat mahogany desks that stood in a sort of no man's land between the roll-top desks of the officers and the smaller flat-tops of lesser executives and secretaries that crowded the floor of the bank outside the cages. A green rug extended from the officers' desks, forming a neat and restricted zone that just included Charles's desk and the one beside it which was occupied by Roger Blakesley.

Charles was pleased to see that he had got there first from the eight-thirty, a minute or two ahead of Roger and Mr. Burton and ahead of everyone else near the windows. Mr. Burton's desk, which had the best light, was opened already, and so was that of Mr. Stephen Merry, the first vice-president, and so were all the others except one. This was Arthur Slade's desk; Arthur was the youngest vice-president of the Stuyvesant, who had died in a plane accident months before.

The closed desk still gave Charles a curious feeling of incompleteness and a mixed sense of personal gain and loss, because he had been more friendly with Arthur Slade than with anyone else in the Stuyvesant—but then you had to die sometime. Once Arthur Slade had sat at Charles' own place, but that was before Mr. Walter Harry, who had been president when Charles had first come to the bank, had died of an embolism and everyone had moved like players on bases—Burton to Harry, Merry to Burton, Slade to fifth vice-president, and so on down to Charles himself. The Stuyvesant was decorously accustomed to accident and death and now it was moving time again and it was so plain that one of the two persons might be moving next that it was embarrassing.

Charles pulled back his mahogany chair and sat down. Miss Marble, his secretary, had already arranged his engagement pad and now she was standing beside him with his morning mail.

(Continued on Page 120)

Table of Contents

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IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!

(Continued from Page 118)

"There's nothing on your calendar," Miss Marble said, "before the meeting, but Mrs. Whitaker has just called you."

"You mean she's called this morning already?"

"Well, not Mrs. Whitaker," Miss Marble said, and smiled sympathetically. "Her companion called. Mrs. Whitaker's very anxious to speak with you."

"All right," Charles said. "Get her for me in five minutes," and he picked up the letters.

Then Roger Blakesley and Anthony Burton came in from the coatroom and Charles nodded at them and smiled. Roger walked to his own desk, but Anthony Burton stopped for a moment. As he did so, it seemed to Charles that the whole bank was watching them, and Mr. Burton must have been aware of this, too, but he was more used than Charles to being watched. He stood straight, white-headed and smiling, dressed in a pearl-gray double-breasted suit with an expansive, heavy, gray-checked necktie. He was slender and athletic, almost young-looking considering that he was close to sixty-five.

"I didn't see you on the train," Mr. Burton said.

Charles glanced at Roger Blakesley's desk. It was an opportunity, but it was also a time to be careful. "I didn't see you either," Charles said. "Mrs. Whitaker is after me." It was better to do it that way. It did no harm to have him know about Mrs. Whitaker.

"Well, as long as she's after you and not me," Mr. Burton said. "We'll see you at dinner Friday, won't we?"

"You can count on it," Charles said. "Absolutely." And he laughed and Anthony Burton laughed.

"Yes," Mr. Burton said, "I suppose we can, Charley. How are Nancy and the children?"

"They're wonderful," Charles said.

"Nancy's a great girl," Mr. Burton said. "You boys are getting together at eleven, aren't you? I'll be there." He smiled and nodded and walked over to his desk in the corner.

"Mrs. Whitaker's on the telephone now," Miss Marble said, and Charles picked up the desk telephone, speaking softly as one always did in the bank.

"Good morning, Mrs. Whitaker. This is Mr. Gray."

He could recognize a particular tone in her voice. It was the gracious, informal tone that she was in the habit of using when she wanted to make a pleasant impression on people who handled her affairs.

"Oh, Mr. Gray," he heard her say, "it's so nice to hear your voice. Hewett and I are so dreadfully worried."

"Why, I'm sorry," Charles said. "What have you to be worried about?"

"We have to sell something, Mr. Gray, we have to sell something right away. We literally haven't got a cent of money."

At least he was able to smile, since Mrs. Whitaker was not there, and the strange thing about it was that her tone of desperation was completely genuine, as genuine as though she had to sell some piece of furniture to pay the grocer. One part of him could smile, but another part was honestly sympathetic. This was one of the things that the bank had taught him. "Oh," Charles said, and he was about to add that he was sorry, but he checked himself because he had learned that it made depositors angry if you became too actively sorry.

"We would like to sell something that has a loss to it," Mrs. Whitaker said, "but there literally isn't anything. Everything shows a profit. Why don't you ever leave us anything with losses?"

Charles drummed his fingers softly on the desk and raised his eyes to the baroque ceiling with its new indirect lighting. "Well," he said, "I see what you mean, but the object usually is to show a profit. Most of our friends like it better that way. There are still advantages to having a profit rather than a loss."

"Are there?" asked Mrs. Whitaker. "I know it's so if you say so, but you've simply got to help us, Mr. Gray—anything you decide on—you will help us, won't you?"

"Of course I will," Charles said, and his voice was gently reassuring. "That's what I'm here for. Let me see, you have a number of short-term Governments."

"I know. Mr. Whitaker doesn't want to sell those. He refuses, absolutely."

"Oh. Why does he?"

"Because his father always said that you mustn't be a bear on the United States. He says that we must back up the Government no matter what it does. I believe that, don't you?"

"I wouldn't say it would be disloyal," Charles said. "Short-term Governments are about the same as cash. That's the way they're generally used."

"Suppose we try to think of something else," Mrs. Whitaker said. "There must be something else."

"Yes," Charles said. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'd better get a picture of the whole situation. As long as you're ill and can't come in yourself, I could send Mr. Joyce over to see you."

"I don't think Mr. Joyce has the experience, do you?" Mrs. Whitaker said. "I know he's a charming young man, but he is still rather immature and he's always so—well, so indefinite. And Mr. Thingamajig, what's his name? The one Mr. Burton turned me over to the last time I came in, when you were out. He was indefinite too."

"Whom do you mean?" Charles asked. "I can't exactly place him from your description."

"That round-faced, pussycat man with glasses. The furtive, pussycat one."

"You don't mean Mr. Blakesley, do you?"

"That's it," said Mrs. Whitaker. "Mr. Blakesley."

Charles glanced across at Roger Blakesley, who was busy dictating. "I know him pretty well," Charles said. "I wouldn't say he was a pussycat."

"It's a compliment to you, Mr. Gray," Mrs. Whitaker said, "that Hewett and I both want you to help us, and we simply have to find a hundred thousand dollars somewhere. It isn't asking too much for you to come over, is it?"

"No," Charles said. "It's rather hard for me to get away, but I think we could make an exception as long as you're not well."

"You see, we've decided after all to buy that ranch. Albert's fallen in love with it, and I think Mr. Whitaker has, too, a little. You'll come at five, won't you, when we can all be quiet at teatime, and tell us how unwise it is?"

"I suppose it depends on the ranch," Charles said. "Why, yes, I think I could arrange to come at five."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Granddad

By Mary Wilder Pease

My granddad was the captain
Of the schooner Mary Jane;
She floundered in the Arctic
And he righted her again.

He sailed her into harbors
Where no other ship could ride;
He did not need a compass
Or the North Star for a guide.

He lives with us this winter
And is jolly as can be;
He never lets my mother know
He's homesick for the sea.

But he told me, it's a secret,
That he's scary of the land,
And when we walk across the street
He asks to hold my hand.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"But don't say it's too unwise," Mr. Whitaker said. "You're so New Engla sometimes, Mr. Gray. Don't be too uncor promising, will you? Just say it's a little unwise."

"All right," Charles said. "At five. I'll member. A little bit unwise."

Charles put down the telephone and ra for Miss Marble. He would have to call Nancy to tell her he could not take the fi thirty train, but it was already ten-fifte and Nancy would be at the chain store. B fore he forgot, it would be well to tell Mi Marble.

Down there on the floor of the Stuyvesa you worked with the privacy of a goldfis There might be certain sheltered corners the neighborhood of the officers' desks, bu there was no shelter at the edge of the gre carpet where Charles and Roger Blakesle were stationed. They sat there in a kind advanced bastion, barring the way to th higher executives, like a knight and a bisho on a chessboard, Charles sometimes though Of course there was an outer ring of pawn in front. Individuals like Tom Joyce, his a sistant, at his smaller desk well off the carpe or Holland just behind him, or Miss Marbl were all protecting pawns. There was n physical railing to guard any of them fro the customers.

Old Joe, who stood just inside the door, i a neat business suit instead of a uniform was in the most exposed position. He wa the one who helped with the counter check and the deposit slips, who directed traffi and estimated the preliminary situation. I was he who decided that our Mr. Joyce o our Mr. Holland or, if it seemed justifiable our Mr. Gray or Mr. Blakesley would b glad to help you.

Charles often wondered why this systen of everyone's working in the open shoul exist. At any rate, he had developed an abil ity to concentrate so he could block off th mechanical sounds and the sounds of voice and footsteps. He was also able to break of from abstraction to immediacy. When h heard Joe speak to him, he was able to lay down his paper instantly and still to remem ber for future reference exactly where h left off.

"Mr. Gray," Joe said, "here's a gentle man to see you."

Joe had not said there was a gentleman who *wanted* to see him. There was no opportunity to ask who he was or what he wanted. The gentleman was right there.

Charles often wished that he was a back-slapping type like Roger Blakesley. Roger had a habit of cultivating acquaintance and contacts as scientifically as a market gardener could start young tomatoes in flat boxes and tend them until they grew into vines. Charles had never been good at using personal liking for business purposes, yet naturally he had developed some sort of technique, since he was continually dealing with people.

Charles could see that the man whom Joe had brought to his desk was eight or nine years older than he, and this would place him in his early fifties. It was always hard for him to recall, when he met anyone of this age suddenly, whether he had ever known him before, because fifty is a period in life when time begins altering faces in all sorts of disagreeable and incongruous ways. Charles knew instantly that he was not a salesman and that he was not connected with any gainful occupation. His face was not smooth enough, his manner did not have that sort of breezy assurance, his clothes lacked uniformity. His face might have been that of a college professor or some minor employee from a Washington bureau.

"Good morning," Charles said carefully.

The stranger answered in a nasal, twanging voice. "Well, if it isn't Charley Gray."

Charles tried hastily to recall where or when or in what phase of his life they could have met. It might have been at Dartmouth. It might have been in Boston. It might have been somewhere in the war—they all looked different out of uniform.

(Continued on Page 122)



Portrait of Mrs. R. Fulton Cutting II, from the Dorothy Gray Gallery of Fascinating Women. By the celebrated artist Julian Levi.

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G. *Savoir Faire* compact. Gold plated, exquisitely designed. $10.00. Matching gold plated *Savoir Faire* Lipstick. $3.00.

H. *Nosegay* Dusting Powder. Nostalgic fragrance; luxurious puff. $2.00.

I. *New Moon* single compact. $3.50.

J. *Modern Design* in a double compact with affixed lipstick. $5.75.

K. *Cologne Bar*. Three fragrances in vase-like bottles. *Nosegay*, *Night Drums*, *On The Avenue*. $3.50.

L. "*Three to Get Ready*." Provocative lipstick trio in new fashion shades. $2.00.

M. *Belle-Hop Zipper Kit*. Beauty essentials in gay, convenient carrying case. $3.95.

N. *Nosegay Cologne*. Nostalgic fragrance; a great favorite. $2.50.

O. Santa Claus covers new *Suggestion Cologne*. $3.75.

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Dorothy Gray

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Maico inc.

(Continued from Page 120)

"Charley," the stranger asked, "don't you remember me at all? I'm Malcolm Bryant."

Then, of course, he remembered. The deep eyes, the large mouth, the heavy hands—everything came together into sudden focus. He had been thinking of Clyde that morning and there in front of him was Malcolm Bryant, who, of course, had been untidily away in memory.

He found himself shaking hands again with Malcolm Bryant and Malcolm was saying that he had dropped in to cash a Government check and the cashier had asked him if anyone in the bank could identify him. Then he had looked across the room and there was Charles.

At least the business of the check was useful, because it placed everything on a routine basis. He initialed the check and gave it to Joe to cash and asked Malcolm Bryant to sit down in the visitor's chair beside him.

"How's Jessica?" Malcolm asked.

"I don't know," Charles said. "I haven't seen her for quite a while."

"What?" said Malcolm. "Didn't you marry Jessica?"

"No," Charles said. It seemed to him that the tellers were unreasonably slow.

"How's Clyde?"

"I don't know, Malcolm," Charles said, and, though it was the truth, the bareness of his answer made him feel uneasy.

"Aren't your family still living there?"

"My father's dead," Charles said. "My mother's living with Dorothea in Kansas City. She married a man named Elbridge Sterne who was a metallurgist at Wright-Sherwin. He's in Kansas City now."

"Oh," said Malcolm. "Elbridge. What about the old house?"

"I guess it's still there," Charles said. "We sold it. I haven't been there for a very long time."

"A ghost town," Malcolm said. "A vital sort of ghost town. That's the way I described it in the introduction. Haven't you seen the book?"

"No."

"You've never seen it?" Malcolm said. "It's the best thing the foundation ever got out. A Yankee Persepolis. That's what I called Clyde—Persepolis."

CHARLES wished Joe would come back with the cash. "Why Persepolis?" he asked.

"Where the Persians worshiped memories," Malcolm said. "I stopped off there in 'Thirty-five on my way to India and looked in on the University of Chicago dig. I was studying some dog worshipers in India."

"So you're still on primitive man, are you?"

"Yes. But don't forget all man is primitive. You ought to know that. You're primitive."

"Yes," Charles said, "I suppose I am."

"And so is Clyde," said Malcolm. "Primitive, like any other social structure."

"I don't know much about anthropology," Charles said, "except what I learned from you, but it always seems to me you people oversimplify."

"Man only has a few basic behavioristic patterns," Malcolm said, "that are constantly repeated with silly variations. You can't oversimplify. That's the beauty of it."

Charles laughed. Joe was moving toward them with Malcolm's money and Miss Marble had also appeared.

"It's eleven o'clock, Mr. Gray," Miss Marble said.

"Here is your wampum, Malcolm," Charles said. "You'd better count it. I have to go to a meeting."

"How about lunch?" Malcolm said. "Come on over to the Harvard Club."

Charles glanced meaningly at Miss Marble. "Have I a luncheon engagement, Miss Marble?"

"Why, no," Miss Marble said. "Not today, Mr. Gray."

It was very obtuse of Miss Marble and now there was no reason for him not to have lunch with Malcolm Bryant.

"Well, thanks," Charles said, "if you don't mind lunching early. Can you make it twelve-thirty?"

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"Meet me there at twelve-thirty," Malcolm said. "Good-by, Charles."

The depositors' room off the vaults had just been refinished and redecorated and Tony Burton had called the conference here because he wanted to see how everything looked. Hugh Garrity, an old Second Division veteran of World War I, dressed now in a Confederate-gray uniform, was on duty at the gate, and Mr. William Poultney, who led clients to their boxes and put both clients and boxes into the private alcoves, was seated watchfully at his desk behind the bars. Hugh Garrity, and Mr. Poultney, too, wore an air of lynxlike alertness, which was to be expected since the bank officers were making this unaccustomed use of the new room.

"Good morning, sir," Hugh said, and he saluted in that heavy, half-formal way common to all civilian guards. If he had been a dog, Charles thought, he would have slowly wagged his tail.

Charles waved his hand to William Poultney and it occurred to him that William Poultney still owed him fifteen dollars, but it was not the time to mention it. Somehow there never did seem to be a suitable occasion for taking up this detail.

"William," Charles asked, "do you use an electric razor or a safety razor?"

William Poultney looked startled and passed his hand carefully over his smooth and rather heavy jowls. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't I look shaved?"

"You look beautiful," Charles said. "I was just thinking of something else."

He was thinking of Roger Blakesley's electric razor, but Mr. Poultney still looked startled. It was seldom in order to joke in an eccentric way down there in the vaults.

"As a matter of fact, now you bring it up, I have this shaving problem licked," William said. "The truth of it is, the razor doesn't matter. It's the soap. I use a brushless cream. You just rub it on and there it is."

"Well, well," Charles said. "But you have to get it off later, don't you?"

Hugh Garrity smiled sourly. "The whole secret is the lather," Hugh Garrity said. "Get a good heavy lather and swab it on your face with a big brush ——" His face froze suddenly and he stiffened to attention and Charles saw William Poultney square his shoulders and he heard a light, quick step behind him. It was Mr. Anthony Burton, coming down for the conference.

"Hello," Tony Burton said. "What's the discussion?"

"I don't know how the subject came up," Charles said. "We were talking about shaving and electric razors." He was relieved to see Tony Burton smile and he remembered what Tony often said about the bank—that everyone in it was part of one big family.

"I wouldn't have one of those damned electric razors in the house," Mr. Burton said. "My wife gave me one for Christmas and it blew out half the fuses. Come on, Charles."

CHARLES had a vicious fleeting thought, which he immediately dismissed, that it might be appropriate to say that Roger Blakesley used an electric razor. It was one of those small matters that could possibly count for something, but as he weighed the question he was appalled at his own smallmindedness, and he followed Mr. Burton to the depositors' room without speaking.

The group had already gathered. Stephen Merry was there, wearing his new oversize tortoise-shell glasses, and Roger Blakesley with his rimless glasses, and Alfred Brock from trust administration and Tom Joyce and two other men from the trust department. When the door was closed everything was friendly, because they were one big family.

"That was an awful rain last night," Steve Merry said. "Our cellar leaked again."

Then they all sat down and talked for a few moments about cellars and the difficulties of subsurface drainage and Tony Burton began to tell about his own cellar and heating plant until he checked himself and said they had better get to work.

Charles sat listening attentively with his eye on Roger Blakesley as Tony Burton took the meeting over. As it was a routine conference, he knew most of the subject matter already—the general money situation, the holdings in new accounts, the stability of certain industries. Roger Blakesley, it seemed to Charles, was talking more than usual and trying almost too hard to contribute useful ideas. Charles could follow the discussion with no difficulty and at the same time think of Malcolm Bryant upstairs. He remembered, too, that he must have two hundred dollars transferred to the housekeeping account for Nancy, but his watchfulness never flagged. No matter how dull and how meaningless it was, you had to be very careful at a meeting. You had to remember the arguments and the way the minds had worked around the table. At any moment Tony Burton was apt to ask your opinion.

IT was only after half an hour that anything of an unusual nature came up. Somehow the thread of the meeting and its purpose had been dropped and Tony Burton announced, out of a clear sky, that a new depositor, with whom Charles was not acquainted, was applying for a six months' loan of two hundred thousand dollars. He was a man named Godfrey W. Eaton, who was the head of a substantial company manufacturing tiling. Roger Blakesley had seen him first and he had taken him to Stephen Merry and afterward to Tony Burton. The bank had investigated Mr. Eaton through all the ordinary channels and now all his business life was down on a memorandum that sounded like the dossiers of a hundred other people whose names had come up at loan conferences. Mr. Eaton was from the Middle West, where he had owned a number of small factories, and Mr. Eaton had obviously done well for himself, because now he owned two apartment buildings free and clear, was a director of a chain of stores, and a part owner of a sugar refinery. He was obviously one of those adroit people who could move from one enterprise to another. The purpose of the loan was for additions to the tile plant. Part of the collateral was in Government bonds and part in stocks. It surprised Charles that the officers had not given him the loan at once, particularly since it appeared that Mr. Eaton was a director of the Pacific Investors Trust and thus indirectly controlled several large accounts at the Stuyvesant which were not his own. If Mr. Eaton were disappointed personally, the disappointment might go much farther, but recently Tony Burton and Stephen Merry had been exhibiting an unusual slowness in making decisions.

"I wonder why he didn't go to his own bank," Charles said. "Not that it's any of my business."

Clearly Roger Blakesley was delighted by the question. "Because I met him first, Charles," Roger said, "and I'm selling him on the personal service of small banks. I met him playing golf. I've seen quite a good deal of Godfrey Eaton. He's a friend of Sam Summerby. You know, Tony, Sam Summerby from Baltimore."

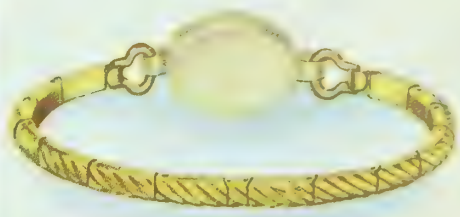
Perhaps it was Charles' imagination, perhaps he was becoming unduly sensitive, but it seemed to him that there was a slight rustle around the table. It seemed to him that everyone was watching them, and he realized that Roger had made a very good point. He knew that Roger was implying, without being obliged to say it, that he had brought in a very nice piece of business to the Stuyvesant, which was more than Charles had done lately. He was implying, without having to say it, that he brought in new business because he got around and sweetened contacts and played golf with people like Samuel Summerby. He was

Taking the first footstep with a good thought, the second with a good word, and the third with a good deed, I entered Paradise. —ZOROASTER.

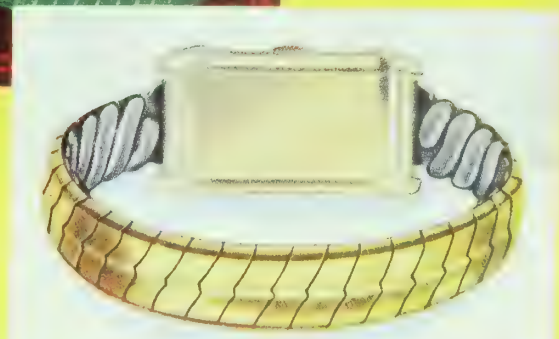


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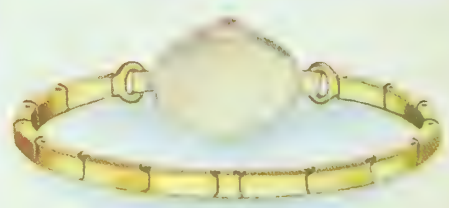


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implying, without saying it, that it was too bad Charles played a very poor game of golf, and it seemed to Charles that he was called upon to give some sort of answer.

"Are you on a first-name basis with him, Roger?" he asked.

"Of course I am," Roger said. "I've known Godfrey Eaton for a year. Everybody at the club knows Godfrey."

"What club?" Tony Burton asked. "Where does Eaton play golf?"

"Why, the Seneca Club," Roger said. "I've got in the habit of playing there lately instead of at Oak Knoll. It's a sportier course."

Mr. Burton nodded and made a note on a memorandum pad. The meeting had turned into a club's committee on admissions.

"I rather liked him myself," Tony Burton said. "He's breezy, but he has an agreeable personality. But Charles has put his finger on it. Why should he come around to us?"

"Because he likes us," Roger said. "He told me he liked you very much personally."

"Why shouldn't he?" Stephen Merry asked. "I like Tony personally."

Roger Blakesley laughed. "As a matter of fact, I do too," he said. "That's why the Stuyvesant is a great bank. Everybody likes Tony."

"I'd love Tony myself," Charles said, "if he'd lend me two hundred thousand dollars. That's the way it is. Love and money."

The officers laughed. Even the younger men around the table smiled, and Mr. Burton picked up a piece of paper. "He's putting up enough," he said. "There's only one security I question. Here's an unlisted company from a place called Clyde, Massachusetts—a block of five thousand shares at thirty dollars a share."

Never give a man up until he has failed at something he likes.
—WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES.

That was how Clyde came into the conference room, suddenly, out of nowhere. It came because Tony Burton's mind had been on a loan when he should have been discussing the trust business. It came like an unexpected gust of wind through an open window, except that there were no windows in the conference room—nothing but scientific air conditioning.

"I remember that five thousand shares," Roger Blakesley said, "but he has enough without it, hasn't he? We ought not to disappoint him. He's just the sort of person who in different ways controls a lot of business."

"THE Nickerson Cordage Company, Clyde, Massachusetts," Mr. Burton said. "Five thousand shares. Now, of course, we don't want to disappoint Mr. Eaton, but has anyone here ever heard of the Nickerson Cordage Company? Wait a minute—Charles, didn't you come from a place called Clyde?"

"Yes, sir. I was born there, but I haven't been there for quite a while."

"Well, what about the Nickerson Cordage Company?"

"They used to make rope," Charles said, "and twine and fish nets. They were near the Wright-Sherwin Company. I didn't know it was incorporated. It must have grown."

"If Godfrey Eaton has money in it, it must be good," Roger said. He spoke as an authority, as a golf partner and an intimate, personal friend of Mr. Godfrey Eaton.

"Well, we'll leave this for now," Mr. Burton said. His voice was resonant and agreeable, but it seemed to Charles that it had changed slightly.

Charles glanced at his watch. It was ten minutes past twelve, and in five minutes everyone was standing up, looking almost carefree because there would be a breathing spell for lunch.

"I didn't know the Eaton thing was coming up this morning," Roger Blakesley said.

Probably, under the circumstances, it was right to hover around Tony Burton and to show eagerness and zeal, but at the same time it might be possible to go too far.

"Speaking of electric razors," Charles said, "there was a story in the war ——" He had decided that he would bring up electric razors after all.

"What's that about electric razors?" Roger asked quickly.

"There was a story in the war," Charles said, "about someone who brought one to Port Moresby in New Guinea and there weren't any outlets at Moresby."

Charles was pleased to see that Tony Burton looked amused.

"Do you use one of those damned things, Roger?" Tony Burton asked.

"Of course," Roger said. "When you get the hang of one, you never want anything else."

"Don't you?" Tony Burton said. "Well, I wouldn't give one houseroom."

There had been times in the past when Charles was embarrassed because he was not a Harvard or a Yale graduate, as the New York banks he dealt with most were full of Harvard and Yale men, but in recent years he no longer felt any particular handicap. He had lunched at the Harvard Club often enough to find his own way to the checkroom, and Malcolm Bryant had left word at the door that he would be at the bar.

CHARLES found Malcolm at once, standing beside a middle-aged man who wore a tweed coat and gray slacks. The sight of a tweed coat in the city made Charles slightly uneasy, for it showed that Malcolm's friend, like Malcolm, belonged in some category where correct dress was not necessary. The tweed coat meant that he had just dropped into the city from the country and that he was a teacher or writer or something, and though it was a relief occasionally to meet personalities like this, still it was an effort in the middle of a crowded day to shift to them from people like Tony Burton and Roger Blakesley.

"Hello, Charley," Malcolm said. "This is Guy Lake. Mr. Gray, Mr. Lake."

Mr. Lake shook hands with Charles unsmilingly. His brown hair was closely cropped. His face was thin and studious.

"Malcolm says you're a banker," Mr. Lake said. "Malcolm says he picked you up somewhere at a desk. It's been quite a shock to Malcolm."

"It was quite a shock to me, too," Charles said. "I still haven't got over it." Charles smiled. At least he was able to deal with people. Experience had finally taught him to watch and wait and to find out what people were like.

"What'll you have to drink, Charley?" Malcolm asked.

At first Charley thought of saying that he would not have anything, but this would have been needlessly austere, so he said that he would like a sherry.

"That's the boy, Charley," Malcolm said, and he waved one hand at Charles and put the other on Mr. Lake's shoulder. "You know when I was doing that job on Yankee Persepolis, Guy ——"

"Yes," Mr. Lake said. "I know when you were doing it."

"Well, that's where I met Charley—and he never read it. It hurts me. In fact, it hurt me so much that I went right to the store and bought him a copy. Where's that book?"

"You left it at the other end of the bar, sir," the barman told him.

"Oh, yes. Well, get it for me, will you?"

"Are you going to give it to him?" Mr. Lake asked. "You ought to make him buy it. It shows you're an amateur."

"He wouldn't buy it," Malcolm said. "Do you buy Guy's books, Charley?"

Charles smiled again. "No," he said, "but I suppose I should."

The barman had passed Malcolm an academic-looking volume in a plain dust wrapper with "Yankee Persepolis" printed on it—"A Social Study—Malcolm Bryant."

"There you are," Malcolm said.

"Why, thanks, Malcolm," Charles said. "Thank you very much."

"Charley's a nice boy, Guy," Malcolm said. "You see why I like him, don't you? He has that repressed quality."

(Continued on Page 127)



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(Continued from Page 124)

"It's too bad you haven't got some of it yourself," Mr. Lake said. "You'd better get lunch, Malcolm, I've got to be going now. I'm glad to have met you, Mr. Gray," and he shook hands and walked away.

Malcolm Bryant scowled and shook his head. "Conceited, isn't he?" he said.

"I didn't have a chance to find out," Charles said.

"Well, he's conceited," Malcolm said. "He's an ornithologist. We were on a trip once in the Orinoco."

"Oh," Charles said, "I remember. You used to talk about the Orinoco."

Up to that moment, it had been hard to remember much about Malcolm Bryant, but now everything was beginning to be clearer. The mention of the Orinoco gave Charles a slightly guilty but at the same time a pleasant feeling. It brought him back to a time when he had been able to consider seriously regions like the Orinoco as places he might conceivably visit.

"I guess you have to have a Ph.D. to go to places like that," Charles said. "You have to know about bugs or snakes or rubber, I suppose."

Malcolm was regarding him in his old friendly, detached way, as though he were examining a strange human specimen. "Yes," Malcolm said. "It's better to have a Ph.D., but it's more important to think of a project. Then you sell that project to somebody and they give you the money and you go. That's why I'm going to New Guinea tomorrow."

"Oh," Charles said, "are you going to New Guinea?"

"Yes," Malcolm said, "for the Pacific Relations Institute."

One of the club attendants interrupted them. It was a telephone call for Mr. Bryant.

Malcolm said, "I'm sorry, Charley. That will be about the penicillin. Just wait for me in the other room, will you? I won't be a minute."

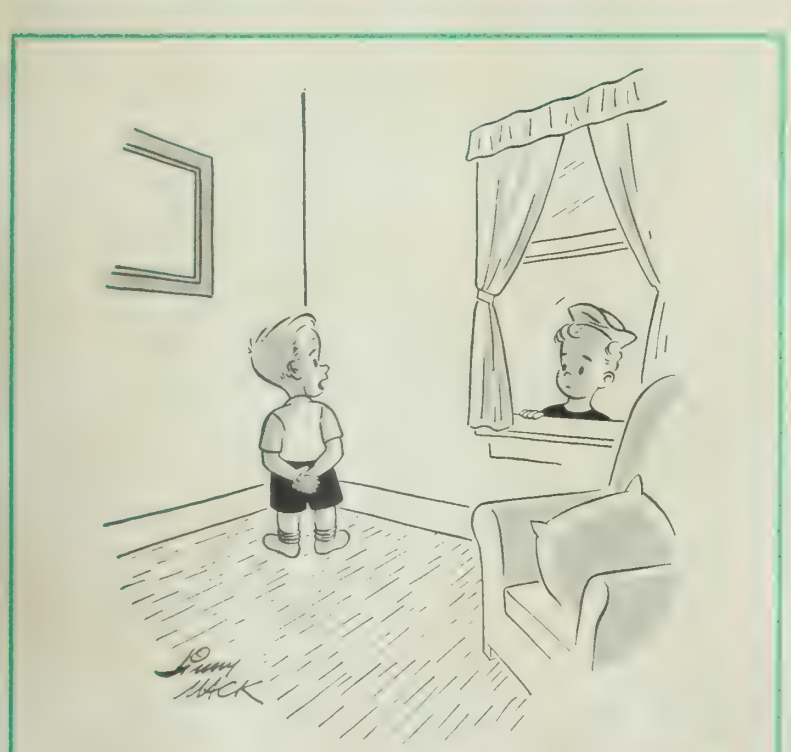
Charles walked into the other room and sat down in a red leather chair. He opened the book which Malcolm Bryant had given him. It was published, Charles saw, by a university press, but even university presses had bright accounts of their books' contents inside the dust wrapper.

"Yankee Persepolis," Charles read, "appears as the final and considered summation of part of a study of a typical New England town, its culture and its social implications. This volume has been written by Malcolm Bryant, in general charge of the survey. The result is a brilliant and exhaustive case history which can serve as an adequate text ——" Charles' attention had wavered. His eye traveled without reading down to the last paragraph. "Malcolm Bryant, though stemming from the Middle West, took his doctorate at Harvard University, is at present a Fellow of the Birch Foundation, and is widely recognized through his papers in scientific journals and as a lecturer."

That was all there was about Malcolm Bryant, and it conveyed very little to Charles. The book, as he glanced at it, was written in an abstruse and awkward way, adding up to something that he could not possibly read continuously, though he knew the book was about Clyde. The first chapter was entitled "Yankee Persepolis, Its Geography and Population," and the second "Social Structure," with a number of charts and drawings which Charles could not understand.

Turning the pages hastily, Charles could see the names of streets and neighborhoods and buildings, thin and inartistic parodies of real names. Johnson Street was called Mason Street, the North End was called Hill Town, Dock Street was called River Street, and so it went, down to the names of families. The Lovells were obviously called the Johnsons and the Thomases were called the Hopewells, in a chapter entitled "Family Sketches."

"For the purposes of distinction," Charles read, "it will be well arbitrarily to define the very definite and crystallized social strata of Yankee Persepolis as upper, middle and lower. These will be subdivided into upper-upper, middle-upper and lower-upper, and the same subdivisions will be used for middle and lower classes." Charles turned to the middle of the book. "Typical of a lower-upper family," Charles was reading, "are the Henry Smiths—father, mother, son and daughter. Like other lower-upper families, they dwell on a side street ('side streeters'), yet are received on Mason Street. Mr. Smith, with investment interests in Boston, whose father owned stock in the Pierce Mill, is a member of the Sibley Club, also the Country Club, but is not a member of the Fortnightly Reading Club, belonging only to its lower counterpart, the Thursday Club. Though a member, he has never been an officer of the Historical Society or a Library trustee. His wife, Mrs. Smith, was Miss Jones, a physician's daughter (middle-upper). She runs their home in the lower-upper manner, with the aid of one maid (middle-lower) coming in daily. The son Tom, a likable young graduate of Dartmouth, works ambitiously in the office of the Pax Company and is thinking of leaving for a job in Boston. He and his sister Dorothy are received by the upper-upper, but are not members of the committee for the Winter Assembly. They are, however, in a position to



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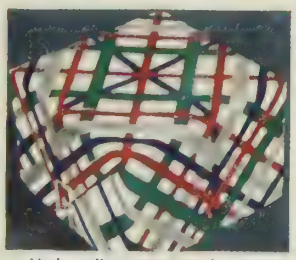
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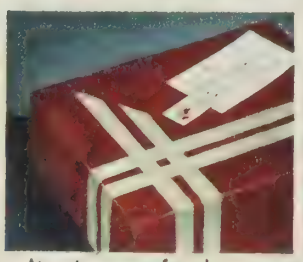
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move by marriage to middle-upper or possibly upper-upper status. There is even talk that in time Tom may be taken into the Fortnightly and he is on friendly terms with the daughter of Mr. Johnson (upper-upper), though there is little prospect of more than friendship. Dorothy is occasionally squired by Arthur Hopewell (upper-upper), but here, too, the prospect of marriage both recognize as small."

Charles felt his face redden, because it was easy enough to read between the lines. It was his own family there in black and white, starkly indecent, without trimming or charity. He was Tom, that likable young graduate from Dartmouth. It was indecent and infuriating, but still he read farther. His eye was still on the page when he heard Malcolm Bryant's voice.

"All right, Charley," Malcolm was saying. "Let's go in and have some lunch. So you've been looking over the opus, have you?"

Charles stood up with the book under his arm and tried to look calmly placid, especially as he saw that Malcolm was regarding him with a detached, scientific sort of curiosity. "Yes," Charles said, "I was just glancing through it."

"It's a professional sort of book. Everybody has to publish something."

"It's like all sociological books. It's a little over my head. It has a queer style."

"It isn't meant to have style. Scholars suspect anything with style."

"It has a lot of facts," Charles said, "but it doesn't sound much like Clyde."

They were already at the door of the long dining room and the clatter of dishes and voices was all about them so that Malcolm had to raise his voice.

"It isn't meant to be Clyde. It's only meant to represent a characteristic social unit. . . . Let's not wait on ourselves. Let's get a table at the end."

"All right," Charles said. "You're paying for it. I can't. I'm a likable Dartmouth boy."

Malcolm looked startled, but he laughed. "So you read that piece, did you?"

"I just glanced at it," Charles said. "There wasn't much time to go over it."

Success is getting what you want; happiness is wanting what you get. —ANON.

The headwaiter was leading them to a table at the end of the room, and Charles was looking at the faces of the diners because his training had taught him that it was worth while to recognize people. He smiled and waved his hand to a vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company and he was back in his own life again, just out from the Stuyvesant for lunch with an unconventional acquaintance, an anthropologist who was going to New Guinea.

"That book," Malcolm said, pointing at it. Charles had been carrying it and he had put it down on the table beside a small basket of rolls. "I thought everything was pretty well scrambled in that book, but you picked yourself out, didn't you?"

"Yes," Charles said. "The Smith family."

"I'm afraid it made you sore. Get it out of your head that it's personal."

"I wouldn't say I was sore, but of course it's personal and I can't say that I like the idea of someone like you coming there and treating us like guinea pigs."

"Now, listen, Charley, a social survey hasn't anything to do with friendship. Besides, it was twenty years ago."

"That's right," Charles said. "It was quite a while ago."

"Just remember," Malcolm said, and he looked hurt, "it hasn't got anything to do with friendship, Charley. I wish you'd get it into your head that I liked a lot of people there. I liked you, for instance, heaven knows why."

"I used to like you, too," Charles said.

Then they were silent for a minute, but it was not a constrained silence.

"Did you ever get married?" Charles asked. "You were always talking about marriage."

"Never mind it," Malcolm said. "Women always forget me when I go away. What happened about you and Jessica?"

"Never mind it now."

"All right. What's happened to you since? I mean since I used to know you."

"Why don't you say what you really mean?" Charles asked. "You mean you want to fill in the end of a case history about likable Tom Smith from Dartmouth." He shrugged his shoulders. "You and that bird man in the bar were talking about it before I came in, weren't you? I don't mind. I rather like being a part of a case history."

"That's true," Malcolm said. "I was telling him. Charley, you've got a damned tough mind."

"I have to have one. I've cultivated it, I suppose. There are a lot of tough minds in New York."

"Oh, no, you haven't cultivated it. You've always had a tough mind, Charley, and a sensitive disposition. Clyde was full of minds like that."

"Never mind Clyde," Charles said. "Go ahead and ask me questions."

"All right," Malcolm said. "What have you been doing?"

Charles looked at his plate. It was empty. He had finished the main course of the lunch without knowing what it was and now the waiter was taking away the plate.

"Well," he said, "I met someone in Boston once who asked me to look him up in New York. That was when I was working in E. P. Rush & Co. I got a job in the statistical department at the Stuyvesant and I did well enough so I held it through the depression. I married a girl who worked downtown in a law office. We have two children, and we've built a house in the suburbs that I'm still paying for, and now there's a vice-presidential vacancy. It rests between me and another man, who has a tough mind too. That's about all I've been doing."

Malcolm had lighted a cigarette. "Of course you haven't filled in many details. For instance, do you love your wife?"

"I thought you'd ask that," Charles answered, "and the answer is yes. I love my wife. I love my home and my children."

"I thought you would. You're an essentially monogamous type."

"Your categories and groupings bother me. I like individuals, not groupings."

"Now look here, Charley, whether you like it or not, everybody's in a category. I'm in one. Just remember that no matter what sort of system he lives under, man still stays the same."

"Do you mean to say that a political system doesn't change the mental habits of individuals?" Charles asked. "What about Fascism? What about communism?"

"It doesn't matter," Malcolm answered "All ideologies arise from instincts. You can't change instincts. Man is always the same."

It was getting to be one of those conversations that would never get anywhere and it was too heavy a one for lunch. Charles looked at his watch and it was a quarter after two.

"I've got to go," he said, and suddenly he realized that he had found out nothing, or almost nothing, about Malcolm Bryant. "I wish you hadn't made me talk about myself all the time," he said.

They were out of the dining room and Charles had put his brass check on the coat-room counter when Malcolm put his hand on his arm.

"Charley," he said, "you've got a lot of guts."

"How do you mean, guts?" Charles asked.

"Saying what you do," Malcolm said, "doing what you do, takes guts. You're a very nice boy, Charley."

"I wish," Charles said, "you'd stop calling me a nice boy."

"Well, you are," Malcolm said, "and it takes guts to be your type, these days. Good-by, good luck, Charley."

"Put me down in Category E," Charles said. "Good luck, Malcolm, and thanks."

(Continued on Page 130)

UCKY STRIKE

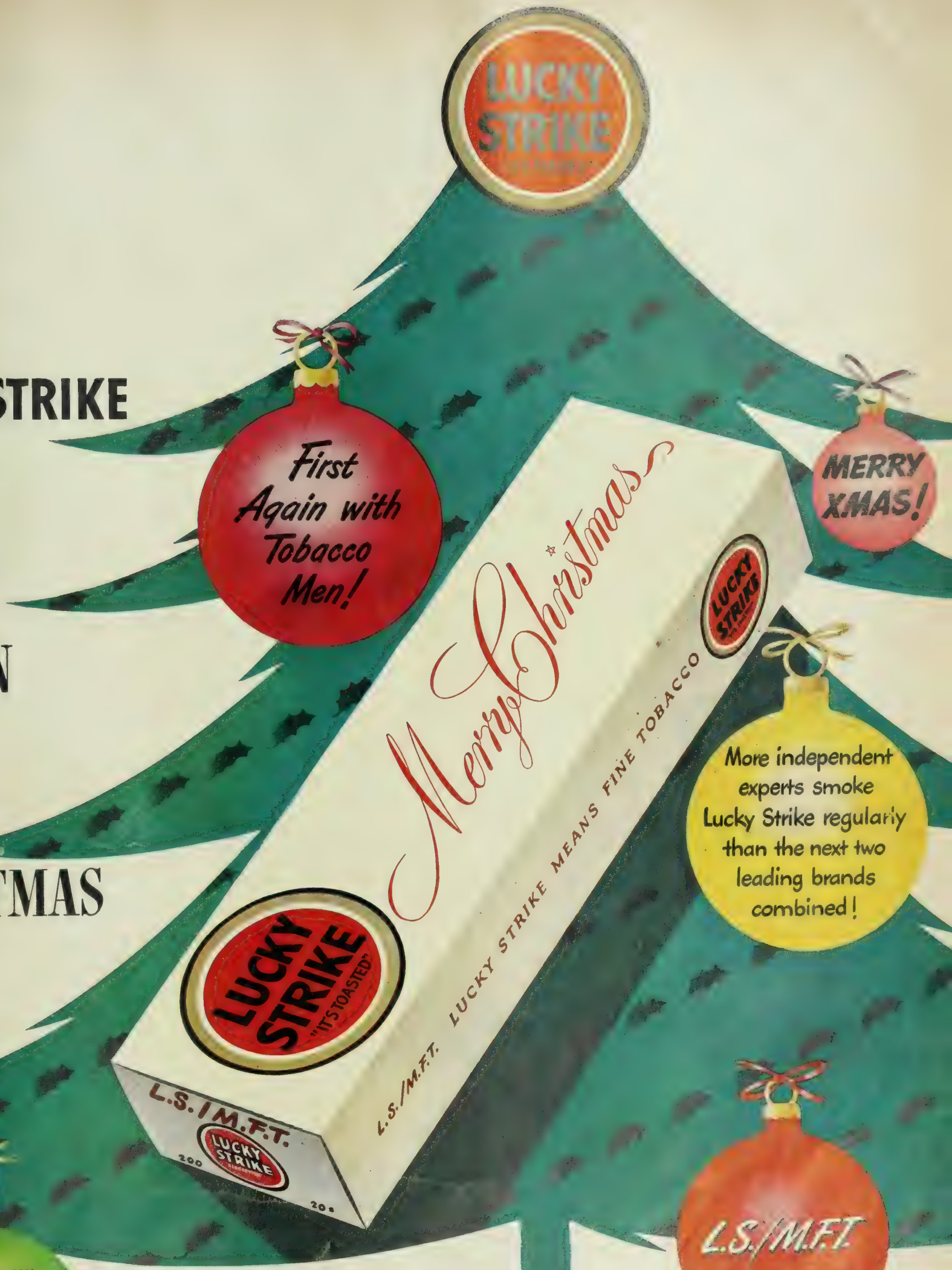
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(Continued from Page 129)

"Thanks for what?" Malcolm asked.

"Since you ask me, I don't exactly know," Charles said, "but thanks."

It had been quite a while—in fact, not since he had been upstairs at the Stuyvesant—since anyone had made a remark to him about staying out too long at lunch. Nevertheless, Charles knew that Miss Marble and Joe had been wondering where he had been, and it did not help to see that Roger Blakesley was busy at his desk already. Charles repressed an instinct to hurry and hang up his hat and coat and instead he walked slowly past the desks and stopped where Miss Marble was typing and asked her if there was anything new.

"Nothing new," Miss Marble said. "I called up Mrs. Gray and told her you couldn't catch the five-thirty. She said to remember that you're going to the country club tonight."

"Well, call her again and tell her I'll meet her there," Charles said. "I'll get there as soon as I can, but I'll be late."

The tellers' cages would close at three and already, as was usual in the afternoon, the pace was growing more leisurely. There were always new problems in the morning, but these grew old by afternoon, fitting with still older problems into a symmetrical design so that you had a sense of everything running smoothly.

Charles had devised a system that permitted him to examine every trust account personally at least once a month, and now Miss Marble brought to his cleared desk the ones which he was to review that day. As he thanked her and settled himself in his chair, he glanced across at Roger Blakesley. Roger's desk was heaped with piles of papers. It was a habit of Roger's always to shove a great many papers around in the afternoon, especially toward closing time.

"Hello there, Charley," Roger said. "Everything's backing up on me."

Charles knew this was not true, but it gave the picture that Roger wanted, a picture of heavy and unremitting labor.

"You're back early," Charles said. "I thought you were going to have lunch with Tony."

"He canceled it. Something came up the last minute. Who was that bird you went to lunch with?"

There was no privacy. Everyone heard everything, particularly Roger.

"A man I used to know," Charles said. And then some impulse made him explain it further. "He's an anthropologist."

"He looked like a teacher in business school," Roger said. "One of those 'if you can't do, teach' boys."

As far as Charles could tell, everything in Roger's career had stemmed from his stay at the Harvard School of Business Administration, where business was the oldest of the arts but the newest of the professions. He had to admit that Roger used his academic background adroitly, extracting the last drop from it. Roger was always saying it was a great place, the Harvard business school. When you studied under the case system, you became aware of practicality and theories at the same time.

Charles began on the first account. He was in the middle of the security list when he realized that Miss Marble was waiting by his desk.

"It's twenty minutes to three," Miss Marble said. "Mr. Selig is coming in at a quarter of—the one who is coming to open an account. I thought you'd like to see the credit department memorandum."

"Selig?" Charles repeated.

"The matter that Mr. Burton asked you to take up," Miss Marble said.

An anticipatory quiver in her voice showed that Miss Marble was interested. He had been asked yesterday to do that job and now he understood why Tony Burton was not yet back from lunch. He always seemed to be the one who was picked for unpleasant interviews.

"Thanks," he said, and he took the memorandum. "Burt J. Selig," he read, "is part owner of the Teddy Club and the La Casita night club, owns real estate at . . . and also in Miami . . . was indicted for income-tax fraud but indictment was quashed . . ."

There was no use going any farther, because everything had been decided. It seemed to Charles that there was no reason for a personal interview and that the matter might have been settled as well by letter, except that Tony Burton had disapproved of anything as permanent as a letter.

Charles' desk had just been cleared except for a pile of Moody reports when he saw Joe moving from the door accompanied by a thin, dark man who wore a bluish-purple overcoat and a lightweight gray felt hat. Except for the shimmering sheen of the overcoat and the violently brilliant polish of his shoes, Mr. Selig was quietly dressed. When he took off his hat, as he did when he approached the desk, Charles saw that his forehead was high and that his close-cropped dark hair was receding from his temples. His eyes were gray, his jaw was heavy, but there was nothing heavy about his step.

"This is our Mr. Gray," Joe said.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Made Ready to Receive Him

By Catherine Ames Clinedinst

What if one walked the midnight ways
And saw once more the wide sky blaze
With heaven's doorways all ajar . . .
Once more the heart-compelling Star?

What if tonight They came again,
Commending the Lord God to men?
Of so great love is Christmas made.
Hush, then, and hearken, unafraid.

The little bells are hung heart-high
To swell the Christ Child's lullaby.
At Mary's feet, beneath the fir,
The third king lays his gift of myrrh.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mr. Selig held out a carefully manicured hand. "I'm happy to meet Mr. Gray. My name's Selig, Burt Selig."

"Yes, I know," Charles said. "Mr. Burton asked me to see you and I have all the details. Won't you sit down, Mr, Selig?"

"A nice little place you have here," Mr. Selig said.

"It's just a small bank."

"Yes," Mr. Selig said. "That's what draws me to it, Mr. Gray, particularly for Mrs. Selig. I know some lovely people banking here, some of my best friends. My friend Alf Fieldstone banks here. Do you know Alf?"

"Yes, I've met him."

"A very nice fellow, Alf. He likes La Casita. Have you been to La Casita, Mr. Gray?"

"I tried once, but there was a long line waiting."

"Well, any time," Mr. Selig said, and he smiled.

"Thanks," Charles said.

"Well," Mr. Selig said, "I suppose you've looked me over. What's the story? Do you want my account or don't you?"

Many people believed that banking was a matter of dull routine, but whatever it might be to the boys in back, up front you could never count on monotony or even on a restful moment. Suddenly, with hardly any time to prepare, Charles had to change from book values to diplomacy and to draw smoothly on a store of conventional phrases, which were deceitful but which had to stick.

"Our officers have been over that question very carefully," Charles said. "We would value your account in a great many ways, Mr. Selig, but we really feel that you will be better off in another bank. You said yourself this is a small bank, and smallness has its difficulties." Charles smiled at Mr. Selig. "I hope you'll understand, Mr. Selig, sorry as we are to turn away profitable business." Charles smiled again. "Mr. Burton asked me to tell you personally that this is a purely business decision."

"So the answer is no, is it?"

"I'm afraid so," Charles said, "for the time being. We're very sorry."

Something made Charles sit up straighter and something made him feel that it would be unwise to shift his glance from Mr. Selig, for a film had seemed to drop over Mr. Selig's eyes. It was as though Mr. Selig had tried to suppress an impulse which he had been unable to conceal, and for a second Charles had a sense of something close to physical danger.

"So I'm not a nice enough guy to play with you, is that it?"

Charles spoke slowly and very carefully. "There's nothing personal intended. We often find the needs of some depositors are better filled by other banks."

"I'm not used to being given the runaround. Why didn't they say that the first time I came in?"

"I'm sorry you put it that way," Charles said. "Mr. Burton was very impressed by your references. We never like to disappoint our friends, Mr. Selig."

"So you're fronting for the crowd, are you?" Mr. Selig asked. "How much do they pay you for doing it? Ten grand a year?"

"That hasn't anything to do with your account, has it?" Charles asked. Still, he was fronting for the crowd. He liked the expression "fronting for the crowd." Mr. Selig was looking at him with a new sort of interest.

"Guys like you fascinate me," Mr. Selig said. "I don't see why you do it, for that money."

"I suppose I think I'm underpaid," Charles said. "It's human nature."

Mr. Selig lowered his voice. "How would you like twenty-five grand a year?"

"What for?"

"For what you're doing here. Fronting for the crowd."

It was something, after all it was something. At least it meant that he had not done his job badly. "Thanks," Charles said. "I'm afraid I couldn't use it, but I appreciate your asking."

"You guys fascinate me," Mr. Selig said. "Money everywhere and you don't want money. Well, no hard feelings."

They both stood up and shook hands.

"Oh, no," Charles said. "Not at all. We're very sorry, Mr. Selig."

There was no flagging in the bank's activity, but Charles was conscious of a ripple of excitement, of curious glances from the cashiers' cages and the smaller desks. They were all like good little boys and girls who had witnessed one of their number having it out in the schoolyard with a naughty boy from the street.

Then Roger Blakesley asked whether Mr. Selig was mad, but Charles had no time to answer. Mike Cavanaugh had stiffened to attention and Charles saw that Mr. Burton had come in.

"Has Selig called?" Tony Burton asked.

"He's just left," Charles told him.

"Well, I'm glad I missed him. How did he take it?"

"His feelings were hurt, but then mine would have been. I wouldn't say he was angry at me personally."

"There aren't any complications, then?"

"No," Charles said, "I don't think so."

Tony Burton began to move away to the coatroom.

"Oh, Mr. Burton," Roger Blakesley said, "have you got time to see me for a minute?"

"Yes," Mr. Burton said. "If it's only for a minute."

Charles had rung for Miss Marble and Miss Marble was bringing back the trust folders. He was careful to show no undue anxiety, but such a request of Roger's, at such a time, might have implications. Ordi-

(Continued on Page 132)



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(Continued from Page 130)

narily, either he or Roger Blakesley would have risen and walked over to the president's roll-top desk without asking for any sort of appointment. That request of Roger's meant that he wanted to see Tony Burton privately and perhaps about something personal.

Mr. Burton had left his coat and was settling down at his desk and Roger Blakesley had risen.

That sort of anxiety and self-inflicted suspense was useless and unprofitable, but there was nothing one could do. Charles was back in his personal world again, his little narrow world, and the trust accounts were facing him, but he could not keep his attention on the trust accounts. His thoughts kept wandering off in tangents.

Roger Blakesley was over by the front windows, his chair pulled close to the president's desk, talking very earnestly. He could not forget what Nancy had said that morning—that he could go to Tony Burton and put his cards on the table. Even though he dismissed it as just the thing a woman would suggest, still Nancy had good judgment. She understood as well as he did the routine and jealousies and discipline of an office, and besides there was the question of personal dignity. It was humiliating, considering his position, to sit, day after day, waiting for Tony Burton to tell him what was on his mind, when he had probably made his choice already. It was humiliating to have one's life and a good part of one's future depend on the eccentricity of one man's mind, but that was the way it always was.

It would obviously have ruined everything if Charles had endeavored to end the suspense by talking it over with Tony Burton. It was against all convention and Tony would instantly have put him in his place, but still it was possible to consider such an impossible scene. He could even frame what he would say.

Confidence in another man's virtue is no slight evidence of one's own.
—MONTAIGNE.

"Listen, Tony," he would say, "let's face the facts. Maybe you're removed from office politics, but everybody here in the bank knows that you are considering proposing either Blakesley or me for this vice-presidency. Maybe you don't know, but you ought to, that they're making bets on it in the washroom. It isn't dignified. It isn't fair to Roger or me to keep us waiting. We're both of us making monkeys of ourselves running around and polishing apples. You know everything about me, Tony. I've been around here long enough. Of course, I was out in the war, but you approved my going, or you said you did, and I'm about the same as I ever was in spite of it. I know it's hard to step on somebody's face, but this thing has been going on for months, ever since Arthur was killed, and I'm tired of staying awake at night, and Nancy's getting tired too. How about it, Tony?"

It was not a bad speech, either, even though it was out of his usual line and beyond the realms of discipline. In fact, the words were so vivid in his mind that he seemed to be saying them right now. But of course he would never say them. He was at his desk and out of the corner of his eye he saw that Roger Blakesley was back again, leafing through a pile of papers with his left hand while he scribbled with his right on a memorandum pad.

The shades on the front door were drawn already, showing that the bank was closed to depositors. If he had wished to have that talk with Tony Burton, now would have been the time, but he still sat at his desk with the trust accounts in front of him.

Just then his desk telephone rang. It was Miss Sumner, Tony Burton's secretary. "Mr. Gray," Miss Sumner said, "Mr. Burton wants to know if you can see him for a moment."

There were some reactions you could not control, and in spite of himself his heart was beating faster. He deliberately finished the page of his report before he rose, and when he was on his feet he looked at Roger Blakesley. Charles was sure that Roger knew exactly why Tony Burton wanted to see hi for a moment.

Tony Burton looked very fit, in spite o his white hair and his roll-top desk, whic both conspired to place him in another ge eration. For years Charles had accepted hi as a model willingly, even though he realize that everyone else above a certain salar rating used Tony Burton for a similar unit measure, and he was pretty sure that Ton himself was conscious of it. In fact, at one those annual dinners for officers and junio executives when everyone said a few word and got off a few local jokes about the bank Charles had brought the matter up when h had been called upon to speak. Speaking wa always an unpleasant ordeal with which h had finally learned to cope successfull largely from imitating Tony. He remembere standing up and waiting for silence, just a Tony waited, with the same faint smile an the same deliberate gaze.

"I SHOULD like to drink a toast," he had said, "not to our president but to everyone who tries to look like him. When I walk, I always walk like Tony, because Tony knows just how to walk; and when I talk, I always talk like Tony, because Tony knows just how to talk; and when I dress, I always dress like Tony, in a double-breasted suit. But no matter how I try, I cannot be like Tony. I can never make myself sufficiently astute."

That was the one time in the year, at that annual dinner, when you could let yourself go, within certain limits, and Tony Burton had loved it. That was back in 1941, but Tony Burton still had the same spring to his step, the same unlined, almost youthful face. He looked up now and smiled at Charles and waved his hand with the circular motion at the wrist that everyone had tried to imitate.

"Sit down, Charley," he said. "Have a cigarette and relax."

No matter how much you might pretend it was no time for relaxing and Charles shook his head when Tony Burton offered him a club cigarette from his gold case. There was the unwritten rule of no smoking on the banking floor—even though Tony Burton suggested it be broken.

"What's on your mind, Tony?" he asked.

"About that loan we were talking about this morning. That cordage company. You said you were born up there. What's the name of the place?"

"You mean Clyde?"

"Yes, that's it. Clyde. Somebody ought to see that company, and it occurred to me if you've lived up there and know the background, you'd better go up for the day and look things over. Talk to people. Find out from the bank. Nothing is secret about any business in a small town."

"No, sir," Charles said. "Everybody in Clyde knows about everything."

"Well, if you want to, take the midnight, or take the plane up to Boston tomorrow morning. Stay as long as you like and see if you can get some figures."

Charles nodded slowly. He did not want to speak for a moment. He was going up to Clyde and he could not help it. He was going back to where he had come from because Roger Blakesley had seen Mr. Burton for just a minute.

"Do you mind if I ask you a question, Tony?" he asked.

"Why, no, of course not, Charley."

"Did you think up this idea yourself?" It was dangerous, impertinent and out of order, but from the slight narrowing of Tony Burton's eyes and from a faint look of surprise he knew that Tony Burton understood, and that was all he wanted.

"Why, no. Now that you mention it, it wasn't entirely my idea."

At least Tony Burton understood, if he had not before, why Roger had suggested it. It was an opportunity to get Charles Gray away for a while, out of sight and out of mind in a crucial period.

"I suppose Roger ought to go," Tony Burton said. "It's his responsibility, but he



doesn't know Clyde. How about riding back with me on the five-thirty?"

"I can't," Charles said. "The Whitakers want to see me at five. They're very short of money."

Tony Burton frowned. He was thinking, obviously, of dignity and convention. "Why can't they come down here like other people?"

"Mrs. Whitaker hasn't been well," Charles said, "and so I thought ——" They both knew the size of the Whitaker account.

"All right," Tony Burton said. "Let's see, you'll be back by Friday, won't you? Remember you're coming to dinner on Friday."

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," Charles said.

When their glances met, there was no doubt that Tony Burton knew what he meant. "Well, relax and have a good time, Charley," he said. "I'll see you Friday." Then his voice had a note of kindly promise in it. "Just you and Nancy are coming, and you and I'll have a good long talk about the whole situation here on Friday."

CHARLES was very conscious of the fact that he belonged in a different world whenever he entered the Whitakers' apartment. When he handed the butler his hat and coat, he knew that he understood the whole place very well, academically but not practically. It was an environment in which he could move gracefully, without tipping things over, but one in which he would never live.

It was obviously going to be another family conference, because the room at the end of the hall was set for it, a large room that looked small because of the piano and the Bouguereaus and Alma-Tademas on the wall, the Italian chairs, the overstuffed sofas, and the maze of silver-framed photographs on the tables. The family had all been waiting for him, although he was certain that he was there right on the dot of five. Mrs. Whitaker, in a dark tailored suit, was seated on a sofa in front of the fireplace. She was holding a tablet on her knee, with questions written on it. She always wrote down questions. Mr. Whitaker was standing near the fireplace, looking round and red and uncomfortable. Their son Albert, who had risen when Charles came in, looked more like his mother than his father. You could see that he had kept his figure by conscientious outdoor exercise, and he kept his hair, too, though it was gray at the temples.

Albert's wife, as usual, looked very bored. Though she and Charles had never exchanged more than a word of greeting, it always surprised him how clearly she could tell him what she was thinking without saying a word—not that she cared whether he knew or not. She was telling him simply by perching on the edge of one of the Italian chairs that she was bored by having to be there, that she was too young, too pretty, too blond to be there, that she hated the stuffy furniture and her family-in-law, and that she was bored by Albert too.

"I hope I'm not late," Charles said.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Whitaker. "I know we can count on your never being late. Sit down here beside me, Mr. Gray, so we can read things together."

Charles sank down beside her on the sofa.

"Hewett," Mrs. Whitaker said, "perhaps Mr. Gray would like a Scotch and soda."

"Oh, no, thank you," Charles said.

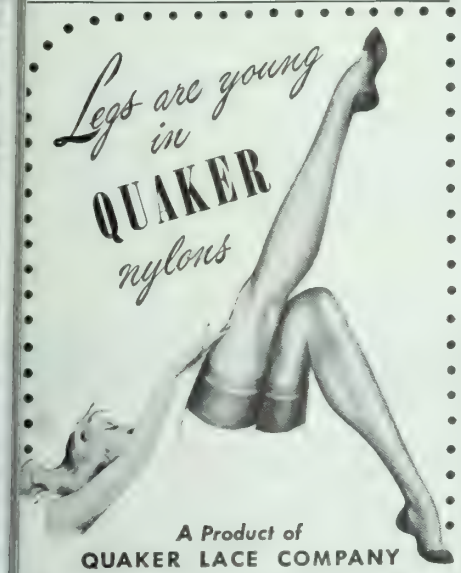
"Well, I'd like one," Albert said. "Come on, dad. How about it, Dorothy?"

"Well," Dorothy said, and her voice was coldly sweet, "I might have one if Mother Whitaker doesn't mind."

"Of course I don't mind, darling," Mrs. Whitaker said. "Why on earth should I mind? Mr. Gray and I will have some tea when everything is over. Won't we, Mr. Gray?"

"Why, yes," Charles said. "That would be very nice." He saw Dorothy glance at him. She was telling him as plainly as though she had spoken to get on with it, and he hoped that he was telling her when he glanced back at her that he wanted to get on with it, that he didn't like sitting there any more than she did.

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(Continued from Page 133)

"Now," said Mrs. Whitaker, "let's begin at the beginning. Let's begin by having you scold us, Mr. Gray, because we all need a good scolding."

"About what, Mrs. Whitaker?"

"About the ranch. I know how it must look with the world the way it is, but it's really for Albert's sinus. Albert and Dorothy are just back from Arizona. You can tell it by looking at them, can't you?"

Charles looked up at Dorothy and their glances met again.

"Albert," Dorothy said sweetly, "why don't you show him the photographs? That's what you brought them for, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes," Albert said. "If you have to be out there, you might as well have some sort of place and not stay at a hotel. We saw this one fifty miles out of Tucson. These are just snapshots, but they'll give you an idea, and Dorothy's crazy about it. She needs some sort of place."

Curiously enough, he could feel their uncertainty as Albert handed him the photographs, and he knew that they were anxious for his approval. The photographs were mountain and desert views with low buildings of the Spanish-hacienda type in the foreground, corrals, patios, galleries, a swimming pool. They represented an exotic life pattern which the Whitakers must have known was entirely out of his experience, but still they wanted him to approve.

"If you really want it," Charles said gently, "I don't know why you shouldn't have it. Is a hundred thousand the asking price? If you really want it, you'd better give me the agent's name."

Tell a girl she is pretty and she will like it, but will not be sure you are in earnest; tell her she is prettier than some girl she knows is pretty and you have got her.

—ANONYMOUS.

"He does really want it," Mrs. Whitaker said. "If you could call up the agent it would be sweet of you, Mr. Gray. It would sound better than having Albert do it."

"Of course," Charles said, "you'll have to use a little capital, but I don't see why you shouldn't."

He was opening the brief case, taking out the folders. There was no earthly reason why they shouldn't, any more than there was no earthly reason why he should not have bought a three-dollar book if he had wanted it, or an overcoat if he really needed it, but it hardly mattered as much to them as a new overcoat would have mattered to him. He was speaking quickly, easily, just as though their problems were his own, dealing in millions just as though they belonged to him. He explained painstakingly item after item on the list.

"You make everything seem so reasonable, Mr. Gray," Mrs. Whitaker said. "I do hope they appreciate you at the bank as much as we do."

"I hope they do, too," Charles answered. He picked up some of the papers as a hint that he had been there for nearly an hour. He wanted very much to catch the six-thirty.

"Well," Albert said, "if everything's settled perhaps Dorothy and I had better be pushing off."

DOROTHY rose from the edge of her chair, gracefully, without pushing herself from it. "It stays light so long," she said, "that I keep forgetting what time it is."

But Mrs. Whitaker had picked up the pad from her knee. "I thought you told me that you didn't have any engagement until dinner, dear. Now that Mr. Gray's here, I did have a few other questions, but if you want to run along ——"

"Oh, no," Dorothy said. "We're really in no hurry." She smiled and sat down again and folded her hands carefully in her lap. She did it brightly and cheerfully, without a hint of resignation, but Charles was sure he knew what she was thinking.

Mrs. Whitaker's mind was always filled with unshaped, broad-gauge thoughts that mingled confusingly with little ones. There was still that matter of trying to settle a little more on Albert and of balancing the gift against inheritance taxes. She knew, as Charles had so often said, that these were really legal problems and she had nothing at all against Mr. Stone, who handled them, but she did value Mr. Gray's opinion and her father had always said that two minds were better than one. While they were having tea she would like to look over the security list with Albert. It was high time that someone gave it attention besides herself because she was tired of having everyone expect her to do everything alone.

"Nothing's been changed since last time," Charles said.

"I know," she said, "but I would like to look at it with Albert for a minute if you wouldn't mind waiting, Mr. Gray. Why don't you take your tea and talk with Dorothy?"

CHARLES rose and picked up his teacup. Dorothy had moved to a window with her highball glass in her hand. She stood there straight and beautiful, smelling faintly of Chanel 5.

"I'm sorry it's taken so long," Charles said.

"Why don't you take a drink? I would."

"Oh, no," Charles answered. "I don't believe you would."

"Well, maybe I wouldn't," she said, and she smiled again. She glanced toward the sofa where Mr. Whitaker and Albert stood looking over Mrs. Whitaker's shoulder.

"I didn't know," he heard Mrs. Whitaker saying, "that we had so many shares in Homestake Mine, Albert."

Dorothy had turned toward him again. Her beautifully molded, made-up face and the wind-blown look to her hair had an impermeable sort of completeness. It made him nervous that there was so little wrong about her. There was nothing wrong about her delicate hands and her pointed red fingernails, nothing wrong about her silk print dress or her diamond clip or her straight, lithe figure or her nylon stockings, but still there was something baffling.

"What do you do," she asked, "when you aren't doing this?"

"I go home," Charles said. "It looks as though I'm going to be late tonight."

"You make me curious because I can't picture you as doing anything but what I see you doing."

"Well," Charles answered, "now you mention it, I've been thinking about the same thing about you."

Her lips curved in that same faint smile. "That's because we're both doing what we do very well, but it takes a lot of trouble, doesn't it?"

"Well, sometimes—yes."

"Do you ever wonder whether it's worth it?"

"Yes," Charles said, "occasionally. I suppose everyone does."

"That's the question," she said. "Is it worth it? I'm glad you're curious about me. I didn't know you were. We ought to have a long talk sometime."

Charles squared his shoulders. He could not imagine how he had become involved in such a conversation and nothing would have been more unwise than having a long talk with Dorothy Whitaker sometime.

"I'm very glad you suggested it," Charles said. "It's an interesting idea."

"It would be a lot of fun." Her smile grew broader. "If we could sit in a bar some afternoon and get quietly tight and talk ——"

Charles found that he was laughing. The beauty of it was that it was so impossible that there was nothing at all to worry about.

"You see," she said, "I'd find out what you used to be and how you got the way you are."

"It wouldn't be worth it," Charles said. "I've always been about the same."

"Oh, no," she said, "nobody ever is. We can't help working on ourselves."

He had a momentary picture of her working on herself, sitting before her mirror with

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(Continued from Page 135)

ıer lipstick and her powder base, and brushng back her hair. "Not on ourselves," he aid. "Everyone works on us. Everyone vears us down."

"If you're tough enough, you don't have o be worn down."

Charles found himself laughing again. "All ight," he said, "what did you use to be?"

She shook her head slowly and her smile ıad gone. "Nicer," she said, "quite a good leal nicer."

"Oh, Mr. Gray," Mrs. Whitaker was calling, "could you come over here for a minute?"

"Good-by," she said. "Good luck."

"I see you have a question mark in pencil after Smith Chemical," Mrs. Whitaker was saying.

The six-thirty from the upper level of the Grand Central was a good train, express to Port Chester and never crowded. Charles laid his brief case on the vacant seat beside him and took out the book, Yankee Persepolis, that Malcolm Bryant had given him. He laid it on top of his brief case and then looked at the headlines on the front page of the New York World-Telegram. The headlines had the same disturbing quality as his personal thoughts, for it seemed that nothing was in order that day with himself or with anything else.

The people he had seen that day and the things that he and they had said had no disturbing connotation in themselves. Taken separately, they were all elements that he might encounter in any working day. The trust conference, the interlude of lunch, the activities of Roger Blakesley, his words with Mr. Selig, his talk with Tony Burton and his conference with the Whitakers were manifestations that he had encountered often in slightly different forms, yet taken all together they achieved a different stature. Even the question of competition, of his having been outmaneuvered, though he was keenly conscious of it, was not what disturbed him. There was something more in the sum of all of it that lay within himself.

Lots of times you have to pretend to join a parade in which you're not interested, in order to get where you're going.

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY: Kitty Foyle (Copyright, 1939, published by J. B. Lippincott Company).

For some reason Clyde kept coming into it, and for some reason he kept seeing events in terms of Clyde. When he had stood by that window watching Dorothy Whitaker's tapering fingers with their brightly polished red nails as she held her half-empty glass, he might again have been calling on Jessica Lovell at the Lovell house in Clyde. Granted that Jessica was a wholly different person, there was that same indirect involvement. It was true that if you weren't tough enough, contact with other people wore you down.

"Tickets," the conductor was saying. He had not noticed the conductor walking through the car. Then he remembered that he had used up the last of his commutation ticket that morning.

"I'll have to pay you," Charles said. He could not remember when he had last forgotten a ticket.

Since he was late, he had to take a taxi. "Sycamore Park," Charles said, and the starter called out his words above the rumbling of the train that was leaving.

"Sycamore Park. Anyone else going to Sycamore Park?"

The night air was fresher and it smelled of spring, and there was a vacancy of sound after the train had left. The train seemed to have carried away everything that Charles had been thinking. He was going home again, and no one else was going to Sycamore Park. He was returning to the basic reason for everything for which he had been working.

When he paid the driver and the car had driven off, he stood for a while at the end of the flagstone path that led to the light green front door. The light from the ground-floor windows showed the outlines of the ell and roof, and his imagination enabled him to put the rest of it together in the dark—the yard, the lawn and trees, the garage and the flagstone terrace by the windows of the library. There was too much of him connected with the house ever to view it objectively. He was thinking of the copper gutters and of the way the conductors drained over a part of the lawn. It would be necessary to have a dry well dug for the conductors. And then there was the broken latch on the garage door, and the oil burner needed a new lining of firebrick. Those were the sort of thoughts that came over him as he stood by the door, and they were a relief after everything else.

The hall, when Charles entered, seemed what the architect had called gracious and welcoming. At the left came the dining room; the living room was opposite, then the stairs, and the pine-paneled library at the end of the hall. Once he had thought this ground plan was entirely original until, to his amazement, he found it repeated in all the other houses at Sycamore Park.

It was strange the way a family developed habits. For instance, no one seemed to use the living room much, although it was the largest and most comfortable room in the house. The children, as usual, were in the library listening to the radio. Bill was sprawled on the sofa in a manner which he must have copied from some older boys. He was wearing a pull-over sweater and his gray flannel trousers had worked halfway up to his knees, showing stretches of bare shin. His face seemed to have outgrown itself, like his body, so that his nose looked too big for his eyes, and his hair was done in a crew cut which was very unbecoming.

Evelyn sat sideways in an armchair. Instead of being nervous, petulant and slender, as she had been when she was seven and eight, Evelyn was almost fat. He could imagine she would be pretty someday, for she had Nancy's tranquil features and Nancy's chin and mouth, yet it was hard to think that Nancy, when she was twelve, could have looked like Evelyn, that Nancy could have worn a little girl's plaid dress or that Nancy's light brown braids were ever so untidy.

When they saw him they both jumped up, clumsily yet with a puzzling sort of coordination. Evelyn still kissed him like a little girl, winding her arms tight around his neck, but Bill simply stood there grinning at him, with his wrists dangling out of the sleeves of his sweater.

"Hello," Charles said. "How about turning that thing off?"

"It's going to be over in a minute, daddy," Evelyn said, "and then there's going to be Eddie Duchin."

"Well, never mind Eddie Duchin," Charles said. "Turn it off. I'm tired."

Bill switched it off and there was a silence that was almost embarrassing to Charles. It was obviously incredible to both Bill and Evelyn that anyone could exist who could bear to miss Duchin.

"Where's mother?" Charles asked.

"She's gone to the club," Bill answered. "The Martins took her and she left the car. She said for you to go up there when you've had supper."

"It's in the oven," Evelyn told him, "but I'll get it."

"Why do you have to go out?" Bill asked. "Why don't you just stay here?"

"Because he's on the committee," Evelyn said. "And don't forget to shave." She sounded just like Nancy when she said it.

"Don't worry," Charles answered. "I'll put on a black tie and everything."

"Mother laid your clothes out," Evelyn told him. "Daddy, why don't you use lotion?"

"What?"

"After-shaving lotion. Don't you want to be like other people?"

Charles started to laugh, but a desperate, tragic note in her voice stopped him. "Do you really think that would help?" he asked,

(Continued on Page 139)



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(Continued from Page 137)

nd she nodded without speaking. "All ight," Charles said, "I'll tell you what I'll o. If you really think so, I'll buy some to- orrow."

It must have been worrying her, because he smiled the triumphant smile of someone who has been through a considerable ordeal nd who has been brave enough to speak ank thoughts. "Oh, daddy," Evelyn said, you don't have to do it if you don't want ."

That expansive mood was still with harles as he sat in the dining room eating armed-over corned-beef hash and string eans and drinking a cup of bitter, warmed- ver coffee. Now that it was spring, he found imself saying, they would take the car some aturday soon and drive away out in Con- ecticut for a picnic. It would be a cooking icnic, if they could find a place somewhere ear a brook where they could light a fire. When he was their age, he was saying, they ften went for picnics down on the beach and hey always built a fire of driftwood because here was always a lot of dry wood on a each. Bill was saying that he wished they ad a sailboat, but Evelyn was saying that of ourse they couldn't afford a sailboat, and Charles said that perhaps they could some- ime. Then Bill was saying that he had been vith some of the boys to the airport that fternoon watching the Piper Cubs, and Charles said that maybe Bill could take fly- ng lessons sometime, if he wanted, when he was seventeen or eighteen. This brought the conversation around to the war, and Charles was tell- ng them again, as he had before, that he had not done anything much in the war and that a great many people in the Air Force were on the ground all the time, repairing the planes and briefing the crews who were going on missions. Then Bill was asking him if he had ever been on a mission, and Charles said that he had been, twice, but not do- ing anything, just there to see what it was like.

"What was it like?" Bill asked.

Charles pushed his plate away. He would never be able to tell Bill what it was like, even if he wanted to. "It was cold," he said. "If I'm going to the club, I've got to get dressed. It's all over, anyway, Bill. All of it's all over."

He must have spoken sharply without having intended to, because they were quiet when he stood up, but Bill followed him to the stairs.

"Do you mind if I come up with you?" he asked.

"No," Charles said, "of course not, as long as we talk about something else." His brother Sam had been old enough to go to the last war.

While he was putting his studs in his shirt, he kept looking at Bill, who sat on the edge of the bed, and wondering whether he could ever have looked like Bill when he was fifteen.

"I don't want you sitting around wishing you'd been in that war," Charles said.

"Well, just the same, I do."

"It doesn't do any good to wish," Charles said. "I kept wishing I'd been to the first one and that's why I went to this one and it wasn't a very good idea."

"Why wasn't it a good idea?"

"It didn't help anything."

"How do you mean," Bill asked, "it didn't help anything?"

"Never mind," Charles said. "It didn't. It was a luxury."

"A luxury?" Bill repeated.

The subject was not worth discussing. Bill was too young to understand him. "When you do something that you don't have to do, it's generally a luxury," Charles said. "You've got a lot of other things to think about, Bill. I want you to go to college. I want you to have more opportunities than I've had. I'd like you to have some sort of profession, something you'll be proud and happy doing."

"Aren't you happy working in the bank?"

"Yes, but that hasn't anything to do with you. What do you want more than anything else?"

"I want to go to Exeter," Bill said.

Charles did not answer. It was an anti-climax, but he could understand it. It meant that Bill was like himself. When he was that age, he too had usually wanted something small and definite.

"Dad, is there any chance of sending me to Exeter?"

"Why, yes," Charles said, and he put on his coat. "I think so, Bill. I think there's a pretty good chance, if everything turns out all right. Do you know where the keys to the car are? I ought to be going now."

Not since he had left Clyde had Charles ever felt so identified with any community as he had after he had been asked to join the Oak Knoll Country Club. Charles was frank enough to admit that the Oak Knoll Club was not so good as the older country club at Hawthorne Hill. Charles' knowledge of people in the bank and his acquaintance with Hawthorne Hill clients had taught him that the Oak Knoll Club was intended for a definite sort of person, either one who could not afford the Hawthorne Hill dues or one who had not had the edges polished off.

It was reassuring to Charles to recall that several members of Hawthorne Hill had spoken to him casually about joining it someday. Cliff Dunbarton, who kept his polo ponies and his hunters at the stable at Hawthorne Hill and who had come to Charles several times at the bank to ask him about investments, had said that any time Charles wanted to get into Hawthorne to let him know. Tony Burton himself, who was a member, had said only last year that it might be a good idea for Charles to think about getting into Hawthorne Hill, as long as Charles was a confidential adviser to so many of its members. It might even be a good thing for the bank to have him in there. When Charles had pointed out that he could not possibly afford the initiation fee or the purchase of the necessary share of stock, Tony Burton had said that there might be some way to wangle it. But either it had gone out of Tony's mind or there had not been any way, for the subject had not been brought up again.

> **Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps: for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be.**
>
> —WILLIAM HAZLITT.

It was true that in some sections of the town Oak Knoll was referred to as the "Monkey Cage," and now that Charles was a member of the House Committee he could see what was meant, but at the same time they all enjoyed themselves at Oak Knoll, and even some of the Hawthorne Hill crowd still kept their memberships.

When Charles was hanging up his hat and coat in the men's coatroom, the first person he saw was Cliff Dunbarton, who looked more relaxed than usual.

"Why, hello," he said. "If it isn't Mr. Gray."

"That's right," Charles said. "The name's Gray," and he was tempted to add, "Fancy seeing you here," but he did not know Cliff Dunbarton well enough to be familiar.

"Margie's away," Cliff Dunbarton said, and Charles realized that he must be referring to Mrs. Dunbarton. "She never can stand this place. Margie isn't what you'd call democratic, but this is quite a party."

"I wouldn't know," Charles said. "I just got here. But it must be if you say so."

"I've always kept my membership here," Cliff Dunbarton said, "out of community spirit. I'm having a wonderful time. How about having a drink, Charley?"

"I'd like to a little later, but not right now," Charles said. Obviously Cliff Dunbarton was quite tight or he would not have called him Charley.

"Have you got a pencil and a piece of paper?" Cliff Dunbarton went on. "There's a little number I was dancing with out there and I want to write her name down before I forget it."



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Charles took a fountain pen from his inside pocket and tore a leaf from the back of his small black notebook.

"She's a very nice little number," Cliff Dunbarton said. "Her name is Sherrill or Merrill or something, and I never would have met her if I hadn't come here. She lives in that new development. What is it? Something about a tree."

"Every new development is something about a tree," Charles said.

Cliff Dunbarton placed the notebook page against the wall and began writing slowly. "Bea Merrill. She asked me to call her Bea. I wish I knew what her husband's name was. She lives in that new, young-executive development. I remember the name now. Sycamore Park."

"That's right," Charles said. "She's Mrs. Tom Merrill."

"How do you know?"

"Because I live there. I live in Sycamore Park."

"That's right. Of course you do. You're the only person I've ever heard of who lives there."

"Except Bea," Charles said.

"Except Bea." Cliff Dunbarton began to laugh. "Well, thanks for the pen, Charley, and don't let the sycamores fall on you."

When Charles stepped out of the coatroom, though he felt tired he knew he ought to dance, being a member of the House Committee. His ear for music was bad, and in spite of having gone once furtively for a course of lessons at the Arthur Murray studio, he had never developed an interesting technique, nor had he ever entirely mastered that basic Arthur Murray step, and he always had a feeling that he was back at his senior-high-school dance at Clyde or at a Dartmouth prom. Nevertheless, he could see it was a good Tuesday-night party, with a big enough crowd to make it more than break even financially. The tables had been cleared away from the big room, and Sol Blatz and His Orchestra, from Stamford, were playing in one corner.

The world is not unkind, and reprobates are worse than their reputations.

—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH: Afterthoughts (Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc.).

He saw Mr. Forbush dancing with Dotty Jack—the Jacks who had bought the stucco house, the one that had been hard to sell, near the entrance to Sycamore Park. Then he saw Nancy. She was dancing with Cyril Renard, who sold life insurance downtown. Charles edged his way carefully across the floor and Nancy saw him and smiled.

"Hello, Cyril," Charles said. "I'm going to take Nancy off your hands."

"Don't put it that way," Cyril said. "Nancy and I were talking about you and education. Where's Bill going to college?"

CHARLES knew that Cyril was thinking of one of those educational policies which would both send the children to a proper school and you to a hospital if you needed it.

"Charley, you and I ought to have a long talk sometime," Cyril said.

"All right," Charles answered. "Sometime, Cyril." He put his arm hastily around Nancy and began to dance.

"Thank goodness you've come. I've been dancing with him for ages," Nancy said, and then she gave him a little squeeze. "Is there any news?"

"Nothing much," Charles said. "I can't talk about it here, Nancy."

"What have you been doing all day?"

"I was stuck in the Whitakers' apartment."

"Oh," Nancy said, "the Whitakers. Did anything else happen?"

He knew he would have to tell her about Clyde and that he was going away tomorrow, but he did not want to tell her then, to the sound of Mr. Blatz and the saxophone.

"Did you say anything to Tony Burton?" Nancy asked.

"No," Charles said, "not exactly."

"How do you mean, not exactly?"

"What I say. Not exactly."

"Roger Blakesley's here tonight. Have you seen him?"

"No, but I've seen him all day."

"He looks exuberant."

"Oh," Charles said, "does he?"

"You look a little tired, darling."

"Well, I am tired."

"Did the children get you your supper?"

There was no time to answer. Someone had clapped him on the shoulder and they separated. It was Christopher DeMille, who lived two doors away from them and who wrote advertising copy.

"Hello, beautiful," Christopher said. "Are you two quarreling?"

"No," Nancy said. "We're having a second honeymoon."

"You ought to see Bess and me," Christopher said. "Bess and I always get fighting here on Tuesday nights. There's something in the atmosphere."

Charles moved away carefully across the dance floor. He could not imagine why anyone would think that he and Nancy had been quarreling.

THEN Charles danced with Bea Merrill. Even though he did not enjoy dancing, this was always something of an adventure—not that it was not expected of him and other husbands, because of poor Tom Merrill. Charles had observed that everyone was beginning to refer to Bea's husband as "poor Tom," and this had no reference to his financial status, because he was doing very well. Instead it must have arisen from the rumor that the Merrills were not getting on, and of course this was Bea's fault and not poor Tom's. Other wives were beginning to check over afterward whose husbands had danced with Bea—not that anyone was told not to dance with her, as Bea was part of the crowd and no one wanted to hurt poor Tom. Besides, most of those stories about Bea, other wives said when they got together, were spiteful stories invented by jealous people, and certainly they were not jealous of poor Bea. Why should anyone be jealous of a kind-hearted, restless little thing with a high voice who did not know what she wanted? It was true there was a story about Bea and a man, a house guest of the Kendricks', from New York, in poor Tom's coupé at the Labor Day dance, but no one was quite sure whether it had been Bea or that girl who had come from Old Lyme who looked like Bea. There was also the story about Bea diving into the swimming pool without a stitch on, not a stitch, but Bea herself had said that it had just been a hot summer night and she had just taken off her dress and nothing else—she was more covered than if she had worn a two-piece bathing suit. She hadn't even taken off her nylons. Still, it was always an adventure, a slight step into the unknown, to dance with Bea.

"Hello, darling," Bea said. "Have you read any good books lately?"

"I'm trying to read one called Peace of Mind," Charles said, "but I don't seem to be getting very far with it."

"You're just like Tom." Then the music stopped. "Let's get out of here. Let's go outside."

This was not desirable, because everyone always noticed who Bea's partner was when she left the dance floor. True, it was too cool outside to sit down and there were other couples on the terrace, too, but when Bea took his arm he knew that everyone was looking.

"Where's Tom keeping himself tonight?" Charles asked.

"Where he usually is. In the office, working late, darling."

"I was late too."

"Yes. Well, here we are." Charles did not answer. It was obvious that they were out on the terrace. "Darling, are you bored?" Bea asked.

"Why, no," Charles said, "of course I'm not."

"Well, I am."

"Never mind," Charles said, and he laughed. "In just a minute or two the music will be going around again."

(Continued on Page 142)



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(Continued from Page 140)

"And it bores me to think of it," Bea said. "Everything goes around, right back to the same thing. Why can't you and I talk to each other like two sensible people? I don't mean about sex. You don't have that effect on me." Her voice had a rasping quality that could carry into out-of-the-way corners, and tomorrow they would be saying that he and Bea Merrill had been talking about sex while poor Tom was working late.

"All right, Bea," he said. "Just remember I didn't bring it up."

Then Bea began to laugh. "I don't have to remember. Darling, I don't suppose you've noticed, I don't suppose you've ever seen, the efforts I've made for years to make you bring it up."

That was why it was an adventure to dance with Bea Merrill. He could not very well help thinking of Bea Merrill in the coupé on Labor Day and of Bea Merrill in the pool.

"Why, Bea," he said, "don't give up. Please try again sometime."

"For years and years," Bea said. "You're completely unassailable, darling, but then it wouldn't work anyway, would it? Our loving friends here surround us with chastity."

"What?" Charles said. "How do you mean, with chastity?"

"You know what I mean," Bea answered. Her voice carried perfectly and he noticed that couples around them had stopped to listen unobtrusively. "This is the chastest place I know, but that isn't what I'm talking about."

"Well, what are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about you and me. Do we really know each other?"

It was one of those conversations to which Bea was growing addicted lately, and he wished that the music would start. "Why, you and Tom and Nancy and I have seen quite a lot of each other," he said.

"But do we know each other? Does anybody around here really know anybody else? I don't know Tom. I don't know Tom at all."

Charles began to feel very much like Tom. "Listen, Bea," he said, "perhaps you're expecting too much, perhaps nobody does know anyone else so very well."

"But, darling," Bea said, "didn't there use to be a time ——"

The music started and Charles was very glad of it, and he was glad, too, that Cliff Dunbarton had seen them and was hurrying toward them.

"Have you two about finished?" Cliff asked.

"Why, yes," Charles said. "We were talking about knowing people, and chastity."

"Well, let's dance," Cliff said, "in a chaste way."

CHARLES watched them move toward the dance floor. It was true, what she had said, that they all knew a lot about one another, yet very few of them really knew one another.

He would have to dance at least once more. Considering everything, it would be advisable to dance with Molly Blakesley. There would be no brisk innuendoes about sex when he danced with Molly, no disturbing mental pictures.

Roger had wooed and won Molly in Cambridge, Massachusetts, while he was a student at the Harvard School of Business Administration. She was the daughter of a Harvard Business School professor, had gone to a Cambridge progressive school, and was finishing her junior year at Radcliffe. She had been interested in the New Deal in those days and was writing a thesis on the Tennessee Valley Authority, a preparation which did not help her at those parties at Oak Knoll. Charles had thought of her first only as a plump, earnest girl with glasses, and once he had made a particular effort to be kind to her, but now kindness was no longer necessary. Instead it seemed to him that of late Molly was the one who was being kind to him. Molly had made what she herself would have called a beautiful adjustment. She had given up long ago going to Boston for her clothes, and Henri in New York looked after her hair, and she wore her glasses now only for reading. She specialized in Japanese iris and columbines in her little back garden at Sycamore Park, but she did not call them iris and columbine. To Molly they were *I. kaempferi* and *Aquilegia.*

The trouble with dancing with Molly Blakesley was that they each knew too well what the other was thinking.

"Charley," Molly said, "do you know what Roger was saying the other night, when we were just alone in the kitchen? We were talking about you and Nancy, and Roger was saying how fond everyone is of you at the bank, and he was saying how wonderful it was that we were all such good friends and he hoped we always would stay friends, no matter what happens. You know what I mean. It's so embarrassing, isn't it?"

"It needn't be embarrassing," Charles said. "Roger and I are grown up. We can handle anything that happens."

"You know"—Molly spoke more quickly—"I think the war did you a lot of good, Charley. Roger thinks so too."

Charles did not answer. It was kind of her to say it, but he wished that he was not always searching for hidden meanings when he listened to Molly Blakesley.

"How lovely Nancy looks," Molly said. "She always looks lovely in the simplest dress. That's what Roger always says. How are the children, Charley?"

"Why, they're pretty well," Charles answered, "except they keep turning on the radio."

"Do you know what Roger said the other day? He's so sentimental, sometimes. He said he wished they'd call him Uncle Roger."

He was balancing Molly's kindness against the possibility that she had heard something which he had not heard about the bank, and Owen Martin cut in before he could answer. Neighbors always had to dance with neighbors' wives.

"I'll see you later, Charley," Molly called. "Perhaps we can do something Sunday. Roger would love it if we could."

It was late enough so that no one would say they were leaving early, and it was early enough so that no one would say the Grays were always up late at parties. It was, in fact, the right psychological moment for going home, and Nancy was waiting for him, because, as Nancy often said, she had been a working girl herself. It did not take Nancy half a minute to get her wraps on, and she was even waiting at the steps of the club when he drove there from the parking space.

"Move over. I'll drive," Nancy said. All he had to do was to thank her and to feel pleased that she not only knew he was tired but cared about it.

"These parties," he said, "sometimes they're good and sometimes they're bad. Did you have a good time, Nance?"

"Well, yes, in a sort of long-term way."

"How do you mean, a long-term way?"

"You know. It's what I've told you before. I like feeling we belong somewhere. You know it's what I've always wanted."

"Well, so do I. So does everyone."

Nancy knew every turn on the road home, and she took each turn as unconsciously as a taxi driver.

"What did you do all day?" Charles asked.

There was a slight pause before she answered. "I've had a good day, but you wouldn't understand why. It's partly being a woman. I took the car to the Acme place and got the choke fixed. Do you notice the engine goes better?"

"That's right. I notice now."

"THEN I went to the supermarket and bought some corned beef. Then I left Bill's shoes at that place below the drugstore, that new Italian place. Then I left that book of yours at the lending library. Then I came back and did the breakfast dishes. Then the man came to fix the unit in the stove, and while he was doing it the men came to wax the floor in the living room. I had to be there to see that they put everything back right. Then I went upstairs and made the beds and counted the laundry. Then I went over and had lunch with Polly Martin and helped her run up some new curtains, because she's going to lend me her sewing machine. I don't know why Polly wants everything in chintz—curtains, dresses, everything. Then I came back and worked on the bills."

"How were they?"

"They were terrible. There were two mistakes again on the Thaxter bill—always plus mistakes, never minus. I called him up about it, and then Bill and I glued the back of your old chair in the hall and then I read to Evelyn for a while."

"What did you read her?"

"You'd be surprised. I read her Plutarch. Then there was their supper, and the Martins called and we all went over to the club. I knew it wouldn't sound like much if I tried to tell it, but it was a very nice day."

"I'm glad you liked it," Charles said, "but I don't see why."

They had passed through the gates of Sycamore Park, up the blue gravel of their own short drive, and the car had stopped.

"I'll tell you why;" Nancy said. "Because I'm married to a damn nice man. That's the only possible reason I can think of. Now get out and open the garage door and don't jerk at it."

That door had never worked well in wet weather. Charles opened it carefully and

(Continued on Page 144)



"Three lamb chops, please—and wrap it as a gift."



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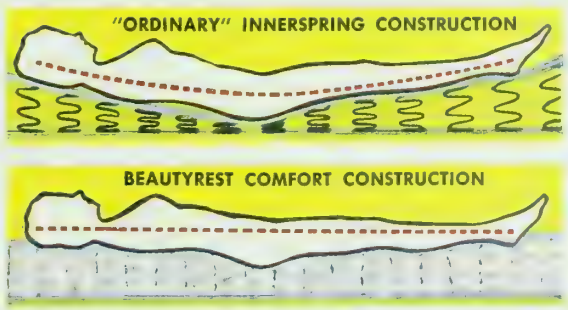
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(Continued from Page 142)

stood holding it so that it would not swing to while Nancy drove the car inside, close to the garden tools, and shut off the lights. Then she was beside him in the dark.

"And now you can give me a kiss," she said.

Only the light at the top of the stairs was lighted, but the switch was just beside the door. There was a smell of fresh floor wax from the living room, and a moist smell in the dining room from Nancy's potted plants.

"Darling," Nancy said, "isn't it a lovely house?"

"Yes, it's a swell house," Charles said.

Nancy had taken off her evening wrap and was straightening her hair by the mirror. "And now come in and look at the living-room floor," she said. "Do you want a glass of milk before you go to bed?"

The last thing he wanted was a glass of milk, but then Nancy had known that he had taken a drink after dinner. The living room was always too neat for him ever to feel at home in it. The logs in the fireplace had a little paper fan beneath them, ready for a match, but the fire was too beautifully constructed for him to want to disturb the logs by lighting them. Everything was dusted, every ornament on the tables was exactly where it should be.

"We ought to use this room more, shouldn't we?" Nancy said. "I wonder why we don't."

"That's easy," Charles said. "Because we're afraid of it."

"Well, let's not be afraid of it. Charley, take off your coat and sit down on the sofa." Nancy kicked off her slippers. "Don't say we're afraid of this room. I don't like it."

"Why not?" Charles asked.

"Because I don't like being afraid." She looked as though she were startled by those last words. She had a blank, embarrassed, provoked expression and she caught herself up quickly before he had a chance to answer. "I don't mean that I'm afraid of anything. I only mean I don't like the idea. You know what I mean."

Every word only made a top-heavy structure destined eventually for a clumsy fall. It was like the match game so popular before the war, that late-evening pastime in which you laid a match over the mouth of the bottle and then your opponent laid one beside it, and so it went until there was a structure of matches rising in the air. The loser was the one who put on the last match and tipped it over. Nancy had put on the last match. Now that the truth was there, now that the thing was there in the living room—the thing of which neither of them had spoken—it was a relief, in a way.

"Nance," Charles said, "we didn't use to be afraid."

SHE was sitting opposite him, very straight on one of those small upholstered chairs, just the way she had been sitting the day he had first seen her. "Oh, are you afraid too?" she asked, and though his instinct was already preparing him to answer that of course he was not, he found himself nodding slowly. "Well, you might have told me," Nancy said.

"It's all relative, you know, Nance," he said.

"What's relative?" She spoke impatiently.

"The more you get, the more afraid you get. That's all I mean. Maybe fear's what makes the world go round."

"Not love?" Nancy said, and she tilted her head sideways. "I used to hear that it was love."

It reminded him of the first night he had taken Nancy anywhere, when they were both obviously trying to impress each other. It was almost like falling in love, an unfamiliar sensation now—but they were talking about fear.

"Of course," Charles said. "Everyone's afraid of something—afraid of living, afraid of dying. Maybe it's better than being afraid of losing money. That's what the boys are afraid of downtown. Do you know what I wish?"

"What?"

"I wish we weren't always being pushed around. I'd like for once in my life to be able to tell someone to go to hell."

She was smiling at him as he had seen her smile at Bill when he had asked for an impossible Christmas present. "Darling," she said, "basically you have the most expensive tastes. You'd better just tell me to go to hell, if you want to, and let it go at that."

"All right, but it isn't the same thing, is it?"

"Maybe it isn't, but I'm awfully glad we're afraid of the same thing. It's healthy to have things in common. I'm awfully glad we're in the same boat, darling."

"There's something else I've got to tell you. I'm taking the plane to Boston first thing in the morning. I'm going up to Clyde for a day or two on business for the bank."

HE saw Nancy's lips tighten. "How did Clyde get into it?" she asked.

"It's funny the way things happen," he began. "When I got up this morning it was raining, do you remember? I looked out the window at the trees. They reminded me of Clyde. When I came to the bank, a man came in to see me and who do you think it was? I didn't recognize him at first. It was Malcolm Bryant."

"Oh," Nancy said. "You used to talk about him quite a lot once."

"That's the one. He wanted to marry Jessica Lovell once," Charles told her.

"Oh," Nancy said. "I always thought you were the one who wanted to marry Jessica Lovell." She said it in a very slow, disinterested way, as though Jessica Lovell bored her.

Charles spoke more loudly so that Nancy could not interrupt. "Then I went to the morning meeting, in the depositors' room downstairs by the vault."

At last he was back where he wanted to be, telling her the details of that meeting and about the collateral on the loan and the stock in that company in Clyde. Then he told about Tony Burton's having called him later, and it was a relief to go into it fully. He never should have mentioned Jessica Lovell. Nancy was sitting up straight again, following every word.

"So you've got to go away for a day or two right now?" she asked. "At just this time?"

"Yes, it looks that way."

"Roger Blakesley fixed it, didn't he?" Nancy asked.

"Yes, it looks that way."

"Why didn't you do anything about it? Why didn't you ask them to send someone else?"

"I thought of it, but I think that anything I might have said would have made it worse. You'd have thought so too."

"If I'd been there, I'd have done something," Nancy said. "Something. Anything."

"No," Charles told her, "you just think so because you're here. If you'd been there, you'd have let it go. Besides"—he stopped and stared at the design on the Islamic rug, no animals, nothing but symbols—"I don't think it makes much difference. I think Tony Burton's about made up his mind which of us he wants."

Nancy sighed. "Charley, what'll you do if he takes Roger?"

"Let's not think about it now." But of course both of them were thinking about it now.

"Charley," Nancy said, "if you'd ever done something about investing for yourself instead of for other people ——"

"Nance, you know very well," he answered, "you don't do that when you're working for a bank."

Nancy stood up. "Well," she said, "I guess we'd better go to bed."

Charles stood up too. "You go ahead. I'll be up in a few minutes. Good night, Nance."

Character may be manifested in the great moments, but it is made in the small ones. —PHILLIPS BROOKS.

(Continued on Page 147)







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Somebody's gotten a cotton that *shrinks* . . .

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(Continued from Page 144)

Then after he had kissed her, she buried r head on his shoulder. She made no sound, ut he knew she was crying and it always ve him a completely helpless feeling when e cried.

"Don't, Nance," he said. "The show isn't er."

"I'm sorry, Charley. I'm all right now. ou always hated having me cry, didn't ou?"

"Yes. Go on up to bed, Nance. I'll be up just a minute."

"Are you sorry you married me?"

"No, of course not," he told her. "It's een swell."

"I suppose I sort of made you marry me," Nancy said.

"Why, Nance. I never noticed that you id."

"Are you sorry we had the children?"

"No, of course I'm not."

"They were my idea more than yours. Are ou sorry we bought the house?"

"Listen, Nance, it happened, like the chil- ren. Now go on up and go to sleep. I'll be p in just a minute."

"What are you going to do? Are you going o sit here and worry?"

"No, I'm not. I'm not sleepy. I'm going to ead for a little while."

"Don't be long," Nancy said. "I won't be ible to get to sleep till you come up."

Yankee Persepolis, A Social Survey was ying just where he had left it on the table in he hall. As Nancy went upstairs, he picked t up because it occurred to him that, con- sidering his mood, something absolutely new was better to read than something he had ead before.

All he could do was recognize his present state of mind as a definite malady like a cold or a fever and to tell himself that it would pass. He knew the symptoms well enough. It was also time to consider the dangers of in- heritance, and to remember his father.

"Charley," he could hear his mother say- ing, "don't bother him. He's in one of his spells again."

Charles himself had never particularly no- ticed his father's spells until the summer of 1916, but they must have been chronic be- cause Sam spoke of them as though they had been going on a long time.

There was always a brittle atmosphere in the house on those occasions. His father was usually in his room with his books on the sec- ond floor and the door would be locked. His mother and Dorothea would be talking in whispers in the kitchen. There used to be a tradition that everyone should ignore those periods of dejection and all the family did, except Sam when he was alive. Sam never had any patience with them.

"We all know what the Old Man was do- ing up in Boston," Sam had told him once, "and now he wants us to be sorry for him. He ought to have a good shoot in the tail."

Sam was the only one who said such things, and Charles believed him and he still could not escape that old impression that Sam had been a great man, although Sam could have been only about seventeen at the time.

"You can always tell when it's coming," Sam used to say. "It goes in a circle. It starts as soon as he gets a check."

Their Aunt Mathilda Gray's estate was being settled in 1916, and whenever a parcel of her real estate was sold, John Gray would get a check in the mail from Mr. Blashfield, the executor. First he would open the letter and look at the check, and then he would go down to the bank and deposit it in his special account, and then for a while a pleasant wave of prosperity descended on the house- hold. He would come home each evening with a copy of the Boston Evening Transcript and everyone would watch him as he sat in the parlor after supper reading the Tran- script's financial page. Perhaps a week later he would say that he was going to take a day off and go up to Boston.

When he came back from the day in Bos- ton, he was invariably exuberant. He usually returned with a box of candy and some mag- azines, and generally he smelled strongly of bay rum, showing that he had been to the barbershop at the Parker House. Then he would begin to discuss scholarly subjects, especially the London of Samuel Johnson. You could never say that John Gray was not industrious or erudite. He could quote pages of Boswell, fitting them aptly into every oc- casion.

"The Old Man's off again," Sam used to say. "You can tell it as soon as he starts on Mrs. Thrale."

But it was not always a bad time at all when the Old Man was off again. It was a cultivated household for a while, after John Gray got back from Boston. There was no doubt that he was a delightful man.

"Your father might have been anything," his mother used to say, "anything."

The next week he would take another day off and go to Boston. This time he would return with a box of cigars and a few French novels. It was ridiculous for Malcolm Bryant to have placed them in the lower-upper class. He should have seen John Gray when his brown mustache, usually dejected and drooping, was clipped like a British colonel's and when he had a new suit from Dunn's.

THE MEMORY LINGERS ON

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Sam used to say, "Now he's upstairs jug- gling figures. He must be doing pretty well. Why doesn't the damn fool ever stop?"

But of course he never stopped. There would always be the last trip in the cycle, when John Gray came home from Boston with nothing to say at all. There would be a discreet silence in the house. There was noth- ing in the world quite like those silences. . . .

The library where Charles was sitting gave him that sense of not belonging any- where. His mouth felt dry and his forehead felt moist and he was terribly alone.

"Charley." It was Nancy calling softly from the top of the stairs so as not to wake the children. "Charley, aren't you coming up to bed?"

"Yes, in just a little while, Nance." He opened the book he was holding.

Malcolm Bryant and his father had taken to each other from the very beginning and when Malcolm began dropping in at Spruce Street in the evenings years ago, Charles' mother was delighted. It was so good for father, she said, to talk with an intelligent young man who could share father's inter- ests.

But now when he ran through the pages of Yankee Persepolis, he began to understand why Malcolm had been a Johnson addict and he understood at last what Malcolm had seen in his father. Malcolm had been at- tracted to John Gray not as an individual but as a social entity, an odd piece which he was trying to fit into the social puzzle of Clyde, which had produced and toler- ated him.

All at once it occurred to Charles that he was doing right now what his father had often succeeded in doing so magnificently. He was trying to forget the present by im- mersing himself in something else, by striv- ing to identify himself with someone else. Instead of Samuel Johnson, he was using Malcolm Bryant. He did not care about Malcolm's ideas or his social worker's patter in themselves, except in so far as they took him away from his own ideas.

He was examining a chapter heading, "The Concepts Behind This Survey." The words were as heavy as Johnson's words, without any of their waxy Chippendale polish.

"Typical of a lower-upper family," Charles read again, "are the Henry Smiths— father, mother, son and daughter. Like other lower-upper families, they dwell on a side street ('side streeters'), yet are received on Mason Street. Mr. Smith, with investment interests in Boston ——"

"Charley." It was Nancy calling again from the top of the stairs. "Aren't you ever coming to bed?"

"All right," Charles called back. "I'll be up in just a minute."

"What are you doing down there?"

"I'm reading."

His voice and Nancy's were only like the voices in a chorus. The interruption had not disturbed him.

"An upper-upper class family," he was reading as he spoke, "may be typified by the Johnsons, who live on the upper side of Mason Street in one of those fine, three- storied Federalist houses, capped by the deli- cate balustrade of the widow's or captain's walk. Mr. Johnson, a widower, suave and gracious, descendant of shipowners in the late eighteenth century, is a fitting head for the Johnson clan. Jacinth, his lovely only daughter, assisted by a maiden aunt, Miss Johnson, is eminently suited to give the family ritual an added charm. Her vivacity never quite conceals her seriousness or the impact of her social personality."

Yes, Malcolm Bryant had felt the impact of Jessica Lovell's social personality. He had called her Jacinth instead of Mary or Molly or Miss X. In Malcolm's memory, Jessica was still there in the hallway, looking him straight in the eyes. She would never be Des- demona again and Malcolm would never be Othello, speaking of the habits of the Aus- tralian blackfellows and the Zambesis or about that trip he would take someday to the Orinoco.

"In the rear of the house," Charles was reading, "on a gentle slope rises the hundred- and-fifty-year-old Johnson formal garden, a verdant shrine of ancestor worship in itself, crowned by a delicate latticed summerhouse known as a gazebo."

Malcolm Bryant would never sit in that gazebo again, but then neither would Charles Gray. The words were grotesque, the adjec- tives were horrible, but they expressed a sentiment.

"Charley." It was Nancy again. She was standing in the doorway in her quilted-silk wrapper. "It's two o'clock." Her tone was definite, telling him that really this nonsense must stop, and he was very glad that she was there.

"All right," he said. "All right, Nance."

"Come on," Nance said, "put out the light."

When he pulled off the light by the chair everything was pitch black for a second and then he saw her shadow against the dim light from the hall.

"The Martins will think we've been hav- ing a fight," Nancy said, "with a light on downstairs at two in the morning."

"All right, Nance," he said, and he put his arm around her and she raised her hand and touched his cheek.

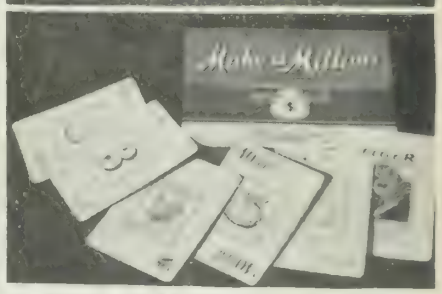
"You shaved before the dance, didn't you? At least you won't need to shave again in the morning. If you're going to take that plane, I'll drive you to LaGuardia."

"It's a pretty long way," Charles said.

"That's all right," Nancy said. "I'm going to miss you."

(To be Continued)

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Maine Pioneers

The Stanley Crawfords, of Old Town: Meet a roving, rambunctious family with sky-high dreams who've settled down to earth in a log cabin.

by SARA LAMPORT



After pitching tents and parking trailers, following the good war jobs from coast to coast, Stan, Pat and her mother work out a budget for stability.

PAT CRAWFORD, at 28, is the kind of mother who copes lightheartedly with five youngsters and a brand-new baby in a chilly log cabin lost in the Maine woods. The family is minus plumbing, a decent stove, hot water, a bathtub, a car that works, a phone, steam heat, help, a regular grocery allowance. There isn't an ounce of self-pity to the seven-member clan, however. "I guess it's the kids who are important," Pat says.

Since their marriage, nine years ago, Stan, an insulation salesman, and Pat Crawford have uprooted thirty-two times, and produced six little flaxen-haired girls. Their family has slept in trailer parks, tents in the field, winterized summer bungalows, farms, rooming houses, above a vegetable store, and in an undertaker's Packard. The only constant, if you traced the cross-country treks of the Crawfords, was Medford, Massachusetts, and the rooming house Pat's mother owns there.

Mrs. Golda Harris, Pat's mother, looks like a radiant prototype of the movie grandmother: gleaming white curls piled high, a buoyant manner, a contagious smile. Time and again she has sheltered the Crawford brood, a cheerful obbligato in their nomad life.

"We always wound up at mum's," Pat recalls, "for every child, and sometimes in between."

"That's all I hold a roof for," says Mrs. Harris, who manages to room eleven, feed five, sleeps herself in "whatever happens to be free," and is a stalwart pillar of her Baptist community. She has raised four sons, besides Pat. After twenty-eight years of bleak marriage, she was divorced five years ago. Mrs. Harris is one reason that what started as a shiftless family caravan, with a robust taste for adventure, is now turning into a solid homestead. Stan's home-insulation business is picking up. And last year the Crawfords earned $3850, and proudly took title to their log-cabin home and fifty wooded acres six miles from Old Town, Maine.

The afternoon I came up was typical of the genial hurly-burly at the Crawfords'. The bare pine floor of the five-room log cabin was teeming with blond small fry. All afternoon little girls bobbled around, helping one another with mittens and galoshes; they were perched on window sills, stringing beads; mauling rag dolls, sweeping floors, brandishing

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KOSTI RUOHOMAA

Five good reasons (a new sixth in her crib) for a happy home even if there's no plumbing and no steam heat.





"Air of our own to breathe on land of our own": the Crawfords have it. Their 50 wooded acres, 5-room cabin and 7 other small buildings cost $1800 which Stan is paying off with a mortgage.

"Being able to take what's hande



dustpans, whispering to kittens, crowing over Princess, a tawny German-shepherd dog, and Prince, her huge, complacent consort. Their grandmother, Mrs. Harris, up for a visit, measured the quintet for new dresses. A young Episcopalian minister came in to see about their collective christening. Pat's best friend dropped over with her rambunctious son, aged three. Stan, in his lumberjack's violently red-checked shirt, trekked down the snowy slope to the dug well, for the family's daily two pails of cold water. A little later, all the kids trailed out over the ice-rutted road to the barn, where a neighboring blacksmith with a gnarled face was shoeing two huge farm horses. The country butcher rattled up the road in his Ford to sell the family its meat quota. And outside, a yellow cat slept unperturbed all afternoon on the icicled roof.

Pat and Stan's story is the case history of two adventurous youngsters who both erupted out of families broken by divorce, where they felt pressured rather than loved. Both were thwarted in their ambitions, and in their schooling. They met at the height of their rebellion, Stan 26, Pat 19, and were drawn together by mutual insecurity. Perhaps because of this negative start, today they prize family harmony above all things, are insatiable about kids, and share a deep craving for the freedom of the out-of-doors. But occasionally there are still outcroppings of their torn backgrounds.

Stan was born in Fort Kent, Maine, of English and French-Canadian stock, thirty-five years ago. His grandfather was a river chief on the Penobscot, who rode the logs down from the lumber camps to the sawmills. Those were the wild days when mothers kept their daughters indoors when the bearded lumbermen converged on Old Town and Bangor, each spring, to get a shave, a load on and blow their winter's pay in a week of riotous living.

Three generations of fashion know-how tackle problems of the new lo



"I've sold everything from cosmetics to bottled gas," says Stan, who has his own business now, insulating homes. The average job takes 3 days and brings in about $500. Working with his father and 2 helpers, he hopes to clear $5000 next year.



The Crawfords' description of Home 33 is "long on beauty and short on convenience." Lack of bathroom, running water means hundred-yard trek to outhouse through hip-deep snow in winter.



ut to us—that's what counts."

Stan's father, a criminal lawyer, was bent on training the boy to take over his practice. But there was an opposite tug: his mother begged him to enter the priesthood. Stan resisted both. When he was 13, his parents were divorced, after years of conflict. The next year, he yielded to his mother's pressure, and switched to a parochial high school in Van Buren, Maine. He spent two years training for the priesthood. Then, at 17, he was badly thrown off when his mother died. "We used to cut the rug up a little," he recalls, with understatement. "We used to drink a little liquor." He veered toward his father next, and studied law from 17 to 19, but ducked out two months before the bar exam. His father remarried.

Stan had always wanted to be a doctor, but there was never any money for schooling. To earn money for medical school, at 19, Stan began selling cosmetics, and found selling came tantalizingly easy. He's been at it ever since.

At his most unstable period, at 26, then a foot-loose salesman of new and used cars, Stan met Pat Harris, an idyllic-looking girl who was slinging hash in a Rockland, Maine, restaurant. At 19, she had just run away from home for the third time. Back home in Medford, Massachusetts, Pat had felt suffocated and unwanted as long as she could remember. Her father was an austere bank-credit man, often jobless, who favored the four boys in the family. There was no allowance for Pat—that was for the boys. There was a constant tug of war between her parents, who were finally divorced five years ago. A brace of great-aunts underwrote her education, and wanted to push her into teaching. Her one continual chore was to take care of her "three little shadows"—her younger brothers, Billy, Bob and Dick. And she didn't seem to be getting anywhere on her life's ambitions. "Part of me wanted to be a nurse, part an actress," she wistfully recalls.

gest event of the girls' winter was their five-in-a-row christening.





"Why *not* burn a candle at both ends?" Even after days of cooking for 8 (on a wood stove), canning (350 quarts a summer) or sewing (30 outfits for the girls last year), Pat still likes to "energize" her evenings writing stories and studying French and Italian.

Recipe for raising six: lots of love and muscle.



Family good angel: Pat's mother, Mrs. Harris, runs rooming house in Medford.

It never seemed to matter to her aunts that she was offered free voice and acting lessons, or took school prizes in singing, swimming, posture, and wound up "class beauty" and "class actress." At home, she says, she "felt like a bone between dogs"—with everyone tugging. Her mother was often out on some day job or other, to supplement the flickering family income.

At 14, lugging a carton of canned food, Pat lit out from Medford one night on a freight car. It didn't go. Ignominiously, she crept back. At 17, she boarded a bus to Florida. A lady from the Travelers Aid Society collected her and lectured about returning to school. "Did you have a good time, honey?" Mrs. Harris asked, without rancor, when she reclaimed Pat at the Medford bus terminal. At home, things were as thwarting as ever. The aunts held out for business school, which Pat grimly finished. She did a stint as secretary to a doctor. Her mother, she recalls, was "trying to sell me on the idea of mixing money with love" in marriage. At 19, Pat "felt her whole world crashing down." She made off "for the highest point I could think of in the U. S.," with her best friend, Bobbie.

In Northern Maine, when the money ran out, Pat and Bobbie answered an ad in a local paper. They took a train to Rockland to get jobs as waitresses. Sent to the station to meet them by the restaurant manager was Stan Crawford, the easygoing car salesman by trade, and woodsman by heritage. His manner was courteous, his interest evident. He looked like a bobby-soxer's blond dream, a kind of less sullen Montgomery Clift.

Boy, with a few squares, he'd be something, Pat thought. *Trimmed down a pound or so, she'd be something*, Stan speculated.

Two days before the wedding, three weeks later, they made for the Canadian border in one of Stan's rental cars, to meet his family. The roads were rich and loamy that rain-swept spring. Pat was at the wheel, one night, when they careened into an unlighted truck. "I folded that car up and brought it home in a basket," Pat airily exclaims. Stan lost his job. But they were married on schedule, Stan with a broken nose and two dollars borrowed for the license, Pat limping, carrying wild flowers, her white sharkskin bridal dress covering the welts on her body.

Meanwhile, in Medford, Mrs. Harris hadn't heard from Pat for weeks. Finally, a Mother's Day wire came one morning. "Well, thank God she's all right. Now I can eat my breakfast," Mrs. Harris exclaimed. She put a tracer on the wire. From a clerk in the Maine Western Union office, she checked the route of a girl who sounded mighty like Pat. She was seen, accompanied by a young man, in a doctor's office. Mrs. Harris guessed there had been an accident. But the couple had come into the office to send the wire—she concluded her daughter was well. Within a few days, Pat wrote her mother a letter with the return address "General Delivery, Old Town, Maine," announcing her marriage to Stan Crawford, a Catholic.

Mrs. Harris mollified the outraged Methodist Episcopal great-aunts, when the news leaked out, and stood by her daughter. In an ancient Plymouth, she and her youngest son plowed up to Old Town. Arriving unannounced one evening, she rang doorbells until she traced the couple. They were honeymooning in a dreary rooming house. Stan, she discovered, was lean, likable and unemployed. (He was 6 feet, 2 inches, and weighed 156 pounds then. Now, he weighs 210.) Stan sized up his mother-in-law as the "cozy, white-haired type. But after I'd watched her for a few minutes, I thought, 'Well, I guess we've got a little bantam rooster here.'"

(Continued on Page 154)

"Whenever we have a crisis or a baby, mum's on hand." Mrs. Harris and Terry do dish duty to spell Pat before birth of three-month-old Laurell.





Terry, 8; an A student in the second grade, her first love is "anything on four feet"—including wildcat Smoky, her new kittens, and 11 family goats.



Mother or dancer? Patty, 7, can't decide which to be. Meanwhile, she'll use young sisters for domestic practice, try piano lessons with Stan.

A soft-drink cooler makes a handy tub for "dunk nights." When the well dries up or freezes, Pat has to do all washing on a water ration of two buckets a day.



"Mischief and Sharry, 6, go together like raisins and rice pudding." Pat thinks her gift for mimicry spurred Hollywood offer to put girls in pictures.



Christy, 4, is family gourmet, with spaghetti a favorite dish. Stan's hunting and her garden help Pat hold the food costs to low $25 weekly.



Maintenance of health is Crawfords' biggest budget headache. The year delicate Wendy, 2½, had bronchial pneumonia, bills ran over $1000.

"We'd do it again." Pat met Stan when she was 19, slinging hash to earn a runaway from home. Minus jobs or savings, they eloped in 3 weeks.

Freedom and the know-how to choose their own future.

(Continued from Page 152) Motherly but militant, Mrs. Harris "shanghaied" the newlyweds back to Medford, to tide them over. Since then, between jobs and at critical times, Medford has been the haven they trouped back to. At other times, pride has kept the Crawfords from returning.

Stan has roamed the country from Maine to California, these last years, pulling up family stakes with each job shift. He has sold everything from bottled gas, furs and cosmetics to Singer sewing machines and insulation. He has held defense jobs from coast to coast, ranging from radar testing and gyroscope manufacturing to airplane-motor making and tool-and-die work. Why all the moves? Unbridled and carefree, Stan was lured by successive better-paying war jobs. (Highest pay was $150 a week, testing machine-gun barrels for Colt firearms, in 1942.) At Massachusetts Institute of Technology, his section was cited for excellence in radar work, in 1945. He switched jobs when Pat's health involved a drier climate, that year. And he pulled out whenever intractability or adventure got the upper hand. But children cut the Crawford mobility at last, and brought roots. "With six kids, I can't be anything but steady," Stan, now a sturdier character, says.

Mrs. Harris, to help anchor the couple down, borrowed against her future earnings as a landlady to lend them $300 of the original $600 down payment Stan made last year, *(Continued on Page 174)*



How to keep a big family happy: "Mutual consideration," says Pat. Girls help about the house, make own beds and tidy own room. "But otherwise, I don't believe in telling them what do to—just because I happen to think so."



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be sure that bag's full of
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★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

"Broken Homes Nearly Wrecked Our Lives"

By LESLIE B. HOHMAN, M. D.

Professor of Neuropsychiatry, Duke University School of Medicine

HAVE you battled against the background and tragedy of a broken home? Have you found it hard to settle down and lead a stable life because you got a bad start in life from parents who could not submerge their personal unhappinesses and accept the greater satisfaction of building a normal family background for their children?

If you have, perhaps you can be helped by the story of Stan and Pat Crawford's mistakes, their struggles and their successes. If you could have visited them on their run-down farm near Old Town, Maine, as I did, you would have found a happy, handsome, bubbling group of seven people—two grownups and five very blond, very pretty, very pink-pajamaed little girls. The grown-ups were Stan Crawford, tall, proud father of thirty-five years, and his attractive, intelligent, pregnant wife, Pat, twenty-eight. The kids were making paper dolls and paper ships while convalescing from, or awaiting the coming of, chicken pox. A better behaved and friendlier crew of youngsters you could not meet in many a day. Stan and Pat were busy as bees, and sandwiched the story of their lives between many layers of work—she cooking, cleaning and tending children, and he tending his growing herd of goats, fetching food and water, and seeing customers for his insulation business.

The atmosphere of the home was loving and all seven were having a wonderful time in spite of the fact that living conditions were truly rugged—inadequate water, no bathing and washing facilities, poor stove, poor sink, no indoor toilet. One got the sense of great calm, quiet happiness and family stability.

But this would have been hard to predict from the background and past performance of this couple. Both Stan and Pat came out of broken and disrupted homes. They were both long-standing rebels against the established order of settling down. Rebels against learning a job or trade; against living in one place; and establishing security of income. Each had talents that might have made for great success if they had stayed put, but each has shifted over and over. Now they are just starting to try to build a stable life on a dilapidated farm.

This family again has a golden opportunity for success—probably not for large money earning, but the chance to give their well-started, healthy children the good stability their own lives lacked. Both Stan and Pat say they now have what they really want—outdoor living in the bracing climate of Maine, and the wholesomeness of farm life for the children. Since the University of Maine is only a stone's throw from their gate, good educational facilities are at hand.

But the question is how fully they will accept this opportunity. Let's look at the record of this talented pair and sum up their assets and defects. Stan tried in rapid succession education for three professional careers—the priesthood, law and medicine. He gave them up for salesmanship and then began shifting jobs innumerable times. He had the familiar, but not adequate, excuse of bettering himself.

Pat had talent for singing, acting and dancing, and had training in all of them. She even had training in the more down-to-earth job of stenography. And yet something always seemed to happen to stop her forward progress: family interference or dissatisfied restlessness which drove her to run away from home. In one of her runaways, she landed in the arms of the equally restless Stan and their marriage united two roving souls.

In this marriage of real love, they joined their doubtfully good talent for adventure and their urgent desires to see what was on the other side of the mountains. Then began a career of happy-go-lucky, interesting traveling; plus the inevitable financial struggle and hardships that come with frequent moves and changes of work.

This is the freely and frankly admitted story of Stan and Pat, not of their parents. We must, however, take an honest look at their family roots if we are to help this couple to understand their problems and the solutions of their problems.

Pat's mother, from all accounts, is a charming and talented woman, but restless and constantly yearning for more than she had or should have wanted. Pat always felt she was in competition with her beautiful mother, and there is reason to believe that jealousy between the two prevented Pat from successfully concluding any of her art-career beginnings. Unfortunately, her mother also was always making starts in careers, also shifting constantly. This conflict between mother and daughter could have been resolved by Pat, but instead she still runs home when there's trouble, and I'm afraid is still attracted by her mother's philosophy of miraculous success around the next corner. One can only speculate about the disagreement of Pat's parents, but one fact is clear—Pat's mother could not accept the reasonable limitations of her husband's income as a bank clerk. Her need of funds for the "better things of life"—a more luxurious way of living—may have beaten down his courage and self-esteem. At any rate, the family quarreling made Pat feel caught in the middle. It was bad enough to have to be at odds with one parent or the other, but when her mother's easily chilled enthusiasm thwarted each of the glamorous plans she made for Pat, despairing unhappiness intervened and, unable to meet or to change reality, Pat would run away.

THIS is the past history of Pat, and its faults cannot be undone. The future, however, is an open road, and Pat should be able to turn a clear understanding of her past into a corrective guide for her future. She is coming to understand the role her mother played in her life, but is finding it difficult to free herself from the habit of letting her mother run and dominate her.

I was disturbed over two attitudes that Pat expressed. First, she was afraid she was not giving her children their best opportunities. Her family and friends said it was terrible to keep her children away from the good things that city life could furnish. Two, she wondered what she should do if Hollywood offers should come to her children. She said it would be a hard decision because movies would offer financial security for the family and make it possible for the children to express their talents for dancing, singing and acting. She has said that she knows what she wants for the family—healthful, outdoor farm life. Yet these doubts already plague her.

I suggest two rules that she, and others like her, would do well to follow:

1. After you have made up your mind what you think is the best life for yourself and your children, do not listen to the friends and family. Stick resolutely

to your philosophy of living until unmistakable events prove you were wrong.

2. Distinguish between attraction to a parent and the wisdom of the parent's advice.

Pat, although now aware of its faults, is still following her mother's pattern in her own life and is still attracted to the glamorous way of living rather than to the stable.

In nearly all homes that are "broken," the children suffer from several sources. Not only do the children develop a sense of the impending disaster that they may have to give up one or the other parent by divorce, but each parent is apt to make an active, if not frantic, effort to win the children to his or her side. The ordinary parental exercise of authority and firm guidance that the child needs so much is not used. Each parent feels that it might drive the child to the other more lenient one. Children, in the temporary unhappiness that comes when conduct must be controlled, often take advantage of the divided feeling of the parents and play one against the other. A child usually wants his own way, and when he gets it so easily in this parental struggle for the child's affection he readily establishes the pattern of believing that consistently following his own desires is the most satisfactory way of behaving.

In Stan's case, this is exactly what happened. He can remember vividly his delight in each of his parents and the good times each furnished him. He has no insecurity memories of not being loved. On the contrary, he can remember only a sense of being greatly loved by both parents. When his father occasionally kidnaped him from his mother, he remembers the excitement and pleasure of their trips.

Again we must speculate about Stan's unsteadiness in his selection of a life's work. Since his parents were divided in feeling, neither was prepared to accept the onus of being the one to say, "You must finish a job you've started. If you want to change after your study is finished, well and good." Instead, he was allowed to shift according to his own will or whim.

All this is now past history for Stan, and for him, also, the future is an open road. But once you have established the pattern of job changing, it is hard to persuade yourself that it is wrong. The use of excuses is so ingrained that you find it easy to accept most unconvincing reasons of "no more interest," "bettering myself" and "not getting a fair deal from the boss."

I would therefore lay down a third rule for the children of parents who allowed them to learn the habit of shifting jobs:

3. Stop, look and reflect before you persuade yourself to change jobs or professions. You may only be following the unwise pattern of doing what you want when you want, as your parents unmeaningly trained you to do. The world is not so anxious to reward you as your unhappy parents were.

Stan and Pat found in each other not only true love, but a kindredship of desire—the desire to see new places and to pull up stakes whenever they got bored with one place or one job. If two people like the Crawfords had remained childless, this adventuring might have turned out all right. But children alter the picture and children have a right to a fixed base for continuous schooling, friendship making, and freedom from unnecessary financial pinch. The Crawfords, I suspect, *too* easily understood each other's restlessness, and continue to justify each other, just as their parents had done earlier. They wanted six children, but they were not prepared to limit themselves to give these children what they need and should have.

I would lay down as a fourth rule:

4. Make a choice, whether you want wandering or children. If you choose children, then you must give up whimsical adventuring.

I have the strong feeling that both the Crawfords have not been ready to make such a choice. They told me in a joking way that now that they've seen California, their next project is a trip to Alaska. They hasten to add that that will be only when Stan has made enough money to warrant a true vacation. I have hopes that no special show of favor from circumstances will tempt them to take off on a Northwest jaunt. I am hopeful also that one or the other will be able to say, "We won't both get 'itchy' feet at the same time."

At any rate, I can suggest another rule that might help:

5. Before you accept the beckoning nod of "new horizons," put off the decision for a year. Perhaps by that time you can see that your own pasture is greener than you thought.

In fairness to divorced or separated parents, I think it necessary to say that not all responsibility for children's unsteadiness in adult life can be put on parental doorsteps. Seeds must fall on fertile soil to grow, and bad environmental circumstances can influence children only if they are ready to make the most, or the worst, of their background influences.

Stan and his wife are fundamentally good people. They are intelligent, and they have a lot of good stuff in them as well as a lot that they must battle against valiantly. They have in their favor a deep and passionate love for each other, and they love and adore their children. Both these forces are mighty allies in their struggle to overcome broken-home influences, and their own wandering, restless spirits. **THE END**



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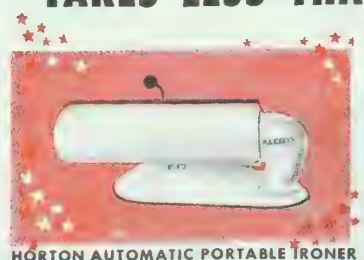
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Gifts from teen-agers for five dollars—more or less: why don't you . . . Trim part of the Christmas tree with colored balls of yarn, needles at angles? . . . Make her three sachets (you can buy the sachet powder) with loops underneath for ribbons to go through to tie around her lingerie? . . . Give her one of the new long lip pencils to insure a smoother make-up job? . . . Glamorize a box of hankies by securing the ribbon on top of the box with a pretty new pin or brooch? Make an enchanting package by tying up the box with a yard of veiling and matching ribbon to be worn later. . . . Give a bottle of cologne or toilet water in mother's favorite floral scent, all wrapped up with a matching scarf and flower on top? If she likes the scent of violet, the scarf is in that color, too; then a bunch of real or make-believe violets adds the final touch. . . . Embroider her initials on a pair of soft slippers. . . . find her favorite tune in a musical powder box so she can listen to it whenever she wishes. . . . Decorate two plain white tiles by pasting on her initials (cut from a Christmas card) or by using decalcomanias?







PHOTOGRAPH BY DI PIETRO

"If you give mommy the powder puffs, I'll give the lipstick." Overheard from the five little Crawford girls' Christmas conference concerning some gifts for their mother!

Grown-up gifts—at any price: One man, who has a gift for giving, gave his wife a handbag—when she opened it she had the surprise of her life! Inside there was a gift for each compartment—a pair of earrings, a lace-trimmed handkerchief, a pair of kid gloves and a silk scarf! . . . Another man had this philosophy concerning Christmas presents: "It's the one time of the year when I want to find her something she thinks she looks wonderful in! It can be fur ski boots or a spangled evening hood. Anything to make her happy . . . even if I don't agree."



Christmas is the time when any husband can use his ingenuity to find just the gift to compliment as well as delight his wife. Daughters can make suggestions as well as help pretty up the packages on the outside.



Does she like surprises? Why don't you help trim the tree with a lipstick encased in a spangled decoration . . . or a miniature manicure set which comes in a pretty shell? . . . Or tuck a round red Santa holding cologne amongst her packages? . . . Whatever your gift, add your own personal touch to brighten mother's holidays! • By Dawn Crowell Norman

Beauty Editor of the Journal



QUAKER OATS HELPS GROW

"Stars of the Future"

Doctors say the more often youngsters eat a good oatmeal breakfast, the better they grow



THE GIANT OF THE CEREALS IS QUAKER OATS!

A GIANT in Nutrition!

Your *youngsters* get more *growth*, more *endurance*—your *grownups* get more *energy*, more *stamina* from nourishing *oatmeal* than any other whole-grain cereal! That's why Quaker Oats is recommended for a better breakfast! According to a recent survey, *only 1 school child in 5* gets the kind of breakfast he should have. So doctors say, the more often youngsters eat a good oatmeal breakfast, the better they grow! Help *your* children be a success by serving Quaker Oats!

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Delicious Quaker Oats helps keep grocery bills down. Saves precious time in the morning, too, because Quick Quaker Oats cooks in 2½ minutes!

A GIANT in Flavor!

People eat more Quaker Oats than any other cereal in the world because THEY LOVE THAT QUAKER OATS FLAVOR! Tempting recipes on the package. Remember to buy delicious Quaker Oats.

Still Less than 1¢ a Serving!



QUAKER OATS

Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same



There's warmth and good feeling inside the Crawford cabin—particularly when there's a big tureen of fragrant and hearty stew for supper.

Hearty and Hot For a Hungry Family

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

RICH stews that will simmer along on the back of the stove, and oven casserole dishes that won't be ruined if the wood burns out—these are the substance of the Crawfords' meals; and good substance, I'd say, for anybody's table.

A stew is a proud dish and will be just what you make it. Tend it with care, give thought to its seasoning, and no man or boy will pass up a second helping. This goes for casserole dishes too. Here is a collection of some of our favorites.

Sausage, Yam and Apple Casserole

Peel, core and slice 3 large cooking apples. Cook, peel and slice 2 pounds yams. Brown 1 pound bulk pork sausage in skillet. Arrange potatoes, apples and sausage in layers in casserole, sprinkling each layer with salt and brown sugar—using ½ teaspoon salt and ⅔ cup brown sugar in all. If the apples are not juicy, add a little water. Bake, covered, in moderate oven, 350° F., 30 minutes. Remove cover and bake an additional half hour until apples are soft. Serves 8.

Lamb-and-Rice Pilaf

Cut 2 pounds lean shoulder of lamb into pieces and brown in a little hot shortening. Drain off excess fat. Add 1 No. 2 can tomatoes, 1 green pepper, chopped, ¾ cup chopped onions, 1 tablespoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ⅛ teaspoon basil. Cook, covered, over low heat 1 hour or until lamb is tender. Add 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Rub the inside of a casserole dish with garlic. Have ready 2½ cups cooked rice. Arrange alternate layers of rice and the lamb and gravy. Bake about ¾ hour in moderate oven, 350° F., until rice has absorbed the juices. It shouldn't be dry—or soupy either. Serves 6.

Veal Stew with Dumplings

Have 2½ pounds rump, shoulder or shank of veal boned. Cut it into 1½-inch pieces. Cover with 1½ quarts water. Add ½ cup chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ bay leaf. Cover and simmer slowly until meat is tender. Reseason broth to taste with salt and pepper. Remove bay leaf. Heat the stew to a boil and drop dumplings by spoonfuls on top of the meat. Cover tightly and cook over moderate heat 15 minutes without removing the lid. Peek and your dumplings won't be light and fluffy. Lift out dumplings gently onto hot platter with 2 forks. Thicken gravy. Pour meat and gravy around dumplings. Serves 8.

Dumplings: Sift 2 cups flour with 1 teaspoon salt and 3 teaspoons baking powder. Work in 1 tablespoon shortening finely. A pastry blender makes it easy. Add 1 cup milk all at once. Mix together just enough to blend—with as few strokes as possible. Drop into the stew by spoonfuls.

Sunday-Night Casserole

Dice 1 can pork luncheon meat in ½-inch cubes. Hard-cook and slice 4 eggs. Dice enough cold cooked potatoes to make 3 cups. Grate enough Cheddar cheese to make 1 cup. Now make a cream sauce, using 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, 4 tablespoons flour, 3 cups milk, 1 tablespoon salt, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard and a dash of pepper. Add luncheon meat, potatoes, eggs and cheese. Mix well and pour into 2-quart casserole. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until bubbly and brown, 30 minutes. Serves 8.

Barbecued Lima Beans

Soak 1 pound dried Lima beans in water to cover. Drain. Save soaking water and add enough more water to make 6 cups. Add beans and 2 teaspoons salt. Cook with 1 clove garlic, minced, until beans are almost tender. Then add 2 pieces bacon cut into small pieces, ¼ cup chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped green pepper, ¼ cup chopped onion, ¼ cup chili sauce, a pinch of mace, a pinch of basil, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 eight-ounce can tomato sauce and 1 can cocktail frankfurters with tomato sauce. Add 1 cup more water. Reseason to taste and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 1 hour or until beans are tender. Serves 8.

Beef-and-Kidney Stew

Have 1 pound stewing beef cut into 1½-inch cubes. Cut 2 beef kidneys into thin slices. Cut out the white membrane in each slice with scissors. Simmer kidneys in water 10 minutes. Strain stock and save. Brown the beef on all sides in a heavy pot, using 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil. Let it get really nice and brown. Add the kidneys, 2 cups kidney stock and water, 1 tablespoon salt, ¼ cup chopped parsley, ¼ cup chopped celery, 1 large onion, chopped, 1 clove garlic, chopped, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 bay leaf, crushed, and a pinch of thyme. Cover and simmer about 2 hours or until beef is tender—the kidneys will be by time beef is. Then add 12 small whole peeled onions, 3 cups diced potatoes, ¼ teaspoon more salt, 1½ cups water and some pepper. Cover and simmer until potatoes and onions are tender. Taste and reseason, if needed. Thicken with a little flour blended to a thin smooth paste with cold water. Cook until thickened, stirring as you cook. Serve garnished with chopped parsley. Carrots are good with this stew but not in it. Serves 8–10. *Variations:* Canned or fresh mushrooms may be added with the vegetables and you might omit potatoes, decrease the water and add a little sherry at end of cooking, if you like the flavor.

Corned-Beef-and-Cabbage Casserole

Break up 1 can corned-beef hash with a fork. Prepare 3 cups medium-thick cream sauce, using 3 cups milk, 6 tablespoons butter or margarine, 2 teaspoons salt, dash of pepper, 1 tablespoon grated onion, ¼ cup dry bread crumbs mixed with 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine. Remove core from 1 medium head cabbage. Shred cabbage fine. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and combine with cream sauce. Reseason to taste. Arrange cabbage and corned-beef hash in layers in the casserole. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 30 minutes. Serves 8.

Rabbit Stew

Joint 2 young rabbits. Season with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Cut 3 slices bacon into pieces. Fry until crisp. Remove bacon. Add 3 tablespoons shortening. Sauté the rabbit in the hot shortening until nicely browned. Add 4 onions, sliced, 1 clove garlic, minced, 3 cups water, ⅛ teaspoon marjoram, 2 teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Cover and simmer until tender. Add 2 cups diced potatoes, 1½ cups diced carrots, the bacon and additional water. Cook until vegetables are tender. Add 1 teaspoon paprika and 1 cup sour cream, reseasoning to taste. Heat. Serves 8.

PHOTOS BY KOSTI RUOHOMAA



All five of the little Crawford girls have good appetites. It keeps their mother and grandmother busy filling them up at mealtime.

Try this . . .

Easy, Budget Meal



Quick 'n Tasty

FRANKFURTERS and VEG-ALL

MEAL PLAN

Frankfurters
and Veg-All
Shoe-String Potatoes
Rolls Pickles
Fruit Sauce
Beverage

Split 6 frankfurters lengthwise. Broil until lightly browned. Heat 2 cans Veg-All in its own liquid. Drain. (Save liquid for soup or gravy). Add 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon onion juice, 3 drops Tabasco sauce, ¾ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Heat over low fire, stirring. Arrange on hot platter with frankfurters. Serve with mustard and catsup. Serves 5-6.

For Easy, Thrifty Meals Enjoy Veg-All with Hamburger, Stews, Fricassees . . . or with Eggs. Good!

VEG-ALL . . . A NUTRITIOUS COMBINATION OF GREEN AND YELLOW VEGETABLES FOR SOUPS . . . SALADS . . . DINNER VEGETABLES



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America's Most Popular MIXED VEGETABLES

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PHOTO BY J. DI PIETRO

WENDY CHRISTY SHARRY PATTY TERRY



Five of a Kind . . .

Pixy hood buttoning under the chin; matching mittens have the same two stripes. Knitting instructions, 2536.



Sewing and knitting for five pretty daughters sounds like a full-time job, but Pat Crawford does it in her spare time. What she makes for one, she makes for all. This past summer she made FORTY dresses for the girls to wear back to school. Her current undertaking is making red corduroy robes and cotton flannelette nighties for her fivesome. Warm little hoods and mittens, ribbed panties, socks and stocking caps are all quick and easy to make. Sweaters with names delight the children and avoid confusion . . . perfect for school with box-pleated plaid skirts. Sew and knit for your children as a hobby . . . start with small things and work up gradually to more complicated patterns. ★ BY NORA O'LEARY

Sweaters identify each child by name. Instructions, 2537. Skirts, "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 2445, 3 to 12, 35c.

Back Views and Prices are on Page 164.





Stocking cap, socks and panties in well-fitting ribbed stitch. Designed to stay in place! Cap and socks, 2538; panties, 2539.

Red corduroy robes. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 2473, 1 to 8, 35c. Flannelette nighties, "Easy-to-Make" No. 2456, 3 to 10, 35c.

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Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, enclosing check or money order*, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada ... Dundas Square, Toronto, Ont. *Connecticut residents, please add sales tax. ★ For knitting instructions send 15c for each number to Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

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OH BOY! SEPARATE NOMA BUBBLE-LITES† FOR SPARES AND STRINGS YOU ALREADY HAVE...SERIES OR MULTIPLE.

A WHOLE TREE OF NOMA BUBBLE-LITES! BEAUTIFUL, BUBBLING, COLOR LIGHTS. GREEN TREE OR WHITE. PUSH BUTTON SWITCH...EASY TO TURN ON OR OFF.

LOOK! NOMA BUBBLE-LITE OUTFITS! ALIVE WITH COLORFUL ACTION. 9 LIGHTS TO A SET... AND EACH LAMP WITH METAL CLIP TO HOLD LAMP UPRIGHT ON TREE.

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LOOK AT THESE NOMA LIGHTS! ROUND! SPARKLING! COLORFUL! YOU'LL LOVE 'EM ON YOUR TREE.

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THE TREE TRIMMER'S FRIEND! IS LIGHTS IN THIS NOMA STRING. NO HUNTING FOR BURNED-OUT BULBS.

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P.S. Test FRESH yourself at our expense. See if FRESH isn't more effective, reamier, smoother than any deodorant you've ever tried. Only FRESH can se the patented combination of amazing ingredients which gives you this afe, smooth cream that doesn't dry out . . . that really stops perspiration etter. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for a free jar.

THE INCANTATION

(Continued from Page 49)

Bigs were housed, into the larger offices sacred to Mr. Pruett, Mr. Barton, Mr. Burt, even Mr. Caruthers. It seemed incredible that in an office as full of men as this office, there would not be one man—one surely wasn't much to ask!—who was interesting.

"Interesting" is not married, old enough but not too old, tall enough so that you can wear shoes, nicely groomed, and—well—interesting. It would be interesting to be invited out to dinner, or even to a movie. Little did they think, Gail mused bitterly, when they came to New York, little did they think it would be so utterly, so completely uninteresting.

"Uninteresting" is married, old, fat, untidy—oh, what difference does it make? "Uninteresting" is married. You could just stop there.

Of course, there *was* one interesting man in the office. The trouble was, he was too interesting. He was Mr. Caruthers' son, who had started there two days ago. He was tall, and lean, and tweedy, and just out of college, and even the pipe he smoked looked interesting, though not in the special sense in which Gail usually meant the word. It was a very becoming pipe. Mr. Caruthers' son, first name unknown, seemed bored, and looked utterly, completely terrific, and you might as well expect Van Johnson to date you, as hope that he would.

Life, she thought profoundly, was flowing past her like a river of oatmeal: sluggish, thick, wholesome and revolting.

And then she heard her name mentioned. The voice sounded disparaging. "Oh, *that* one—*that* little blond one. She's Gail Thompson." It was Frank, the twirpy little office boy who should have been sitting, minding his own business, right outside Mr. Pruett's office. A lot she cared what he had to say! I straining hard, she could just hear him. very sour type. If you ask me, a very so type."

Gail's mouth dropped open.

"I thought at first, that's for me!" It w the new office boy.

The sour type balled a small fist and look at it thoughtfully. *I'd like to walk quiet around the corner of this cabinet, pal, and co nect this to your chi* A brief, triumphant v sion of Frank, kayoe slipping to the floo as she murmured, a low refined voic *"That's* for you Junior!" appeared an faded.

"Trouble is, no smi in the eyes," Fran explained kindly. " always tell myself, n smile in the eyes, boy skip 'em."

The other seeme to be in agreement "Yeah," he said. "Th smile—the look—that's what counts even more than the . . what you might say physical geography It's that look that says 'Darling, you're won derful! I love you! Know what I do when I see that look?"

"Um," said Frank coldly. "I know. You sit through the whole feature picture, all over again!" There was a sound of scuffling.

"A very sour type. . . . No smile in the eyes. . . . Darling, you're wonderful! I love you!" Those boys wouldn't know it, of course, but you are not supposed to go around giggling in a city like New York. You have to be dignified—or something. A pair of droops is all they are, and nothing that they say is worth listening to. ("Darling, you're wonderful. I love you!")

As she methodically filed the letters where they would never, under ordinary circumstances, be seen again, she began thinking about eyes. There were the unsmiling, le-

(Continued on Page 166)

During frontier days, there lived in Tennessee a shrewd horse trader named Sam Flynn, who picked up an easy living by traveling from place to place and racing his nags against local horses. Flynn's best racer was a coal-black stallion called Dusky Pete. Frequently, when nearing a town, Flynn would mount Dusky Pete and ride him in as though he were only a saddle horse.

One day he rode Pete into a county seat where a race was scheduled in connection with the fair. He entered the stallion, then proceeded to cover bets of citizens who backed local favorites heavily.

Just before the start of the race, an old judge, famous for his knowledge of the track, joined the crowd. He was told of the folly of the stranger who had placed so much money on his saddle horse. The judge looked over the crowd and recognized Dusky Pete.

"Gentlemen," he said, "there's a dark horse in this race that will make some of you sick!"

Needless to say, the black stallion did win the race, and his fame spread through the racing world. From the track, the term "dark horse" was soon applied to political unknowns likely to be elected.

— WEBB B. GARRISON.

Back Views and Prices of Patterns on Pages 58 and 59, and 162

Vogue Design No. 2473. "Easy-to-Make" child's bathrobe, 1 to 8. 35c.

Vogue Design No. 2456. "Easy-to-Make" nightgown, 3 to 10. 35c.

Vogue Design No. 2445. "Easy-to-Make" skirt, with or without shoulder straps, 3 to 12. 35c.

Vogue Design No. 6639. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.

Vogue Design No. S-4883. One-piece dress and slip; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. $1.

Vogue Design No. 6513. "Easy-to-Make" blouse and cummerbund; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.

Vogue Design No. 6609. "Easy-to-Make" skirt; 24 to 32 waist. 50c.

Vogue Design No. S-4915. One-piece dress and slip; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. $1.

Vogue Design No. S-4937. One-piece dress and jacket; 12 to 18, 30 to 36. $1.

Vogue Design No. S-4892. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. $1.







"It's the loveliest cream for dry skin I've ever used."
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"Perfect for softening—it is so rich and creamy."
RAFAELLE, DUCHESS OF LEINSTER



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MRS. NICHOLAS R. DU PONT

If you are over 25

Beware of Dry Skin

FROM ABOUT 25 ON many women find that the natural oil, that keeps their skin soft, smooth and young-looking, gradually decreases. If you have a tendency to dry skin, you may lose *as much as 20%* of this natural skin oil before you are 40.

Replacement help is right at your fingertips when you use Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This cream is *very* rich in *lanolin*—the oil that is most like your own skin oil. It is *homogenized*—to help it soak in better. And it has a *special emulsifier* for extra softening.

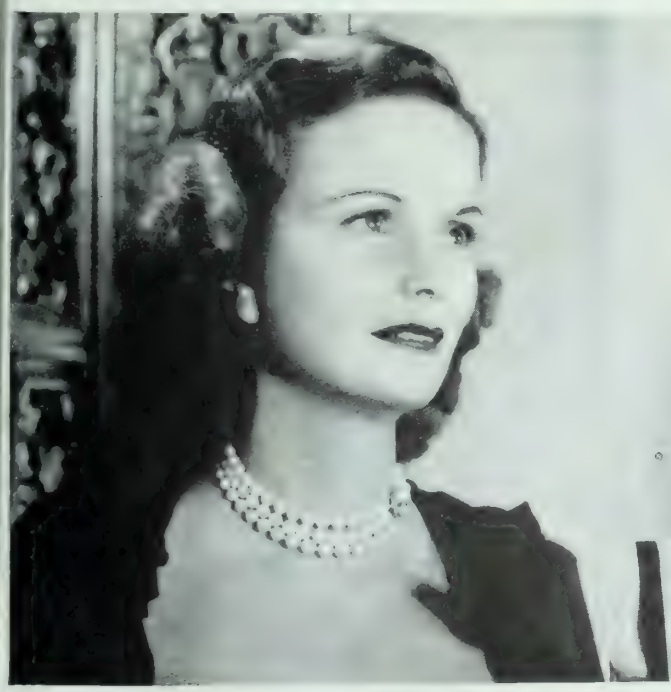
Arrests Dry Skin Two Ways

Lanolin-Softens by Night—after your regular cleansing, work plenty of rich-in-lanolin Pond's Dry Skin Cream over face and throat. Leave a few minutes—then wipe off lightly, so a soft film is left to help your skin all night. Your dry skin seems to "drink up" this rich cream. See how tiny dry lines are smoothed so they don't show.

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You will *feel* the softening results of this cream the very first time you use it. Day-by-day you'll *see* your skin look fresher, smoother, younger.

Get this truly remarkable dry skin corrector—today! You'll find lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream never leaves skin sticky. Instead—it smooths on with a delicious *softening* feeling. Use this cream generously every day for a week. Then, look at your face *carefully*. See if this isn't *the finest help for correcting dry skin you've ever used*. Get your jar of lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream *today*.



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"I'm never without this rich, softening cream."
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"may I ask just one question please?

What do YOU want most when you travel?"



Almost everyone has a different answer! If *your* reply is like any of those below, you're sure to save considerable money and enjoy yourself more on any out-of-town trip—when you *GO GREYHOUND.*

Whatever you may especially want when traveling, it's my guess that you'll get it in fullest measure in Greyhound SuperCoaches. Next time you plan a trip—anywhere in America—just phone or see your Greyhound agent—*for travel as you like it!*

"Everything's so high these days—I want to save money!"

Lady, you'll save real money on every Greyhound trip! Fares are lower than any other form of transportation—much less than driving your own car.



"Who, me? I want lots of schedules... and prompt arrivals..."

Then Greyhound's for you! There are many departures daily, timed at most convenient hours—and they will save you a lot of time.



"I like to see things... meet interesting people... have a good time."

It's truly more fun traveling Greyhound—you meet so many congenial people—see America's beauty spots close-up, by highway.



"I'm interested in getting home from school on week-ends."

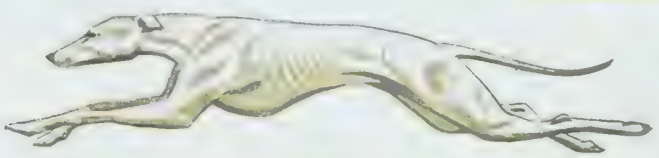
Then go Greyhound! It serves hundreds of schools and colleges in all 48 states—very often stops right at campus gates.



"I'm 'way past 50—just give me comfort, relaxation."

There's real riding ease in deeply-cushioned chairs that recline to any desired angle. Drivers are world-famous for safe operation, courtesy.





GREYHOUND

(Continued from Page 164)

thargic subway eyes. There were the absent-minded-looking eyes of people crossing streets. There were the remote, dull eyes of people standing in lines to buy tickets to sparkling comedies. And the disillusioned eyes of people eating in restaurants. No smile, surely, in any of those eyes.

Purely for her own satisfaction, she decided to check on her own eyes.

The mirror in the ladies' room was efficiently lighted. *Um, no smile. Just eyes.* She turned up the corners of her mouth into a passable smile. Above the neat lipstick job, the eyes remained solemn. More smile. Still not in the eyes. "*No smile in the eyes—skip 'em.*" And was she ever skipped! She tried again, catching her lower lip archly with her little white teeth. Eyes still wary. The more earnestly she smiled, the grimmer she looked.

"Ah-a-a-a-ah!" she said disgustedly. Except for herself, the whole place was empty. Throwing caution and common sense to the winds, Gail said to herself in the glass, with utmost intensity, "Darling! You're wonderful! I love you!"

We-ell. So that's how you do it! Just six easy words! Hm'm.

Little lights appeared and danced in her eyes. She looked enthusiastic, she looked terrific, she looked *alive.* She looked admiring; and on her, admiration looked good. As she analyzed, the smile faded. She tried the six words again, and again it worked.

"Well," said Gail mildly. "This is something to know."

A few minutes' experiment showed that you could get the same effect by thinking it, rather than saying it aloud, if you thought it—Gail groped for the right word—*warmly* enough.

At this point, the door of the ladies' room popped open. "Miss Moran's gunning for you!" It was Miss Boyd.

She'd show 'em, thought Gail, she'd show 'em. She abandoned the thought of the short right to Frank's jaw. She was not sure how good the short right might be, but she felt she definitely had something here. She could hardly wait to try it on someone, anyone.

She did not have long to wait. At her d was Mr. Acker, a very short, very cross ch acter. When he was just irritable, he v bright pink. This changed to deep red as became furious. Mr. Acker was now a r purple.

"Consolidated! Consolidated! I saw y put it in my Incoming!" puffed Mr. Ack

(Darling! You're wonderful! I love yo

"Yes, Mr. Acker. But I took it back; M Pruett wanted it for the conference, th whole file on Consolidated ——"

Mr. Pruett, being Mr. Pruett, could ha taken the incoming basket and the desk, t if he had wanted them. Both she and M Acker knew that perfectly well. But normal that would not have stopped him from gou ing small bits out of her desk with the point his pencil, and exploding all over the plac Now, however, Mr. Acker stopped in mi puff, and placed his hand flat down on t desk.

"Er, ah, uh," said he, skidding to a sto "That was quite right. Yes. Do you know Miss Thompson, you have remarkable eye Yes, quite right. Thank you."

He looked at her as if he were about t say more. But then, clearing his throat an pulling rather thoughtfully at his lapel, h straightened up, hesitated a moment, an went back to his own cubicle.

"Well, the marines landed," said Mis Moran, behind her. "A chance to blow h top, and he skipped it. Is he coming dow with something or have you taken up jud Gail?"

"I charmed him," said Gail absently. Sh was still a little awed at her new power. Mis Moran laughed, rather excessively, but Ga ignored that. She sat up straight and sauc at her desk and watched for Frank, tha skunk.

Not that she would date Frank, who prob ably wasn't a day over seventeen. Sh wouldn't date him if he were the last man o the whole eighth floor. But she just had a lit tle something she wanted to show Frank. N small boy with a flower that squirted ink eve waited more eagerly for a victim than Gail with her incantation, waited for Frank.



"I'm feeling like a million dollars—American, of course."

THE FRAGRANCE OF YOUTH...

April Showers



au de Toilette
2.00, $1.25
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by CHERAMY perfumer

When he came, it was so easy that it wasn't any fun. Gail made a mental note to use only the first three words of the thing on minors, as she watched him zoom off to buy her a chocolate bar. Out of the side of her eye she saw her boss watching her speculatively. *Oops,* thought Gail, absently laying out the 3 x 5 cards she was supposed to be filing.

The door to the conference room flew open. Mr. Pruett dashed out. He glared around and his eye fell upon Miss Moran, who rose as if mesmerized. He summoned her with a long, imperative finger. Someone, it seemed, had to take this portfolio up to Radio City at once. Miss Moran offered her entire department on a silver salver.

Gail was considering Mr. Pruett. No, she decided, not the very first day. Maybe never. One would have to work up to Mr. Pruett. For the Mr. Pruetts of this world, perhaps, stronger incantations were needed.

"This one busy?" asked Mr. Pruett. "This one" was Gail. In about three minutes she found herself in the elevator, with the portfolio under one arm, taxi money in her hand, the haziest notion of where to go when she got there, and a firm impression that the portfolio had been overdue two minutes ago. That was life! You mow a person down and he runs an errand for you, and you end up running one for him, simply because he isn't where he ought to be!

On the sidewalk, she stood as far forward as she could without actually drowning, and fixed oncoming Broadway traffic with a commanding eye. Every taxi was full of dry, comfortable passengers. Precious, irreplaceable time passed. A tall man in a raincoat flashed out and stood waiting for a taxi too. He looked very interesting. Gail felt invisible beside him, he was so tall and so hurried. She was sure he would simply climb into the next empty taxi that came, without ever realizing she was trying to get one too. So sure was she that she gave a defeatist half-wave when the empty cab did show up. It swooped to the curb and a man sprang up from nowhere at all, popped into it and slammed the door triumphantly.

"THAT was *your* taxi!" The tall man spoke accusingly. "If it hadn't been, I'd have gone after it myself."

"I waved at him," she began indignantly. She looked up at him. *(Darling, you're wonderful. I love you.)* "I hardly wanted to blow kisses at him," she ended seriously.

The tall man was thoughtful, attentive. "No," he said pleasantly. "No, of course you didn't. Relax! I'll get you a taxi!"

It was easy as that. Gail slid into the cab when he opened the door and ignored his hopeful glance. She felt she needed to be alone, just for a few minutes. "Radio City, please," she said quite primly. The car slid out into traffic. "The offices, you know, not the movies."

They stopped at a red light. The driver half turned and fixed her with a fishy eye. "Whaddayamean, offices?" he asked.

(Darling, you're wonderful ——) "I mean offices, just offices," she said in a small voice.

"All right, sis, we'll find you some offices. There's three blocks of Radio City, and we ought to find you some nice offices in all that." He was grinning amiably.

Could Edison have felt any better when he discovered electric lights? Gail doubted it.

There was a spot of indecision at Radio City. The driver did not seem to have his mind on his work. Three times he hesitated, three times a police whistle blew him on. Blow by blow, they approached an entrance.

"I dunno is this what you want," he remarked anxiously.

She paid him with Mr. Pruett's money and dashed for the shelter of the building. A blasé *(Darling!)* but very pleasant, really, starter told her about the escalator *down* and go all the way to the end of the hall, and take an escalator *up,* and turn to the right.... She said she was sure she understood.

"Just come back to me if you get into trouble," he implored her.

As she approached the escalator *down* something made her glance up, and outside the door, arms on window, pensively watching

(Continued on Page 169)

LITTLE LULU



"Humph—KLEENEX pops up without all that fuss!"*

Little Lulu says... Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-Tissue Box—pull *just one* double tissue—up pops another! Compare tissues, compare boxes—you'll see why Kleenex is America's favorite tissue.

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Don't take along
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Take
TUMS

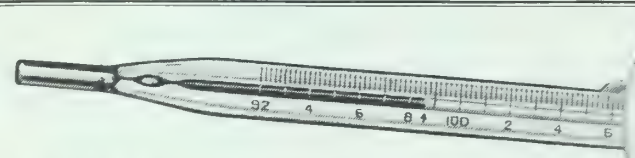
Any time late hours and overindulgence bring on a spell of acid indigestion, try Tums for sweet relief. Taken like candy mints, Tums neutralize excess acid and settle upset stomach almost instantly. You feel better fast! No baking soda (bicarbonate) in Tums. No danger of overalkalizing; no acid rebound. Get Tums today!

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STOMACH DISTRESS 12 TUMS 10¢ EAT LIKE CANDY

To feel better, try one or two TUMS after breakfast.

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25 Beautiful Snow Scenes . . . $1 THE BOX

Available only at stores where Rust Craft Cards are sold

RUST CRAFT
Greeting Cards of Character
BOSTON • TORONTO

(Continued from Page 167)

he doorway like a devoted, motorized St. Bernard dog, was her taxi man. She ran over and waved reassuringly to him. He drove off.

"My," said Gail dreamily, riding downward. For the first time since the family had moved from Little Teacup, Pennsylvania, she felt as if she had friends all over town. And so much more scope than back home!

It was one o'clock when she got back to the offices of Caruthers, Burt, Barton and Pruett. She would tell them all was well, she decided, and then go to lunch. It had been a delightful trip, she was thinking irrationally, quite as if she had been abroad for a month, rather than uptown for something over an hour. November was, or could be, a beautiful month. Any month, it began to appear, could be.

Beclouded in her musings, she stepped inattentively out of the elevator into the very arms of Mr. Pruett, for whom elevators always went whichever way he happened to be going at the moment. Bouncing off Mr. Pruett, she caromed into the tweed arms of young Caruthers, whose arms were very much more receptive.

Of course, this sort of thing is bound to make a girl nervous. Gail gulped and reached desperately for her incantation. "Darling——" she heard herself saying—*aloud!*—in a warm little voice. She turned scarlet and clapped her hands over her mouth, raising agonized eyes to those of young Mr. Caruthers, who was still holding her in his arms, and who was not looking bored at all.

For one shattering instant, time stood still. The echoes of "Darling!" rolled around the hall. The elevator man was turned to salt, and simply held the car door open. Mr. Pruett had suffered the same fate and was transfixed with one foot raised to step into the elevator, his head turned to where his assistant file clerk stood in the embrace of the senior partner's son. If it were ever going to work, her wonderful, wonderful incantation, now would be a perfectly ducky time for it to do so.

Gail took a step toward Mr. Pruett. This had the added advantage of getting her out of young Caruthers' arms. *Darling, you're wonderful. I love you!* she said very firmly, but this time only in her inmost depths. Aloud she said, "The portfolio reached them in plenty of time for the checkup before broadcast, Mr. Pruett."

"Thank you, Miss Uh. Thank you." Mr. Pruett's voice was approving and mildly paternal. "Coming, Jerome?" He stepped into the elevator.

"No," said Jerry Caruthers, firmly but politely. The elevator door, closing, erased from sight Mr. Pruett's raised eyebrows, and the two of them stood in the momentarily deserted hall, Jerome Caruthers with a quizzical, alert, very interesting expression, and Gail Thompson with an incantation that was going to take her a long, long way. **THE END**

Bringing up Parents

DR. BARBARA BIBER, Consultant
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

WHETHER or not *you* believe in a single standard, your children are bound to be influenced by social forces which separate boys and girls in many areas. That's often necessary, and good—but not always. Very young boys can benefit greatly from "typically girlish" activities. And little girls can gain a lot from "tomboy" play. Early drives as widely varied as the expression of affection and the need to exercise the large muscles are exactly the same for both sexes. So when a small boy plays with a doll, far from being a "sissy," he's just showing he's human. And when a girl hits back, it doesn't mean she won't grow up ladylike. As they grow older, they'll both be governed more by cultural attitudes towards their respective sexes. However, their social relationships later in life will be healthier if they aren't forced into a rigid pattern of differentiation in their early years.



"Aren't you glad we're not little girls, daddy? You could never have any fun with us."

somebody on your gift list is hoping you'll see this page

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... and think of her

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... and think of him

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is not expensive.

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1¾ yards of velvet ribbon goes all the way around your head, to tie in a bow beneath your ear. Tuck flowers into bowknot.



Gather each end of 1 yard 18-inch veiling to a point. Take two ¾-yard lengths of ribbon, tie in half-bows covering the gathered ends.

Festivity A-head

BY LEONE SEASTROM

Crisp veiling, colorful ribbon and gay ball fringe quickly turn into feminine hair accessories. With scissors, needle and thread make these new hair trimmings in colors of your own imagination for a pretty holiday look.



Use ½ yard 18-inch veiling, ½ yard 3-inch ribbon. Place ribbon lengthwise on top veiling 9 inches from one side; fold other side over ribbon. Gather ends together with velvet bows.



Take ⅝ yard of 2-inch velvet ribbon. Loop each side 4 inches above end. Tack on ball fringe in matching color as in sketch. Fasten with bobby pins.

Take 26 inches of veiling, turn back 4 inches on either end. Fold lengthwise.



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QUICK AND EASY FOR TWO

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

DURING the weeks just before and after Christmas, each day has its own excitement. All of it's fun: the shopping; the secret sessions with wrappings and ribbons; decorating the house; baking cookies. There will be parties to go to, parties to give. You'll want quick, easy dinners during the rush period for non-party nights. Keep these menus handy.

Homemade Décor

Stuffed Lamb Patties
Curried Pineapple
Broiled Potato Slices Peas
Fig, Orange and Cheese Salad
Coffee

You've shopped for wreaths. They are too expensive—and you need several. Why not make your own? All the shops that sell Christmas trees have cut evergreen branches that you can buy for next to nothing. It's as easy as this little meal.

STUFFED LAMB PATTIES

Season ¾ pound ground raw lamb with salt and pepper, working into it 1 tablespoon soft butter or margarine. Sauté ½ cup chopped mushrooms and 1 onion, chopped, in 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Make 4 very thin patties of the lamb. Put each 2 together, sandwich fashion, with the sautéed-mushroom-and-onion business in between. Mound the filling in center, not too close to the edges. Press the edges together so stuffing won't come out. Broil 3 minutes on each side, baste with the pan juices when you turn them.

BROILED POTATO SLICES

Cut cold boiled potatoes into ¼—⅓-inch slices. Brush with butter or margarine, sprinkle with salt and broil with lamb, turning once.

CURRIED PINEAPPLE

Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, blend in 1 teaspoon curry powder. Add ⅔ cup crushed pineapple. Cook over moderate heat 5 minutes to blend. Serve with lamb.

FIG, ORANGE AND CHEESE SALAD

Drain canned figs. Split open and stuff with softened cream cheese. Arrange on salad greens with sliced oranges. Serve with French dressing.

After dinner get busy on the wreaths. For frames, bend wire coat hangers into circlets—leaving the hooks as they are. This will make wreaths easy to hang. With thin spool wire—you can buy it in any stationery or hardware store—weave sprays of greens onto the hangers, overlapping greens as you go, so the wire won't show. Ten-inch pieces of wire are easiest to handle. Cones and bright berries may be wired in here and there. Wrap the hook with red or green ribbon. A bow tied at the top will hide the hook.

Shoppers' Luck

Chile in the Snow
Pepper Beans
Celery and Olives
Pears with Marmalade Sauce
Coffee

Even though your husband trusts your taste, there are some Christmas presents for members of his family you'd like him to choose himself. He hates to shop, but agrees to go along with you some evening when the stores are open. Unless you plan to dine out, a quick dinner is called for. If you aren't in a tinsel mood, it's a good quick dinner for any time.

CHILE IN THE SNOW

Add ¼ cup canned tomato sauce to 1 can chile con carne. Heat together and serve in fluffy nests of mashed potatoes.

PEPPER BEANS

Cut off top and remove seeds from 1 green pepper. Cut pepper in strips. Add to 1 package frozen green beans and cook in small quantity of boiling salted water until both are tender—10–12 minutes. Drain. Add 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Season with salt and pepper.

PEARS WITH MARMALADE SAUCE

To ½ cup orange marmalade add 1½ tablespoons lemon juice and the grated rind of ½ lemon. Stir in ¼ cup chopped nuts and thin with 2 tablespoons canned-pear sirup. Arrange drained canned-pear halves in dessert dishes, curved side up. Pour the sauce over the pears and serve.

Cooky Business

Chicken-and-Oyster Stew
Hot Buttered Crackers
Mincemeat Squares
Coffee

…u weren't going to bother to bake Christ-…s cookies this year—but you've had so …ny hints from friends hoping there'd be …ooky box from you coming their way, …u get into it anyway. For several evenings …u've been making up different doughs …t could be chilled and kept ready to …ke. You've devoted this evening to bak-…. It's going to be fun. So that you'll be …e to keep a cool head over a hot oven, …ve just a quick chicken-and-oyster stew … supper with a few of your hot cookies …m the first batch for dessert. Mincemeat …ares are easy to make and can be put in …e oven to bake while you're getting sup-…r. Don't eat too many—there'll be fewer … the boxes. Remember to pack soft and …sp cookies separately.

CHICKEN-AND-OYSTER STEW

…elt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine in …eepan. Add 1 pint oysters and ⅔ cup …uor. Let cook just until edges curl. Heat …an cream of chicken soup with ½ cup …lk. Combine oysters with the milk and …icken soup. Season with 1 teaspoon lemon …ce, salt, pepper and a dash of Tabasco; …ve in deep bowls with hot buttered …ackers.

MINCEMEAT SQUARES

…easure ½ cup shortening, 1 cup brown …gar, 1¼ cups flour, ½ teaspoon baking …da, ½ teaspoon salt into a bowl. Work …ixture together with tips of your fingers, a …rk or a pastry blender until mixture is …umbly. Add 1¼ cups quick-cooling rolled …ts. Put half the mixture into a square …allow pan. Pat down. Spread this layer …th 1½ cups canned mincemeat. Sprinkle …th the remaining crumbly mixture. Bake … a 9 x 9 x 2″ pan in a moderate oven, …0° F., 30 minutes. While still warm, cut … squares, and remove from pan when …ol.

Very Important Person

Hot Onion Canapés
Tomato Juice
Shrimps and Rice, Charleston
Your Best Salad
Cheese Crackers Fruit
Coffee

…ou are having an unexpected guest you …ave never met—a very important person, …our husband says. There are shades of …pinion as to what is fitting fare for an im-…romptu guest meal. You don't have time …o prepare an elaborate dinner—you can't …fford to splurge anyway. You've been in a …ackage-wrapping panic all week long. Un-…er these circumstances, my guess is that …our meal will go over just as well if you …hoose a simple-to-make main dish—but …ne that is distinctive. Don't bother with …egetables, but make the very best green …alad that you can make. Precede the meal …with a quick hot canapé and tomato juice—…n the living room for swish. One kind of …really superb natural cheese with toasted …crackers and fresh fruits is just the right …dessert. You don't know this guest's tastes, but with this simple ending you can't go wrong. Serve your little meal with grace. The mood you set for your dinner has much to do with its success.

SHRIMPS AND RICE, CHARLESTON

Buy 1½ pounds fresh shrimps. Peel off shells with your fingers. Remove the black vein along the back of each shrimp. Pour milk over shrimps and let stand 10 minutes. Drain and roll shrimps in flour. Fry the shrimps in 5 tablespoons hot butter or margarine, seasoning well with salt and pepper. Push shrimps to one side of skillet. Add 3 tablespoons flour to the dripping and let brown to a light tan, stirring well with a spoon as it browns. Turn off heat and add 1½ cups water, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ¾ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon finely minced onion, a dash of Tabasco sauce, a pinch of crumbled bay leaf, a pinch of thyme and one of marjoram and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Reseason with salt and pepper until it tastes just right. Serve on platter with a border of freshly cooked rice and a garnish of parsley. It takes about 1¼ cups raw rice to make enough for 3.

HOT ONION CANAPÉS

Mix 3 tablespoons finely chopped onion with 3 tablespoons mayonnaise. Season with salt, pepper, 2 drops Tabasco sauce and ½ teaspoon paprika. Spread on salted crackers and brown under low broiler heat just a few seconds until mixture bubbles. Makes 10–12.

A Little After Christmas

Cold Turkey
Cumberland Sauce
Celery-and-Mushroom Casserole
Green Salad
Canned-Fig Pudding
Hard Sauce or Lemon Sauce
Coffee

You and yours had Christmas dinner at mother's this year—you usually do. When it came time to leave, you found a neat package of cold sliced turkey tucked in among your Christmas plunder. You'll have it tonight with a wonderful cold sauce and a hot casserole. Steamed canned-fig pudding with hard sauce or lemon sauce will be your dessert—your bow to the season—unless you rated two pieces of mince pie along with the turkey.

CUMBERLAND SAUCE

Put ⅓ cup currant jelly, the juice of ½ lemon and the grated rind of 1 orange in a saucepan. Add 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon ginger and ½ teaspoon paprika. Heat until jelly melts and blends. Cool. Serve with cold sliced turkey, ham or roast lamb.

CELERY-AND-MUSHROOM CASSEROLE

Cut enough outside stalks of celery into ½-inch pieces to make 3 cups. Cook in salted water until tender—this takes only a few minutes. Drain. Add ½ can undiluted condensed mushroom soup and 1 small can peas, drained. Grease a small casserole. Pour in half of celery mixture. Cover with ¼ cup grated American cheese. Pour in rest of celery mixture. Cover with another ¼ cup grated cheese. Top with buttered cracker crumbs. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until bubbly and brown. (If you have them on hand, sauté ¼ cup sliced fresh or canned mushrooms and add to the celery before combining with the soup.)

Canapé "Creations" anyone can make:

Olive pimiento cheese spread — Smoky cheese spread and bacon
Relish cheese spread — RITZ CRACKERS

. . . they're so *easy!* Just use prepared spreads and RITZ CRACKERS —then be fanciful as you please with the garnish! How pretty your "creations" are . . . and how *tasty!* For RITZ CRACKERS give a *crisp-and-tangy* base . . . bring a richer satisfaction to the spreads! Serve your canapes with clam and tomato juice, half and half . . . or *any* beverage you wish. Your guests will say appetizers never were so *appetizing!* However you serve RITZ CRACKERS, spread or plain, they have a delicious flavor no other cracker can match!

NOTHING TASTES AS GOOD AS RITZ — BUT **RITZ!**



NEW-EASY OVEN-TOASTED RECIPE "FRENCH FRIED" ALMONDS

Favorite munching delicacy of California motorists



CALIFORNIA STYLE

Blue Diamond Almonds
Butter or Salad Oil
Salt

IF YOU have ever motored the highways of California, then you've gone back home yearning for more of those delicious and crisp "French fried" almonds you bought at roadside stands. Now you can proudly (and easily) make "French fried" almonds in your home to the delight of your family and your friends.

Place the Blue Diamond Almonds in shallow baking pan with 1 teaspoon butter or salad oil per cup of almonds. For the real "California style" flavor, use them unblanched. Roast in slow oven (300° F.) 25 to 30 min., stirring occasionally. Spread on paper to cool. Sprinkle with salt while hot.

But just be sure to insist on Blue Diamond Almonds. Then you know you are getting California's very finest almonds selected for plumpness and flavor; and the Blue Diamond Brand cellophane bag protects their crunchy crispiness, and keeps the almonds sweet and fresh.

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Do it the easy thrifty way



Taste tells!

GRAVY MASTER
makes it taste and look good too
GET A BOTTLE—TRY IT—COMPARE

MAINE PIONEERS

(Continued from Page 154)

on his $1800 Old Town land. She considered it a vital investment in their security. Unprecedented in the annals of son-and-mother-in-law relations is the fact that Stan once embraced Mrs. Harris so effusively he broke three ribs.

It seems that Pat is cast in the same heroic maternal mold. In the cabin, her day starts at six. Usually she wears a printed-cotton dress, or a raggedy pair of slacks. Tall, well-built, clear-eyed, she has luminous skin, auburn hair curled shoulder-length, and a dreamy, aristocratic look. She is like some fragile high-born British beauty who looks regal in Edwardian décolleté. Pat never wears make-up; she never has had to. But by now she looks as if a rest might help.

On Stan's rolling wooded property there are a pond, the big cedar-and-pine log cabin, a barn, an outhouse, a triple garage, a run-down icehouse, a woodshed, the cement-lined well that alternately freezes and runs dry, and three tiny cottages. There's enough wood to heat the cabins "for the next two generations," according to Stan, and there's "meat running all over the place." The family can trap beaver on its pond, and figure-eight there winters. The Crawfords don't do any farming; the keystone of their homestead is Stan's business, insulating Maine homes with rock wool.

In one of the Crawford cottages lives Stan's father, who long since drifted out of the law, worked at a variety of desultory jobs, and now makes 20 per cent of whatever insulation he sells for his son. He averages around $50 a week in commissions. In the two other cabins are Jerry, Stan's assistant, and half brother, Jack. The three men often eat over at Pat's. This she resents as another drain on the uncertain family income, and it is the only hint of friction between the Crawfords.

Mornings, while Pat starts breakfast over her minute gasoline camp stove, the children tumble out of bed and dress, with much chortling, and joint assistance to Wendy, aged 2½. They hang up their pajamas, and haul their dusty bedding back into shape. Terry (Terrayne Leigh), 8, is the soft, responsible eldest. She helps put the coffee on. Breakfast for the children includes fruit, cereal, bacon and eggs, toast and milk, consumed out of miscellaneous crockery, such as mixing bowls and baking dishes. And there's strong coffee for the men.

BEFORE the school bus comes, at 7:40 A.M., there is general inspection and "detoying" in the cabin. Whereupon the three eldest girls grab lunch sandwiches and dash off. They are Terry, Patty (Patricia Anne), 7, roguish, agile and engaging, and Sharry (Charleine Stanley), 6 and pixyish, with a wide forehead and round eyes, who looks like a serene Botticelli beauty.

Pat is a little concerned about the country school—she's afraid the girls aren't learning fast enough. She'd love to have time to teach them herself, supplementing schooling with the Calvert home-education system missionaries use.

After the eldest are gone, there's a pause for another round of coffee before Stan and the men rumble off to work in his truck, a 1937 bottle-green Reo. Then its "turn on the radio loud and grab the broom," and the five rooms, with their spare wooden furniture, are swept relatively clean, the dishes washed with scant well water heated in a teakettle, the potbellied wood stove stoked, the trash buried. Of minor assistance are the two smallest—except for the new baby—Christy (Christine Carol), 4, big-eyed and mournful, who had rheumatic fever once, and Wendy (Wendalyn Louise), who is all brown eyelashes, fumbling gestures and glances by turn coy and petulant. After housework, these two are bundled out into the snow to play.

THOUGH Pat has a washing machine, there was no water to run it last winter. So she farmed out the huge family wash to a kind but noncommunicative neighbor, Bertha, for $3 a week. But when Bertha got sick and the well froze and the temperature stuck around zero, the laundry lay dismally stacked up on the back porch for weeks. And Pat made do with her two pails of freezing well water (twenty-two quarts) a day for dishes, cooking, drinking and baths—and the kids looked considerably short of well starched.

Dishing up meals for what varies between seven and ten takes almost all day, for Pat. Mealtimes mostly hinge on the state of repair of the truck, and when Stan gets home with the groceries. He picks them up on his way home, buying at a friend's store, where he can get credit. But Pat wishes they could manage the chain stores, where she could save five to six dollars a week. And she'll do the marketing herself, when they get their ancient undertaker's Packard registered. "We got the car the only year we didn't have a baby," she reminisced.

As it is, groceries for feeding up to ten come to about $30 a week. "The budget took a nose dive years ago," Pat remarked.

Around six, when Stan gets home evenings, he may lug in some firewood, or he'll stalk down to the flooded basement in hip boots and haul out some vegetables for dinner—Pat canned 350 quarts of beets, carrots, corn, applesauce, jellies and jams last summer.

The men wash their hands in the communal basin. The children sit down to grace, and dinner is on. "The kids are crazy about anything they can slurp down," says Pat—"soup, or stew, or spaghetti—anything swimming in sauce." They have their own cookbook, and dish up creditable cookies, dropped eggs on toast, and fudge. Stan has a wild woodsman's taste in food. With practically no provocation, he will elaborate on how to cook "beanhole beans," partridge "à la clay," hulled corn, or porcupine liver.

After dinner, if it's Saturday night, the girls get their curls pinned up, and have a raucous bath in the kitchen. As there's no tub, it's in an old soft-drink cooler with a galvanized-tin lining. Other nights the girls listen to the family favorites, Lone Ranger or Blondie, before bedtime and prayers.

Evenings, Pat and Stan will sit around the wood stove and rehash the day's doings,

(Continued on Page 177)

in the wide-open West—that's for the Harry Schwartzes, of Sheridan, Wyoming. Although Harry's income, as a young lawyer, is only $3300 a year, he can immediately realize dreams for his profession and his family that, in a big city, might take years to achieve.

Sheridan's way of living keeps the cost of living low. On a G. I. loan, he bought his ranch-style home for $7500—in the East it would have cost at least $20,000. His wife, unworried by dictates of fashion, can hold the clothes budget to $200 a year. There are a good climate for health, good schools for his two children, and the Big Horn Mountains provide a vacation paradise—right at the Schwartzes' back door.

To meet a man and a town going places together, read—

BY STRUTHERS BURT

How America Lives
The January JOURNAL

If you like to keep guests guessing...



How does she make such elegant desserts?

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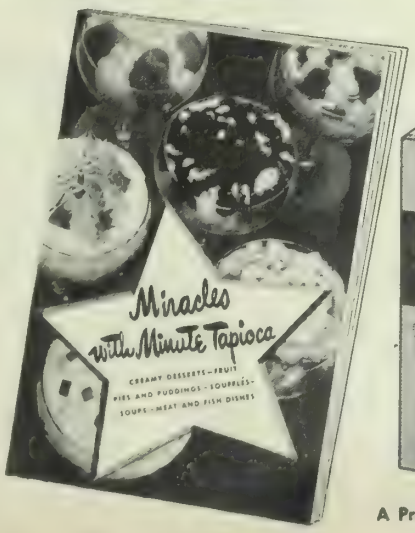
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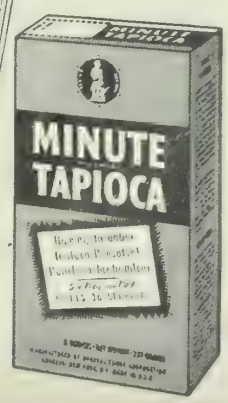
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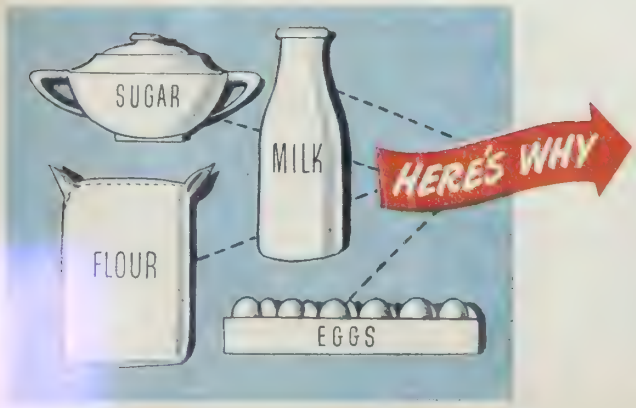
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(Continued from Page 174)

ead, thumb over the mail-order catalogue, tune in on an occasional sermon on he air. Reading favorites: anything by Clarence Budington Kelland and Margaret Landon's novel, Anna and the King of Siam. The kids are on Alice in Wonderland in their Book of Knowledge. Pat will knit, sew (she made thirty small dresses last year), darn, or type a letter (her writing is as spirited as her language). Pat's sewing for the girls supplements Mrs Harris' unending stream of clothing for the children. Her own clothes Pat makes over, and clings to some high-school-vintage things, and wears Mrs. Harris' hand-me-downs (Mrs. Harris buys one size larger, for eventual relay to Pat). Stan will lounge in his blue jeans (he hasn't had a new suit for five years) and his beloved Indian moccasins. He smoked a pipe till he "lost his pipe tooth." They'll talk a little politics (both are self-styled "liberals"—for Maine). Once a month, about, they'll get Bertha to baby-sit while they take in a movie. They'll discuss game prospects, and plot out vacations—Canada this year, with camping out for the girls, and Alaska next.

But when Mrs. Harris is up, they'll usually chew over the finances.

Last year, Stan's income was $3850, and with his six female dependents, he was exempted from any income tax. There are no savings yet. Home-improvement and insulation jobs gross Stan about $500 for three days' work. Operating costs, his crew of three, truck repair and materials eat up all but about $40. The big struggle is for Stan to stay in business by himself, with his name on the truck, and not be swallowed up by the concern from which he leases the truck, as a contractor. He hopes to buy it, but that would take $2100. And to complete payments on his land, Stan must manage $400 a year for three more years, plus 6 per cent.

Last year, Mrs. Harris managed to lend the Crawfords $1100—$300 toward the first down payment on the cabins, $700 toward owning the truck, and $100 for Stan's first purchase of his rock-wool materials. To do it, she had to borrow against her future earnings: she got $1500 from a local bank, ostensibly to improve her rooming house, and then lent most of the money to the kids. She is repaying the bank at the slow rate of $47.91 a month, and figures it will take two more years. From boarders and roomers she collects some $200 a month, and supplements occasionally by running out on a lucrative baby-nursing job, while her sons deal with the roomers.

Mrs. Harris considers her loan to the Crawfords part of what she might have spent for Pat's "college money." Stan has already repaid part. He plans, reciprocally, to drive down to Medford and insulate the boardinghouse. Mrs. Harris says she never keeps tabs on what Stan owes. She knows he's the kind of salesman who chronically has more jobs than he can handle. "Mum's always there with the pocketbook," Pat puts it.

Here's about the way a year's spending goes in the Crawford family:

Food (for roughly seven) Bills averaged only $25 a week, because of Pat's canning	$1300.00
Car Upkeep—including gas, oil and repairs, at about $10 a week. Truck isn't counted in, as it is leased	520.00
House Mortgage and Interest (rent) Stan must pay $400 a year, plus 6 per cent of the unpaid balance, to complete payment on his $1800 land, in three years.	472.00
Car Mortgage, annual (Stan borrowed $400 on the car in 1947.)	312.00
Medical and Dental—eventually, they want a group-health plan	200.00
Taxes—car, hunting, poll, property and livestock	106.00
Installments—washing machine is paid up, but refrigerator payments start at same rate of $10 a month	120.00
Clothes—for all the Crawfords. Mrs. Harris makes most of the children's	100.00
Insurance—Life—Stan has a $1500 policy, and pays $3.36 a month	40.00
Car—fire and theft	70.00
Property — the Crawfords can't insure it for the full $1800 value until it has more improvements—now it's worth $1200	20.00
Recreation—at $2 a week	104.00
Magazines, papers, books.	62.00
Phone—just installed, now wired in	50.00
Gas (bottled)	96.00
Fuel—two annual cords of wood, as Stan doesn't have time to cut all he needs	30.00
Electricity	48.00
Children's Allowances—covers kickback for their ice cream, movies, crayons. They keep half.	65.00
Contributions—Red Cross, Community Chest, etc.	25.00
Miscellaneous, hardware, etc.	90.00
Total.	$3830.00

Twin Fawns

BY ETHEL JACOBSON

Motionless there in the road they stood
Profiled against the cottonwood,
Heads turned toward us in grave surprise,
All velvet ears, all wild dark eyes.
Then with a bouncing pogo lope
One soared incredibly up the slope,
Stopping to view from a rocky height
The menace below, then he skipped from sight.

The other fawn paused a heartbeat more
For the promptings of inborn bitter lore
Until, though no movement stirred the air,
Even as we watched—he wasn't there.
The road was empty. But under the tree,
Where we pretended we couldn't see,
In the scanty thicket two shadows froze—
The fawn's crouched close to the guarding doe's.
They watched the menace until we passed
And the road was clean of our taint at last,
And safely once more gentleness stood
And was comforted under the cottonwood.

Maybe evenings, the family will reminisce about their gypsy past, and the bucolic days when they camped along Maine streams and potato fields, and Stan sold bottled gas, and the minister came to dinner, and a cow smacked into their tent.

And then there was the memorable journey to California, in 1946, when Wendy was three weeks old. A doctor had warned Pat about a shadow on her lung—so Stan headed west for a drier climate, and a radar job. Mrs. Harris tagged along for the ride, and to cure her arthritis. There were five carsick children, two parents, a grandmother and one cat in an undertaker's Packard, dragging a debilitated half-ton rented luggage trailer. They weathered road washouts and eight blowouts. Across the desert, Wendy's milk soured. She survived, swigging Pepsi-Cola. So did the dehydrated cat. Everywhere people turned them down for shelter—too many children—so they slept in the car. Money ran out in California, and Mrs. Harris stayed on and took a child-nursing job (at $50 a week) to help out with ready cash. Meanwhile, her 16-year-old son Dicky was managing the roomers.

An informal tally of the jobs Mrs. Harris has had, during her 56 years, includes, at 6, tending neighbors' children, at fifty cents a week; making dolls, in Boston, at 9, to pay for her music lessons; selling ribbons made by a blind lady; collecting stray dogs and cats for the Animal Rescue League, for an extra meal; trimming hats; department-store purchasing and advertising; making household furniture; door-to-door selling fudge, cakes, electric washers and aprons to make enough to clothe her children; managing an underwear concern; child nursing; night scrubbing and cleaning; house-paint jobs; light laundry; fancy dressmaking; demonstrating kitchenware; running a Comptometer; renting rooms; first aid during World War I; radar work in World War II; teaching basketwork; wallpapering and improving her boardinghouse; and now, between church work and feeding five at Medford, clothing the Crawford grandchildren. And at 56, she's intrigued by an offer of free lessons to act in television.

"I struggled to keep my home and have things nice because I never had them," Mrs. Harris explains today. Once, when her house was almost under the auctioneer's hammer, she threw the auctioneer out of her front hall, "folding tables, auctioneer's flags and all," and she and her four sons saved $75 a month to avert foreclosure. As a little girl, she says, "I never remember having a room of my own. I slept on trunks, couches, the floor, chairs, and on top of a piano the night mother died—so she wouldn't be alone." Toward her children today, Mrs. Harris' attitude is protective—to "shield them from the kind of life I had."

Stan and Pat realize Mrs. Harris' impulse to live vicariously, and energize other people's lives, is a product of her own loneliness. "Mom has hated to see things get away from her," Stan explains. Mother and daughter are both independent, tender and impulsive by turns; Stan says they tend to "build bridges with skyhooks." Pat is the prouder. Occasionally they quarrel. "Her words hurt, but her deeds heal," Pat puts it. But progressively, as their problems parallel, Pat and her mother grow more together. "I didn't know how much mum meant to me till last year," Pat now acknowledges.

Golda Harris' Amazonian fortitude comes out most when she's talking about childbirth. She says she had Pat quietly, by herself, when the doctor was delayed by a storm. "I just closed the door and had the baby," she explains. The doctor arrived an hour later. "I was getting ready to cut the cord myself. There I was, sitting in a corner of the bed, laughing like the dickens," she chuckles. She adds that she's never been sick with a child, never had an anesthetic. Years later, when Pat was having her first in a cabin by the road in Saco, Maine, Mrs. Harris was on hand. Again, the doctor wasn't on the spot. "Well, honey, there's just three of us here, you, God and me," she told Pat. "I took the sheet and tied it to the top of the bed so she'd have something to pull on. I smothered her with ether when the time came, and delivered a nine and a half pound girl—Terry."

Perhaps Pat's most conspicuous success as a mother is the harmony of her children. "Considerateness" was what Pat most valued in sizing up Stan as a husband, and he liked her "protective" quality—though she squirms at that.

"No matter what happens to that guy, he lands on his feet somehow," Pat wrote her mother one grim time last year. "After this winter I think Stan could hit me with a paddle every day and I'd still think he was wonderful. I have never in my life seen such patience. Everyone is on his neck hollering for money and he just bows politely and says

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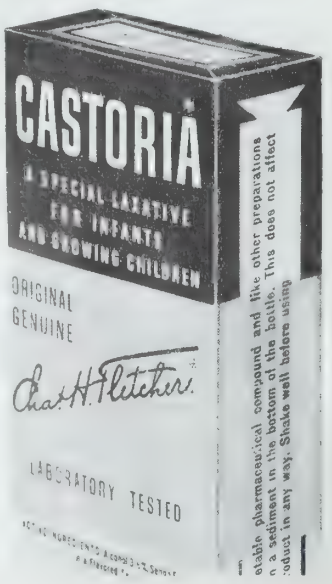
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Chas. H. Fletcher

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CASTORIA

when he gets it they will, that's all he can promise. God love him and give him a break soon. Don't worry about my praying, darling. The Lord and I have always been on speaking terms. He sees to it that we all stay alive and able to take what's handed out to us, and that, after all, is what counts. Being able to hold your head up no matter who wants to push it down."

The children are luminous examples of this reciprocal tenderness. Pat never raises her voice, never fails to return a smile. "Discipline with love" is her creed. There's no pairing off among the girls, no "gimme" about toys and clothes. When they go downtown on an occasional shoe foray, the clerk in the dry-goods store which has served three generations of Crawfords calls them "perfect ladies." They all shared anticipation of the child to come—they just knew she'd be a girl. When Wendy was born, they converged on the infant to do the diaper changing, and "couldn't wait till she wet" to snatch the old one off. "Sharry, you should so pick up the papers, mommy can't, you know why," Patty scolded. "You never saw such consideration," Pat wrote her mother. The girls are even interested in the procreative possibilities of Smoky, the wildcat.

But they're normal, raucous girls. Patty will crow with glee about "new shoes tomorrow"; Christy is vain about her curls; Terry will sound shocked if they call names at school, but come home with some mildly ribald couplets; Sharry learns coquetry from the boy next to her on the school bus; Wendy will exult over a new dustpan.

The children have had a steady flow of croupy coughs and fevers, in the subzero Maine winter. All have had scarlet fever but Wendy, who had mumps twice and bronchial pneumonia; and Christy, who had rheumatic fever. Last winter, Pat kept them all out of school several weeks for a heart check. Pat's sleep is fitful, and she always "has one ear open" for a sneeze.

Talking to the Crawfords about their future plans is like talking to a Soviet commissar about prospects for his village—the present and the future intermingle. Glibly, Pat will discuss a larger bedroom for six girls, with a bureau and cupboard for each. Stan and Pat's priorities include an indoor toilet, a fireplace, an artesian well, a modern kitchen, an orchard, a garden, sun porches, a home freezer, maybe a tennis court. Pat has blueprinted in her mind and crayoned on paper a three-year garden plan, with prices and growing seasons of items like black Tartarian cherries, mock orange and scabiosa. Stan's priorities involve "paying for the truck and the place in a hurry," general repair, insulating Mrs. Harris' home, some sheep, chickens and a milk cow. They got goats last spring, which promised to lop $10 off the weekly milk bill.

Then, there's the dream. Eventually, Stan expects to switch from insulation to home design and manufacture of children's toys. He'll build a Puritan log stockade out front for his children—a regular playland. And, still using wood from the place, he'll make toys for sale, some mechanical, some wood, and supplement them with basketwork of the Indians in the Old Town Penobscot reservation.

"With selling, you're on edge all the time," Stan figures, and a good permanent balance is to live in the woods. "There's no quieter place than here. Every once in a while I get sick of breathing everyone else's air, got to get some of my own." Pat, too, likes the idea that the children can "get to see the very beginnings of life, from the first green sprig. When we were little," she recalls, "we always hung around the railroad station."

I asked Pat what she'd choose if someone gave her a vacation—bright lights? clothes? the sophisticated life?

"My idea of a vacation," she answered without batting an eyelash, "is to hire a log cabin somewhere with a maid who didn't speak English. She would get my meals prepared for me—I wouldn't want to see her at all. And I'd want plenty of time to swim, fish, ride, play the piano and ride horses, and no one to bother me." THE END

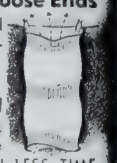
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It is difficult to tell the symptoms of beginning pneumonia from those of a cold. Take no chances, call a doctor.

Pneumonia: Still a Challenge to Mothers

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

A FEW weeks ago, the seven-year-old son in a family I know was ill for several days with a severe cold. Then, on a Friday afternoon, the sick boy developed a cough and complained of pain in his chest. His fever shot up to 104°.

Saturday morning, the doctor found evidence of congestion in the child's lungs, and he was taken to the hospital. When the diagnosis of lobar pneumonia was confirmed, penicillin was given immediately and continued all day and all night—an injection every three or four hours.

On Sunday morning the child's temperature was normal, the pain was gone, and only a trace of the cough remained. As a safeguard, the penicillin injections were continued for another two or three days, and the child was kept in the hospital for five days. But the first day told the story: *In most cases today, pneumonia that is diagnosed early can be knocked out completely within a few hours!*

Nevertheless, the exceptions are frequent and serious enough to make constant watchfulness against pneumonia a necessity still. Take the case of another family I know about: This time it was the young husband and father who became ill. Cold, cough, chest pains, chills and fever followed one another in the typical pneumonia fashion. As soon as the lungs were definitely involved, the young man was taken to a hospital.

From here on the story is tragically different. In this case, penicillin had no effect on the course of the disease, which became steadily worse. Sulfonamides, streptomycin, oxygen and other measures were tried—all without result. A week after he was admitted to the hospital, the young man died. Post-mortem examination showed both lungs filled with infected fluid as a result of the disease. The pneumonia organisms in this case, for no reason that the doctors could determine, had resisted every method of treatment known to medical science. This happens in a certain number of cases—fortunately very few.

The fact that pneumonia deaths are rare today, where they were comparatively common only a few years ago, will not comfort the parents whose child gets pneumonia, if it proves to be one of the rare cases. Prevention is the mother's primary responsibility, and the first rule of prevention is to avoid excesses of all kinds. Anything that lowers resistance, such as exposure, chilling, fatigue, overexertion, lack

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"Don't you want to hang up your stocking, Mom?"



BABY: What's the fuss, Mom? You said you'd *like* to lead a baby's life. Even with a stocking to hang up, you're complaining!

MOM: But I'm so *uncomfortable!* You've picked me up and put me down all day long. I've wiggled and twisted and squirmed. And my poor skin just can't take any *more!*

BABY: *My* skin feels the same way, Mom! *Now* you see why I want Santa to bring me some Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: I'll speak to Santa personally! But honey—why *both?*

BABY: It *takes* both to keep a baby smooth, Mom. Gentle Johnson's Baby Oil after my bath and at every diaper change, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation." Mm—I'll feel good!

And plenty of other times, I'll thank you for soothing sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder, to help chase chafes and prickles and keep me snuggly as a Christmas teddy bear!

MOM: Angel, from here in, you're a ★ Johnson's Baby!



BABY: That's the Christmas spirit, Mom. Let's get that stocking up where Santa can't miss it!



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of proper rest or sleep, inadequate diet or a cold or other mild infection, may predispose the child to pneumonia when pneumococci, the germs that cause the disease, are present.

These germs, of which there are many different types, are easily communicated from person to person and may, in fact, be carried and transmitted to others by people who are not themselves ill. Doctors who are in public-health work have a saying about pneumonia: "Wherever there's a crowd, there are pneumococci!"

Nevertheless, it isn't sensible or fair for mothers to keep their children home from school, playground or properly ventilated movies on that account. Healthy, robust children are not often infected; the mother's duty is to protect her child by building health from within, rather than by isolating him in an attempt to protect against outside exposures.

In spite of all precautions, however, pneumonia may still come to the healthy baby or child. When the disease strikes, the success of treatment, even with today's miracle-working chemicals, depends directly on the promptness with which it is undertaken. It is difficult to tell the symptoms of beginning pneumonia from those of a cold. Under ordinary conditions pneumonia starts with fever, at first about 101°, but rapidly rising to 103° or more. There is usually coughing and the child may vomit. The breathing soon becomes more rapid than normal. If the attack is severe, there may be blueness of the lips and fingernails.

A cold does not start so suddenly as pneumonia, but it is not unusual for a child to have a temperature of 102° or 103°, particularly if there is infection of the tonsils or throat. However, a child with a cold may play normally and not look particularly ill; the child with pneumonia really looks sick and acts sick. If there is any question at all about the nature of the illness, let the doctor decide, and the sooner the better.

> Aul ov us complain ov the shortness ov life, yet we all waste more time than we uze. —JOSH BILLINGS.

When there is any chance of pneumonia, never wait to call the doctor!

Another form of the disease, bronchopneumonia, affects the upper part of the lungs and the bronchial passages, rather than the lobes. Bronchopneumonia is likely to be more gradual in its onset, and to last longer, even when treatment is early and successful, than the lobar type. Following bronchopneumonia, general body weakness and coughing may persist for three or four or even six weeks or more. This is a dangerous period, and I have often seen relapses to the more acute stage when mothers were careless about guarding against overexertion.

In either type of pneumonia, treatment in the hospital, where every needed facility is quickly available, is usually safer and generally preferable. However, when a hospital bed is not available or when the doctor decides it isn't needed, the mother who is nursing the sick child herself should remember that rest and comfort are the objectives of nursing care. The doctor will prescribe drugs to relieve pain and coughing and promote rest, as well as to combat the disease itself. Mother's task is to get organized so that the necessary washing, feeding (soups and bland foods at first), changing of linen and toilet care can be accomplished with a minimum of disturbance to the child.

Once convalescence starts, the goal is to rebuild strength as rapidly as possible. The convalescent youngster is likely to be irritable and restless, and ingenuity is needed to keep him within planned periods of rest and play that will allow adequate time for recuperation without strain. Plenty of milk, cereals, fresh vegetables and fruits and lean meat will help restore strength. All renewed activity should be checked carefully with the doctor, and the child recovering from pneumonia who shows any signs of fatigue or a returning cold should be put to bed at once. THE END

A Christmas Present Children Will Adore



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VISITING NURSES

(Continued from Page 23)

omes in low-income areas and comfortable esidential areas alike—still drawing upon olunteers to make much of its work posible.

Reaching patients through New Haven's cial agencies, hospitals, doctors and the y health department, the V.N.A. answers very call for help, follows through "where e care is needed most."

Because they treat patients in their homes, siting nurses must be prepared to meet spicions, superstitions and fears.

"It's a subtle thing, this nurse-patient-mily relationship," says Elizabeth Fox, rd-working director of the association. Many times the nurse's most valuable conibution turns out to be emotional rather an physical."

Spend the morning with Visiting Nurse arrett. Her first stop is Mr. Van Wie, a thin tle man in his early sixties who recently disvered that he has diabetes. Mr. Van Wie ves alone in an upstairs room, has no one to ve him his daily injection, is afraid to do it mself. Each morning when Miss Barrett rives, he puts water to boil on his tiny ectric plate. While she prepares the shot, d makes a urinalysis, the nurse asks hat he's been eating, helps him form the ay's menu. Mr. Van Wie cannot read or rite. Without Miss Barrett's help, it would e almost impossible for him to stick to any nd of diabetic diet.

Most diabetics learn from the visiting urse how to do these things themselves. /ith patients like Mr. Van Wie, who feel secure and afraid, the nurse continues to me. Bolstering a patient's faith in himself as much a part of her job as giving actual hysical help.

The next stop is Mrs. Curtis, bedridden a ear following a cerebral hemorrhage. Mrs. urtis needs a nurse for several reasons. She too heavy for an untrained person to give her a bath and linen change. Her legs and arms must be massaged. Now occasionally, as she gradually regains use of her left leg, which was partially paralyzed, she can get up. This is the high light of the nurse's visit for Mrs. Curtis—when the nurse and her daughter ease her out of bed, let her lean heavily on them as she walks, haltingly, to the far window in her bedroom and back again to the bed.

The Curtises give the association $2 a week for the nurse's three visits, are proud that "we're holding our own." Each home visit costs the association $1.99. Patients who are able pay up to $2 a visit. Some are unable to pay at all. But if the need is there, the care goes on.

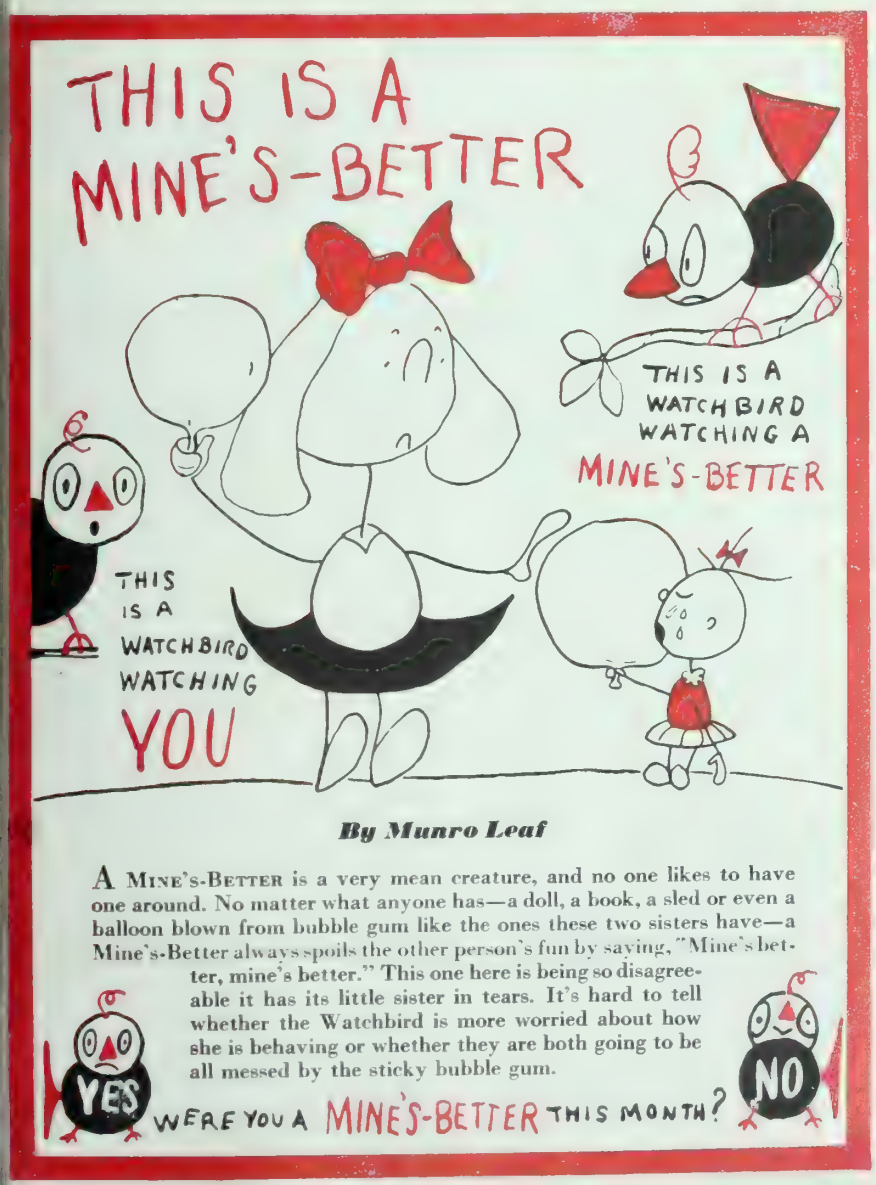
Mr. Johnson, Miss Barrett's last morning call, is waiting for a bed in one of Connecticut's overcrowded sanatoria for tuberculous. Mr. Johnson is not used to being ill. He worries about his wife and daughter, and who will support them. Miss Barrett remembers funny little stories to tell him, and reminds him that his daughter has found a well-paying job and is willing to take care of her mother.

"We tell him that, too," says Mrs. Johnson, "but somehow, it seems to mean more to him when it comes from the nurse. He worries so."

When Miss Barrett arrives, a large pot of water is boiling on the wood stove. Twice a week she checks on Mr. Johnson's condition, bathes him and changes the sheets. While she works, Miss Barrett quietly checks other details. Does Mrs. Johnson remember to wear a self-protecting apron and keep the patient's dishes separate? Does Mr. Johnson cover his mouth with a tissue when he coughs and immediately put the tissue in a paper bag?

Baby care and child guidance are another important part of the V.N.A.'s work. In a





I *do* think he's the most wonderful baby in the world!

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series of ten weekly lessons, the prospective mother learns everything from prenatal care of herself to postnatal care of her child when it arrives—everything which will help her become confident and secure in handling her baby.

Near Yale University's Quonset hut section for veterans, the Mothers' Class meets in a parish house on Friday afternoons. Most class members are young and expecting their first child; others want to know how to prepare an older child for the baby. They listen intently to discussions of diet, labor, layettes, bath and child guidance, participate eagerly in a question period after the formal class.

Graduates like Mrs. Stillson, a former visiting nurse, do volunteer clerical work, explain uses of the tiny garments on display, while their own babies are "small enough to stay put."

Many mothers agree with Mrs. Conrad, who found the classes "boring at first," got so interested that "I almost came over again." Mrs. Stanford, worried about taking care of her first baby, said with a sigh, "They saved my life!"

Many of the 500 mothers-to-be contacted in Mothers' Classes are visited in their homes, too, before the child is born. Nurses help diminish the parents' special fears and assist in their plans, as well as checking the mother's pulse, blood pressure and urine. On a follow-up visit, the nurse helps the mother bathe and feed the baby on his first day home from the hospital, keeps in touch with her for five or six weeks until she feels able to take over alone.

Many mothers who have attended Mothers' Classes show up a few weeks later, with their new babies, at the child-health conferences held weekly throughout the city in hospitals, housing projects and libraries. Last year the conferences gave physical examinations and immunization shots to more than 3500 *well* babies and preschool children—costing their parents only $3 a year. The visiting nurse answers the mother's questions—what to do for Betsy's heat rash, how to handle Jimmy's temper tantrums—and refers more serious questions to the doctor.

VOLUNTEERS here play a vital service—"Without them we would have to deploy nurses from home visits, or reach fewer families," says Miss Fox. Taking over every possible nonprofessional job to relieve nurses for their trained work, 70 women today work a total of 400 hours per month, saving the V.N.A. as much as $5000 yearly.

Volunteers register babies at the door, weigh and measure them, handle all the clerical and desk work, and keep older children busy with wooden toys and blackboards while their mothers confer with the doctor. One older woman mends the nurses' supply bags; two others clean and repack them once a week.

One of the volunteer's most importa jobs is making sure that the parents' exp riences in the conference are pleasant an satisfying. She must be able to meet peopl in a friendly, kindly way, to make them fe at home. The play volunteer must sho special skill in handling children.

And it's fun. Volunteers like their work Mrs. Strong, who substituted ten years ag has been going ever since "because the wor is so rewarding. You see the results befor your eyes. You watch the children grow, s their new brothers and sisters." Mrs. Ray mond, who brought her own four children helps out regularly, prefers working wit little children "now that my own are grow up." And Betsy Barnet, studying psychology and writing at Smith College, spends part o every vacation registering babies at the St Raphael conference—"In school we learn about the problems a nurse must cope with here we meet them face to face."

SHORTAGES of two things—money and nurses—have kept the V.N.A. from developing, as they plan someday, into a much more personalized service. As a quasi-public service for the people, supported by the people, the association last year spent $176,595. Of this yearly budget, an endowment fund of half a million netted $24,352; the Community Chest gave $86,000; the city of New Haven, $19,800; the town of West Haven, $5000. Fees from insurance companies amounted to $26,155—and the remainder came from a variety of sources.

"We are anxious to develop our protective service," says Miss Fox, "to see that everyone has the opportunity to learn and practice healthy ways. And we are particularly interested in strengthening our contribution to mental health. The most potent protection against mental illness later is seeing that youngsters start out life in good physical and mental condition."

Parents' classes—which last year reached 300 mothers and fathers—show that parents, too, are vitally interested in giving their children the right start. The great majority of their questions deal with behavior problems—why Jimmy sulks, why Susie won't play with the rest of the children, how to handle an overactive child. Unable to help each parent individually, as psychologists recommend, the association does its best in formal classes, with question periods following, hopes someday to work much more closely with pediatricians and child psychologists.

One thing seems clear. The V.N.A., already an invaluable part of the New Haven community, is alive to its responsibilities, eager to extend them wherever it finds the need. The people who support it, the people it serves, agree with Dr. Howard Colwell, of the New Haven Medical Society, when he says with conviction, "We wouldn't know how to get along without the visiting nurses."

THE END



"My wife insisted upon a sunken living room."



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OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 8)

monopolist who controls the single paper in that town. The one-newspaper city, if it is large enough to support another, lives in an unhealthy climate for a free press.

In the end, says Miss Thompson, it is only the readers who can insist on factually accurate newspapers, free and courageous, dedicated to high ideals of news presentation. This is the publishers' favorite cliché, since it conveniently shifts the responsibility from their shoulders. Another variety of buck passing is the assumption on the part of some newspapers that their responsibility is discharged because they print the views of columnists who do not agree with them. Thus a conservative publisher fancies he has made an independent forum of his paper because he prints the opinions of Walter Winchell. If the Daily Worker did not take itself with such orthodox seriousness, it could achieve the same kind of reputation by printing Mark Sullivan's column.

Occasionally even this sorry illusion does not rest easily on a conservative publisher's conscience, as in the case of a New York City daily which is forever editing the views of its liberal Washington columnist, or disavowing his ideas in the editorial columns, or simply omitting him altogether when there appears to be no other plausible recourse.

But the newspaper reader cannot escape his responsibility for the shortcomings of our press, any more than can the publisher. Public-opinion polls have shown time and again that people do not read newspapers to find out, to exercise their inalienable right to know, but simply to be entertained. They are appallingly uninformed about such vital matters as the Marshall Plan, for example, which are spread on the front pages day after day, but most of them can parrot the opinions of columnists good and bad, and they have an explicit knowledge of the lives of comic-strip characters.

Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of The New York Times, speaking recently before a convention of the New York State Publishers Association, advised his audience that newspapers were becoming mere entertainment media. There was and should be, he said, no room in newspapers today for anything except news and information.

But even if newspaper readers *did* read the news, how would they go about interpreting it? Here is the reader in the one-paper town; he has nothing with which to compare. Here is the reader in the three-paper town, often confronted with three different versions of the same story. How does he know which paper is trying to come near the truth? Not all Americans, unfortunately, are able to read The New York Times and the Herald Tribune, or the dozen or so other papers which make a continuous effort toward the ideal, however impossible, of a completely objective newspaper.

Final responsibility, therefore, appears to rest on the shoulders of the publishers. It is not enough for the truly honest publishers to stand upon the excellence of their newspapers. Through their publishers' organizations, they should set up criteria, as the ASNE once did, and then continuously strive to make the membership live up to them, instead of abandoning the whole idea as unenforceable, which the ASNE also did.

Will the publishers make any real effort to do this? They will not, I predict. The honest and the dishonest (intellectually) will unite in combating criticism of the press. They will blame such criticism on communists and New Dealers, and they will continue to insist, as Miss Thompson does, that they give the readers what they want, and that newspapers are only what the readers make them.

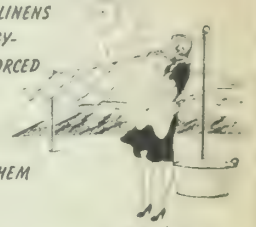
For their part, the readers—unless some considerable body of them, like the American housewife, wakes up to what is going on—will continue to read the comic strips and the columns and the sports pages, and never know, or apparently care, whether their free newspapers are giving them the fullest exercise of their right to know, or are selling them a party line in the news columns.

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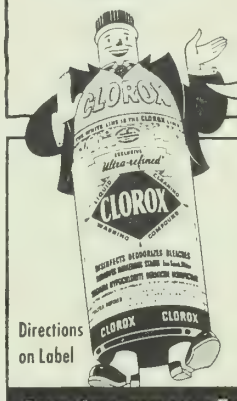
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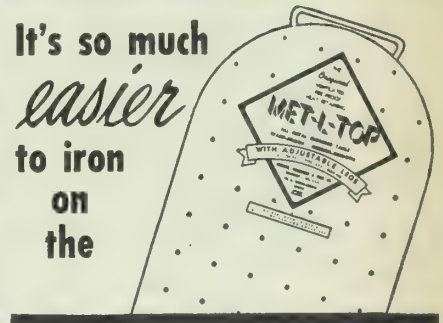
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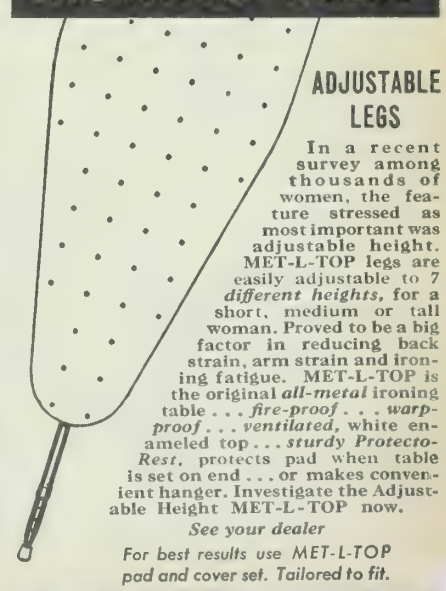
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Man takes a deep joy in conflict with Nature's worst hours, and feels the glory of surviving when snow piles up and the winds of December howl.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

NOW we country folk get out the snow tires and put them on, and hang the summer tires in the barn. I never had heard of snow tires until we moved to the country, but they are a great comfort. Their tread makes a strange sound on bare pavement, but a good one in soft snow. You don't need chains with snow tires, some people say, and some people say you don't need chains with snow in any case, they do no good. This is a subject for much converse as we scan the graying winter skies. Chains just skid, says one. Can't make it without 'em, says another.

Last winter, the great winter, we couldn't make it with anything short of skis or snowshoes. And here is a curious thing about the powers of Nature. All during that terrible winter everyone complained and suffered, but as soon as it was over, a faint pride crept into our voices as we mentioned it. By June, the winter had become a wondrous thing, as indeed it was, and by this fall everyone says proudly, "That was a winter hard to beat!"

I believe man takes a deep joy in the conflict with Nature's worst hours, probably because we feel the glory of surviving no matter how the winds howl and the snow piles up, or when the long drought sets in and water is as precious as a diamond drop.

There are plenty of places on this old rolling earth where man never has to battle Nature, she is bland and amiable, and one might think all mankind would rush to these places and live there. But they don't. Instead, when the flood waters roll back, the refugees return and begin shoveling the silt and muck away. They plant their next year's tomatoes in the same plot, and they still keep the grand piano or the radio on the lower floor! In the hurricane sections, the families emerge from the storm cellar and go out to the cornfields again.

My friend Ethel, who grew up in a district in the Midwest where tornadoes seem to nest, said once, "I spent half my life in the storm cellar, but we never thought too much about it."

It is good to think about the simple bravery of plain ordinary men and women; there is much good in us, I think, that nobody puts in newspaper headlines.

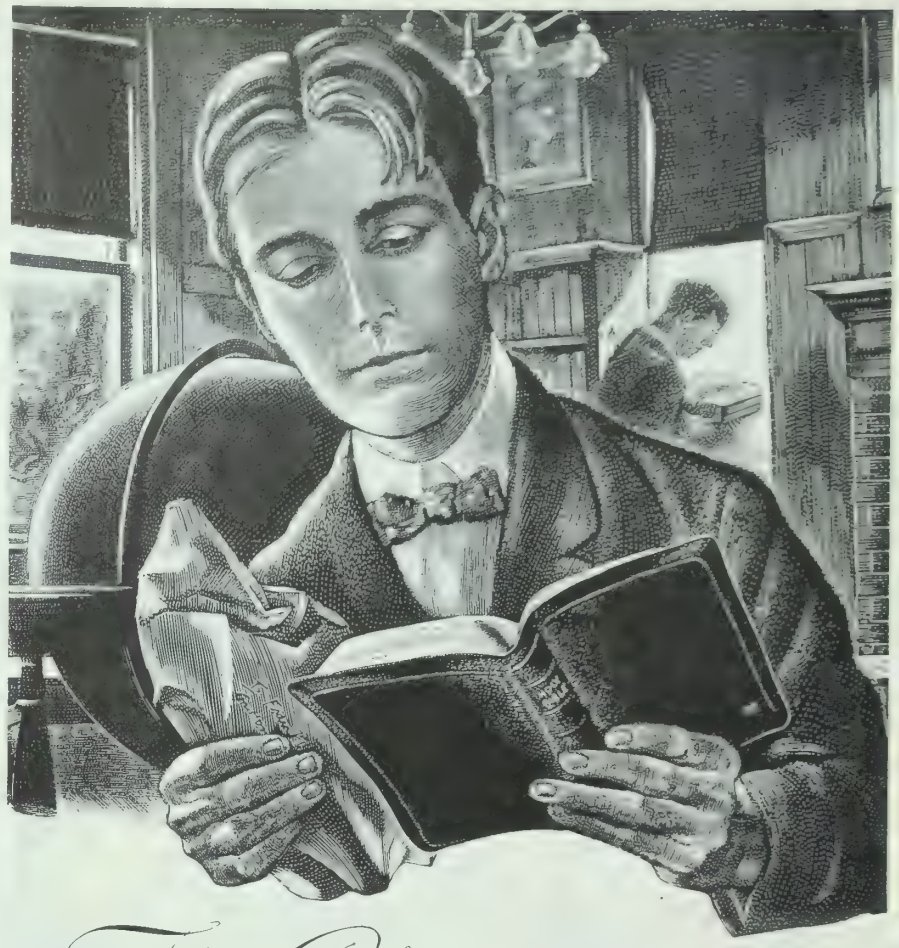
With regard to newspapers and news hours, there are times in winter when we do not get our paper and the electric current is off. There is, then, a little time in which our world is only the snowy valley and the deep sky and our own concerns with cockers and cats and keeping the pipes thawed. We have a big apple-wood fire in the fireplace and eat hot chowder for supper, and it is wonderfully peaceful.

In the early days, when the only news came by horseback once a week, people were fortunate in a way. The shot heard round the world at Concord took quite a time getting itself heard! Today the echo has not died in an outpost of Arabia before we have it on our radio, sandwiched neatly between an ad for wine and a threat to our falling hair.

There are many delights in winter, and eating in front of the fire is one of them. I love soup, and soup belongs to winter primarily, though the cold soup is all very well in August. We simmer a soup bone and add almost any vegetables left over, plus rice or noodles, so the soup *du jour* is never the same. My favorite trick is to turn into our soup a can of some different kind as an added fillip.

Last summer, for instance, I used up the last tomatoes in a soup, with celery leaves, onion, green pepper and a clove of garlic. I simmered this a long time, put it through a food mill and had a rich condensed tomato stock which I canned. Now we have this with a can of condensed chicken soup added and it is a superb winter-night soup.

FOR a quick company supper, the emergency shelf provides plenty. Sea food à la king is delicious. I use a cup each of lobster and shrimp, a cup of salmon, half a cup of crab meat, one cup sliced mushrooms and one third cup mayonnaise. I make a cream sauce, fairly thick, then add mayonnaise, the sea food (flaked and mixed) and the mushrooms which are sautéed in butter unless they are the broiled canned ones. I like this served in shells, and run under the broiler at the last minute with a little crumbs and butter or margarine to brown. When I use canned mushrooms, I add the juice to the cream sauce as part of the liquid, or I save it for soup.



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March 1933

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Winter evenings are fine for women who can sew. I decided a year ago that I would try to make a luncheon set. My theory was that when we were sitting and visiting, I could be accomplishing something at the same time. Going on the second winter, I am still putting red crabs and lobsters on yellow mats.

All I know how to do is cross stitch, so it is a cross-stitch pattern. I think I learned this difficult stitch in eighth grade.

Last week we were spending the evening with some friends, one of whom is an accomplished artist at all kinds of handcrafts, from stenciling to rug hooking. I was bending happily over a crab when she looked at my rumpled bunch of material. "It is nice to embroider," she said thoughtfully. "I used to do a lot of it. Of course it isn't worth the effort unless you make your own designs, and use your own color schemes."

My needle paused in mid-air over my crab, and I sighed. I could not design a plain ivy leaf, let alone anything intricate. *Well*, I thought, whacking my needle through again, *it is a perfectly sweet crab anyway*. I hope to have the set finished by Christmas. I think a buffet supper with sea food à la king served in the blue Leeds, with my lively red seafolk tastefully lying underneath, will be very satisfying. To me, anyhow.

But oh, how I love to look at the table coverings in the big shops in the city! If I could really sew, I, too, would have those pale cinnamon-brown organdy cloths with the edgings of delicate green, or the faint gold ones with appliquéd leaves and flowers of organdy on them. I would be very careful not to hang them on the line when the puppies were out too!

There is nothing so much fun for a puppy as swinging on the washing. And almost any time in summer, you can look out and see Maeve picking off an unstable sock and whipping away with it. When she has it down she lets two cockers play tug of war with it.

A pessimist is a man who thinks everybody as nasty as himself, and hates them for it. —GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

We have a little trouble with the cockers these days, for a whole kennel of house dogs complicates the snow-and-mud problem. We are always resolving to alternate them, two by two, but Melody will look so sad when she goes in the kennel that Jill lets her in, and I am always sneaking out to rescue Little Sister, so that by the time we are ready for bed, all of a sudden Jill says, "I didn't realize we had seven in tonight."

"We didn't have at the beginning," I say. "But honestly, they are so good!"

If I ever built a house, which I am sure is highly unlikely, I would attach the kennel right to it with a nice arched passageway between. Jill says why not just build the kennel large enough for the family to move in there too?

By the middle of the month, the house is filled with Christmas. And everything about Christmas is exciting to me. I love the smells—the pine branches we bring in from the woods, snowy and cold, give forth the most heavenly fragrance, and there is the smell of freshly baked Christmas cookies and fruitcake, and a whiff of spring from the apple logs in the fire.

The sounds are fine sounds too. Tissue paper is mysterious when it crisps under the blue and scarlet ribbons; the cracking of nuts has a good sound; even the tinkle of a blue Christmas ball on the floor is a holiday note.

We are never beforehand with the wrapping or the Christmas cards. I did plan to get everything done this year—but so many things keep popping up that here I am in the usual unfinished state. One friend of ours put up a card table in her cellar one steaming August night and addressed all her Christmas cards! Wrote appropriate messages on them too. I admired the feat, but I just never could compose Christmas greetings in the cellar in August.

The color of Christmas is lovely. The deep shining green, and the scarlet and blue, the flame color of the candles in the windows, the rosy glow of the baked ham—there are many enchanting colors. The color of Christmas is dramatic, triumphant.

But the best thing of all is that it is a time of friends remembering one another, families gathering together, a time when people open their hearts. It is a time when one can be sentimental and not hide it.

Perhaps the real significance of Christmas is that we need it so much. Now there are people who say they feel it is purely commercialized, it has lost its real spirit. But this is not so. All the expensive gadgets in the world of shops, if stood in a heap, would not really hide the real spirit of Christmas in the heart of one single buyer who timidly hopes to afford something special for a girl with gray eyes. Anyone who scoffs at Christmas should stand on a snowy evening and look in the faces of the shoppers, tired, maybe, harassed, upset because Aunt Mary just has everything. And there comes that look of love suddenly easing the lines of fatigue when they think of how happy someone will be with something they *did* dream up!

No matter in what state our world is, Christmas comes round again to renew our belief in brotherhood and peace, and give us hope.

We usually have a deep snowfall for Christmas, the first really imperative fall of snow. And Christmas Eve all the houses in our valley are lighted with the tall candles. The old doorways are decorated and Christmas lights dazzle the night from living pines in the square.

We never open a gift until morning—so Christmas Eve is the moment of suspense with the packages piled under the tree, the Christmas turkey resting comfortably in the oven attended closely by the two cats. Apples and nuts and popcorn and mugs of mulled cider are at hand, and Christmas candy and cookies, just in case anyone feels a touch of hunger after a slight supper of oyster soufflé, hot nut muffins and tossed salad.

Christmas ribbon candy is back, and I am so glad to see it. Oh, those lovely big barrels of it that always stood by the grocery door in our childhood! The delicious red and green and gold and white loops, which you break off slowly and savor to the last chip!

And on the tree are the old glass icicles, the pink wax angel, and the Santa Claus in his sleigh, along with the new colored balls and tinsel and the candy canes. I favor Christmas cookies on the tree, too, for it certainly does no harm to have something to snip off and eat along with all the beauty.

We usually cut our tree the week before, and spend a week hunting the tree stand, which is always lost. It finally turns up in a box of old rubbers. Like many of the neighbors, we are concerned with reforestation and helping the natural wild life, so we have planted a slope with five hundred baby Christmas trees—and that was no small task either! Somehow I don't think any of those trees will be cut, except when they need thinning, for a woodland of Christmas trees will be beautiful with the snow on the deep green branches.

George manages the Yule log, just big enough to make the old hearth bulge. He made a wreath last year for his own house door with the help of a carpenter named Olson, and it was lovelier than any I saw made by the garden-club members. It was shaded green with different evergreens and woven intricately with bunches of bright red berries.

When the moon comes up over the snow on Christmas Eve, I think the world was never so beautiful. The yard is ribboned with long delft-blue shadows and patterned by flying cocker paws. The house has every window lighted extravagantly—for Christmas comes but once a year.

And the sound of the best carols lifts the heart again:

"God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay ——" **THE END**

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MERRY CHRISTMAS ALL DAY LONG

(Continued from Page 61)

unimportant but eagerly awaited toys that were especially designed to appease young appetites until the tree. Up they arise at the crack of dawn, when the morning star has but lately withdrawn from the sky. No matter that mom and pop are sleeping away, probably unaware that there are things to do, trumpets and the drums of fate awaiting, so you might as well arise. Throw off the comforter, close the window, turn on the heat and head into the tempest. It's Christmas *all day long!*

So here's breakfast. By hook and devious means get the family to the table. Wear ear muffs—or there's absorbent cotton for the ears—and smile, smile, smile. And this is breakfast on Christmas morning.

How about grapefruit flavored with the crumbs and broken bits from the peppermint-candy canes? Good, too, with sugar and little colored fruit drops that look so good and melt in the mouth and are fun.

Cereals with sugar—maple or brown—and cream are a warming thing on a cold and frosty Christmas morn. Their name is legion. It's up to you.

Eggs, bacon, hot bread; why, we're fortified for anything—and anything may happen. Don't forget to tuck a gingerbread toy in the napkin for the children. It's Christmas.

COTTAGE EGGS

Beat 6 eggs slightly. Blend 2 tablespoons cream with ½ cup cottage cheese. Mix with the eggs and season with ¾ teaspoon salt, and pepper to taste. Pour into hot buttered skillet and cook as for scrambled eggs. Serve with broiled canned-peach halves and bacon curls.

The bun—cinnamon one. Hot breads *smell* so good, *look* so good, almost good enough to hang on the Christmas tree. This one is just a little different.

CINNAMON-BISCUIT RING

Use a double receipt of biscuit mix, or 4 cups of mix. Follow the directions for mixing given on the package. Roll out to ½-inch thickness on a lightly floured pastry cloth or board. Cut into circles 1¾ inches wide. Brush the biscuits on both sides with melted butter or margarine and dip each in a mixture of ½ cup sugar and 2 teaspoons cinnamon. Arrange them side by side in a well-greased ring mold so that the sugared sides touch each other. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., 20–25 minutes. Let it stand in the pan 5 minutes. Before turning out, run a spatula around the sides to loosen the ring. Put a plate over the ring. Turn upside down—shake and tap the mold gently and it will come out perfectly.

Open house at your house? For those of you whose children are in their teens, the holiday festivities may center around an open-house party in the afternoon. For this you will need the sandwiches, appetizers and sweets that are fun to make at any time, but more fun at Christmastime. Here's a collection for this or any other occasion.

TRIANGLE SANDWICHES

Slice 1 loaf of bread very thin. Spread 1 slice with softened water-cress filling. Cover with another slice of bread and spread with softened butter or margarine and the chili-sauce filling. Cover with a third slice of bread. Trim off the crusts, making a square double-deck sandwich. Cut diagonally from corner to corner, making small triangle sandwiches. Or make whatever pattern you like. I don't like counting out this and that on such things. Let yourself *go.* This way lies imagination—and fun!

Water-Cress Filling: **Cream 1 3-oz. package cream cheese. Add 2 teaspoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, a touch of Worcestershire sauce and ½ cup chopped water cress. Mix to a spreadlike way of life. Let the green have a chance. So mix well—but well.**

Chili-Sauce Filling: **Cream 1 3-oz. package cream cheese. Add ⅓ cup chili sauce. Beat it.** (Red's pretty, don't you think?)

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Pineapple Rice Pudding

- 1¼ cups cooked Uncle Ben's Rice
- 2 eggs
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 cups evaporated milk
- 1 cup crushed, drained pineapple

Beat eggs and add to cooked rice. Stir in salt and add sugar. Add milk, then pineapple, stirring to blend. Turn into a buttered quart baking dish and bake in a pan of hot water in a slow oven, 300° F., for one hour. Serve with crushed pineapple or cream. Serves 6.

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CHEESE DAISIES

Cream ¾ cup shortening with 1½ cups grated sharp cheese and ¼ cup grated Italian Parmesan cheese. Sift together 1½ cups flour with ¾ teaspoon paprika and 1 teaspoon salt. Add to creamed mixture and stir well. Put the dough in a cooky press. Press out on cooky sheets, in shapes to your fancy. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 12 minutes. Like all such dainties, if you *must* keep them, keep them in a tin box with a good tight lid. (Try to keep them! This is an aside.) If no cooky press showed up among the tin-wedding presents, shape, roll—and you know the rest.

HUNGARIAN NUT STICKS

Cream 1 cup butter or margarine, and ½ cup sugar thoroughly. Add 1 egg and beat well. Sift together 2¼ cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, and add a part at a time to creamed mixture, mixing well after each addition. Flavor with ½ teaspoon vanilla. Spread this mixture out evenly in a jelly-roll pan. It will make a very thin layer—but spread it clear to the corners. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 15 minutes. While it is baking, put the following ingredients in a heavy saucepan: 2¼ cups finely chopped pecans, 1 cup sugar, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon and ½ cup egg whites (about 4). Mix well and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until the sugar is dissolved—then put up the heat to moderate and stir until the mixture thickens and comes away from the sides of the pan. O Hungary! Cooking once meant a lot in that old country, and these nut sticks will show you. Do not overcook. It should be so you can spread it. Not dry—just spreadable. Spread out evenly over the partially baked layer of cooky dough. This amount will cover the entire surface of the pastry. Bake 15 minutes more. Cool slightly. Cut into strips.

CHOCOLATE-MINT WAFERS

Sift 2 cups flour with 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon baking soda, ½ teaspoon salt and ¾ cup cocoa. Cream ⅔ cup shortening. Add 1 cup sugar, and cream until light and fluffy. Add 1 well-beaten egg and beat hard—*hard*. Add the sifted dry ingredients alternately to the creamed mixture with ¼ cup milk. Mix thoroughly. Chill until the dough can be handled. Form into rolls 1 inch in diameter. Wrap each in wax paper. Chill overnight. Cut into ⅛-inch slices. Bake on ungreased baking sheets in a slow oven, 325° F., 10–12 minutes or until done. Remove from baking sheets while warm. When cool, put cookies together in pairs with mint filling. This is a highly recommended use for mint. Also—there are others. I'll be right here—if you need me.

Mint Filling: Add ⅛ teaspoon salt to 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar. Add 3 tablespoons light cream gradually, stirring until smooth. Add ¼ teaspoon peppermint extract and a few drops of green vegetable coloring.

SULTANA CAKE

Sift together 3 times 2¼ cups cake flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Take out 3 or 4 tablespoons of the flour mixture and mix with 1 cup chopped walnuts and 1 package Sultana raisins. Cream 1 cup butter or margarine. Add 1 cup sugar gradually, creaming until really creamy. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon vanilla and the yolks of 5 eggs beaten until very, very thick and lemon-colored. Beat the whites of 5 eggs. Fold carefully into the batter, then fold in the sifted dry ingredients. Last, stir in the floured nuts and raisins. Mix well and pour into a greased and floured fluted mold. Bake in a slow oven, 325° F., 1 to 1¼ hours. Serve unfrosted. This keeps well for at least a week if properly stored. The best way to store it is within. Although this old and treasured receipt calls for Sultanas, if Sultanas aren't just around the corner, other raisins *are*, and pretty tasty they are, too, if *I'm* the back-fence adviser I think I am.

ORANGE-NUT BALLS

Peel large oranges—enough to make ½ pound of peel. You'll find a use for the oranges—good one, too, I'll bet. Soak the peel in cold water for 24 hours. Drain. Put in a deep saucepan. Cover with cold water. Bring to a boil. Cook about 10 minutes or until soft. Drain again. Chop the peel very fine. Mix with 2 cups sugar. Cook slowly over low heat about 25 minutes or until the mixture is very thick and when a little is cooled on a plate, it will stick together-

NABISCO PARTY NEWS

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OREO CREME SANDWICH



ORANGE MOLD

Packaged gelatin Whipped cream
OREO CREME SANDWICH

Half fill mold with orange gelatin and let it set. Meanwhile, make another batch and, when this begins to thicken, whip with an egg beater until frothy. When cool, pour on top of first batch in mold and chill. Turn out on plate, garnish with whipped cream—and ring with OREO SANDWICH . . . picture-pretty and *elegant* to eat! OREO, chocolate-rich with creamy filling, high-lights any dessert—satisfies between-meal "hungries". Always look for the red NABISCO seal!

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KVP PIE TAPE

tir only occasionally while cooking. Add 1 easpoon vanilla. Remove from the range. Cool. Shape into balls. Roll the balls in nely chopped nuts then in sugar and have hem small.

CRANBERRY PUNCH

For 5 quarts punch use 2½ cups cranberry uice, 2 cups strong cold tea, 3 cups orange nd 1½ cups lemon juice, strained, 2 cups grape juice and 1 quart ginger ale. Have everything cold, pour into chilled punch owl and add ice cubes or block of ice. Add arbonated water, if desired.

For cranberry juice, use 6 cups cranberries, 4 cups water, 1 cup light corn sirup nd 1 cup sugar. Cook until berries are soft. Strain through double cheesecloth. Cool.

Stand or sit—find your place. Besides children home from school and all the litter and fuss of Christmas (I still can't account for the ribbon I've lost), comfort and cheer do come from the queerest places, and one of those is an oystershell. Oysters charm and beguile the hardest to please, and the seasoned sophisticate can sit back and "breathe easy," for infinite variety is another name for oyster. I am putting this in because you'll find these secretive oysters in a feature role, just a little later. Hold on, we're coming through.

For evening—for luncheon—what you will. That means a buffet, that movable feast that includes anything and everything favored by guests, no matter what has come before or is to come afterward. So stand, help yourself, sit and get waited on, you can't lose, and I hope this Christmas spread will be to you like a long breath after a hard run—and it's all as simple and good-looking and eatable as any Christmas hostess could ever wish.

SPICED GLAZED BAKED HAM

Bake a ham according to the regular baking directions for the ham you buy. I bake my hams at 15 minutes per pound in a slow oven, 300° F. Skin it and score it. Now "score" means baseball and Joe DiMaggio to *some*, but this has to do with a sharp knife and a little imagination as you cut the ham fat crisscross. Stud with cloves and candied or maraschino cherries. Prepare the following glaze—it gives a flavor that goes well with ham and is a lovely color: Mix 1 cup honey, ½ cup double-strength coffee, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon clove. Simmer 15 minutes over low heat. Baste the ham with the glaze every 15 minutes for 1 hour of baking time in a slow oven, 300° F. (And you can use the same glaze for candying sweet potatoes. That'll cheer you—or won't it?)

HORSE-RADISH RELISH

Mince fine enough celery to make 2 cups. Mix with 1 cup mayonnaise and 2½ tablespoons grated horse-radish. Season with a little salt. Drain canned pimiento cups (the kind packed in sugar and vinegar) and fill them with the relish.

OYSTERS TETRAZZINI

Thaw 2 packages frozen oysters, or use 1 quart fresh oysters. Drain them, but *don't* lose any juice. Cook one 8-ounce package spaghetti according to the directions on the package. Also make 4 cups medium-thin cream sauce, using ½ milk and ½ cream. Add 2 tablespoons prepared mustard, ½ cup of the oyster liquor, and season well with salt and pepper. Now sprinkle the drained oysters with salt, pepper, paprika and chopped parsley. Add a dash of Tabasco to each. Wrap the oysters in raw bacon strips. Hitch them with toothpicks. It takes about a pound of bacon. Arrange on the broiler pan rack and bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., until the bacon is crisp. Never overcook an oyster. Makes it furious. Remove toothpicks. Grate enough sharp cheese to make 1½ cups. Now to put the casserole together. Put a layer of spaghetti in a large casserole. Next comes a layer of oysters. Pour part of the sauce over the oysters. Sprinkle with part of the cheese. Repeat with more spaghetti, oysters, sauce and cheese, until the ingredients are all used. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 30 minutes. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

HOLIDAY SALAD

This is a two-layer job. The first layer is tomato aspic. Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water or tomato juice (better use the juice and don't dilute). Heat 2 cups tomato juice with a few celery leaves, 1 tablespoon grated onion, ½ bay leaf, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon sugar. Simmer a few minutes. Strain and add the softened gelatin. Stir until it is dissolved. Fill twelve ½-cup individual gelatin molds half full with the mixture. Let it almost set. While this is setting, make the next layer as follows: Add ¾ cup hot water to 1 package lime-flavored gelatin. Add a dash of salt and stir until dissolved. Add 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple and the juice of ½ lemon. Cool until it begins to thicken and add ½ cup sliced drained pickled onions and ⅓ cup slivered blanched almonds. Pour into the molds after tomato layer has set. Chill until firm—overnight—which can be and is all right by you. Turn out of the molds and serve on lettuce with a favorite dressing, Russian or mayonnaise. *You* know.

MOCHA TORTE

You'll need a large 9½-inch angel cake for this—homemade or bakery bought. (Now, you go ahead and do your stuff.) Slice the cake so that you'll have 3 slices. If you make the cake yourself, bake it 2 days before the party—put together with filling the day before the party and chill overnight in the refrigerator. (Is that all clear? I guess it is.) Here's how you make the——

Mocha Filling: Cream ½ pound butter or margarine. Gradually add 1½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar and cream together well. Add a pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla and 2 egg yolks. Beat it thoroughly and add 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted, and 6 tablespoons double-strength coffee. Then fold in 2 egg whites beaten stiff, and spread between the layers of angel cake.

Chill overnight in the refrigerator. The next day, frost with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla. Garnish with candied cherries and citron. Chill in the refrigerator until serving time.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Winter Love

By Eleanor Graham Vance

I said the world was still the same,
I lied, my love, I lied!
For nothing knows its former name,
And all that was before you came
Has changed, or died.

I used to dread the winter's cold,
But now I do not care;
For I am warm and I am bold,
And all the things that can't be told
I think, and dare.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Until next Christmas. Christmas begins right after Christmas. And try to tie *that* one for a paradox or whatever. What I want to say is that the day after all the excitement is over and you're figuring how you may exchange and swap and otherwise dispose of the twenty-four ash trays and striped table mats, etc., etc., you should start. You should begin on next Christmas and keep it up month after month until *next* Christmas finds you as ready and equipped as August finds *me* on that card business I told you about.

And—should you coldly and heartlessly plan on giving Cousin Bessie the bridge-table cover Aunt Jessie made for you (so as to be economical and all that), take care. Don't get your cards mixed. I speak from experience, long and sad. Those girls aren't going to will you grandpa's Apostle clock, and don't fool yourselves. *That* will go to the local museum. And you know what I mean—as well as *I* do. Merry Christmas!

THE END



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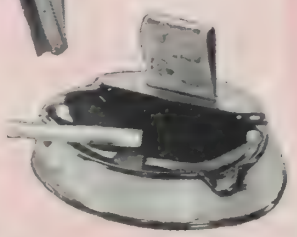
















Gifts to

By MARGARET DAVIDSON

"What gift for your homelife has pleased you a lot, perhaps out of all proportion to its cost?" we asked some of the JOURNAL Homemakers. "And what would you like this Christmas? Be reasonable about the price, please!" We thought perhaps our "bests" and "wish I hads" might be good clues to the kinds of gifts your friends would enjoy receiving for their homes. . . .

1 At least once, and sometimes three times a day, says coffee lover B. B. G., she mentally thanks the donor of her beautiful modern glass coffee maker "because it does a superlative job every time, and it's so easy to clean!" (Coffee maker, $6.00)

2 H. W., the Workshop's newest bride, would like to receive her precious hard-working pressure pan's natural affinity, a chef clock that rings when cooking time is up. And now that nested aluminum measuring cups are back, she hopes to find a set tucked in her Christmas stocking. (Timer, $3.00; cups, 65c a set)

3 A really inspired friend recently gave A. B. a household keyrack, with a neat plastic identification tag for each key. The same smart friend presented a coin holder (filled!) to be placed near the back door ready for the paper boy, and another for her car, ready for toll. (Keyrack, $1.50; coin holders, 39c)

4 M. B. was so delighted with a tiny pastel plastic flashlight to guide her way into her small son's nursery at night, that she plans to give one to everyone she knows for her night table. And because she loves new gadgets, especially when they really work and help, she wants one of the new automatic needle threaders. (Needle threader, $2.95; flashlight, $1.00)

5 A husky, really capable jar and can opener received an almost unanimous vote from both males and females as a sure-fire gift for any home! (Wall-type jar and can opener, $5.95)

6 D. S., our favorite bachelor, would like a new bathroom ash tray he saw in his favorite shop. Designed to be secured between the tiles in a bathroom, it's unbreakable, for the sake of sleepy smokers-while-shaving. (Chromium bathroom ash tray, $2.00)

7 J. S. is going to give a workmanlike "carver's assistant," which holds that precious roast firmly on the platter, to each of her good-cook friends, thus insuring plenty of invitations to dinner! (Carving holder, $2.95)

8 Perfect gift for your favorite couple, says L. P. B., is a big-enough-for-two tray, complete with its own stand, or used on a luggage rack. "Breakfasts on the porch, suppers by the fireside," sighs Mrs. B. romantically. (Large tray, $5.95; luggage rack, $5.95)

te Remember

king enthusiast A.C. yearns professional cake-decorating th lots of patterns. And L.S., oves to collect new food ac- ies, thinks a big pepper mill polished wood would look ght on a buffet table with her te wooden salad bowl. (Cake .50; Pepper mill, $5.95)

One of my favorite gift pearls le price," says A.B., "was a f cream-treated work gloves, rful for any woman who or gardens or chauffeurs." s, $2.00)

st now, a timely gift of in- al steak knives holds a high in her affections. "Thanks to , we can eat cheaper, tougher of meat and like them!" es. $2.95 each)

. D.'s hoping someone will re- ber that she loves desk acces- , and see the chunky little pad, complete with its own , that she spotted recently. pad, $3.00)

er most appreciated gift, a brass stamp dispenser for usy, bill-paying, letter-writing This was happily accom- d by a fat roll of stamps. mp dispenser, $3.50)

gift of rosy-patterned rose s has made G.T. happy hun- of times over, for she's justly l of her way with flowers, and flowery, gardeny gifts. And she'd like a new flower holder heard about, made of clear ic with a suction cup to an- it firmly where it's placed in lower arrangement. (Holder, ; Rose shears, $2.00)

.N.G., who has a new and very ctive kitchen, is gently hint- for lots of gaily striped dish ls, with a slide-out rack to them conveniently. Favorite up to now, a set of good- ing matched kitchen tools, ging neatly on their own wall , and matched kitchen cutlery ts own sheath case. (Linen towels, 39c to 45c each; Slide- rack, $3.95)

.B.D.'s best ever, next to a cer- spaniel pup, was a family-plot- affair, all the fixings to make a nour closet. Garment bag from hatbox and shoe bag from her (all matching, of course), a roll of harmonizing ready- ed wallpaper, to say nothing of ted lacquer for hangers and eau drawers! (Scented lacquer, 0)

And as for good father J. di P., ays that what he'd really like n Santa this year is an eight- n house, but the best gift ever the shoeshine kit his children e him, and help him to keep y! (Leather shoeshine kit, $5.00)

ecdn't cost a fortune to hit the t gift spot, it seems. . . . Hope e given you some Santa Claus s, and hope you have the Mer- t of Christmases!





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SECURITY

(Continued from Page 44)

see that no one was riding his tail and applied the brakes. They worked smoothly and Ed opened her up.

The little cabin behind the station was swell. Two rooms and a pretty complete kitchen. It was a lot better than any room Ed could have rented, and it would do for Ed and Ellen until they'd saved enough and could afford a real apartment or even a small house.

The thought of Ellen warmed Ed, but it brought with it a reminder of what he had to do that evening and his hands got clammy on the smooth wheel. He said, "So what? I guess every guy has to go through it some time or other."

The big car purred. Ed thought, *We'll have one like this someday. Me and Ellen.*

He was up on the hill, among the pleasant houses set back from tree-lined streets, with lawns still green and late roses and chrysanthemums making bright spots of color.

Doctor Mostyn's house was white, with a car port at the side and a two-car garage beyond. Ed turned the keys over to the maid. He got the pad from the front seat, unhooked the motorcycle and started back. The colorful, dignified houses fled past and Ed said to himself, *We'll have a house good as these one of these days. Maybe not till our kids are grown, but one of these days.*

He was whistling cheerfully when he parked the motorcycle in the shop. It was just past six and John Froelick, working at the desk, looked up to nod. A car drew up at the tanks and John said, "Get that, will you, Eddie?"

Ed went out and serviced the sedan, checked the oil and water after he'd filled the tank. He made the change, an innovation he'd sold to John. People hated to wait while you went in and got change. Once they'd got the gas, had the windshield wiped, they wanted to push right off.

He rang up the sale, went out and around to the cabin. He opened the door and closed it behind him, switched on the lights. The bulbs sent a swift radiance to dispel the gloom of the fast-falling night. Ed went into the tiny bathroom, took off his clothes and stood in the shower while he made a good job on his hands. He was still whistling as he dried himself and, putting the towel about his lean, hard body, went into the bedroom.

IT had only an Army cot for a bed, a pretty cheap bureau and mirror and a lone chair, but that would be taken care of as soon as he and Ellen had settled things with her parents. As soon as they'd told them. There was a swell bedroom suite at Fothergil's. They'd talked it over. They had enough to swing the furniture they needed and it would be good stuff. Good enough for any place they might move into the next few years. They'd agreed on that. "When we get up in the chips," Ed had said earnestly, "we'll probably need new furniture. It'll be time anyhow. Five, even ten years." It didn't seem long when you stood looking in the window of Fothergil's with someone like Ellen small and lovely beside you, hugging your arm.

Ed dressed slowly. He got into the gray slacks, stuffed in the tails of his white shirt. He knotted the maroon tie, slipped on the white pull-over Ellen had given him on his birthday and got his gray jacket. He gave himself a critical glance in the mirror. His hair was slicked down. It didn't look natural, but when it dried it would curl up.

He locked the door behind him and went around to where his flivver was parked. John Froelick was still in the office and Ed frowned and then went in.

"I'm pushing off now," he said.

"O.K., kid." John glanced at the clock on the desk. "I told Mary I'd be home for dinner by now." He got up. "You beat it. I'll check the tanks and lock up." As Ed turned to the door John called, "You get started on the coupé in the morning, Eddie. I'll take care of the Broker sedan."

"Right," Ed said.

He got into the flivver, started her and rolled out into the street. It was six-thirty and he should be at the McKees' by now but he just couldn't push his foot down on the accelerator.

HE drove up Race, turned at Elm and crossed Marsten. It was the older residential section of Claremont. The houses were of clapboard siding and most of them were well taken care of. People appreciated whatever sort of house they had these days, Ed thought. When he crossed Chestnut he saw the McKee house halfway up the block. It had a white picket fence, white paint and green trim. It wasn't big, but it was a nice house.

Ed parked the car at the curb and Ellen came running down from the porch and out the gate.

As Ed saw her coming he felt as he always did. A queer mixture of pleasure and pride and wonder that a girl as pretty and smart as Ellen could care for a guy like himself. A guy who'd been brought up in an orphanage in the East, had finished high and served his eighteen months in the Army after the war was over, was good with his hands at things mechanical, and that was about all.

He'd always liked to fuss with cars. He'd liked the shop at the orphanage better than anything else, and when they'd drafted him he'd managed to get into the car pool after his MP replacement group had hit Japan. He'd learned a lot more there. When he got back and got out he'd worked at garages farther west. He hadn't stayed. He was footloose and eager for experience. The only reason he'd stayed at John Froelick's was that John had let him live in the cabin. He'd like that. Not a room, but a whole little house of his own.

Ed might have moved on if it hadn't been for Ellen. He'd met her at the station. She'd brought in the McKee sedan to be serviced. She was so pretty that Ed hadn't thought a girl like that could be interested in him.

She had inky-black hair and gray eyes. It was an odd combination. Ed had never met it in a girl before. He'd changed the oil and lubricated the car and he'd been aware of her walking about. Aware of her slim legs, her rounded young body. She'd crouched to look up as Ed handled the grease gun. She'd been interested, friendly.

After that, whenever she came in with the car, they'd chatted and finally Ed had got up courage enough to ask her to go to the movies with him. Ellen had said she'd like to. She'd asked him to come to the house and meet her family before they went. Ed had been grateful for that. It had made him feel that Ellen thought something of him. If she hadn't she wouldn't have asked him to meet her people.

He'd liked the McKees. Mr. McKee was a graying man in his middle forties. He was a

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Nostalgia

BY EARL CARTER

The palms are rustling in the wind tonight,
The breakers beat upon the shore,
While southern stars are clear and bright
Beyond the streets of Matamor.

And yet, how strange, before my eyes
I see my northland far away—
Bare trees beneath December skies
And snow-white fields where moonbeams play.

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FLORA ADAMS
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Savory Shrimp and WondeRice

3 tablespoons fat	1½ cups shrimp
1 onion, chopped	1 teaspoon salt
1 green pepper, chopped	1 small piece bay leaf
1 clove garlic, chopped	3 cups water or tomato juice
1 cup pimiento	1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 cup raw WondeRice	
½ cup mushrooms	

Melt fat in large frying pan. Add ingredients in order given. Cover, and when steam appears, turn heat very low and simmer for 40 minutes. Serves 6.

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real-estate salesman with the Momfort & Clark outfit. A man you could talk baseball and football and cars to. And Mrs. McKee was pretty swell. She didn't say much, but she smiled a lot and she was a swell cook. There were Ellen's brother Fred, and her sister Amy, but they were just kids.

After that first date at the movies they'd seen a lot of each other. Ellen had been born in Claremont, had gone to school and high school and she had a job now as stenographer in the Ames Mills on the west side of the Carlisle River. She had lots of friends. She'd got Ed invited to outings and parties and everyone had been swell to him. After a time, almost without saying a word, they knew they belonged together. Ed couldn't remember how it had happened, but they'd got to talking of a house and furniture and all that. It had accomplished itself.

Now they'd come to the end of all the talk. They'd said everything. They wanted to be married. They loved each other even if they hadn't put it into words. It was in the silences when they were together; in the way Ellen put up her face to be kissed before they said good night. A gesture that told Ed she was in no doubt. That she knew she was his girl and he her man.

Ellen opened the door of the car for him. Ed got out and looked down at her. Not far, either. She was eighteen, almost nineteen, and just three inches shorter than Ed. Just five-six. Just right, Ed thought.

That blue-black hair framed the oval of her face. Her gray eyes with their long, fringed lashes looked inquiringly at Ed. He grinned a bit uncertainly as he opened the gate and Ellen asked, her breath catching:

"Are you scared, Ed?"

"What do you think?" Ed asked. "This is something new to me."

"Don't be," Ellen said. "We—we just have to tell them."

"Yeah, just ——" Ed said and let his breath go.

It was warm and cozy inside the McKee house. There was the heartening odor of roasting meat; the kids were sitting on the floor of the living room, deep in comic books, and Mr. McKee was reading the evening paper. It was something Ed had never known, yet something he recognized for what it was—an atmosphere of people who liked being with one another. A cozy, nice feeling.

Mr. McKee said, "Just in time, Ed," and the kids looked up to say, "Hi." Ellen went into the kitchen to help her mother, the skirts of her blue dress swaying about her slim young legs, and Mr. McKee gestured to a chair. "Make yourself comfortable, boy. We'll have a bit of a wait still." He put down the paper. "How are things at the station?"

"Pretty good," Ed said, not quite knowing what to do with his hands. "We're kept busy with repair work."

"Good, steady man, Froelick," Mr. McKee said and Ed agreed:

"Yes, sir, the Sarge is O.K."

Mr. McKee frowned unaccountably. He seemed a little ill at ease. He said, "Glad to see we're building more this fall. But costs ——" He shook his head. "Tough to sell the average young married man a house. Even if he's willing to go into it, you hesitate to push him."

Ed said, "Yes, sir," though he wasn't quite sure just what Mr. McKee meant. He shifted, wondering if he should light a cigarette.

Ellen came to the door of the dining room. She gave Ed a quick, comforting smile. She said, "You kids go and wash. Dinner's ready."

The kids got up, still immersed in their comics, and went upstairs.

Mr. McKee asked, "You want to wash, Ed?" and Ed said:

"No, thank you, Mr. McKee."

Mr. McKee rose. "Let's go in, then."

The dining room was small, but the table looked nice with its colorful china and bright silverware. Company stuff, Ed knew, and it made him feel a little less unsure. The McKees must surely know by now that he and Ellen were more than just a girl and a boy who knew each other.

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Recipe

Pickled Peaches

e-spiced canned clings in fresh cranberry ring!

2½ can cling peach halves
cup brown sugar (packed)
½ cup vinegar
2 3-inch sticks cinnamon
1 teaspoon whole cloves
teaspoon whole allspice

aches; add sugar, vinegar and spices and boil 5 minutes. Add peaches ner 5 minutes. Allow fruit to chill ng syrup overnight. Serve in jellied y ring.

rry ring: Boil 1 pound rinsed Eatmor cranberries in 2 cups water 5 minutes. Stir in 2 cups granulated sugar; boil 5 minutes longer. Soften 2 tablespoons Knox gelatine in ½ cup cold water; dissolve in hot cranberries. Pour into oiled 8-inch ring mold. Chill overnight before unmolding.

Speedy dessert (shown below): sweet, juicy-ripe cling peaches spooned right from the can! Instantly ready, definitely "company best." Thrifty to start with, canned cling peaches solve a dozen mealtime problems! * California-grown cling peaches are the finest in the land! * Plump, sun-ripened beauties full of rich flavor and color! * The most usable canned fruit your grocery money can buy! * Convenient, ready to serve, low in cost. Delicious right from the can! * Serve them often! America's favorites!

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Mrs. McKee came from the kitchen, her cheeks flushed. She was a tidy little woman in a green dress that suited her. She was nice-looking—she must have been almost as pretty as Ellen when she was Ellen's age.

The kids came noisily, subsided into their seats as Mr. McKee looked at them. Ellen brought in the roast leg of lamb and set it before her father while Mrs. McKee sat down at the foot of the table before the covered vegetable dishes. Ellen slipped into her chair next to Amy, across from Ed, and gave him the tiniest smile before she bowed her head as her father cleared his throat.

It was a swell meal. Just to be sitting there, eating food like this, that cost no more than what he ate usually at the diner, but tasted like something from a different world, made Ed dream of the days—not far ahead—when he would sit down to dinner with Ellen across from him. Just they two.

He ate and spoke and by the time they had finished their pie he felt very good. Even the ordeal before him seemed less formidable than it had. As Ellen had said, all they had to do was tell her parents, and Ed was sure that Mr. and Mrs. McKee knew, or at least suspected.

The kids went up to their beds almost as soon as Ed and Mr. McKee had settled again in the living room. Mrs. McKee and Ellen came from doing the dishes and Ellen took Fred and Amy upstairs while Mr. McKee put on a program he always listened to. Ed was glad of that. He didn't hear a thing the radio was giving out. He sat thinking of the future. Of when he and Ellen were married.

He had plans. He was a good mechanic, but he was sure he was more than that. John Froelick was cautious, even old-fashioned. Ed had a dozen ideas for stepping up the business. There was that new idea from the West—self-service. The motorist gassed up his own car. All you needed was someone to wipe windshields and make change. You could get any of a dozen kids for that. Even some of the pretty high-school girls who needed to make some after-school money as much as the boys who always hung around. Like Georgie Jones, the colored kid who was going to be an engineer if he could afford it. Or Wally Sorenson, the towheaded boy who played end for Claremont High and was as good with a set of tools as Ed had been at his age.

And other things. All automatic, so that Ed and John could work undisturbed on repairs and not have to knock off every few minutes to go out to the pumps. Cola machines and those new coffee machines you shoved a coin into and a hot cup of fresh-made coffee came right out. A decent display of cigarettes and candy bars. On the big side, that job of doing maintenance on the Riley trucks. There were only six, but Riley was fed up with undependable mechanics. He'd said he'd consider having Froelick's take over maintenance. He'd even asked Ed to find out what John would want as a base figure. Ed hadn't mentioned it yet to John Froelick. It would take some thinking. He wanted it all clear before he spoke to John about it. Because it would mean he'd want to share in the increased business. A percentage. He'd need it if he and Ellen were going to get on. And they were going to.

Ellen came from upstairs. Mr. McKee turned off the radio. He said, "That program's getting pretty thin," and Mrs. McKee said, "It always was."

There was a silence. Ellen looked at Ed. He rubbed his hands against his knees. His throat felt awful dry. He said, "Mr. McKee ——" and his voice stuck.

Mr. McKee looked at Ed with still blue eyes and then looked away.

Ed said, wishing his voice wouldn't quaver, "I—we . . . that is, Ellen and I have something to—to tell you and Mrs. McKee."

Mr. McKee looked at his wife. He said, "Well, look ——"

But Ed was started. He had to finish. He knew that, or he'd never be able to get it said. "We—we want to get married."

It was out. He felt as if a load had been taken from his chest. He looked at Ellen and her tremulous smile surprised him. He hadn't thought anyone but him could ha been so nervous about it.

Mrs. McKee didn't say anything. Mr. M Kee's frown was even deeper and Ed fel touch of coldness at his stomach.

He said, "I—well—you know all abo me. I'm an orphan and ——"

Mr. McKee gestured almost angri "That's of no importance. You're a good la Ed. Ellen's mother and I like you very muc If we didn't you wouldn't be as welcome he as you are. But ——" He paused. Ed swa lowed.

It was Ellen who said, her clear voice ri ing, "But what, dad?"

Mr. McKee said, "But I don't think yo should be thinking of getting married." H lifted his hand as Ellen half started from he chair and Ed sat upright, a queer tinglin sting at the end of his tongue. Mr. McKe said, "Your mother and I aren't blind, E len. We've seen the way things have been go ing between you and Ed. We—well—we'v talked it over time and again." He stoppec rubbing his chin.

Ed opened his mouth, but nothing came It was Ellen who said, "But if you haven' any objections to Ed; if—if you like him then why are you a-against us gettin married?"

Mr. Mckee looked at Ellen's mother. Then he looked at Ed, as if it were something that only Ed could understand and grasp. "We're not against you and Ellen getting married Ed. I want you to know that. It's just tha we feel you're still both pretty young and even more that we know you need some— some security before you go into marriage."

Ellen said, "Security, dad?"

"Security," Mr. McKee repeated firmly. He leaned forward, "Look, Ed, you're counting on your job with John Froelick, aren't you?"

Ed considered. "I guess so," he admitted. "but I could get a job easy ——"

He stopped and Mr. McKee said, "A young man on his own and a young man married are two different things." He said, "I know you've been counting on living in that cabin behind the station." He lifted his hand again. "What do you kids think? I told you I'm not blind or indifferent. It's my business to consider everything. I spoke to John Froelick about you, Ed, as soon as you started coming around a lot. John said you were a swell kid and a fine mechanic. He also said he wished there could be a future in the business for you, but he'd got his own son growing up; got plans for him. You've got a job there for the next few years if you want it, but that's all."

Ellen said, "Dad ——" but Ed turned and shook his head. "Let your dad talk," he said slowly.

Mr. McKee said, "You haven't got much money, have you, Ed?"

"About a thousand saved," Ed said softly and Mr. McKee nodded.

"That's a lot for a kid your age, but it won't go far these days. Not with furniture and—and things that will come up." He looked at his hands. "I'm not a rich man, Ed. I'm not even well off. Ellen has the money she's earned the year she's been working. I wish she could have more, but I've got Ellen's brother and sister and her mother to provide for. If anything went wrong I couldn't help you much, and I know you'd hate to have to come to me."

"We wouldn't," Ellen said fiercely.

Ed didn't speak and Mr. McKee said, "I may be wrong, but I don't think so, and Mrs. McKee agrees with me. These are tough times. You've got to have some little assurance of security. In a couple of years you'll be able to save a decent sum between you; Ed may be able to buy into a business or start one of his own. As it is, the first sickness, the first baby, and where would you be?"

Ed was aware that Ellen's gray eyes were on him, but he couldn't say anything against the things that worried, earnest voice was saying.

Mr. McKee said, "That's all I've got to say. I know that Ellen's of age—that if you kids want to you can tell me where to get off and go right on your way—but I've got to

te you how we feel. If you want to be engaged, that's all right with us—but no marriage. Not until you're more secure—and your future a little more assured. You understand, Ed, don't you?"

Ed lifted his fair head, his blue eyes dark and unhappy. "I understand."

Ellen jumped up. Her voice broke. "But Ed——"

He looked at her, hoping that what Ellen could say would brush away the sense-making things Mr. McKee had said, but after a long moment Ellen turned her head to her mother. Mrs. McKee was sitting, her eyes downcast. She did not look up. She didn't say a word and Ellen suddenly burst into tears and ran from the room. Ed could hear the sound of her feet on the stairs.

He got up, his heart sore and heavy. "I guess I'll go."

Mr. McKee rose quickly. He said, "I'm sorry, Ed," and Ed said:

"No, don't you be, Mr. McKee. Don't you be. Tell Ellen I—I'll see her." He said, "Thank you, Mrs. McKee," and moved to the hall.

He opened the door and went out into the cool damp of the night. He got into the car and looked up at Ellen's window. There was a light there and he knew she was lying on the bed, crying, and he wished he could go to and comfort her. Tell her he loved her. Tell her that he would always love her and if they had to wait, it was all right with him. But when he had driven back to the dark station and parked the car and let himself into the cabin it seemed so empty, so lacking that he wanted to cry himself.

He lighted a cigarette and sat on his cot, thinking of everything Mr. McKee had said and seeing nothing in what Ellen's father had told him that did not make sense.

Everybody seems to know enough arithmetic to figure out what's coming to him.

He was working on the coupé when Mary Froelick drove John to the station the morning. Mrs. Froelick was a woman in her thirties. A pretty woman with soft brown hair. She came in to say hello to Ed while John was getting into his coveralls and to ask:

"When are you coming over to dinner again, Eddie?"

Ed rested his hands against the grimy motor of the car. "Whenever you say, Mrs. Froelick."

"Make it Friday," Mary said. "And bring your girl. She's nice, Eddie."

"Yeah," Ed said, "Ellen's swell. I'll ask her. It—it's kind of you."

He didn't look at Mary Froelick. He went back to his work, but he didn't whistle as he usually did. John came and got started on the sedan. Several times Ed went out to serve cars that stopped.

JUST before noon when he came back John asked, "Something eating you, kid?"

Ed looked up. "Nothing, Sarge."

John wiped his oily hands on a bit of waste. "There is. I figure I know what it is, Eddie. You been talking to Mr. McKee and he told you what I said."

Ed straightened, tapping the spanner he held against the engine block of the coupé. His voice was soft as he said, "So what? It's best to know what the score is."

John shook his head. "Eddie, you're pretty young. I guess Ellen's old man told you he wasn't in favor of you two kids getting married and I wish I could say he was wrong, but I can't. A guy who rushes into marriage these days without a good solid bank account and good prospects is giving himself one tough hurdle." He threw the waste into the empty drum that served as a collect-all. "I wish there was a future here for you, Eddie, but like I told Mr. McKee, I'll want Jack to go in with me when he's finished with high school. Three more years, Eddie. You could always have a job, I guess, but nothing more, and if things got bad it'd be you would have to go. You know that."

Ed did not answer.

John said, "I don't want to give you any advice, kid. If I did I'd just say keep working and socking it away and keep your eyes open for a chance to buy into something in this line. You're good at it."

Ed picked up the gasket he was going to use.

John said heavily, "You got to have some sort of security. Something to fall back on. You never know what's going to happen."

Ed said, because he knew John felt badly about it, "That's all right, Sarge. I guess you're right."

But he couldn't help thinking somehow that it wasn't right. There wasn't anything he could put his finger on. Everything John and Mr. McKee had said made sense. They were older men, experienced, married men, and Ed respected them, but somehow he couldn't help feeling that it wasn't so, that it wasn't wrong for him and Ellen to want to be married.

HE saw Ellen that night. It had turned quite warm and when Ed got to the McKee house Ellen was waiting on the porch. She came through the gate and got into the car. She said:

"Let's get away, Ed."

Ed drove up the street and down Chapel and out along the hill road along the river. He looked down at Ellen. She sat with her head against the worn cushions. The soft light of the moon outlined the beauty of her profile. Ed felt his heart turn over. He wanted to stop and tell her everything that was on his mind. To tell her it did not matter. That he would work and work until they had that security. That he would wait.

He said instead, "Want to go somewhere, Ellen? Maybe to Harvey's?"

Ellen's voice was low. "No. I don't feel like it, Ed."

She put her head against Ed's shoulder and Ed drove in silence until they came to the cliff. He turned in and parked the car at the edge of the trees and the river was a dark void below save where the moonpath was golden on the ripples.

Ed turned off the ignition. He sat back, feeling for Ellen's hand. Her fingers curled warm about his.

She said, "Oh, Ed, what are we going to do?"

"What can we do?" Ed asked miserably. "I guess they're right, Ellen. I guess we've got to wait until I'm better fixed."

Ellen sat up. "But I don't want to wait." The scent of her hair was a fragrance sweeter than any perfume. Her face was robbed of color by the moonlight as she faced him. "Ed, we love each other, don't we?"

He'd never said it before, but he said it now, deeply, steadily. "I love you, Ellen. You—you're all I want. Everything I want. I'll wait, Ellen."

She said again, brokenly, "I don't want to wait." She turned to him. Her arms went about him and her lips were hot and moist. Ed held her close. Her eyes were closed, the lashes sooty against her skin. She pressed to Ed with an urgency that woke fire in him; her mouth sought his with avid desperation.

It was Ed who sat up, gasping. He pushed her from him, still holding her soft body. Her wet-lashed eyes met his and Ed said, "No, Ellen. Look, Ellen . . . no——"

She began to cry. Ed drew her to him, put his hand on her soft hair, touched with the night's damp. Against his shoulder Ellen said, "I—I'm sorry, Ed," and Ed said fiercely:

"Don't you be. I want you to love me like that, Ellen, but with us it's got to be right, no matter how long we have to wait." He bent his head to look into her eyes. "You understand, Ellen?"

He felt the sigh that went through her, like a child's. "I understand," Ellen said and her voice was quiet. Her lips touched his cheek, breathed at his ear, "Oh, Ed, I love you so. I wish ——"

She didn't finish. They sat, their arms about each other, sadder than ever in the loveliness of the night that seemed like a farewell to the lost loveliness of summer.



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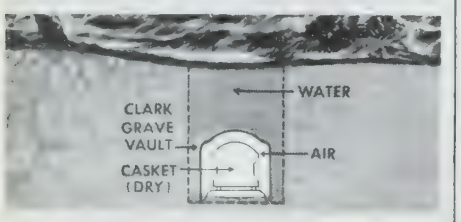
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In the days that followed Ed did his work and his mind went this way and that like a trapped animal and found no way out—no answer but to wait.

He and Ellen went to the Froelicks'. John and Mary had a two-family house. They lived on the ground floor and rented the upper one. Their furniture was not new, but it was good. Jack Froelick was a nice kid, with good manners and a deep interest in planes and cars, and the twins, Grace and Edie, were clean-scrubbed, pretty girls of nine.

They had a fine dinner at the Froelicks', but they didn't say much as Ed drove Ellen home and he thought, *It isn't much fun when you see how happy other people are and you've got to wait for your chance.*

Ellen didn't say anything when she got out of the car. She leaned to kiss him, a short hard kiss. She opened the gate and it creaked as she let it go and Ed slipped in the clutch and drove back to the station. He didn't go into the cabin. He went over to the diner instead and had coffee and kept Joe Smithen company until some truckers came in to eat and it was time to sleep.

It got pretty tough. Ed saw Ellen two or three nights a week as usual, but it wasn't the same. They weren't comfortable at the McKees' and Ellen seemed to want to get away from the house, though her mother and father were just as swell to Ed as ever. And she wasn't demonstrative any more. She seemed afraid to kiss Ed or let him kiss her. They would go to the movies, but they wouldn't discuss the picture over their sodas at Sher's. Ed was glad of that, for most of the time he didn't even know what was going on in the picture. He was too occupied with the ache in his heart, with the way his mind still kept seeking some answer, some way to what they wanted against that wall of sense Mr. McKee and John Froelick had placed before them.

He might have picked up and gone away, let it all get behind him, if he had loved Ellen less. But it wasn't only that she was the prettiest and the nicest girl Ed had ever known. It was much more. It was the feeling that only here in Claremont could he find the home he had never had, and that only Ellen could make it complete. No one else.

The first snow came in a quick series of flurries and Thanksgiving loomed with papier-mâché pumpkins in the shopwindows and ice on the water can and cars to be serviced with antifreeze. And still there was nothing Ed could see but to wait, and he felt as Ellen did.

He didn't say it to her, but often at night, lonely for her, disheartened, he would think, *I don't want to wait either. Why should we wait?* There was an answer. He was sure of that, but he did not know what it was.

He did his work conscientiously, shoved most of his money, except for what he needed for food and cigarettes and the movies, into the bank. There was a little comfort in the mounting figures, but not much.

THE week before Thanksgiving Ed finished a valve job on a '38 convertible with Georgie Jones helping him. John was preparing to haul the engine block on a twelve-year-old eight-cylinder job. He only nodded when Ed said, "O.K. on the Mace, John. I'll take her over." It was then past five and Ed said to Georgie, "I'll give you a lift home. No use you staying. John won't need you and I'll get the pumps when I get back."

The boy attached the motorcycle while Ed brushed out the convertible. John had the pulley and chains in place as they drove away. When Ed had dropped Georgie at his home on Railroad he drove to Carlisle Place. He had the bill for the job in his pocket and he was deep in figuring how he could get a check without making Mr. Mace annoyed. The man was slow pay and John hated to press people.

Ed rang the bell of the Mace house. Mrs. Mace came to the door and Ed smiled and asked, "Mr. Mace home? I've brought the car. I thought he'd like to try her out and let me know if anything sounds off to him."

From inside the house Mr. Mace said, "Wait until I get my coat."

He came out, shrugging on his overcoat. A big, florid man. Ed unhooked the motorcycle and Mr. Mace got behind the wheel. It was almost dark; a chill damp day. Mr. Mace drove around the square twice. He stopped before the door.

"Good as new," he said pridefully and Ed said:

"You didn't get a lemon in this buggy, Mr. Mace." He opened the door to get out. Then he turned. "Look, Mr. Mace, you know that John. He'd mow me if he knew I asked you, but he needs money. He'd never ask you to pay until you're ready, but I know it doesn't mean anything to you and it does to John just now. Could you give me a check?"

Mr. Mace, his hands still affectionately on the wheel of his car, said, "Sure, Ed. Come on in. Glad to oblige."

The check was snug under Ed's leather jacket as he jounced back to the station. The lights were on, but John wasn't in the office. Ed parked the car in the service shop. He glanced over to where the work light burned in its wire cage over the eight-cylinder job. The pulley chains dangled.

* * * * * * * * *

Brook

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Pity the child who grows up knowing
No little brook's cool silver flowing
In and out of meadow grasses,
Flashing sun like looking glasses,
Or when in woods it slips between
Dim walls of leafy-smelling green.

Pity the child who grows up loving
No little brook's good-natured shoving
When laughing to itself it goes
Leaping over his barefoot toes,
Or its quiet moods of gentleness
To tender fern and water cress.

For all his life he'll feel the lack
Of what there is no getting back!

* * * * * * * * *

Ed gasped, the blood draining from his cheeks. He yelled, "John ——" and went running across the concrete.

John was lying at the far side of the car and the engine block was against the brick wall. Ed kneeled quickly. John's face was white, his teeth chattering. He stammered, "C-can't move. Back, I think."

Ed said quickly, "With you in a minute, John. Take it easy." He ran to the office, dialed and said, "Emergency. Service station at Maple and State Road. Ambulance—quick."

He racked the phone and ran back to John. He whipped off his jacket and put it around John's shoulders.

"Doc be here in a jiffy," he said to John's dazed eyes. He got a cigarette from his pack and lighted it, shoved it between John's lips, saying, "Don't talk. It's going to be all right, Sarge."

The police car came first. The clang of the ambulance brought a few people into the shop. The intern kneeled. Ed stood up to answer the patrolman's questions. He didn't see them carry John out. He heard the ambulance bell clang. The cop closed his book and said, "Tough luck. John's a swell guy."

Ed moved to the doors, shooing the curious out. He stood a moment, his mouth dry. He closed the big doors and went into the office. He dialed the McKee number. Ellen answered and Ed said, "Look, Ellen, I can't come over tonight. There—there's been an accident ——"

Her voice, frightened, cut across his words: "Ed, you're all right?"

"It's John," Ed said. "Mary doesn' know. I'm going to call her now. They' taken him to Memorial. Maybe if you'd over and stay with the kids —— They'll scared and Jack's only a kid himself."

"I'll go right now," Ellen said and h heard the click of the phone. He took a dee breath and dialed the Froelick house.

It was past eight when he had closed u washed and changed. He drove through tow and up the hill to the stone walls of the ho pital grounds. He found Mrs. Froelick in th waiting room. She was sitting still and pal Ed sat down beside her. It seemed to tak several seconds before her eyes focused o Ed.

He asked softly, "How is he?"

Mary Froelick moistened her lips. He voice was quiet, but her fingers moved, i tertwining in her lap. "He's in the operatin room still, I think. Ex—exploratory, th nurse said. X rays and such. They've give him morphine or something."

ED bent his head. "Yeah." He glanced a her white face. "He won't come out of it fo hours after they put him to bed. Don't yo think you'd better go home, Mrs. Froelick?"

The movement of her head was barely per ceptible. "I'll stay until they let me se John."

Ed said, "I sent Ellen over to your house She's with the kids."

She looked at him blankly and then sh said, "Thank you, Eddie. That—that's kin of Ellen."

She was silent; quiet once more. Ed go up. "I'll go over and see how things are. Tel John not to worry about the station. I'll kee things going until he's O.K. And he will be." Mary Froelick didn't answer and Ed said "Good night," and went out to the car.

Ellen opened the door of the Froelick house when he rang. She looked lovely in he green dress, silhouetted against the amber light in the hall. She put her finger to her lips. "They're asleep," she whispered.

From the dimness of the end of the hall Jack's voice asked, with an attempt at steadiness, "How's dad, Ed?"

Ed looked past Ellen, saw the shadowy pajamaed figure. "Going to be O.K., Jack. Engine block slipped and gave him a bad sock. But nothing that'll keep your old man down. He's not the kind."

"No," Jack said, his voice rising with quick-grasped relief. "Did mom come with you?"

"She's staying with John. He'll be O.K., but how about you and Georgie or Sorenson coming around after school and giving me a hand at the shop?"

"Can do," Jack said. "We'll be there 'Night, Ed. 'Night, Ellen."

They answered together, went into the living room. They sat down, alone in the room, almost alone, it seemed, in the house. Ed thought, *Like we might be in our own house.*

He met Ellen's wide gray eyes. He heard her whisper, "It—it could have been you, Ed."

He'd thought of that himself. He said, "It wasn't."

"But if ——"

Ed said softly, "Shut up, baby." He got up. "You going to stay? I don't think Mary's coming tonight."

"Yes," Ellen said. "I called home. Mom will come over in the morning and help while I'm at work."

"Swell," Ed said. He moved to the hall and Ellen went with him. At the door he turned and Ellen clung to him. "Oh, Ed, if ——"

He rested his cheek against her fragrant head. "Hey," he said, and put his fist against her cheek. He bent his head and her kiss was like a sigh.

It was two evenings later that Ed saw John Froelick. A period that had been work and thought, thought and work. He was spick-and-clean-scrubbed when he went into the semiprivate room. Mary was sitting at the far side of the bed. John, his ruddy face pale, was in the odd-looking, high bed, resting at an angle.

(Continued on Page 198)



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(Continued from Page 196)

He said, "Hello, Ed. How—how's things?"

Ed stood beside the bed. "Swell." He took a paper from his pocket. "I made a report." He gave it to Mary. "You can read it to John later. We did all right."

John's eyes moved; his head moved and Mary said, "You've got to keep still, darling."

John said, "They're going to slap a cast on me, Eddie. They don't know how long I'll be in it, but I won't come out of it as good as before." His lips twisted. "I went out to gas a car. I forgot I hadn't finished checking the chains ——" He broke off. His hand moved and Mary's touched it. John's fingers tightened and some of the tenseness went from his face. He said, "I'll be no good ——"

Mary Froelick got up quickly. She leaned over. Her voice was fierce. "Don't you say that. You're you. No matter what, so long as you're with me it will be all right. You hear me?"

They seemed to have forgotten that Ed was in the room. It did not seem odd to him. It seemed right. He looked at them, his young face grave, and John said, "I won't be able to work. I'll have to sell the station, Mary."

Ed said, "Why, Sarge?" He spoke to them both. "I can keep it going until Jack's old enough and got know-how enough to run the business. Maybe you won't be able to get under and work on chassis and engines, but you can take care of the outside stuff and the paper work like you do." He said, "Here's how I see it, Sarge. The way we can make it bigger, make more money." He told them. Mary sat quietly, her eyes hardly ever leaving John's face.

John said, "It sounds good, Eddie. But where do you come in? You've got yourself to consider."

"Sure," Ed said. "I'll get my pay like now and I'll want half of the profit we make over what you made last year."

John said, "But if we don't ——"

"We will," Ed said. The confidence he felt was in his voice; the certainty. "We've got a swell spot. Riley's a shoo-in. I'll have to work; get the kids to help me, maybe get another mechanic, but I'm not afraid of work." He looked at Mary as he asked, "How about it, Sarge?"

Mary nodded, not taking her eyes from her husband, and John said, "You're a sucker, Ed, but thanks, kid. Thanks."

When the nurse came to turn them out Ed said, "I'll drive Mrs. Froelick home."

There were tiny, wet snowflakes touching their faces. Mary said nothing until they got to the house and Ellen opened the door. Then she spoke to Ellen. She said, "You've a good man, Ellen. As good almost as—as my John."

Ed told Ellen about it as he drove her to the McKees'. At the door he said, "I'm going in with you. I've something to say to your father."

Mr. McKee was beside the radio, his paper in his lap. Mrs. McKee was sewing. They both looked up as Ellen and Ed came in. Mrs. McKee asked, "How is he?" and Ed said:

"He'll be in a cast for a while, but he's going to be O.K." He felt very tired but very sure of himself, of what he had to say. "Mr. McKee, Ellen and I are going to be married."

Mr. McKee looked at him uncertainly, worried.

Ed said, "I know you're older, more experienced than I am. I respect you and the things you've said, but these last couple of days have made me see things from a different angle." He felt Ellen's warm hand steal into his and his clasp tightened, but he did not look at her. "Security," Ed said. "Security is something I guess everyone wants, but most people don't ever really have it and it's not what a guy like me needs, not when he's young like I am. It wouldn't do him any good. It would take away his ambition if he knew he didn't have to fight and work and—and sweat it out." He heard Ellen's indrawn breath. He said, "People like us have always had to fight for what we got, for what we want. Ellen and I are willing, but we want to do it together. Now. What happened to John might have happened to me. Anything could happen. It's the risk a guy takes by just being alive, but I want to take my risks with Ellen beside me. We hope it's all right with you and Mrs. McKee, but we're going to get married whether it is or not."

He stopped, trembling. Mr. McKee looked at Ed. There was a different look in his eyes. A sort of relief and respect.

It was Mrs. McKee who looked up from her sewing and spoke. She said, "Of course they are, Sam."

Mr. McKee got up. He came and put his hand on Ed's shoulder. He said, "I guess that's the best kind of security, after all, Ed. Knowing what you want and going after it. It's all right with me too. I'm glad it is."

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

ONE person in a house who is happy is worth several who try to make the rest happy.

My husband is really up against it; his daughters have grown into his shirts, his son into his pants.

Prices that once were appalling now seem appealing.

Acid test of a good husband: the alacrity with which he leaps to kill a moth.

It is easy in discipline to strike the note too hard.

A man Christmas-shops the way he drives into a gas station and says, "Fill her up!"

Praise a husband in public and he will live up to it in private.

Occasionally the Christmas spirit goes into reverse in our family when one of the children buys a gift for a friend and keeps it for himself.

Observation from a child: "I think it's perfectly wonderful that God put dogs together so they can wag their tails."

From the want ads: "Help! Future mother-in-law needs small, unfurnished apartment."

Do you ever catch yourself making more noise telling the children to be quiet than they were making in the first place?

A wife received the following alarming message from her husband, away on vacation: "Having fine time. Wish you were her."

Show me the child who has been taught to distinguish between caution and fear and I will show you a potentially well-balanced adult.

A lonely man is one who buys himself a necktie the day after Christmas.

It's the hustling, pickling, preserving, eternal-housekeeping kind of woman who often has a daughter that dreams over the dishes and hides a book under a dustcloth.

"The trouble with you" said a judge, fining an inveterate shoplifter, "is you take things seriously."

Rich man: one who can afford to have the lights turned on in only one room.

The melody of Christmas lingers long at our house. When other families begin to talk about putting in a garden we begin to talk about taking down the Christmas tree.

Jitterbugging: a dance that is foot-loose and fanny free.

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